They were all men and women of high ideals, whose word of honor did not have to be reduced to writing to stand the test of honesty and fair dealing.

These early pioneers, who struggled and toiled, have all passed on, but they have left their impress for good in the community in which they lived, and many of their children remain who are worthy of the heritage of their good fathers and mothers.

Mrs. Huff has lived in the community to see them all go, the last survivor of the older generation, in the community in which she lives, there not being a person now living in the township who lived there when she was born.

Her life has not been in vain, it has been a life well lived, a life of honesty, and commanding the respect of every person in the community.

By hard work and saving she and her husband accumulated a fine farm of 300 acres, and after the death of Mr. Huff, some twenty years ago, she still carried on and helped to manage the farm, which is one of the many good farms of Volinia township. Of a kindly disposition she has many times pect of ever being repaid for the same.

During all of these years Mrs. Huff has retained her keen intellect and her memory is now even better than many people much younger.

William N. Wright, one of the successful farmers of Volinia township, is a brother, and although past seventy-five years of age he is able to do his own farming. Mrs. Paul Schoetzow, also of Volinia, is a sister.

Mrs. Huff has one daughter, Mrs. Amy Rutherford, who lives on the old home farm with whom she makes her home. Also one son, Otis Huff, of Marcellus, six grandchildren, one granddaughter, all of whom were present, together with Mrs. William Wright, except her sister, to help her celebrate her 90th birthday.

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

35 Years Ago

February 6, 1902.

Chickens, junk, hides and pelts wanted. Joe Cohn.

Timber and logs wanted: White oak, white ash, black ash basswood, hard and soft maple and elm logs, delivered at my mill, or will buy timber in the woods. C. W. Willison.

For Sale: My house opposite school house. Eli Hincher.

Edward Carney Jr., drayman. Orders taken for wood and coal.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pierce visited in Niles over Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Stern attended the wedding of Carrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Stern, to Edward Rosenbaum of Kalamazoo, in Marcellus Tuesday.

Chicago market for Decatur celery packed in 12 dozen flat cases is from $2.75 to $3.00.

Among those favored with invitations to the U. of M. Junior hop is Miss Elizabeth Trowbridge. Fischer's Full Pan American orchestra plays.

The Every Tuesday Club elected officers as follows: Mrs. Carrie Thomas, president; Mrs. Maud Hughes, vice president; Mrs. Fanny Thomas, recording secretary; Miss Nellie Murphy, corresponding secretary.

Frederick Gantz, a native of Germany, died January 30 at the age of 81.

Decatur and Paw Paw granges debated on the question, "Resolved, that inherited riches are a detriment to society." Decatur entertained Paw Paw and took the affirmative side. The judges were James Weeks, James Osborn and Miss Mallory of the Hamilton grange. The speakers for Paw Paw were Jason Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Averill, Chas. Wildey and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Woodman. The speakers for Decatur were H. L. Sutton, John Lewis, S. G. Draper, Will Jessup, Harry Lurkins, John Cook, I. S. Dewey and M. S. Thomas. The affirmative won.

Julius Becraft of Dowagiac has bought for $100,000 the Chicago residence of Geo. T. Williams, secretary of the United Stock Yards. It is understood that this property was bought for Fred E. Lee, who recently married and will occupy it. It is located at 4724 Drexel boulevard and is said to be one of the finest houses in Chicago.

Mrs. Ann McClintock celebrated her 92nd birthday a few days ago. She is hale and hearty.

John Shaad announces to the public that he is again to be found at his own store.

Al. Anderson gave a social dance at his home in East Valley last Friday evening. Greenman and Kern were the orchestra.

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February 13, 1902.

House to rent. O. P. Hakes.

Roy Gillum has gone to East Lansing to take a course in beet sugar chemistry.

Mrs. A. R. Pitcher of Wayne came to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Sterrett. Mr. Sterrett celebrated his 82nd birthday Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Loomis Warner of Cassopolis celebrated their golden wedding anniversary February 20. They are pioneer residents of Volinia.

J. H. Haynes desires to contact celery growers to fill the largest order for celery ever sent to Decatur. The order calls for 100 boxes to be shipped every week day from August first to January 15th.

Mrs. Howard Hall left Thursday for New York City to be with her husband whose company plays there next week.

THE BIG MINSTRELS

Decatur's big minstrels will entertain the public in the town hall next Thursday evening.

The Program

Bones—Willard Van Antwerp, Sela Eckenberger.

Tambos—Fay Beach, Ed. Congdon.

Interlocutor—Richard Howland.

Musical Director—Sela Eckenberger.

Solos and Choruses.

Grand Finale

Morris Vining, Roe Warner, Sela Eckenberger, Earl Van Antwerp, Burell Van Curen, Clarence Smith, John Creagan, Max Rose, Arthur Lyle, Geo. Adams, Geo. Quantrill, Willard Van Antwerp, Harvey Lammond, Fay Beach, Ed. Congdon, Homer McDonnel.

The Harris sisters will assist in the music.

ΩΩΩ

OLD PAPERS

These comments are from old Decatur papers brought to the office by Luther Sly. He found them in the house owned by Clarence Wood of Kalamazoo. Luther and family once lived there and probably Mrs. Sly found the papers.

We first pick up a copy of the Republican of October 31, 1912. The feature of this paper is the large oval picture of Congressman Edward L. Hamilton of Niles.

A campaign was on. Election was the next week, and Congressman Hamilton was re-elected. We have forgotten his opponent, but probably he was Roman I. Jarvis, who has been the Democratic candidate something like 19 times.

Hamilton was a capable congressman. He was affable and capable and tried to be fair and just to all of his party lieutenants. They all liked him until some of the more persistent ones became disgruntled over post office appointments.

The power of appointing post masters has always done the congressman more harm than good, and we cannot see why some of them are so anxious to retain it.

This issue contains a letter from Judge David Anderson on "Woman Suffrage." This must have been the time of the campaign for the nineteenth amendment.

The Judge favored woman suffrage because he thought his mother, his wife and the mothers and wives of other men with whom he is acquainted are as capable of exercising the right of franchise as the men.

He said in closing, "I believe there is work that women ought to do in our political life and that they have escaped their duty in this regard long enough."

This paper says that John H. Frye died October 24, 1912, at the age of 78 years. He was Charlie's father, and Charlie would be just like him if he could remember a few more good stories. Charlie is a chip off the old block, but there could be only one block in the Frye family, and that was

the father. He was so good natured and funny that everything blue took on a rosy hue when he looked at you.

John Frye spent three years in the Civil war. The Johnnies got him once and kept him six long months in their terrible Andersonville prison. When he got out he weighed only 65 pounds but his bump of good humor was not reduced an ounce. When he got home again among friends his weight came back, and he helped to build many houses in Decatur after that. This world is greatly in need of more John Fryes to put joy and good will among men into it.

Well, here is another Republican. It is dated October 24, 1912, the week before the copy noted above. We should have picked up this copy first. The best story in this paper is that Decatur is going to have a big celery day November 23, 1912, with $100 in prizes given away. The merchants raised the money for the event and put the show on in the town hall. We remember it. It was a great display of celery and attracted crowds of visitors.

The men along the street have talked the past year about some such fall event for Decatur, and here is the proof that 25 years ago it was done successfully.

The paper is full of politics, the Republicans again putting up a bold front in the face of probable national defeat. It was the campaign in which that wild Bull Moose Teddy kicked over the traces and helped the Democrats to elect President Wilson.

The Editor of the Republican was at that time holding the commission of postmaster of Decatur, but he did not hold it long after that election. Mally Carney took over the keys to the office the following spring.

How Jack Haithcock Shot Himself

"Did you ever hear how Jack Haithcock shot himself with a revolver?" asked Jimmie Cotton when he was groping through the cobwebs of his gray matter in search of something that would be interesting for the paper.

Wise as we are to the lore of this locality the Haithcock tragedy had escaped the vigils of our memory and Jimmie proceeded forthwith to unwind the yarn:

It was a long time ago, but I was growed up—about forty years ago, I reckon. Myself and half-brother, Frank Worix and Isaiah Brown were going over to Clarence Lindsley's to cut wood when we met old man Wilson with his team.

He stopped and told us that Jack Haitchcock had shot himself with a revolver held back of his right ear, and was dead as a door nail. The old man Wilson had started out to notify the neighbors and he wanted to know if we would go over and stay with the women people till he could make the rounds and git back. He said the women was pretty badly frightened and didn't want to stay there alone with the corpse.

We went over and stayed with them till the old man got back. When he had notified the neighbors he went on to town and notified the officers.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning that we were notified and it was just about daylight that Jack fired his last shot.

He roomed and boarded at the Wilson house which is about four miles northwest of Decatur, and it was upstairs in his room that he did it. The old man Wilson and his son Ed. were out to the barn doing the chores and his wife and daughter were in the kitchen getting breakfast. They all heard the shot and got pretty excited about it. The men ran to the house, climbed cautiously up the stairs and peeked into Jack's room, and there he was on the bed, dead.

Doctors Rose and Maxwell and a coroner came out from town and they had an inquest. My dad, Josh. Cotton, and Jake Simpson, Clarence Lindsley, Joe Mahoney, Isaiah Brown and John Graham were on the jury. The doctors got the bullet out and I saw it with my own eyes.

The jury gave a verdict that he died by his own hand by a bullet shot from a revolver, self-inflicted.

Jack Haithcock was a widower about 60 years old. He had a wife once, but she had left him and was living in Volinia. She wouldn't have anything to do with him and would not come to the funeral.

It was a cold wintry day when they had the funeral. It was at the Wilson home and the family and two or three neighbors were all there were to it. I don't think they had a minister but somebody prayed. They buried him in Harrison cemetery and that was all there was to it.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton, *Editor*

Thanks to Postmaster H. H. Creagan for a list of the members of Company G. 35th Michigan Infantry, who left Decatur for the front on that memorable Fourth of July, 1898. They were Richard Abrams, Will Labadie, Will Fox, Henry Mahoney, Robert Oaks, Will McIntire, Will Pike, James Hall.

The captain of the Company was Nathan F. Simpson of Hartford, who later served as representative in the state legislature and as warden of the state prison at Jackson. The first lieutenant was a stranger locally, and the second lieutenant was Bret H. Cocket of Decatur. Lt Cockett was a natural born soldier and popular with the men under him. He married Florence Palmiter of Hamilton township and practiced law in Decatur for several years. He received an appointment in the state tax department which he held until his death when residing in the township of Keeler.

Information concerning Michigan's part in the Spanish-American's part in the Spanish - American War is hard to find, but there is much to read about the participation of the United States in that war.

The war had been brewing for almost a century. Cuba was held by Spain and her rule was somewhat despotic. The United States, controlled as it was in the first half century by the slave states of the South, desired to annex the island, after the Civil War the South had no interest in the slaves of Cuba. But by 1895 the government was ready to do something for the island through sympathy.

When President Cleveland stepped out of office on the fourth of March 1897, he said to his successor, William McKinley, "Mr. President, I am about to turn over to you a War which has long been in the making." It came in the following year. The "Maine" was sunk and the sinking was laid to the Spaniards, although it was determined later that the sinking was due to natural causes. The war followed, and it was mainly naval.

The Americans under Admiral Dewey opened fire on the Spanish squadron. His order to his captain was, "Fire when you are ready". Gridley was ready at once and the result of that firing foretold the loss of the war to Spain. It was a victory that went round the world and made Dewey one of the greatest naval heroes of all time.

This reporter's lines were published in the Topeka Capital Daily on May 3, 1898:

"O Dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral
Down in Manila Bay
And Dewey was the Regent's eyes,
"Them" orbs of royal blue!
And Dewey feel discouraged?
I Dew not feel we Dew."

Help Wanted — Don't hold back. Help the writer of this column to bring out the interesting stories history of our community. They will look good in print to our citi-

zens 25 and 50 years hence. Many readers have expressed their liking for this column! It can be made much better with your help. Will act as censor for all that is printed, have had plenty of experience so there is no chance that anything will be printed that should not be printed. No money is involved in this request for help. It is a labor of love all around. Do it for the pleasure you may give to others, and the fun you may get for yourself. Contact the writer in person or by mail wherever he is. The liberality of Uncle Sam is such that he will charge no more to carry your letter a thousand miles than he will to carry it across the street.

A Lincoln story now and then is relished by the most of men. Have been reading an autobiography of Shelby M. Cullom entitled, "Fifty Years of Public Service." Cullom was a citizen of Illinois. He was born in 1829 and his public service began in 1855. The book was written in 1911 at the close of an eventful career in the public offices of city attorney of Springfield, in the state legislature as governor, member of the national house of representatives and the United States senate. He knew well the history and public men of his time and was a fluent writer.

Take the town of Gladwin, up among the stumps, and surrounded by a forest of second growth pine, where the deer come down to the fountains and the hunters hunt in the fall. The last census gave Gladwin a population of 1,248.

Our townsman, Thomas Mahoney, owns a lot in Gladwin, a village lot. How he got it 'gord only knows,' but he has it and it is liable to make him a millionaire. We expect to see him coming down to the Gem Cafe some day wearing a silk tile and purple coat and carrying a cane.

Read the Gladwin paper's story of the Gladwin boom and then let your imagination soar till it shows you a bigger boom in Decatur:

OIL

Oil, oil everywhere . . .

Thirty wells brought in in one week and only one dry . . .

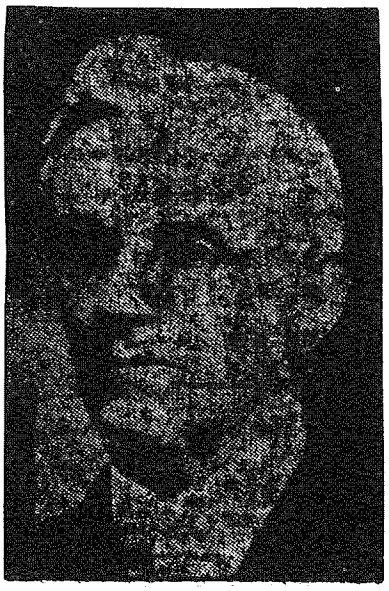
Excitement and wealth such as poor folks never dreamed of . . .

Strange stories come out of the oil fields around Gladwin and Beaverton where labor has gone up to $1.50 an hour and a room may cost $15 a week.

There's the story of the groceryman who took in a 10-acre plot of ground on a small bill years ago. He got $3,000 in oil royalties in three months recently.

And the story about a farmer about to lose his place. He had just existed for years, and was headed straight for the poor house. Then they drilled an oil well. It was a gusher. He received $700 in royalties the first week.

And the story about the farmer whose neighbor owed him a $100 note which was paid by the widow who deeded the note-holder a number of acres of sand land. Three weeks ago the land was sold for $3,700 when the oil boom reached the spot. The miracle happened when the new owner of the land gave the poor widow half of the sale prices.



FRANK WHITE

Frank White learned his trade in New York when a boy and at the age of 30 the desire to roam overcame him. He set out for the far west and in the summer of 1887 drifted into a shop in Battle Creek. There he learned that George Thompson of Decatur needed a helper. He came here at once and the next day was presiding at the second chair in the Thompson shop. A few years later he was married and in 1893 he and Mrs. White began house keeping in the pleasant home on West Delaware Street in which he died.

He was a man of decided views, honest to a penny, Democratic in politics and liberal in religion. He had been financial secretary of the Modern Woodmen from the time of its establishment here. In the days when the Knights of Pythias lodge was a flourishing organization in Decatur he was one of its most active members. When this lodge went down he gave his full allegiance to the Masonic order.

He served the township several years as clerk and that was the only political office he ever sought.

He had the reputation of being a lightning barber. An old story concerning his speed with the razor is that a Decatur doctor going to Chicago stopped for a shave just as his train was whistling at the three milecrossing. "Can I get a shave and catch that train?" inquired the doctor. "CLimb into the chair," replied the Deacon. As the doctor leaned back in the chair the lather was applied, as the train was slowing down at the station the doctor, shaved, was running through the park. As he hopped aboard the conductor signalled the engineer to go ahead, and an event in history awaited this day to be recorded.

Frank White set the price for hair cuts and shaves here for many years. Twenty and ten were his prices and not even the pressure of the state Barber board could make him change them. For a long time the other shops went along with him, and then they got up their courage and raised their prices, and all of the shops retained their customers just the same.

But Frank White did have a line of customers from far and near who went out of their way to patronize him because of his low prices. A number of traveling men made it a point to stop at his shop to be barbered, and farmers came from distances of eight or ten miles to patronize the Deacon. One Decatur citizen said Monday that he had been a resident of this village for 26 years and in all of that time only twice had anyone else shaved him.

Now the good Deacon is gone, the shades of his shop are drawn, the world moves on, and in a little while he and his day, and the street as he knew it, will be forgotten. It must be better so, for a wiser hand than ours shapes the course of men and nations, and we are told and believe that "His mercy endureth forever."

1937

PASSING OF MISS IDA TROWBRIDGE

Miss Ida J. Trowbridge passed peacefully away at her home on East Delaware street at about three o'clock Sunday morning, May 2, after a short illness of pneumonia.

She had been identified with Decatur since childhood and was one of our most highly esteemed citizens.

She was the youngest of seven daughters of William E. and Louisa Hoyt Trowbridge. The family moved to Decatur in about the year 1860 and for years Mr. Trowbridge was one of the leading business men of the street. Miss Ida was the last survivor of the family. Her sisters who grew up, married and passed away before her were Mrs. Nearpass, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. White and Mrs. Stewart.

Miss Trowbridge graduated from the Decatur High school and then learned telegraphy under Franc Castro Rogers at the Michigan Central station. She took an office in northern Michigan where she remained until called back to Decatur to teach in the public schools. This was the beginning of her career as a teacher covering a period of more than forty years. She became known as one of the best primary teachers in the state and received tempting offers to go to larger places, but she was loyal to her home town and remained here until her retirement.

She was Decatur's first kindergarten teacher. The little children loved her; they would run to meet her as she went to her daily work and a half dozen or more of them would surround her and walk with her on the way home. Thousands of men and women now residing in Decatur and in all parts of the United States carry in memory loving thoughts of the bright, painstaking, sympathetic, kind and capable teacher who taught them their first lessons and guided them to a good start upward through the grades and high school, and out to meet the responsibilities of an exacting world.

Early in life Miss Trowbridge became a member of the Presbyterian church and a large part of the time held church offices and taught in the Sunday school. She was also an active member of New Star Chapter O. E. S. and held the office of Chaplain.

Funeral services were held at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning in Newell and Son's funeral home, Rev. L. F. Cooper officiating, and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

FIRE IN THE THREE STORY ROW ON MAIN STREET

Poore Block - Decatur, Mich - July 23, 1937

STARTED IN THE VACANT POORE BLOCK, MAKING ITS RUIN COMPLETE. THE TWO BUILDINGS ON THE SOUTH DAMAGED

Stock of Beek 5c to a Dollar Store Made Valueless by Fire and Water. The Fox Gamble Store Stock Badly Damaged.

Fire caught in the abandoned Poore block on Main street last Friday afternoon, partially destroying the building and damaging the two buildings to the south of it.

The building adjoining suffered the most damage and the large stock of the 5 cent to a dollar store which occupied the first floor and basement was ruined by fire and water. This store was owned by W. T. Beek, who by hard work and exceptional business ability had built up a prosperous trade. The building is owned by Earl L. Burhans of Paw Paw.

The next building to the south, also three stories, was known as the Carney building. The first floor was occupied by the Gamble store, conducted by D. J. Fox. His stock was badly damaged by water and smoke, but some of it was saved by spreading canvas over it.

The loss from the fire falls heaviest on W. T. Beek, whose stock is practically ruined and next on the Gamble store. These two places of business were among the most up-to-date and enterprising on the street.

Origin of Fire

The afternoon was calm and peaceful. Peace and quiet hovered over the village. The hot sun beat down on Main street and the crops were calling for rain. The farmers were in the fields and the merchants were waiting on straggling customers and marking time.

H. H. Benjamin of East Valley broke a tug and brought it in to Frank, the harness man, to get it mended. To the north of the Poore block is the Potts house and to the north of the Potts house is Frank Lanning's harness shop.

Frank mended the harness and stepped out on the street to notify Mr. Benjamin that the job was done. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. His attention was called to the shed attached to the rear of the Poore building where he saw fire through the hole that once was a window. It was blazing furiously against the wall of the Beek store building.

Frank let out one of those Comanche Indian yells he learned out west, which sounded unmistakably like fire! He rushed into the two stores and repeated the alarm and gave another for good measure on the street.

Fighting the Fire

Maynard Southworth, fire truck driver, of the fire department, was in the Gamble store. In one minute he was at the fire station, in two minutes a dozen firemen were rushing out the fire equipment, in three minutes the boys were pouring water on the blaze.

But the fire had caught in something highly inflamable, the shed was built of wood and it was as dry as powder. It was soon evident to Chief Woolfe and his assistants that it was too big an order for one company. Distress calls were sent to Paw Paw and Dowagiac. Paw Paw made a quick run and was on the job within twenty minutes of the time the call went in. Dowagiac firemen with their fine new truck were coming at high speed when the rear axle broke and put them out of commission. Some of the firemen caught rides to Decatur and helped the other companies.

The fire crept up the side of the Burhans building, spread through the partitions, under the roof and over to the Carney building, and occasionally would break out in a large blaze. The firemen climbed the fire escape, spread over the roof and poured water from very direction. Sometimes it seemed as though they went into extremely hazardous places, but fortunately no one was injured. Once, when the rear wall of the Poore block crashed to the ground a cry of apprehension went up from the spectators but the firemen got away from the danger in time.

It was two hours before the fire was really under control. The Chief then directed the work of pulling down the walls of the old building, and to accomplish this the boys worked till late into the night. At six o'clock Saturday morning fire broke out again in the charred timbers and when it was subdued the men completed the work of razing the building.

At one time the Potts house, which stands within a rod of the Poore block, was in grave danger of destruction but fortunately there was no wind to throw the blaze that way and it was saved. Many people were concerned for the safety of the big elm near the burning building. It is the largest and most stately tree in this section of the county, towering far above any other in the village. The branches nearest to the blaze were scorched but the tree was not seriously injured.

THE POORE BLOCK

The three story brick building known as the Poore block was the oldest building standing on Main street. It was built by Charles N. Poore in about the year 1856. The village of Decatur was then only eight years old, having been located and named when the Michigan Central was built through to Niles in the fall of 1848.

Poore married a comely lady from the east and they had three children, Fred, Melvin and Buenna. Buenna was one of the belles of the young village. She taught in the Decatur school in the sixties and sang in the Presbyterian church choir.

Chas. Poore conducted a hardware store in his new building. He also built the house on the lot adjoining for his home. The house, now known as the Potts house, is still standing and outlasts the store building. That Poore block was well built, as the workmen learned when they tore down the walls.

The Chas. Poore family must have left Decatur during the seventies. The old timers who remember them do not recollect the time. Fred and Melvin went to Niles and one of them came back to visit the town some five or six years ago. Chas. Poore's brother, Simon Boliver Poore, resided in Hamilton township about four miles out of the village on the Keeler road. His grandson Melvin is employed in the State hospital at Kalamazoo.

In the Van Buren county Gazetteer of 1869 the Masonic hall, Odd Fellows hall, Good Templars hall, Van Buren County Republican, the John W. Bartlett billiard hall, M. Elchelman, ready made clothing; Nash, Keables and Nicholson, dry good and groceries; Charles N. Poore, insurance agent; are all listed as doing business in the Poore block. That seems like a lot of establishments for one three story building, and Charles Rawson thinks perhaps all three of the three story buildings were known as the Poore block. But only the one building destroyed by the fire was built and owned by Charles N. Poore. Mr. Rawson came to Decatur in 1860 when at the tender age of three and his memory as to the business interests of the village at that time is not clear.

When we first remember the Poore building it was occupied by W. H. Clark, furniture dealer and undertaker. We truly believe that back in the eighties and nineties Mr. Clark had the largest and best stock of furniture in southwestern Michigan. He started in in a small way and gradually built up the extensive trade he enjoyed.

For many years he was the town's only undertaker. He was liked for the pains he took in performing his services, and his reputation for honesty in his deals. The entire three floors and basement of the big store building were packed with furniture and caskets. Frank Smith was his clerk in the early days of our recollection and Sela Eckenberger worked for him four years.

Mr. Clark was Decatur's best proof that a man can succeed best by confining himself to one line of business. He had a splendid furniture and undertaking trade and about all of the work he could attend to, but with other well known pioneers he conceived the idea of developing the big Decatur swamp and from that time on to the day of his death his thought, his time and his ambition were devoted to that work. With his brother Frank he developed several hundred acres of the land and raised bountiful crops of peppermint, celery, onions and potatoes, but his expenses were high and the markets uncertain and he lost a large part of the comfortable reserve he had accumulated in the furniture and undertaking business. He built a big barn on his home lot where Roy Slack now resides, and would fill it with produce in the fall, only to haul it out to the dumping ground the next summer. In the times of his greatest losses he never lost courage or his faith in the muck.

Will and Frank Clark helped to lay the foundation for the wealth that has since come from the rich black soil now so extensively cultivated, and their names should be held in grateful memory by all who are doing well in Decatur today.

W. H. Clark finally sold his Main street business to Howland and Robertson who in a few years vacated the Poore building. It was next occupied by S. B. Southworth with a variety store. He sold, if we remember correctly, to Pearl E. Pritchard who conducted the business under the name of the Racket. Some years later Renne and Gale stocked the place with hardware and implements. Renne sold to Gale and the latter moved to his present location in the three story Stewart building.

Frank Squires last occupied the building with a second hand store. Fire ruined his stock and damaged the building and the building has since stood in partial ruin, only a few old timers remembering it as one of the most pretentious and popular trading centers of the village. Some 15 or 20 years ago the late Mrs. Catherine Carney acquired the property and it was in possession of her estate at the time of the fire.

George L. Roberts remembers the Poore block when the owner conducted a hardware store there. His father, Alanson D. Roberts, moved his family here from Iowa at the outbreak of the Civil War, then left them here and joined the army. George Roberts, who was 80 years old last January, went to school to Buenna Poore. He and Charlie Rawson both remember her as a beautiful girl.

The Poore block was condemned as unsafe by the state fire marshal several years ago, but Mrs. Rudzinski, administrator of the estate, felt that she could in some way rent it and derive some revenue from it, and no order to wreck the building was issued. There was no insurance on this building, we are informed, but the Carney building was insured for $2,000.

Chief Woolfe says that people on the ground watching the fire could obtain no estimate of the damage being done. The roofs of the two buildings standing were burned off and the heavy timbers above the ceilings were badly charred.

The Chief started an investigation into the cause of the fire which he says will take several days to complete. He intends to learn the exact cause of the fire and who were to blame for it.

He has chased young boys smoking cigarets out of the shed and out o' other places in the alleys, taken them home and told their parents that they would cause fires if they did not stop the practice.

Chief Woolfe was in the officer's quarters in the village hall across the way when the alarm was turned in. He immediately assumed charge and remained on duty continuously for 36 hours.

The Paw Paw fire department was called. Dowagiac learned of the situation and started out unsolicited. Lawrence volunteered its services. Decatur greatly appreciates these courtesies.

The Chief wishes also to thank all local people who assisted in controlling the fire and especially the men who stayed till a late hour and helped to wreck the building.

Planty of Water

The man who ran the pumps that furnished the water that put out the fire was the superintendent of the water plant, Jarius Halleck. Alone he stayed by the pumps and they were in perfect working order.

Supt. Halleck said he pumped about 900 gallons of water a minute for two hours and about half that amount the next two hours.

"The demand for water did not bother us at all," he said. "The harder the pumps worked, the better they worked. I never saw them work any nicer. We have three good pumps and it was a good thing we had them."

The man who controls the water distribution said it was not necessary to shut off the water supply during this fire, but he suggested that in time of fire users would show a nice consideration for a hard situation if they would shut off their sprinklers.

Jarius Halleck keeps the water plant up in perfect condition and is ready for any emergency. In his long years of service to the village he has become known as a dependable official.

Perhaps some readers of the Republican can add something to the history of the Poore block as printed here. If so the information will be very welcome.

The building in which the 5 to a dollar store was located has an interesting history which we would like some of our readers to furnish. Our first remembrance of the Republican office was when it was located on the second floor of this building. We re-

member when Knight and Company conducted a grocery and meat market there and Thomas Mahoney was a budding clerk for them.

It has been the location of the 5 and 10 store for a dozen years or more and has been a popular trading place since the present owner took it over. Mr. Beek said after the fire that he was 'all washed up.' His stock that was not destroyed by fire was ruined by water. This is a loss to the community as well as to the owner and we sincerely hope that this place may be repaired or a better place opened to him without undue delay.

The building has had numerous owners. At one time it belonged to the Copley estate, then William Kimble acquired it and conducted a second hand store there. On his death bed Mr. Kimble willed the building to Frank Conrad in return for faithful services.

Two nieces from South Bend contested the will and through their attorney, Senator Burhans, were successful in breaking it. In the final settlement of the case Mr. Burhans purchased and became the owner of the building.

The building in which the Gamble store is located has had but few owners. It has belonged to the Carney family for many years. M. S. Carney acquired it of the late Theo. Trowbridge.

When the fire broke out W. T. Beek was at his store in Dowagiac. The Decatur store was in charge of Florence Barnhart, with Vanda Taylor and Luella Bascum assisting.

Miss Taylor had been to the back room for stock not five minutes before the fire broke out and there was no indication that a blaze was started on the other side of the wall. The young ladies got a call through to the owner and he was soon here. They removed the papers and cash and did all that they could for their employer in the trying situation.

FIRE NOTES

While the fire was in progress reporters from the Detroit Times and Kalamazoo Gazette were reporting some event at Gull lake. Word came to them to rush to Decatur, the town was burning up. They rushed, but did not find the situation quite so serious.

Three photographers representing daily papers were here taking pictures, but they did not arrive until the wrecking of the Poore block was well under way.

S. N. Eckenberger and Grace Weeks had taken several views while the building was standing and one of the Eckenberger pictures was in the Saturday Gazette.

Estimates of the loss by daily papers vary greatly. One put it at $10,000, another at $20,000. W. T. Beek's loss is placed at $4,000 and D. J. Fox's Gamble store at $3,000. The buildings and stock were insured to partly cover the losses.

Miss Caroline Johnson of Paw Paw, who represents the Kalamazoo Gazette, came over to pick up special news of the catastrophe.

Miss Weeks took some splendid views of the three buildings clouded in smoke and the streams of water playing upon them and they were on sale the next morning.

BARELY ESCAPES DEATH IN FIRE

Decatur, July 24.—Miss Vanda Taylor narrowly missed dropping into a flame-filled cellar Friday afternoon. She went to a back store-room to return a box of merchandise which she and Miss Florence Barnhart, senior clerk in charge, had obtained but five minutes before. Before she stepped, Miss Taylor looked down. The whole floor was burned away and the basement was a mass of flames. When both young women were in the back room before, there was no evidence of smoke or fire, they said.

(The above report went the rounds of the daily papers. It is entertaining reading but Vanda says it is slightly exaggerated. That was what Mark Twain said about a report that he was dead when he wasn't.)

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Steele, who live in the rooms over the Gamble store, have had a pretty rough time of it, and for a time they did not know whether or not they had a home Their rooms were damaged by water, but they were able to remain in them.

L. G. Stewart says the Poore building was built before he came to this county, and he came here with his parents in 1858. He says all three of the buildings were built by Charles N. Poore and were known as the Poore block. The two now standing were built in 1863 or 1864. He said he built them to hold up the first building.

Deputy State Fire Marshal Ray C. Condlon of Lansing has notified Chief Woolfe that he will be in Decatur today (Thursday) to inspect and pass judgment on the fire and condition of the standing buildings. Deputy Condlon succeeded Geo. Low of Bangor whose political complexion was not of the required hue to enable him to retain the commission. But George was a competent, courteous and painstaking official. This firing a competent workmen solely for party reasons is not a creditable feature of the party system, but since the days of Old Hickory, it has been ever thus.

HOW ABOUT IT, FRED

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Steele occupied the apartment above the Gamble store. Their property loss was not estimated although it was believed to reach several thousand dollars.—State Dispatch.

Eddie Woodman came to town Friday afternoon on his big new truck He parked near the post office and when a call went out to haul away some fruit jars belonging to the Fox grocery he volunteered to do it. He is one of the most obliging men we know and his work at the fire was appreciated.

John Smith, we are told, has made an offer to clean away the debris for it. The debris is the property of the Carney estate, which seems destined to be the goat of the catastrophe,—no insurance.

THE TALE OF A BRONCO

Over the hills of Wyoming
And down to the Rio Grande,
There traveled the tale of a bronco,
A bronco with many a brand.

Out of the state of Montana
And down to the Rio Grande,
There came a rider on the trail of the bronco,
The bronco with many a brand.

He heard the tale of this bronco
And why his fame had grown,
This bronco was famous for throwing his riders,
More famous than the Strawberry Roan.

He wanted to see this bronco
And at riding him try his hand;
He wanted to humble this bronco,
The bronco with many a brand.

He chased fast after this bronco
Whose fame continued to grow;
He came close on the trail of this bronco,
Whom how tough he was he soon would know.

They were to meet in the arena at Pendleton
Where the best of the brones flipped tails,
They were to fight in the arena at Pendleton
Where many a brone and his rider started on the long, long trail.

They met in the arena at Pendleton
But the rider was out of luck;
For he rode the bronco at Pendleton
But the bronco wouldn't buck.

So the rider went back to Montana;
The bronco to the Rio Grande;
And there ended the tale of a bronco,
A bronco with many a brand.

Nino Del Pais.

Friendly Obstacles

For every hill I've had to climb,
For every stone that bruised my feet,
For all the blood and sweat and grime,
For blinding storms and burning heat
My heart sings but a grateful song—
These were the things that made me strong!

For all the heartaches and the tears,
For all the anguish and the pain,
For gloomy days and fruitless years,
And for the hopes that lived in vain,
I do give thanks, for now I know
These were the things that helped

me grow!

'Tis not the softer things of life
Which stimulate man's will to strive;
But bleak adversity and strife
Do most to keep man's will alive.
O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep,
But brave hearts dare to climb the steep. —Unknown.

DOING WORK FOR THE LORD IN THE WILDS OF VIRGINIA

Leo Lyle, Son of Melvin Lyle of Decatur, and His Faithful Wife, Missionaries at Clintwood, Tell of the Good They Are Doing Through Prayer.

Clintwood, Va.,

August 11, 1937.

Dear Friends and Prayer Helpers:

Six months have rolled by since our last news letter was written and now we believe that the Lord would have us write all of our friends again to tell how He has undertaken for us.

In the first place enough money was sent in to take care of my teeth and now my health is much better as a result. A nice box of song books was also sent in and we are enjoying them very much in our several meetings. Many Sunday school papers have also been sent in and we know that great blessing has come and will come as a result in the lives of those who read them. Send more any time you have them to spare.

The Lord has indeed been gracious to us again this year in making it possible for us to spend one week in Gull Lake Bible Conference in Michigan, and also one week with our parents there. Just last week we were also privileged to attend our Mountain Gospel Fellowship Conference at Hindman, Kentucky. If we really begin to live out half of the things received at these conferences, truly our work will bring forth more fruit. We greatly need your prayers that the Lord will make us more bold in our personal work.

Since coming back from Michigan, the Lord has shown us very plainly that He would have us hold services in a prison camp on Sunday afternoons. The camp is located in an adjoining county and is 16 miles away. There are 97 men in the camp, many for murder and other serious charges.

The meeting is held in a long, low and narrow building with the beds lining either wall. The men sit on small benches in the aisle. An officer sits at either end of the building with a gun in his hands. Between the rows of men there is a space of about three feet where one may walk. About half way down the length of the building is a rudely constructed pulpit where one stands to preach to the men. A chain runs the full length of the building on either side and each man has a four foot chain locked to his ankle and to the long chain. It surely gives one a peculiar sensation the first time he walks between rows of chained colored men. One is reminded of walking between two rows of chained mules. It is wonderful, however, to see how the men respond to a little kindness and also to see how interested they are in the Gospel story.

There has been a change of officials in the local CCC camp and now we are having much better co-operation in holding meetings there.

Recently we changed our Saturday night meeting at Osbornes Gap to a regular Sunday school service at 9 o'clock in the morning, then we go to our Camp Creek meeting at 11 o'clock.

Bad to Worse

The town of Clintwood has been going from bad to worse in a spiritual way and we have felt the need of holding a Bible class for a long time, but could not find a building. Now the Lord has wonderfully undertaken and we have a large building that will seat at least 230 people and the owner is not going to charge us any rent.

The building is in need of three window frames and of course we will have to have some kind of seats right away. We are trusting the Lord to supply these necessary things in His own way.

We have felt the need for a long time of having street meetings in the town here and other towns around, but having no musical instruments with which to attract a crowd we have never started any. Recently we became interested in a loud speaker such as politicians use, except that it has a phonograph attachment and believe that this could be greatly used to the glory of God. We do not know the price of these speakers, but were wondering if any of our friends might know of one that we could get second hand. We would greatly appreciate any help in locating one and also your prayers that God will supply the money to buy one. Loud speakers are a new thing here and attract large crowds.

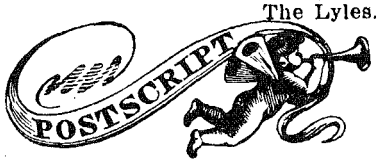
We were only able to hold two Vacation Bible schools this year; one at Camp Creek and one in Clintwood. The grandson of a noted "Hard Shell Baptist" preacher was saved at Camp Creek and also a young girl who learned the required 126 scriptures to earn a Bible. Mrs. Lyle conducted the school here in Clintwood with the help of three other Christian women. Eight of the children in her junior class were saved.

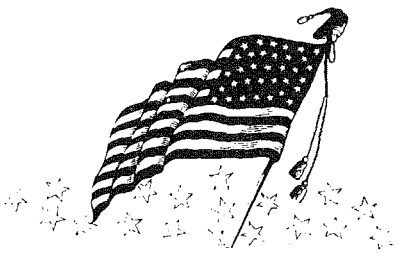
The Lord has given us a very good garden this year and we have been able to can many quarts of tomatoes and pole beans already. There were also many wild blackberries this year and we were able to can many quarts of jelly and jam. We were able to get all of the berries picked by a poor family in exchage for old clothing which friends have sent in.

We are enclosing two pictures; one of the Camp Creek Bible school where there was an average attendance of 42 and the other of our family.

Trusting that all of our friends are well and happy in the Lord, we are,

Yours in Christ,
The Lyles.





AMERICANISM

An Essay That Won a Scholarship and Should Be Read by All Americans.

Award of the annual scholarship of the Elks for the best essay on Americanism has been given to a 16-year-old high school girl who wrote on the subject from compelling experience.

The girl is Sylvia Karjalainen, who was graduated this year from the Weatherwax High school at Aberdeen, Wash., and was winner of the first oratorical contest sponsored by the Aberdeen Elks lodge.

Miss Karjalainen's father is a Communist who gave up American citizenship to go to Russia and who took his daughter with him. She lived in Russia for a year and then decided to return to the United States. Her father is still in Russia, his exact whereabouts unknown.

The prize essay follows:

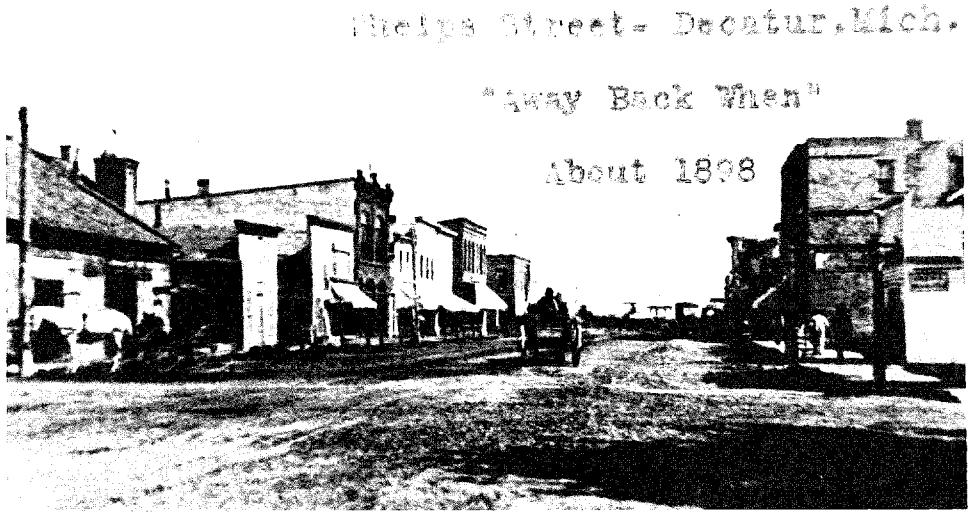
"I find that Americans do not realize what great freedom we possess here in America. Imagine yourself in a country where freedom of speech and press are completely repressed by the government. I have not heard from my father for a year. I know that many of the Finnish groups in Russia are being banished to Siberia. He may be there and he may not. The Soviet union may have taken my father and our wealth and compelled my mother to a life of hard work to bring up her two children. But there is one thing it cannot and will not touch—my American citizenship. That citizenship which grants me freedom of speech, freedom of religion.

"My father will probably never be able to leave the Soviet union because all he earns must be spent during a certain time. Here in the United States of America, I can, if I wish, raise myself to a higher level, or if I wish, I may make a fortune for myself, provided I have the initiative. I may worship my God as I please, while my father may worship none at all.

"When I sit before my hearth I often wonder if my father realizes now what a great deal his American citizenship meant to him. For now while we may enjoy peace and security, he must always be on his guard, never knowing what day he may be exiled for some petty cause. That is why I wish we all would stand up for our constitution and the citizenship it guarantees us, instead of always tearing it down.

"If some American lost his citizenship even for a day, he would become acutely aware of its great importance to his life. My American citizenship is to me a vital living thing that I honor and cherish."

Decatur in the Making



Wayland B. Nicholson, a Resident of Decatur In the Sixties and Seventies, Sends the Republican a Promised Story of the Village as He Knew It.

Minneola, Florida,
August 9, 1937.

To the Republican:

Just received a copy of the Decatur Republican of July 29.

As you have asked for items from old residents of Decatur I will mention a few that happened in my own youthful days.

My father, Julius E. Nicholson, and my mother and four children moved to Decatur the year that the large brick school house was built. Father went into the general store of Ira Nash, with the purpose of entering into partnership if agreeable to both. He was taken sick and died after two weeks of sickness with pneumonia, and was buried in Newberg, Cass county, in the plot of land he had donated to the district for a burying ground and school house.

The Nash store was located on the western end of the park near the warehouse of Lyman Rawson. The store business was later sold to Aaron Hathaway. Later Mr. Nash with Lon Keebles and Eugene Nicholson were located in the brick building later occupied by the Trowbridges, father and son. Still later Keebles and Nicholson formed a partnership and began in the hardware business where I learned the business and the tinner's trade. After four years with this company I left my brother Horace to run the shop and went with E. P. Hill, Mr. Rogers (banker) and Myron Hinkley to Hartford as bookkeeper and clerk in their store and office.

After one year I was removed from duty so that Mr. Hill's son Dana could take the position. At present I believe the only residents of Decatur now there when I first arrived are Mrs. Nettie Russell Huff, George Roberts, L. G. Stewart and John Shaad. Later Carleton Genung, his wife Olivia (my sister) and their two children, Stella and Judge, arrived from near Niles. Later Stella married Frank Lindsley.

Who can remember when the post office was located west of the corner of Main street and the railroad street where was operated by Don and John Rogers a general store? Next west on that street was a harness shop. Then next west was the post office.

I learned to play ball on the green near the M. C. R. R. tracks. Later the first regular baseball club was composed of George Wheelock, pitcher, when balls had to be pitched under hand (not thrown). Hank Teed, harness maker (Mead), Hank Murray, Curt. Botsford, Dell Kurtz, Hod Nicholson, Fred Seymour and others were the players.

My brother, H. W. Nicholson, once owned the double barrel pistol that Mr. Sweet used to protect himself from the powerful swing with a long poker held in the hands of Joe Pierson. It was a double barreled gun and the hammer revolved to strike either cap to fire the shot. My brother sold it to E. L. Hawks for a watch and Mr. Sweet got it from Mr. Hawks.

Who remembers the sailboat that Mr. Hawks made and placed in the water of Lake of the Woods? It was named the "Union".

Who remembers the old distillery located near the bank of Mud lake which was torn down about 1864?

The third one of the stores in the Poore block was run as a drug store by Mr. Leavens and his sons, Charles, Walter and Eddie.

Who remembers the burning of a residence at near midnight located north of St. Mary's street on the site of the old nursery, just north of the Parmenter house? The house was insured but not occupied and the owner was supposed to be in Chicago working as a carpenter. When a few neighbors reached the fire, as there was about 10 inches of snow on the ground and Mr. Holmes, the photographer with office in the third story of the old Poore block, and my brother Eugene, they noticed fresh tracks leading away from the building. They followed them to the M. C. R. R. tracks and on towards Dowagiac. They followed and when arriving there looked into the room and saw their man, the owner of the building burned. They secured the help of the town marshal and he arrested the man. They all three took the next train for Decatur.

As the village had no place to keep their prisoner, Wm. Henry Tucker (lawyer) offered to take him over to Paw Paw to jail. When Mr. Tucker returned to Decatur he reported that his prisoner got away from him at Lawton while waiting for the Paw Paw car and escaped.

The funny thing about it was that Mr. Tucker had the gold watch and chain worn by the prisoner. There were doubts that the owner ever applied for insurance. Nothing was ever heard from the man.

The early name of the Clark furniture company was Clark and Nearpass.

Who remembers the very bad wreck of the excursion train on the M. C. R. R. that occurred about 1868 or '70, in which a large number of people were killed and seriously injured, including Daniel Dimock and Mary Case, daughter of Mrs. Keeler, who resided in the first house west of the M. E. church?

Who remembers the law firm of Cole and Parkhurst? I have a canceled deed to some property in which Hiram Cole had signed as attorney.

Who remembers when Hawks and

Thomas were in the hardware business? Hawks sold out to Thomas and began as a jeweler across the street and later Mr. Thomas took in Mr. Quinn as partner, before he moved into his new brick at the corner of Main and Delaware.

Manley and Son had a dry goods store on the west side of Main street near the corner where Frank Potts held out later.

The first professor in the new school was Prof. C. F. R. Bellows. The second was Jerome H. Bishop. I left school about that time. Mr. Bishop located in Wyandotte and became interested in the making of fur clothing and got nicely established and rich before he died.

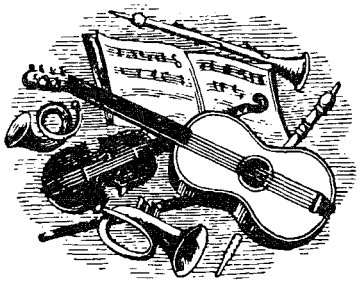
Abbott Brothers were in the dry goods and clothing business at the south corner at Delaware. Tom Brownbridge built the first (and about only) brick residence in Decatur on Delaware street.

Seymour and Hendryx built the large stable on the corner near the Nash store and run the livery stable business a number of years.

I was 10 years old when we moved from Vandalia to Decatur. I am in my 85th year now, taking in the winters and some of the summers in Florida.

Wayland B. Nicholson.

This will fix you up on the promise I made you two years ago to send in another letter to the Press.



MISS LARIDA SCOTT'S FINE WORK IN MUSIC

Miss Larida Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Scott of Hamilton township, is a teacher in the Theory Department of the Conservatory of Music of Olivet College.

She is making fine progress and is happy in her work. The following is taken from the Olivet College Echo:

Miss Larida Scott was given unusual recognition at the recital of the faculty of the Willard Music School in Battle Creek, on February 10. Mr. Schuster, famous cellist of whom Miss Scott is a pupil, played her composition, "To a Church." Upon [illegible] to the platform and charmingly acknowledged the compliment. She has played "To a Church," as a cello solo at various entertainments on the campus, and has but recently completed a complete orchestral arrangement.

The Olivet College trio composed of Miss Christina Schoonmaker, Miss Larida Scott, and Avis Thomas, entertained and were entertained by the Detroit-Olivet alumni on Friday, February 19. The trio furnished the dinner music for the Alumni banquet held at the North Woodward Congregational church, and afterward presented the following program:

Londenderry Air .....Kreisler
Hungarian Dance .....Brahms
Pastorial Dance .....German

The trio was accommodated for the night at the Statler Hotel.

Wild Boys with Native Shrewdness

This letter to the editor of the Cassopolis Vigilant is from Fred Smith, the alafalfa king of Vandalia. We had not heard before the circumstances concerning the wayward boys but the letter has such a pull in it for them and the Starr Commonwealth that we read it twice and then clipped it to copy.

The collector ladies of the Star Commonwealth were here last week. They reported that the home now has about 90 boys. Marshall Starr lived in Decatur when a boy. Our acquaintance with him dates back to those early days, so anything about his home for boys has a special interest for a few old time citizens of the community.

Vandalia, 2-18-'37.

Friend Berkey:

I wondered if you knew the whole story of the boy who ran away from Starr Commonwealth. He and two of his friends stole a car one night and were soon caught by the sheriff who handcuffed them and started to take them in. He soon had to get out for a moment and go in a store, perhaps for a cigar. Then the leader slipped under the wheel and ran away with the sheriff's car.

They drove it till it ran out of gas near Bair lake when they entered a cottage and found a file with which they rid themselves of the handcuffs. They then walked to Min Wagner's and very nearly got away with her car before she noticed them driving west with it. She hastily called the sheriff who got to the G. T. R. R. crossing in time to head them off.

It would seem that a boy who could steal three cars in one night and come as near as he did to getting away with them is worth saving if you can get him switched over to the right track.

And Min Wagner will not contribute to the Starr Commonwealth because those boys stole her car.

As I understand it this boy was only brought to the Commonwealth. Starr would not let them be prosecuted for taking the cars, saying, "I am the one who has fallen down on his job."

Very truly yours,
Fred E. Smith.

OLD TIMERS LIKE TO RECALL OLD TIMES

Don F. Cochrane in Hartford Day Spring.

Len Dade, East Main street retired farmer, is a survivor of Hartford's stave factory days. Spurred by the reminiscences of Editor Arba Moulton of Decatur, reprinted in this column, Mr. Dade has done a little reminiscing on his own hook which should interest Hartford's old timers. He writes:

Editor Day Spring: Reading your story by Editor Moulton in regard to old stave factory days brings back to memory the old days of about 60 years ago when the stave factory in Hartford was running full blast and I passed staves to Wellington Fletcher to joint, for which I received 25 cents a day.

Arch Adams and Tommie Loutett packed the staves and tied the heaters. I do not recall playing ball at noon time, but I do remember how we boys caught a large dog one day and tied some tin cans to his tail, and he ran down Main street where the horses were then as close together as automobiles are nowadays, and it caused quite a lot of excitement. When questioned, of course, the stave factory boys knew nothing of it at that time.

Jess Hess owned the stave factory and paid us each Saturday night. Billie Palmer ran a candy shop, where we spent our Saturday evenings with candy, lemonade and pop. Len Dade.

Boys were boys in Mr. Dade's time, much as they are today—except that boys today would scorn a wage of 25 cents for a 10-hour day. That didn't harm boys of Mr. Dade's type. He did pretty well in the world later upon his own "rugged individualism."

METHODIST CHURCH HISTORY AND PRESENT OFFICIAL ROSTER

The following history of the local Methodist church and official church roster is reprinted from a copy of the Decatur Republican of September 24, 1925, and brought up to date by Rev. Dean W. Parker, the present minister. The sketch will be of interest to readers of the Republican who have watched the growth of this organization through its many years of religious work in Decatur.

The early members mentioned in the history have all passed on to the Great Beyond, but the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of some of them are now carrying on their work. James and Susan Ellis are represented by their grandchildren, Mrs. A. C. Brigham and Mrs. Robert Orr of Decatur and Mrs. John Wassman of Lawrence; Amelia Taylor is represented by her daughters in law, Mrs. Esther Taylor, Mrs. Flora Taylor and Mrs. Allie Taylor and their children and grandchildren; Amos Morris is represented by his daughter, Mrs. Grace Vining Lisk and Miss Laura Morris; James Kirtland is represented by his daughter, Mrs. Nellie Betaque, now of South Bend.

HISTORY

The history of the founding and

growth of the First Methodist Episcopal church in Decatur is intensely interesting. In this brief history you will find the most important events. In the pioneer days before 1860 Circuit Riders defied the wilderness and made extensive trips through this part of the state, from their homes in Indiana, stopping wherever they saw a log cabin, and administering to the spiritual needs of the people.

The first permanent record we have states that from the years 1855-1865 Decatur was the head of a circuit composed of Decatur, Lawrence, South Haven and Breedsville. The pastors serving the charge during this time were Reverends Tendlam, VanWyke and Berry. The first record of admission into the membership of the church is that of Ann M. Witter, March 3, 1861, by Rev. E. R. Kellogg.The first recorded baptism is Frances Bradley, September 10, 1865, by Rev. A. L. Crittenden. The first marriage, William Long, of Lafayette, and Sirenia Thomas of Lawrence, on December 18, 1865. Rev. G. C. Elliott compiled the first roll of members in 1875. There were 118 names; by 1880 the list had grown to 272 names.

In former years the church was organized in classes. Class No. 1 was led by Geo. Bennett and met at the church every Sunday. Forty-five were enrolled among whom we find these names: James Ellis, Susan Ellis, Louisa M. Barney and Amelia Taylor. Class No. 2 met in the Prospect Lake school house, was led by Lyman Cooper and in 1866 was transferred to the Lawrence charge. Class No. 3 was led by Amos Morris and held their services in Charlestown. Class No. 4 met in the Lee school house with Anson Hale as leader. James D. Kirtland led the East Decatur Class No. 5, which had 23 members. Later class leaders were David Webb, James Ellis, Chancey Holistee, Truman Bashford, Rev. H. Bray and Geo. Bassett. The Hamilton class, led by Edward Baxter, had 23 members. There are some members still living who can remember a few leaders and recall with pleasure the class meetings.

Following is a list of the ministers with the years they served:

Joseph Jones 1860
L. M. Bennett 1860
A. J. VanWyke .....1861-'62
J. W. Miller .....1862-'63
A. J. Graham .....1863-'64
A. L. Crittenden .....1864-'65
T. R. Granger .....1865-'66
J. R. Berry .....1866-'68
T. T. George .....1868-'69
N. Worthington .....1869-'71
W. R. Holt .....1871-'72
Wm. Coplin .....1872-'73
G. C. Elliott .....1873-'75
J. M. Aiken .....1875-'77
J. W. H. Carlisle ....1877-'80
L. W. Earle .....1880-'81
J. White .....1881-'82
W. P. French .....1882-'83
J. P. Force .....1883-'84
J. M. Whitney 1884
W. J. Hathaway .....1884-'86
J. White .....1886-'88
W. W. Lamport .....1888-'90
Wm. Pronty .....1890-'92
G. W. Goslin .....1892-'96
W. H. Moore .....1896-'98
A. N. Elldrid 1898-1900
L. H. Manning .....1900-'04
A. L. Toner .....1904-'06
G. A. Odlum .....1906-'08
J. W. Davids .....1908-'10
C. Baughman .....1910-'11
F. W. Nickle .....1911-'13
Edwin Tench .....1913-'16
W. A. Taylor .....1916-'19
D. D. King .....1919-'22
W. E. Calow .....1922-'23
W. Y. Pohly .....1923-'26
Thomas Rice .....1926-'29
E. C. Finkbeiner .....1929-'31
J. R. Uhlinger .....1931-'35
D. W. Parker .....1935-'—

The church at the present time employs a full time pastor in residence at 203 W. St. Mary's street in the parsonage owned by the church. The present membership of the church is 144 paying a salary of 1200 dollars a year to their minister. Benevolences last year amounted to $140. Perhaps it is a fact not generally known that the South Wayne Chapel, a beautiful little church in the open country south of Decatur is also the property of the church. Residents of the community now maintain the chapel at their own expense although it is no longer used as a place of public worship except on special occasions. For many years in the later 19th century and the early twentieth century it was an outpoint regularly served by the resident pastor of the Decatur charge.

One cannot help but feel that the ministry of this old church is still finding its way into the hearts of men and women of this community. We put our faith in God and with humble hearts look forward to a continued ministry that shall offer Christian service for many years to come.

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Nominations—Melvin Lyle, J. E. Renne, William Fitch.

THE MORRIS MURDER AGAIN

Stories of Decatur's Greatest Tragedy, Which Occurred the Night of September 28, 1879, Are Still Coming.

Here is more testimony in the Morris murder case sent to the Republican by Dana Smith of Paw Paw.

Charles Langdon was with a threshing crew at Parker's in the Valley. They were going from Parker's to Coulson's. Seth Coates owned the threshing outfit, and Langdon ran the engine.

Henry Morris went over to Parker's Saturday. He said he had 40 acres of wheat and wanted it threshed from the shock. Morelan said he could go there Monday afternoon. Morris said, "If you fellows can get there Monday morning you can have the job." "Couldn't do it," was the reply, "as we have to go to Coulson's first."

Monday morning Miller, a thresher,

came along and asked Langdon to ride up to the Morris place as the Morris family had been murdered.

Johnnie Klinger worked for Morris by the month but had been away over Sunday. He came back by the way of Rosewarne's Monday morning and when near the Morris house he saw Henry lying on the back porch. He took hold of Henry and saw that he was dead. Then Johnnie commenced yelling and ran for Rosewarne's hollering at every jump and leaping over fences.

Rosewarne heard him coming and started to meet him. Johnnie would not go back to the farm that morning.

When Langdon got there quite a crowd had collected and the body had been taken inside. Mrs. Morris still lay where she had fallen, with arm extended over her head. She had been shot through the arm and body. She ran for her bedroom. The murderer shot at her as she ran and the bullet marks are there. She got to the closet where she fell near the window.

The hired girl was Jane Bull, 17, a very sound sleeper. Langdon knew as he had kept company with her.

In the Morris house an old-fashioned milk safe stood by the east door. Langdon saw bullet marks on the wall. He pulled out the safe and a bullet from a .45 calibre revolver fell to the floor. It was a bright moonlight night and Henry had no lamp.

Charles Langdon attended a meeting at the school house the night of the murder. The murderer took Morris' horse and saddle and they were found at South Bend.

The above story was told to Dana Smith by Charles Langdon.

Dowagiac, Mich.,
March 15, 1935.

Dear Mr. Moulton:—

Many thanks for following me north with the paper. It contains the most news of any town paper I have read. Last week there was more home news. Glad the girls are keeping their resolutions.

Have had a very pleasant winter with the girls here; plan to be home first of April. It may be lonely but it is home.

Riley would have been 79 years old the 20th of this month. We only lacked a year of our 50th anniversary.

Have real interest in the Morris murder. Was ten years old at the time. My step-mother was ill and a girl by the name of Ella Watson was helping with the housework. She was a neighbor of the Morrises and she felt so badly my father had to take her home.

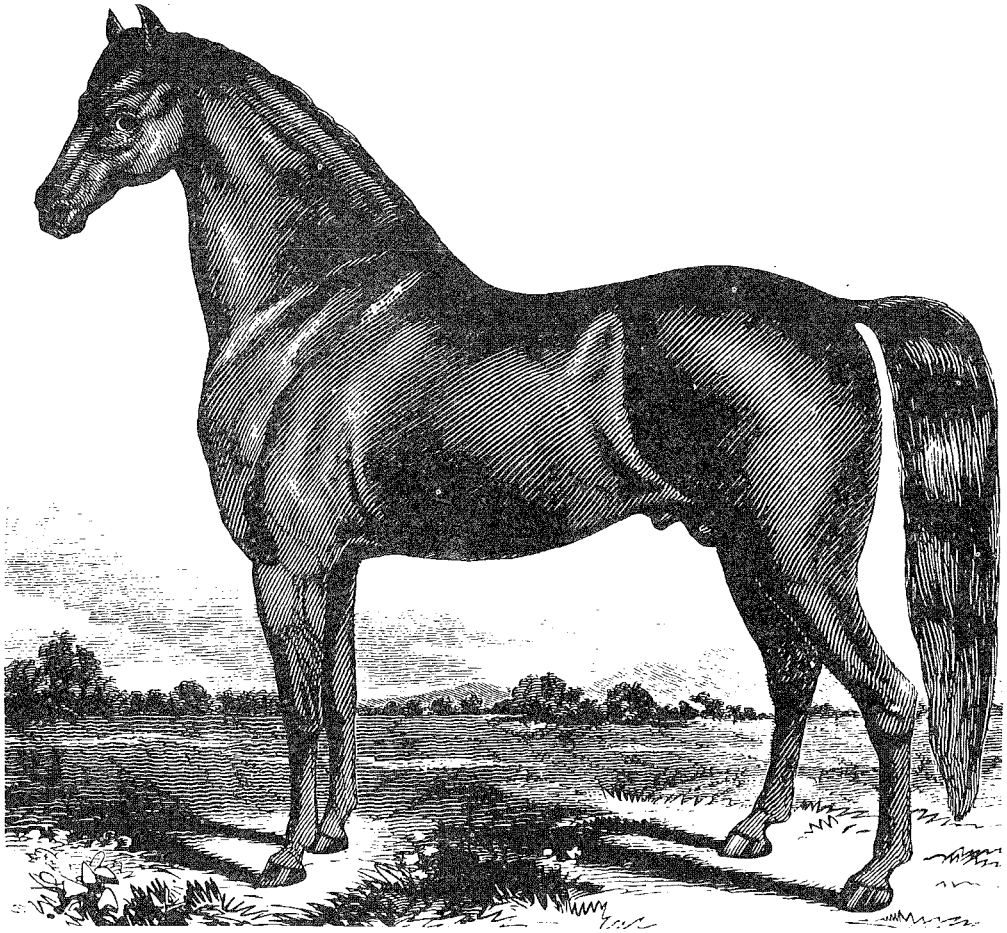
Have often wondered if she is now living and has a family. A few years later my brother Will went west, settled in Nebraska. Later with his wife he visited a brother-in-law in Montana, and met a man living alone in the hills. He declared he was the man who committed the terrible murder, but of course, could not prove it. Have thought he might have imagined it, but since reading the article about the sheriff of Van Buren Co. going to Washington and recognizing the man, no doubt, he was the one my brother met in Montana.

That was such a tragedy at that time. Now we can scarcely pick up a city paper but what it has the headlines of some crime.

Is the world getting worse or was it because 60 years ago, we had no way of hearing about crimes. By the way, I felt the earthquake for the first time, trusting it will be the last.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) A.R. Zimmerman
1937



A STORY OF THE DOPP FAMILY

By Mrs. Kenneth Adams

I will tell you a legion of the Dopp family, which even Abner Moon never published, and he told many a story of this once well known Wayne township people.

This story was told me by Matt Dopp, a younger brother of Ransom, who had a wonderful memory. Most of it happened before he was born and he told it from memory as he heard his mother tell it.

In 1660 James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II of England, sailed into New Amsterdam and captured the city and surrounding lands without bloodshed. If I remember right he took them from the Hollanders who had settled there, and changed the name to New York. He put up the English flag and sailed away again.

Among the men who were with him was his best friend, Lord Fairington. James, who was Scotch, and therefore generous to his friends, gave Lord Fairington a vast tract of land near Albany.

The time when Lord Fairington settled there was not mentioned, and of course the Fairington mentioned in this story was not the great one but a descendant. But before the Revolutionary war broke out the Fairington family and a patroon family whose name was Dopp lived near Albany.

There was a daughter in the Fairington family and a son in the patroon family, and the two were playmates.

One day both families went away for a little while and left the two children at home. While they were gone the Indians came to the Fairington home and burned it, and when the families came back they found only blazing ruins.

They were frantic about the children who were gone, and the men prepared hurriedly to set out after the Indians, when one of the mothers cried out, "Look, there they come!"

Sure enough young Dopp came proudly out of the forest leading the little girl by the hand. "They were strange Indians," he explained, "and did not know of the big hollow tree where our playhouse is. We just went in there and stayed till they went away. I told you I would take care of her."

In spite of the ruins about them the two families gave thanks to God that, though their buildings and crops were destroyed the children were alive and unharmed.

The years went on and the children kept up their friendship. When the Revolutionary war broke out Lord Fairington remained loyal to his king, but young Dopp joined the American army.

When Lord Howe surrendered New York to Washington Lord Fairington sailed for Halifax and took his family with him. George III, to recompense him for the tract of land near Albany which he abandoned to the Americans, gave him a tract of land near Quebec.

When the Revolutionary War was over young Dopp went to Quebec to claim his bride, but Lord Fairington refused his permission and forbade his daughter to think of marrying her patroon lover.

But this was America, even in those days. The young lady let herself down from her window that night, and they skated across the St. Lawrence river and were married in the United States.

Lord Fairington's daughter was Ransom Dopp's grandmother and Matt. Kinney's great grandmother, if I remember correctly. (Then of course she must have been the great grandmother of the other Kinney brothers, Edward and Arthur of Decatur.)

Anyway she was an ancestor in the direct line, and at the time Matt. Dopp told me this story some of the brothers were trying to get the tract of land near Quebec. The estates in England were entailed to the male heirs.

I hear it is almost useless to try to do anything like that, as every 20 years unclaimed lands go to the crown, as in this country delinquent taxes take the farms after a certain length of time.

I spoke about it once to Mrs. Secor, Ransom Dopp's daughter, and while she scoffed at the idea of there being any fortune to get, she said she remembered the old lady well. She saw her once when visiting some of the relatives near Hillsdale and all she could talk about was the Revolutionary war.

A patroon is a proprietor of any certain tracts of land with manorial privileges, granted to members of the Dutch West India Company under the old Dutch government of New York and New Jersey. Abolished about 1850.

A tract fronting 16 miles on the seacoast or on the bank of the Hudson river, or 8 miles on both banks, was granted to those who settled 50 colonists.

AN OLD TIMER WRITES HOME

Fairdealing, Mo.,
July 4th, 1938.

Mr Arba N. Moulton.
Dear Sir,-

I have been thinking of writing you a few lines. We are having a fine summer here. Corn is caring, harvesting is all done, threshing most done. Wheat is not very good, apples half a crop, early peaches good but all gone now. Late peaches not so good.

I see in your paper it gives the names of Decatur's old ball club. Ed. Myers was an uncle of mine. Us kids used to stand with our mouths open and watch him and Del Kurtz throw at the ball on top of the old flag pole. They said that Del was the only one who ever hit it.

I saw in the paper what Charlie Dine said about his curves and the Volinia ball club, so I will tell you about the best club Volinia ever had.

Jack Goble, Lime Gant, Hugh Rich, Charlie Warner, Charlie Criffield, Frank Morlan, Jay Warner, Will High and myself were the players.

Lime was our pitcher. He could not throw any of those curves like Charlie told about, but the up shoots and down shoots he could throw were fierce, as my fingers can testify.

We wore no masks and no gloves like they have now, but I had to catch them if I could.

Lime and Jack were not hard batters but great runners. If they could bunt the ball they were sure to get to first base. I think Jack could run the fastest, for there never was but one Ball that could catch him, and that was Miss Lida Ball.

Well, as I am such a poor writer I had better quit this so you can get the paper out on time. But maybe I had better tell you what makes me such a good scholar. This is the way it was:

The first day, before school began, I and some other boys were playing marbles and a boy by the name of Orrie Summers came along and kicked the marbles out of line. That meant a fight, and the first I knew one of the teachers had me by the hair and told me to report to the professor. I started to do it, but when I got to the top of the stairs had made up my mind I had no business with him, so I went on down the back stairs.

That explains everything, but if this is not too much of an epistle for you to read I may write you about when I first came to Missouri and some of the old timers who used to live there and came here.

Ed. High, Fairdealing, Mo.

Dear Old Timer,—

It's fine to hear from you, Ed. Your writing is easy to read. You ought to see Jont's writing. Your writing is like the beautiful free hand Spencerian movement beside his. But I can read Jont's writing with one eye shut. The only trouble with both of you is that you don't write often enough. So send the good letters along and what we can't read will guess at, and give the old timers a laugh or a touch of sober memory occasionally anyway.

Basil Ewald (maybe you call him Awald) came in the day your letter came. He says you are his uncle. Can you remember the little fellow? Basil is thin now. He could almost put two of him in the pants that a year ago were made for him. That is what 2½ months in the hospital does for a soldier. But he is fast coming out of his difficulties, as you will conclude by learning that he is able to make the trip here.

His wife is with him—Nellie Arnold Carney of past years. They drove on to Kalamazoo for a day with Nellie's sister, Eva Hamlin. Saturday they are booked for another call at the printing office en route to the golden wedding celebration of John and Electa Maxon in Dowagiac. Of course you know all about that. It will be a great celebration, and it would be great if you could be to it.

Old Father Time picks off a pioneer now and then, but the boys and girls who are still sticking to the old earth should get all the pleasure they can out of life, and there isn't much greater pleasure for them that to hear from old friends. Wouldn't it be interesting to get a circular letter started, all directed to and printed in the Republican.

Start it to going, Ed., and we will see how many we can draw out.

The Ed. to Ed.

STONE FROM OLD BAILEY ESTATE WILL BE COUNTY'S CONTRIBUTION TO STATE CAIRN

Sometime this month Van Buren county will send a handsome granite boulder on which the name "Van Buren" has been engraved to Old Mission point north of Traverse City where it will be placed beside stones from other Michigan counties.

The state cairn, located at a point said to be midway between the equator and North Pole, will be a testimonial to the work of Hugh J. Gray of the West Michigan Tourist and Resort association, one of the prime movers in many campaigns to attract tourists to Michigan's great vacation-land.

The idea of the cairn originated last year and every county in the state will send a stone characteristic of its location or history to be used in a shaft that will be formally dedicated June 28.

Van Buren's stone was selected from those on the estate which was the birthplace of Liberty Hyde Bailey, perhaps the most notable man to ever come from the county and one who has achieved nation-wide eminence as a horticulturist, botanist educator, lecturer and author.

Coming from the Bailey estate, the boulder is believed to be typical of Van Buren county where fruit growing is a major pursuit and where beautiful scenery and fine beaches and lakes each year draw thousands of resort guests.

Ruth Mary Myhan, South Haven resort manager and director in the West Michigan Tourist and Resort association, was county chairman for the selection of Van Buren's contribution to the cairn. She was assisted by George Pickell, secretary of the South Haven Chamber of Commerce, A. H. Glassman, resort owner, and Major Frank T. Warner. The engraving work was contributed by Earl Thompson, South Haven.

"I can't say too much for Mr. Gray's untiring work in behalf of the tourist business," Miss Myhan declares. "He is recognized as one of the leaders in that type of work—not only in this territory but internationally."

"Recently when South Haven's schools, Scott club and other organizations were holding special programs in honor of Dr. Bailey's 80th birthday the committee for the Gray testimonial felt it particularly fitting to link these men together," Miss Myhan continues. "Recognized as the foremost horticulturist in his field, Dr. Bailey is South Haven's most famous son. He is a pioneer in his field and has spent a lifetime in scientific pursuits for the betterment of farm products and to enhance the natural beauty of the landscape. Hugh Gray has spent himself in developing Michigan's tourist industry—in inviting people to enjoy beautiful scenery, to partake of health and recreation. Both are quiet, retiring men of great personal charm. Both might well be called friends extraordinary," Miss Myhan says in notifying state testimonial leaders that Van Buren's contribution is ready to be shipped to the old Mission point cairn.

THE COLORED CHURCH SETTLEMENT

The Information for This Story Is Furnished the Republican by Lewis Goens and James Cotton.

This is a record of the colored settlement which centers around the First Baptist church of Decatur, the colored church located 3½ miles north of this village.

The church was built in about the year 1868 on ground presented to the organization by Henry Lindsley. The gift was with the condition that it should stand so long as the organization is maintained, and when it is no longer used as a church the land will revert to the Lindsley heirs.

There is not so much interest in the church as in the past. The old members have died or moved away But the organization is still alive and services are held often enough to keep it in good standing.

The first of the settlers were two families of Winburns. They came here from Indiana in 1850.

Three families of Cottons came in 1852.

Two families of Jeffries, 2 families of Vaughns, 2 families of Curtises and one family of Lennoxes all came from Indiana about the same time.

Four families of Fosters, one family of Coopers, one family of Mosses, one family of Battles, four families of Mahoneys came from Ohio.

Three families of Bradleys, one family of Longs, three families of Hamiltons, one family of Bennafields, came from Kentucky.

Granison Hamilton brought Lewis Mallory here as a slave in the early fifties and gave him his freedom, and for many years Mallory lived in a shack on the Hobart Millard farm, and died there.

One family of Worix, one family of Revels, two families of Manuels came from Tennessee.

Two families of Roberts, three families of Lowries, two families of Browns, one family of Watkins, one family of Simpsons, two families of Hills came from Indiana.

One family of Wilsons came from Island No. 10 in the Mississippi river. Three families of Weavers and one family of Ampeys came from Indiana.

We ought to include Aaron Burnett in this list. He settled in the village and so far as I know he was Decatur's first barber. He was a pretty nice old fellow.

Lived 130 Years

Henry Banks is another old timer we ought to name. He was a slave and came to the settlement after he was freed by the Civil war. He lived around the settlement for many years and then bought 40 acres of land up in the northwest corner of Waverly township, known as the Garden of Eden, and lived there till he died in 1930.

He had three children, Nettie, Oliver and Jim. Nettie is in Chicago, Oliver is in Ohio and can't say whether Jim is living or dead.

Henry Banks lived to be 130. We have to take his word for that, but the evidence bears out his statement. Lew. Goens, who is 82, says Henry was a middle aged man when he was a mere boy.

Henry said that when he was 12 years old he hailed soldiers from the surrounding country to New Orleans to help the British in the war of 1812.

Henry used to boast that he had a lot of brothers and sisters and that he was the best-looking of all of them. Those who remember him will smile at this as he was about five feet tall and so bow-legged that he couldn't stop a hog. His mouth extended almost from ear to ear, and he was always in good humor.

One time when he was about 80 he came upon some of the boys of the neighborhood and proceeded to be a boy with them. He jumped up in the air and cracked his heels together twice. The boys tried it after he had gone but none of them could do it.

One time when the Plopper school was in session and it was warm and the doors were open Henry Banks came along and walked up onto the platform in front and made up funny faces where the pupils could see him.

They laughed and the teacher went out to see what was causing it. When she saw Henry she rushed back into the room and Henry rushed off down the road. The teacher said to the pupils, "If you were as interested in your studies as you are in what is going on outside you would not see so much to laugh at."

Many years ago a crowd of boys had assembled at the depot to watch the fast train go by. Henry was there for the same purpose. As the train approached at a speed of about 50 miles an hour the mail clerk threw off the mail bag and it came rolling on toward the station. Henry saw it and became wildly excited. He grabbed his cap from off his head, ran out onto the track, jumped up and down and waved his arms and shouted, "Stop her, stop her, you've lost something." He came very close to being run over, for the train did not stop.

Back in the early days when the settlement was being formed most of the founders came here by train and a conductor remarked that the best-looking colored people between Detroit and Chicago got off at Decatur.

Wrecking a Decatur Landmark

The building best known as the Hinckley livery barn has become a thing of the past, a building that will exist hereafter only in the memories of our townspeople.

We are not sure but think it was built by M. M. Seymour, father-in-law of Mrs. Percy Nash Seymour of Bangor.

The village directory of 1869 contains the following advertisement:

Feed, Sale and Livery Stable,
Seymour and High, Proprietors.
Feed for Horses, Tame Hay,
Oats and Corn constantly on Hand.
West Side Public Square,
near Depot.
M. M. Seymour, Jas. H. High

In its day it was a fine, commodious barn and has housed some high bred, speedy animals.

It is rather difficult to trace the history of this barn from memory. Chas. Rawson thinks it was built by Thomas Brownbridge, one of Decatur's earliest and most prominent residents. He came to America from England and it is said that he spent three fortunes here. Everything he did was on a big scale and well done. The Brownbridge farm just north of the village was famous sixty years ago for its fine buildings. The land is still owned by Mrs. Gene Cogshall of Oklahoma, once a daughter-in-law of Thomas Brownbridge.

At one time Anson D. Scott ran the barn. He had a son by the name of Charlie Scott, a fine young man of 18, who was kicked in the face by a horse and killed.

In 1869 Anson D. Scott was a farmer and his home was on the East Decatur road near the east village limits.

Fifty years ago William Graham ran the barn. He was followed by Chas. Tase and Jake Shookman. Then our townsman, Bert Hinckley, bought it and conducted a successful business until the coming of the automobile put livery stables out of business.

The property now belongs to the estate of Orrin A. Isham who used the building for a storage of produce. Dick Ulrich, his successor in their muck farming enterprise, bought the building, which has been a partial wreck for several years, and will use the lumber to build a storage on his farm.

Some of our enterprising citizens have plans to convert the lot into a play ground.

If any of our old time readers can add to the above information about the barn we shall be glad to print it.

ANDREW McGOWAN

Lawrence, Mich.,
April 9, 1938.

Dear Editor,—

There is a saying that where there is a will there is a way, and this is a story of a poor boy who found the way. In fact it was proven true by two Corwin boys and a young man who taught the Corwin school two terms in the early days.

Andrew McGowan, son of George and Caroline McGowan, was born in Alliance, Ohio, September 19, 1851. He took to books and an education like a duck to water. One day at the age of 12 he came home and surprised his parents by saying he was going away to school to get an education, and the following conversation between himself and his parents followed:

Parents, "Why son we cannot send you away to school, pay your board, tuition, and buy your books and clothing. We are sorry for we would like to help you to get an education; but your brothers and sisters are poorly clothed and we can hardly keep soul and body together without extra burdens. No, Andrew, sorry as we are to say it we could not give you a thin dime for your education."

Andrew,—"I did not expect any help from home. I was just telling you I am going away to school to get an education."

A few days after this conversation Andrew threw his few belongings into an old battered suit case and left for Coldwater where he had made arrangements with his Uncle Jonas McGowan, then a lawyer of that city, to board with him and go to school.

In those days every well to do business and professional man kept one or two driving horses and carriages. The horses had to be fed and cared for and the buggies had to be kept clean and shiny. It was this kind of work and other chores that Andrew did for his board and lodging the four years he attended the Coldwater school where he graduated.

He then went to Ann Arbor and entered the law department, his uncle lending him enough money for his necessary expenses the first year. He was lucky to get into the home of a well to do family that had horses and buggies to be looked after and this work Andrew did for his board and lodging.

When school let out in June for the summer vacation Andrew came home and worked with his brothers in the hay and wheat fields for other farmers. He earned enough money during vacation for his tuition, books and clothes for the next year.

After four years he was admitted to the bar and practiced law in Coldwater for a while. He then went west and established himself in the practice of law with the firm of Kingsbury and McGowan in the thriving mining town of Hailey, Idaho.

He bought a cow ranch and stocked it, and his young brothers back home gathered 8 bushels of walnuts and shipped to him to plant a walnut grove on his ranch.

He also bought a silver mine near Hailey for ten thousand dollars, but the seller knew more about salting silver mines than he did.

Andrew was running for circuit judge when he was taken seriously ill of brain fever and passed on, thus ending the earthly career of a self-made man. Edwin McGowan.

JONT SAYS, - -

I was out to one of the Wednesday night concerts they had. They had dances, but I cannot say it was dance music, that is, not the dance music I was born and brought up on.

In Ezra Stuyvesant's dance time of fifty odd years ago they played 75 to 80 different tunes in an evening. The fiddle he played was one he had taken out of a house down south during the Civil war while he and several other soldiers were out on a raid.

You could hear it all over a large hall and Ez. played all of the music by ear.

Jay DeMoss played the piccolo, and when they wanted some new tunes Jay could read the notes. He would play them on the piccolo and Ez. would follow him. By the time Jay could execute the music in good shape Stuyvesant had it stored away in his mind.

I remember they had a set of tunes called the Lancers. There were 16 of them. How I used to enjoy dancing to them. As time went on I learned to play several of the pieces on the violin. Speaking of ear music, I at one time knew about 125 tunes of all kinds and could play them without any music.

In Stuyvesant's dance band there were 4 people. He played first fiddle; Jay DeMoss, piccolo; Perry Young, second fiddle and caller; and Ely Young, bass viol. By the way, Ely Young had the best tenor voice of any I have ever heard, and Ada Warner Stretch had the best alto voice.

Charlie Ball could play the violin so well you would just have to stop and hear him. So you see Warren Mosier, who was relation to the Youngs and Balls, did not have to go outside of the family to get his ear for music.

At one time in early life Eddie Copley studied music. I have heard him play the old tunes like Munny Musk, Fireman's Dance, Opera Reel, Virginia Reel, Arkansas Traveler, in fact all of the tunes of those days.

His brother, Ward Copley, also studied music. I said to Ed., "I suppose Ward is by this time a good violinist." "Well," he said, "I suppose so, but somehow I don't jest like his fiddling." So you see one has his likes and dislikes.

The Stuyvesant band played for dances in all of the towns and country places within 10 or 15 miles of their homes.

Seth Fassett was another good violinist. He played by note. Less Gard was another. Charles Dine was his helper on the banjo and called. He was a good one. He married Delia Ball.

Frank Langdon of Lawton was a good fiddler. I will close by saying I knew all of the old time fiddlers around here and danced to their music. But those times are gone by forever and the fiddlers are now in heaven just as sure as there is a fiddler's green. Jont, Goble.

MORE MEMORIES OF PLOPPER DISTRICT

To the Republican:

I read Eddie Plopper's story about the Plopper school in the Republican last week and it brought some Plopper district history to my mind.

My grandfather, Macagia Cotton, lived in Halifax, North Carolina as far back as my folks know about. They say that his father, my great grandfather, was a full blooded Englishman. He settled in North Carolina and married a half blood Cherokee Indian by the name of Kittie Wiggins.

My grandfather married a half blood Indian by the name of Elizabeth Weaver. He and my great grandfather both were slave owners. My grandfather came west to Charlottesville, Indiana, in 1836. He brought along a slave woman and gave her her freedom.

He moved from Indiana to the south shore of Reynolds lake in the Plopper district in 1852. He had 12 children by his first marriage. Then he lost that wife and married a white woman by the name of Caroline Bennafield Jackson. They had two children, Mrs. Ed. Wilson of Benton Harbor and Eli Cotton of Battle Creek.

My father, Josh Cotton, belonged to the first family. He was born in 1840 and had his schooling in the log school house in the Plopper district. He and his brothers, Tom and William went to the Civil War and all came back.

My father belonged to the First Michigan cavalry and once he was captured. When the Johnnies were disarming his comrades he made a break and got away. Two bullets went through his blouse and one through his hat brim. When his horse jumped a ditch he fell throwing Josh, against the horn of his saddle and, hurting him so badly that the right leg shrivelled and became two inches shorter than the other, but he got away. He was in the war 2 years and 9 months, and saw 63 engagements.

My mother's folks, Thomas and Anna Winborn, came to the Plopper district in 1850 and settled on the east bank of Christie lake, now the Mrs. Lulu Gage farm.

I began school in the Plopper district in 1880 when I was 5 years old. My first teacher was Laura Loveland and in all I went to 16 teachers there. I quit school when I finished the 8th grade.

My father and mother were married in Lafayette, now Paw Paw, in 1866 and lived 50 years on the farm where Lewis Goons now lives. They attended the Disciple church which was held in the school house. The organization moved to Decatur when I was a boy and built the church now the Christian Reformed church.

My grandfather, Macagia Cotton, was a Baptist minister. In the days before the Civil war, before the country was cleared, he walked through the woods to Paw Paw Sunday mornings and preached in the Baptist church there.

Origin of Name Dowagiac

"Recent researches among the Potawatomies of Cass county reveals an entirely new interpretation of the meaning of the Indian word from which Dowagiac is derived," says George R. Fox, an authority on Michgan Indian lore. The currently accepted meaning of Dowagiac is "the place of many fishes," or "river of many fishes," which seems rather a free translation, since the red men, in telling its meaning, frankly said the word contained no root element meaning "fish or fishes" of "river or stream."

According to latest information the real term is "De-war-gah-yuk," spelled phonetically to express the Potawatomi sounds. It does not refer to the creek or river now known as the Dowagiac, but to all the creeks and streams in this region, particularly those occupying the area formerly covered by Glacial Lake Dowagiac.

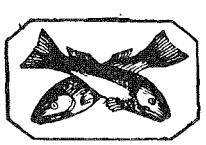
"The real meaning is 'dip up' or 'scoop up'," says Fox. "It is so called by the Indians to designate this region in which they found it possible to dip or scoop up, with nets or with their hands, great numbers of fish. When the Indians of the South Haven—or any other locality—set out for the Cass county region, they told their friends they were going "to Doewah-gah-yuk," the "scoop up" place. And it was known that they were going fishing in that region where fish were so plentiful they need not be caught with hook and line but could be scooped up in great numbers.

One Indian informant said: "In those days, the streams were so full of fish that the Indians dipped up baskets of fish with every lift of the net, or caught and threw them out with his hands."

The same informants give a new source for the name of Kalamazoo. It is not such a romantic meaning as certain others give it, but has back of it a prosaic Potawatomi interpretation.

The Potawatomies call the place where Kalamazoo is located 'Kuknahm-zoo." It means, as nearly as can be given in English, "smothered," or more properly "he smothered."

It seems that long years ago, a Potawatomi, wandering along the banks of the river, now the Kalamazoo, ran into smoke from a forest fire and becoming confused nearly smothered before he finally escaped from the burning area. Ever afterwards his fellow Indians referred to that region as "Kuk-nahm-zoo," meaning the place where a redman nearly smothered in the midst of a forest fire.—Dowagiac Community News.



Efficiency System Established in Decatur Postoffice

For the first time in the history of the postoffice of Decatur, or since the inception of the mail service in this community, the First Assistant Postmaster General advises our postmaster that the efficiency rating system shall be installed in this office. So far as we can learn from a reliable source the system has been installed since July 1, 1938.

The efficiency rating system is very puzzling and very complicated to be understood by an outsider so we persuaded an employee to explain it to us. He says it is simple once you get the idea, "The system has been in practice in all first class offices and offices having 25 or more employees. The device or system has been perfected to a T that any employee can grade his own efficiency independently and without any bias, discrimination or favoritism.

At its first inception the rating of an employee depended upon the pleasure and discretion of the postmaster or immediate superior. This latter practice led to corruption and injustice to the subordinate employees. There were so many complaints that employees received or rather rated very low due to, in some cases, the postmaster or immediate superior having a grudge or prejudice against subordinates, and in some cases, a lazy, worthless employee, who waits only for pay days receive a much higher rating than the one deserving.

So the department devised or rather made a list of penalties (there are about 300 kinds of penalties) upon which a rating of an employee is based. Thus, sorting of first class letters the list calls for 22 pieces per minute which equals 100 per cent; rate of walk with full load is 2¼ miles per hour, half load 3½ miles; ¼ load 4 miles per hour equals 100 per cent. Insubordination equals 700 demerits, and so forth.

It takes 1,500 demerits a year to remove an employee. A demerit is a penalty in the parlance of the postoffice. Like in school, employees of the postoffice are required to pass an annual examination, only the employees are given three tries. If the employee fails to pass the examination for the third time—well, he is either reduced to a lower grade of salary or gets fired, if there are enough demerits to back his removal from office.

Of course, in a small office like ours, the system has never been known to be in practice but on the other hand it is a good thing, it keeps the employees on their toes and away from corruption and malfeasance in office.

Some say that this efficiency rating system is the "bunk." Of course, if you never had it nor gone through it, it is the "bunk." But I will say it is the best, honest and just, simply because I don't have to depend upon the good side of my immediate superior for a higher rating of efficiency, for I know it is up to me to make that efficiency. It is just like a ladder with so many rungs to climb, each rung is rated. The higher you climb the higher rating you get and that is the "Efficiency Rating System."

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE NEGRO

Extracts from a Lecture by Dr. Joseph M. Evans of Chicago, Brother of Our Townsman, C. C. Evans

The Chicago Defender printed a sermon by Dr. Joseph M. Evans which it styles a masterpiece. It recounted some of the achievements of the colored race. The minister said:

"We stand credited with having discovered iron in the heart of Africa thousands of years ago. We founded the ancient world's university in which the greatest of the Greek studied.

"We provided Moses with his first wife, and through Jethro, priest of Midian and Moses' father-in-law taught the leaders of the Hebrew people his first lessons in law which are handed down to our present time.

"In the veins of King Solomon undoubtedly flowed Negro blood, for was not Solomon the son of Bath-Sheba, the beloved wife of Uriah the Hittite, a descendant of Ham through his son Canaan? By this way as well as by the way of Jericho, and Ruth of Moab, we contributed our share toward the physical make-up of the body of the son of God, for we were a part of His ancestry.

"Prof. Leo Weiner of Harvard university believes we were the first to discover America. He bases his opinion on what he believes to be a fact that some of the words and customs of the Indians were undoubtedly of African origin. Does not all of this recall the story of the lost Atlantis?

"When Herod sought to slay the young child, Jesus, He found a protecting asylum among us in Egypt, for does not the Book of God say, 'Out of Egypt have I called my Son.' And when Christ was on His way to Calvary, and sank beneath the awful weight of the cross, was it not Simon the Sydenian, an African, who came to His assistance?

"When Christopher Columbus sailed the uncharted seas and discovered America, history tells us that the pilot of his fleet, Pedro Alonzo Nino, was a Negro.

"There were thirty of us with Balboa at the discovery of the Pacific ocean.

"We assisted Cortez in the conquest of Mexico, and were the first to plant wheat in this our beloved country, the United States of America.

"When Gautemala was explored, and the conquest of Chile, Peru, and Venezuela, was accomplished, we were present to share in it all.

"We were here in America before the Dutch brought a few of us to these shores in 1619, for we figured very prominently in the founding of St. Miguel, near Jamestown, Va., in 1526, 93 years before the representatives arrived with the Dutch.

"In 1698 we had a republic in Brazil called 'Palmares.' 700 of us fought with the Colonists for American independence. In 1778, we were in the battle of Rhode Island. Later on, we witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

"We were with Perry on Lake Erie, and saw Robert E. Lee surrender to U. S. Grant, at Appomattox Court House April 9, 1865.

"We were with the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill, and performed well our part in 'no man's land' during the World war.

"Every Negro should know and feel that he is an integral part of a great ancestry, and that it is his high privilege and divinely appointed duty to join with all other human beings in working with life's constructive forces, life's marvelous powers, in bringing to pass the wonderful purpose of the world's establishment. He must work co-operatively with God, and with all men, in his attempt to answer the end unto which he was born.

"God's future man will not be made until the Negro brings to the making his contribution. Out of the gatherings of the best material and spiritual forces from everywhere the Eternal Spirit of everlastingness, will mould and fashion and build the world's future citizen, the KIND OF MAN GOD WANTS ALL OF US TO BE."

LETTERS

WRECKING A DECATUR LANDMARK

Jackson, Michigan,
July 9, 1938.

Dear Friend Arba:—

A few weeks ago the question was asked as to who built the Hinckley livery barn. Thede Throwbridge a business man in Decatur at that time and close friend of the Brownbridge family, claimed it was built by Thomas Brownbridge. I am quite certain he gave the year as 1866.

The barn after a while was owned by John Humphrey and operated by Horatio (Rach) Hendrix. He was also sheriff of Van Buren county.

My aunt, Mrs. Martha White, owned a farm about 2 miles west of Decatur, just off the west curve of the M. C. R. R. In 1868 she sold it to A. D. Scott. In 1870 Scott traded his farm with John Humphrey for his livery barn which he operated until his death. He lived on West Sherwood street, first house west of the Earl Copley home. Some years later my mother bought the Scott home and lived there until her death.

Thomas Brownbridge and Rach Hendrix lived just across the street. John Humphrey lived corner of George and Beers streets.

The last business I did with the livery barn was May 16th, 1883. At that time it was operated by Thomas Brownbridge and his son John. I wanted to drive out to my father's home but did not want to return the same day, so John accompanied me in order to return the horse and buggy.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. Howland.

THE BROWNING FIRE

Dowagiac, July 9, 1938.

Mr. Moulton,—

I noticed the story in last week's paper about the Browning drug store fire.

We have pictures of that fire, if you would like to print them. I can send them to you if you will return to me when you are through with them.

My folks lived upstairs over White's barber shop at the time so we know something about it.

Yours truly,
E. C. Foreman,
803 W. High St., Dowagiac.

Mr. Foreman,—

Your offer of the photographs is appreciated. Not having the equipment for making cuts from photographs are unable to reproduce them in the Republican. Some time when you are coming to Decatur shall be glad to see them if you will bring them.

I worked 5 years in that old Browning drug store and left it two months before the fire. A. N. M.

THERE IS NO STAINLESS STEEL

Stainless steel is misnamed. In the first place it is not steel but an iron alloy. In the second place it is not always stainless.

Happiness really is a state of mind. It is intangible.—Edna Ferber.

History of Pokagon Twp., Cass County

By Herbert A. Lee

This township was named after Chief Pokagon, who previous to the settlement of the white people made his home on the west side of the prairie, which still bears his name.

The first settler was Uzziel Putnam, Sr., November 18, 1825, followed six days later by Baldwin Jenkin.

Uzziel Putnam Jr. was the first white child to be born in the township, also the county, on August 12, 1826.

In 1827 Israel Martan came to the Township. He was a blacksmith by trade and the first one to carry on a shop in the county.

The first school was taught by Miss Jane Brown in 1828.

The first tanyard was by David Sink.

Pokagon township was organized by the Territorial Legislature November 5, 1829. At that time it included Silver Creek which was cut off March 20, 1837, and the north half of Howard township which was cut off on March 7, 1834.

All for now.

Herbert A. Lee,
Dowagiac, Michigan.

P. S.—Mr. Uzziel Putnam, Sr., was the grandfather of U. P. Leader of Dowagiac.

A RAILROAD MAN RETIRES

(Martin F. Ryan, of Marshall, to whom the Republican is indebted for the story of the early days of the Michigan Central Railroad published a few weeks ago, will soon retire after an honorable service of 50 years. The following sketch of his life and work has been prepared by his newspaper friends and he has kindly sent this paper a copy.

We hope, after Mr. Ryan retires and has the time to get away from his home city he will visit this village where his father settled with his family in 1867, the year the Decatur Republican was established. He will find a good town with pleasant people in it, a number of them being relatives of his old friend, Will Howland. Perhaps, too, he can locate a few of his own relatives here.

We wish Mr. Ryan years of good health and pleasant times, and just enough opportunity for work to keep him contented.)

Martin F. Ryan, ticket agent for the Michigan Central Railroad in Marshall for the past 37 years, retires from the service of the road after 50 years of service, January 1, 1939.

Mr. Ryan was born in Mattawan January 1, 1871, the son of Martin and Mary Ryan, who emigrated from Tipparary county, Ireland, in 1867. They first settled in Decatur with the father who became engaged in the track department of the Michigan Central, and later was transferred to Mattawan, where he was promoted to the position of section foreman. He continued as section foreman and traveling construction foreman of extra gangs, and was still in the service when he died in 1906.

The son, Martin Jr., following graduation from school began work in the track department with his father in 1888, and in 1899 entered the telegraph department as a student. In October, 1890, he was accepted as a qualified telegraph operator and assigned to various points along the road as a relieving night operator.

In 1891 he was assigned to a permanent position as night operator at Marengo, and in the fall of 1892 was appointed to the agency at Burlington, being the first telegraph operator at that point. He relieved Manassa Edmonds, the latter being displaced due to the fact he was not an operator, and the company wished to install a telegraph office to facilitate the movement of trains.

In 1895 Mr. Ryan was promoted to the agency at Jones, Cass county, a thriving lumbering point at that time, where he remained until 1901. From there he was transferred to Marshall, as ticket agent from which position he will now retire after 37 years of service.

In September, 1895, Mr. Ryan was united in marriage to Ella J. Keefe of Clarendon, Calhoun county, and from this union four children were born the first Agnes, a school teacher, died in 1922. The three boys, Ronald, Edward and Fred, after graduating from St. Mary's Academy, entered the public high school, and following graduation from there entered the University of Michigan. The first two graduated in law and the latter in medicine. Ronald is located in Battle Creek, Edward in Kalamazoo and Fred in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Since Mr. Ryan came to Marshall in 1901, he has taken a lively interest in civic and political affairs, and while nominally a Democrat, he classifies himself as an independent liberal. He has the record of being the only Bull Moose candidate who ever made the race for mayor of Marshall. It was in 1913 that the Progressive convention held in G.A.R. hall, nominated him for mayor; H. J. Coleman for recorder; J. N. Gustin for treasurer, and H. A. Clute for justice. The Democrats had nominated E. C.Gauss and the Republicans, Eugene Bigelow.

Following an exciting campaign, E. C. Gauss won the election, although not having a majority over the combined vote of the opponents. At that time women did not enjoy the franchise, and incidentally equal suffrage was one of the paramount planks of the Bull Moose party. Further it can be truly said that all the major planks of that party became the law of the land within six years thereafter. These planks were classified by the reactionaries of both old parties at the time as anarchistic.

In 1909, in a sparkling campaign for mayor between the late E. C. Sawdy, nominee on the Democratic ticket, and George Leedle on the Republican ticket, Mr. Ryan was the nominee on the Democratic ticket for local school inspector. Sawdy won the election over Leedle by ten votes and Ryan over Arthur McKinstry by one vote. After winning the election, Mr. Ryan lost his job because the State Legislature abolished all positions of its kind, thus he was the last local school inspector in Marshall.

In 1917 he won the election for alderman of the third ward on the Democratic ticket. At this time the late D. W. Moon was serving as mayor, and it was he who inaugurated a system of parliamentary law rules governing the proceedings of the local council, and it was during this term on the council that the first fire engine was purchased for the city.

Roy Foster, Pioneer

Roy Foster has come back to his old home town to live. He is a native of Hamilton township which means that he is probably its earliest living resident.

He was born on what is known as the Wooster farm in the Barber district 84 years ago last August. His father bought and moved onto the farm at Foster corners in 1856, when Roy was 2 years old. He bought the farm of George Bennett and George Bennett bought it of the James Nesbitt estate.

James Nesbitt was a brother of Robert Nesbitt. He took the land of the government, a whole section, in the thirties and fell in the well and was drowned in the early fifties.

Roy's father's name was Truman Foster. He came from New York with his brother Ira in 1837. Ira settled in Keeler township.

Roy never lived in Decatur village, but it has always been his trading and home town. He never was married, but lived at home and with his relatives. In 1925 he went onto a farm in Arlington township and has since lived in Arlington and Lawrence.

He lived in the George Knapp family in Lawrence several years and came from there here. He was with the Blasdell family over 8 years.

The Ed. Genton family of the Nauvoo district are among his friends. There are 4 daughters in this family, 3 of them school teachers. One teaches in Holland, one in Rochester and one is spending this year on the farm. The fourth daughter is married and lives in Flint. Roy says they are workers too, all of them.

Our new resident has taken a room with Mrs. Florence High on East Delaware street and is comfortably settled for the winter.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACKED IN 1901-5

Memory fails or becomes confused. And where there is no record one is apt to be a poor guesser as to dates. So it is that in trying to fix from memory such an important event as the double-tracking of the Michigan Central railroad the variation in dates is all the way from 1890 to 1906.

Thomas Mahoney settled the question by writing to his cousin William H. Howland of Jackson. Mr. Howland was in the employ of the Michigan Central 50 years and retired as engineer a few years ago. His reply came Monday morning and is as follows:

Jackson, Michigan,
February 10, 1938.

Dear Cousin.—

As to the building of the double track through Decatur.

It was built and pushed westward from Jackson from 1901. The first section built was from Jackson to Trumbull's, 5 miles, which was put into service October, 1902.

No. 10, the Boston express, was the first train over the new double track. William Kilmer was the engineer, No. 268 the engine, and trailer. Kilmer did not see the bulletin notice at Michigan City stating that the double track had been placed in service. The first warning he had was when he saw the position of the switch. He said that he set the brakes on the train but the speed as so high she made the turn and did not tip over. Kilmer said afterward that he owed the engine lots of respect that she held the rail and did not tip over.

The summer of 1904 there was a double track switch in front of the depot at Decatur and it was double tracked from Lawton to Decatur. It was used as such by the road trains and later by all trains. The first freight train over the new double track through Decatur was December 15, 1904.

It took about 5 years to build the new track from Jackson to Niles. It was held up several months on account of the new division between Kalamazoo and Mattawan. The building and grading of the two main tracks took more time than the contractors figured on.

So in May, 1905, there was a double track switch put in at Mattawan and the double track was put in operation between Mattawan and Niles.

The first two passenger trains to run over the division were known as Father O'Brien's specials from Kalamazoo to Notre Dame. The engineers were Gil Patterson and Jesse Dodge. They were held up for some time at Mattawan while the new main track rails were placed in position and spliced together. This was the final move that connected and completed the M. C. R. R. double track from Detroit to Chicago. The date was August 15, 1905.

I understand how you got mixed on the dates 1890 and 1891. The Chicago World's Fair was to be held in 1892 and later was changed to 1893, so the Michigan Central got ready for the World's Fair in 1892.

In 1890 and '91 they graveled the main line and sodded all sand cuts and sand banks east and west of Mattawan up White Oak hill and through Decatur to hold down the dust during the World's Fair traffic. They commenced at West Detroit and carried through to Kensington.

Sam McKinley acted as engineer on one engine and as master mechanic over all engines hauling gravel from Pokagon pit in 1890 and 1891.

I helped to build the double track from Trail Creek where the Michigan City draw bridge now stands to Huron river bridge at Ypsilanti, a distance of 200 miles. It took 33 years to complete the job.

I worked as water boy, laborer, brakeman, conductor and engineer.

Sincerely your cousin,
W. H. Howland.

FROM A REAL OLD TIMER

Raton, N. M., Dec. 23, 1938.

Dear Friend Arba:—

I wish to send by sincere thanks at this time for the copies of the Republican you have sent me during the past year and assure you that every one contained items of much interest to me. They all revive memories of former days that are very vivid.

The story of Wayland Nicholson's awakened events of early days when the country around Decatur was a great wheat raising country and in the fall when the farmers, bringing in the wagon loads at times reached up through Main street, waiting to unload at the "elevator." The past campaign recalls that of 1868 when Grant and Colfax ran against Wheeler and Wilson. The torch light processions, the raising of the Liberty pole down on the green where the park is now. The crowning event of all was the gathering of all the ox teams in the county, hitching them up to make a train over a mile long, hauling a wagon at the rear filled with old settlers of which my father and I think Charlie Rawson's father was one.

In your last paper, the disposal of the John Shaad shoe store recalls an event in my youthful years. At the age of 11 I went to work at the stave factory passing staves for Fred Minnis at 25 cents a day and the first money ($6.00) I accumulated, I went down to John Shaad's and got measured for a pair of boots, and was I proud.

Well, that onery, red-headed, freckled-faced kid, Charley has developed into a bald, round-shouldered guy of past 80 and still keeping office hours in one of the grandest country towns out of doors.

Tell Charley we may seem to be far away, but we get on the train at 12.30 p. m. and get off at Chicago the next morning at 8:20. What! The enclosed Christmas card is a copy of one taken at our cabin in the mountains not far away.

With kindest regards to all old timers, Tom Lyon.

(It is fine for all the old timers to receive this letter from Dr. Tom Lyon. It takes a real old timer to remember him, but there are quite a few of them around here and scattered over the country yet, and many of them are readers of the Republican. Our next door neighbor, Charlie Rawson, should have credit for sending some of those papers. He does not forget this friend of his boyhood days and it is worth a lot to anyone to be able to call him a friend. Write again, Tom, and we will keep you informed how well we are keeping the home fires burning.)

DR. THORP'S GOOD MEMORY

Christmas Time, 1938.

Good Friends:

As we look back over the year 1938 we are moved to a deeper, more sincere appreciation of our friends.

Each year we realize more fully that our friendships are what make life worth living and if, instead of a cold, formal, stereotyped message, the greeting is couched in our own words, and reflects our own personality, its value is naturally intensified greater.

We manifest our appreciation of our loved ones by tokens or remembrances at Christmas time. We manifest our appreciation of our friends by a word of friendly greeting, and so at this holiday time we want to extend to you our sincere good wishes as an expression of our genuine appreciation of your friendship.

May the Christmas of 1938 be your merriest and the year 1939 your most prosperous. Sincerely yours,
R. L. Thorp.

Hello Arba:—

Do you still crawl up stairs for your cookies as you did back in the '70's?
R. L. T.

(Let us introduce to younger readers of the Republican one who knew Decatur when it was young. Dr. Thorp was a country boy, one of the farmer boys of Little Prairie Ronde. He and Fin Huff came to Decatur to get their schooling and took a room upstairs in the Moulton house, the house where Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Pollock now reside. Their mothers kept them in cookies and this writer helped to keep them out of cookies. It was a great privilege to climb the stairs to the room of that jolly pair. Being forbidden to climb them except on special occasions for the reason that we would disturb the boys in their studies we sometimes took advantage of moments when the coast was clear. On one of these attempted stolen visits we got to the top of the stairs, lost our balance and bounced back like a rubber ball. There was a stair door at the landing that had been carefully and silently shut at the beginning of the climb. We struck this door with a bang, the latch broke and it slammed back against the wall with a loud noise. It was a long time after that before we got another sight of that cookie jar. For many years this fine friend of our childhood has been one of the leading physicians of Denver, Colorado.)

DOG COLUMN

A POEM

The following poem, by Miss D. Eardley-Wilmot, the writer of "Little Gray Home in the West," will stir deeply the souls of some of us who know what the experience it describes, means:

Dig the earth and dig it deep,
Let him rest and let him sleep.
He was loyalty and trust,
Gone, as we must go, to dust.

Faithful eyes that watched your own,
Ears that cocked for ev'ry tone,
Looks that told us ev'ry day
Love that humans seldom pay.

Dull, or fearful, tasks to do,
Still his footsteps followed you.
Just a dog—but what a plan!
Given as a friend to Man!

Dig the earth and dig it deep,
Let him rest and let him sleep.
God who knows that hearts can break
Sent him here to share that ache.

"SKIPPY," DOG HERO OF 1938

At a public meeting held at the Women's City Club of San Francisco, May 6, the Tribune of Oakland, California, presented "Skippy" of Fresno as "the greatest dog hero of 1938," and his master, Karl Foreman. This is Skippy's story as told in an editorial in the Tribune, March 2, last:

Through snow and cold, without food or water, for 12 days Skippy stayed beside the body of his mistress in the deeply-drifted mountainside near Quincy.

Skippy was only a dog, of doubtful antecedents, yet his devotion to his appointed duty cannot be excelled.

THUNDER

One of our favorite swear words is "Thunder."

We said it when, on reading a letter from Mrs. Fannie Foster O'Rourke of Banks, Oregon, and about to send it to the type setter we noticed in one corner the words, "Not for publication."

Just to appease our injured feelings we are going to print a part of it anyway.

Referring to an editor of the Republican of the seventies she wrote, "Mr. Buffington, the editor, was a gentleman of the old school, not the back slapping, baby kissing type. After leaving Decatur he was made consul to Chatham, Ontario."

Referring to the program of the high school entertainment held in the Spring of 1865, she wrote, "How that old program, rendered when I was six months old, my parents had just moved into town, came into my possession I cannot imagine."

Correcting a mistake we made in her previous letter she writes: "Decatur's first telegrapher was Franc Foster, sister of the one time resident, Mrs. W. H. Tucker, and daughter of W. B. Foster, a charter member of the Masonic lodge.

"Mrs. Tucker was the photographer in those days when we sat for five minutes perfectly still looking 'natural' as we had our pictures 'took'.

"Your reading of my hieroglyphics verified the verdict of one dear friend who said, "Fannie, your penmanship is beautiful, but the devil himself couldn't read it'. Some day I'll use the typewriter so my friends can know what I say."

Mrs. O'Rourk's writing is more legible than she admits. Changing the name of the first telegrapher of Decatur as it was written in her first letter was proof that we are not as smart as we thought we were. Remembering that Franc Castor was the telegrapher at this station in an early time we took it for granted that Fannie had made a mistake in writing the name 'Franc Foster'.

BIRDS

No. 51—WHIP-POOR-WILL— (Twilight Bird)

C. C. Evans

Description: A long wing bird of the twilight and night. Large mouth fringed with bristles. Plumage dusky and owl-like, spotted with black and gray. Wings beautifully mottled with shades of brown; outer tail quills white.

Note: "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will."

Season: Common summer resident.

Nest: Builds none, but substitutes a mossy hollow in rock or ground.

By request of a friend I am writing about this weird bird, with its bristling, fly-trap mouth that sleeps all day and prowls all night. While I am writing one is singing his twilight hymn, a short distance from my window, and the echo-like song, invariably breaks the silence of the clear, calm night.

This weird bird, comes to us late in April, if the season is warm, clamoring and making strange echoes in the bare woods, and in early September, mute and mysterious he gathers his flock and moves silently on, for the whip-poor-will has not at any time even a transient home to abandon; like the Pilgrims of old, the earth is his only bed.

I have in the past year collected some new information in regards to his habits. I also find he is somewhat erratic in local destribution, and is seldom seen near water courses, except in spring migration.

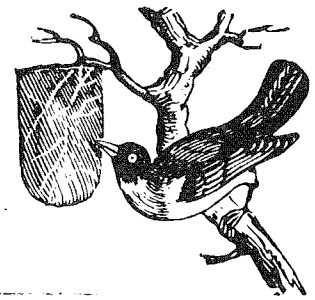
Many people are familiar with his cry who have never seen the bird; for nature has taken great pains to blend the colors of his plumage with the browns and grays of the bark and and rocks of the forest, and has given him the unusual habit of sitting lengthwise on the branch when he perches, so he closely resembles the branch against which he is so flattened as to escape notice.

The whip-poor-will prefers the forest solitude, but in his nocturnal flights he often comes near houses, and sometimes calls close to a window with startling vehemence.

The breeding habits of this strange bird are not the least of his peculiarities. When the ground-laid eggs are hatched, they are beset by many dangers from weasels, snakes, etc., but the young birds are almost invisible to the human eye, even if their location is known.

The female is very adroit, and if she thinks her family has been discovered she will move them to another place, carrying them in her mouth as a cat does kittens, in fact, the whip-poor-will is well protected, both by nature and superstition. The farmer knows his value as an insect-destroyer, and the idle mischief-loving class, who kill birds from pure wantonness, give him a wide birth, as being the possessor of some occult power akin to the "evil eye," and associate his sudden cry with some appalling calamity.

Next Golden Crowned Thrush.



Jan. 27, 1938.

I like to believe that God has a plan for each of us, just as an architect designs a home. We are contractors. We can follow God's plan and build beautifully, wisely and well, or we can [illegible] the plan and stubbornly [illegible] dimensions, cheapen the material, omit essential details, and when the house is done blame the architect for the mess we've made.

How often we do the latter and then wonder why we are so unhappy, why we are ill, why we are in need. It is much more sensible if we had followed the plan and how glorious would have been the result!

But the heartening feature of it all is that having made these mistakes, we do not have to keep on making them. God only asks that we make a new start. We have only to turn about and new opportunities, a clean page, a new life, a fresh plan is ours. St. Paul says, "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on . . . ."

Live not for the past nor the future,
The present is all that thou hast—
For the future will soon be the present,
And the present will soon be the past.
—Selected.

I DO NOT FEAR

I do not fear what life may do to me
For I am working in eternity,
I am not struggling for a miser's goal,
But aiming, rather, to protect the whole,
There is a simple creed behind the plan

Of life's expression, in the form of man,
That may be learned (if one would but obey)
And live not for tomorrow but today.
Obedient to the laws of simple life,
Avoiding worry, haste and waste and strife,
I will aim to strike the chord each day
That harmonizes work with rest and play.
Man was not born to be the tired slave
Of every woeful force from birth to grave,
It is for him to merely rise and say,
"I live not for tomorrow but today."

—Anonymous.

Most sincerely,
Your Old Friend.

CHARLES A. BELLIS

The Boy of Corwin Who Never Forgot His Boyhood Friends Will Write No More.

Last week there was time to say only a word about the death of Charlie Bellis before the time of printing arrived. Now we wish to comment in a way that will do justice, in so far as we are able, to a poor boy of this community who went out into the world and made in it a creditable place for himself.

Will begin with an account of his death which occurred in a hospital near his home town of Whittier, California, a town not far from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Bellis wrote on Sunday, January 16, as follows:

Dear Mr. Moulton,—

Charlie passed away this morning at 9:15. Blanche (his daughter) and I were with him to the last. He did not recognize us at all.

Mr. Moulton, the stories and 'Memories' are ended. He asked me to write you in regard to the story of Corwin. The lady who wrote it got some of her data from some of his writings. How proud he was to read it.

He planned his story of the colored people he knew in his boyhood, which he had named "Black Diamonds," but he could not write it. His hands were swollen so that he could no longer handle the typewriter.

I hope his writings will live in the memory of all who read them. He has lived his early life over and over. I know all of you, although I have never seen you. He would have been 68 in March and had lived a working life until sickness came upon him.

If at any time you come to California I would be glad to see you and know you for Charlie's sake.

With best regards,
Mrs. Bellis,
153 McNees Avenue,
Whittier, California.

And so the Memories and the stories will come from him no more and it falls to the editor to write the "Memory" of the boyhood friend who created the title and used it for a tribute to the pioneers of his native community when one by one they crossed the silent river.

Those memories were treasured and kept, and they can be found in many a scrap book in the homes that know the vacant chair.

Charlie knew but little of the comforts of life in his boyhood. Money was almost unknown to him. But he was taught from childhood that it was up to him to make his way in the world, and he did it.

He had comparatively little schooling, but possessed a native ability to meet and deal with people, and in a few years after he set out for himself he was able to earn a fair living.

His wandering and work finally took him to the beautiful land of southern California and there he married and built for himself a home. We of course have never seen it, but can imagine that it is a pretty cottage with vines growing upon it, and a beautiful garden of flowers by the side of it. We can imagine that he took great comfort in his home and that in his last years it brought him the peace and contentment for which he longed.

We shall miss the Memories and the stories, and as for those Black Diamonds, shall always regret that they were not recorded and wonder who they are. As Charlie cannot write his Diamond story, will supplement it with this tribute to him, and name it "A Diamond in the Rough."

Jane Law Chavileer Webster

(MRS. NORMAN E. WEBSTER)

Jane Law Chavileer (or Jennie L. as she was commonly known) was born April 1, 1845, in Hamilton county, near Cincinnati, Ohio, and died Thursday evening, March 3, 1938, at Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was the fifth child of Jonathan and Mary Hinkle Chavileer who in 1846 moved by wagon to the farm on the Valley road south of Decatur, Michigan, the hill on which still bears the Chavileer name. The children, Ellen Chavileer Welcher, John Chavileer, Rachel A. Chavileer Vought, Mary Ann Chavileer Northrup and Elizabeth Chavileer Cady, have all preceded her.

The buildings which she knew on her father's farm, later known as the Abbott and the Fifield farm, have all gone except the house which her brother occupied after he married Catherine Van Hise, but a part of the old Valley school which she attended remains.

On December 23, 1863, at Dowagiac, Michigan, she married Norman Earl Webster, born October 3, 1832, at Elba, Genesee county, New York, who died at Kalamazoo on November 23, 1921. They lived for short periods at Dowagiac and thereafter at Decatur until 1887, except for two years, 1879-1881, at Sturgis. In 1887, they removed to Findlay, Ohio, and after two years there and at Tecumseh, Michigan, they located at Kalamazoo which remained their home thereafter.

With her husband Mrs. Webster united with the Presbyterian church while living in Coldwater, being received by the Reverend G. L. Foster who afterward supplied the church in Decatur for a time. Later she was a member of the churches in Decatur and in Kalamazoo. In the latter city she was during many years a member of the Twentieth Century Club and the South Side Literary Club, the latter having elected her to honorary membership when advancing years made it impracticable for her to continue as an active member.

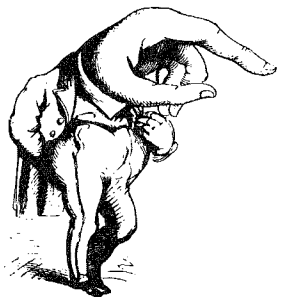
She is survived by her only son, Norman Edward Webster, who resides in New York City, and in Decatur by the family of the late Joseph Welcher ho was her nephew, and by the Misses Amanda and Rose DeBolt, cousins.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock in Kalamazoo at the Truesdale Chapel services were conducted by her pastor, Reverend John W. Dunning, and in Decatur at Lakeside cemetery by the Reverend L. F. Cooper. Interment was in Lakeside cemetery beside her husband.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Chubbuck of Marcellus attended the funeral of a friend in Stockbridge recently. Mr. Chubbuck is the owner of the Dixie Service station and the Ford Sales and Service of this village and Herschell Morris is his local representative.

The Marcellus News says the death of his friend, Guy Ransdell, was very mysterious. He had gone into the basement of his place of business to fix the fire and was afterwards found dead and the body still in a standing position in front of the open furnace door. It is supposed that when he opened the door there was a puff of gas, fire and smoke which probably killed him instantly. His clothing was burned and the body was burned and charred with smoke. A mystery fully as great as that which caused the accident was the fact that the body remained in a standing position after death. Some explained it on the theory that breathing the gas caused the muscles to become so rigid that they held the body upright even after death. It was certainly a very unusual accident as well as a very sad one. We never heard anything like it before.



Mrs. Elizabeth Huyck

1849-1938

Elizabeth F. Hall was born October 17, 1849, in St. Louis, Mo. When she was two years old her family moved to Salt Lake City by ox team. Her childhood was spent in the Mormon city at the time Brigham Young was the head of the church and laying the foundation of the Mormon temple.

April 19, 1869, she was married to Alva H. Huyck, then stationed with a cavalry regiment at Ft. Bridger, Wyo. Sarah, her elder daughter, was born at Salt Lake City.

After her husband was mustered out of the service he took up a homestead in Kansas, near Chetopa, right on the border of the old Indian Territory. There the family spent the next 9 years and the other three children, Myra, Richard and Frank, were born. In those days the prairies were raw—plenty of buffalo and Indians—no dust storms as in the present day.

Ague (chills and fever) commonly known as "the shakes" in that locality, laid the foundation for her, gradually increasing deafness, about which she was extremely sensitive. This sensitivenss was never evidenced by any complaint but was shown by her gradually keeping more and more to herself in her later years. She realized it was difficult for people to visit with her on account of this affliction. A great lover of company and sociability with a wonderful sense of humor, she voluntarily isolated herself because she knew it was such an effort for others to try to talk to her.

In 1879 the family moved to the old Huyck homestead on Little Pairie Ronde where the next ten years were spent. It was a time when the Prairie was considered one of the finest farming sections in Michigan, the days before the automobile, when farmers were neighbors in the better sense of the word and depended more on each other for entertainment. They exchanged work at harvest time, were into the fields at daylight and out of them at sundown; always on hand in time of trouble, always available when harvest was through for any form of entertainment. It was a hard working, fun-loving community.

The old prairie was almost a closed corporation at that time. The Lawrences, Buells, Copleys, Huycks, Morrises, Rosewarnes, Thomases, Kerns, Hathaways and others were its residents.

And when winter came and farm work eased up, the card parties (pedro, not bridge), oyster suppers and dances were given, first at one house and then another. Old square dances with Geo. Kern playing first fiddle, beating time with his foot and calling the changes, were the popular diversion.

Hard working, earnest, fun loving farmers all—this was undoubtedly the happiest ten years of Mrs. Huyck's life, though it was shadowed by the loss of her daughter Myra.

In 1889 the family moved to Decatur where Mrs. Huyck spent the rest of her life. Her husband died in 1899, her daughter Sara in 1920.

She is survived by her two sons, Richard and Frank.

Her death Monday night, June 6, at about 11 p. m. terminated a long, full, useful life, with more than its share of tragedies and sorrows, all taken with a certain stoicism and equanimity. Every death in the family was a decided shock, sudden, unexpected—and yet she carried on, living her life as she was given to see it, a faithful wife, a fond loving mother, a kind friend and a good neighbor.

Her passing marks the end of a long life, lived to its utmost, with a cheerful acceptance of each day's joys and a calm resignation to the sorrows that each must meet. Few of her old Prairie friends are left, most of them have gone on before. Those few who remain rejoice to feel that she can now HEAR the loved ones who have preceded her.

FRANKLIN A. WAGNER

Lawrence, Mich.,
April 16, 1938.

Dear Editor,—

Last week I told the story of Andrew McGowan, a poor boy of the formative period of Corwin who went out into the world and made a place for himself.

This week I write of Frank Wagner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wagner, who likewise, by his own efforts obtained a university education, became a lawyer, and gained prominence in the great city of New York.

Frank Wagner was born on a farm near Corwin about the year 1870. When old enough he went to the Corwin school and was my school mate, although a few years younger.

He was a good boy, quiet, modest and a little bashful. He would do no harm to anyone and would take a lot from others before he would strike back. He was a good scholar for his age, always up with or a little ahead of his classes.

He took to books and learning easier than I did, but I never saw anything about him to indicate that he would be one of the seven wonders. Some of my other school mates seemed to be fully his equal.

After Frank finished the grades at the Corwin school he wanted to continue his education at college. He was ambitious to obtain a good education, but he had no money of his own.

Now it is not for me to say whether or not his parents were financially able to help Frank with his education. Be that as it may, I have always had an idea that they could have helped him had they seen fit to do so. But they gave a strong hint that Frank was no good. He would not do anything in the way of work on the farm; he would just read books and ponder over the life of some big man in history.

The parents did not like what to them was laziness in him and they did not intend to throw away their hard earned money to help him become a shiftless man who wouldn't work.

Their refusal to help him did not keep Frank from going ahead with his plans for an education. He went to town to school, earned his room and board by doing chores for a doctor, and after he had finished school the good doctor lent him money to enter the University of Michigan law school.

After his graduation he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in New York City. He became one of the leading attorneys of the city and at one time was president of the state bar association.

Thus did another self-made man of Corwin make good.

Edwin McGowan.

In a note to the Editor Mr. McGowan adds,—So many years have passed since our school days I have lost track of Frank's life history. I cannot recall the name of the doctor who befriended him. Think it was in Decatur, but it may have been some other town. If you can correct what I have said or add anything to it shall be glad to have you do so.—E. W.

When Mr. Wagner passed away a few years ago the Republican printed a short sketch of his life, and Beea Harris Young, one of his neighbors and helpful friends, furnished an interesting account of his early years in Corwin, but it was a matter of regret at the time that we could not obtain a more complete record of his accomplishments.

We will say with Mr. McGowan that if any reader can add to this short sketch of Frank Wagner we shall be glad to have him do so.—Ed.

Dedicate Seventh Day Adventists' Auditorium

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sibley Were Present from Decatur and Brought the Republican This Comment on Senator Vandenberg's Address:

Grand Ledge, Mich., Aug. 28.—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg declared Sunday that any attempt to subject the Supreme Court to political controls would be a potential blow at religious liberty.

The senior Michigan senator's warning was delivered here at the dedication of the new Seventh Day Adventists' auditorium, attended by 8,000 persons. Other speakers included former Gov. Frank D. Fitzgerald, Mayor George W. Davis, of Grand Ledge; Mayor Max W. Templeton, of Lansing, and Elder Carlyle B. Haynes, of Lansing, president of the Michigan Conference of the Seventh Day Advents.

"When the spirit of the Constitution dies religious freedom perishes," Vandenberg asserted. "You have just one warrant for religious freedom—an inviolate constitution and an inviolate Supreme Court to give it voice."

Recalling the hotly disputed Supreme Court reorganization bill of 1937, the senator warned: "Any effort to submit this Court to political control; to make it submissive to the temporary gales of passion which periodically sweep every nation; to rob it of its supreme constitutional jurisdiction; any such effort, no matter how nobly argued, is a potential blow at all liberties, including religious liberty. Any failure of our people to resist all such efforts, no matter how plausibly argued, is freedom's suicide.

"There would be nothing about an American dictatorship which would be any more tolerant and benign than any other tyranny. Indeed, the sinister word 'purge'— in another aspect—already has significantly crept into our own contemporary lexicon."

Vandenberg called for a spiritual revival in the United States, "a revival not only in religion but in all things of the spirit."

"The nation," he said, "needs to renew its understanding that there are things far more important than cash registers, trade balances, cash from Washington and purchased elections.

"It is all very well to slip and slide along toward a collectivist state in which a paternal government promises a new degree of material security in return for a less degree of personal liberty. But those who try to trade liberty for security usually wind up by losing both."

Early Decatur Days Recalled by a Death

Our attention was attracted to an item in the Dowagiac paper last week telling of the death of James D. Collacott which occurred July 5, at the home of his son Hallie on the Indian Lake road. He was 85 years old and was born in Canada. He was a blacksmith in Dowagiac for many years before moving his shop to his son's farm.

James Collacott grew up in Decatur. He had two brothers and one sister, Ned, Pete, and the sister's name is forgotten, but she lived somewhere around Dowagiac.

The old man Collacott had a blacksmith shop and a peg leg. The shop was on the lot next to his home and his home is now the house of Mrs. Minnie Hakes Hodges, just a block south of the Decatur depot.

The old man was the Michigan Central blacksmith at this station for many years. He kept the company's horses shod. Seems queer to think of the railroad keeping horses to help make its business go at this station, but sixty to eighty years ago it kept two of them.

One of the horses was for the tread mill where the horse pumped water for the engines and Tommie Maxham was the man in charge.

The Company had two round houses with water tanks, one for the east bound and one for the west bound trains. There was a windmill that brought the water up when the wind blew, but when there was no wind the engines needed water just the same and a trained horse did the treading. It was great fun to go down to the round house and watch Tommie Maxham make that little horse teeter.

The other horse was a big powerful animal. His job was to take the place of an engine when no engine was in town, to place the cars around on the side tracks. The Company loaded hundreds of cars of wheat at this station every season, and also many carloads of ties and apples.

The brakeman did not handle the switches in those days. When a freight train came steaming in and wanted to take a side track the engineer tooted three short blasts of the whistle and Tommie Maxham, or sometimes his brother, came out and set the switch.

George Roberts helped refresh our memory with this information. He lived across the track where Mattie Chamberlain McOmber now lives, and we lived on the farm a half mile farther on.

The old man Collacott died here and the blacksmith shop went down to decay and entirely disappeared many years ago.

Mrs. Collacott lived on with her son Pete until she died. She was a well educated, good woman. She belonged to the Episcopal church and there were only a few Episcopalians in town, so they met around to the neighbors, and Mrs. Collacott met with them. She had a hard life. She called her son who lived with her 'Georgie,' but everybody else called him Pete. Pete was always a boy, and a wayward boy at that. He brought sorrow and trouble to his mother, but he was always her boy, and she took care of him till she died. Then after a while Pete died, and that was the end of the Collacotts in Decatur.

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS AT CORWIN

Lawrence, Mich.,
January 21, 1938.

Decatur Republican.

Dear Editor,—

I note in your paper of December 30 the writing of Mrs. Marcia Wild giving a sketch of the early history of Corwin. I may be able to add something to this history, though not the earliest history. My sister, Rosetta Brown, oldest child of George and Caroline McGowan, has already given the early history of Corwin.

I am the youngest of George and Caroline's family of eight boys, and am still a kid. Got all my schooling at Corwin except the four months I went to Keeler when Nate Simpson was superintendent there, and two months in the old school house in Paw Paw when Miss Briar was my teacher.

My school days at Corwin were good and not so good. Can still remember and feel the sting of that little water beach switch about my not too well covered back.

We never had more than three different teachers in one term. The boys and girls, raised in the woods, were all swamp angels.

One winter term when I was quite young we had three teachers. The first was a woman who did not stay long. Then a man teacher was hired. In a few weeks the older boys thought it was time for another change and this teacher went so quick he did not stop for hat or gloves.

Billie Wilson and his family lived in a shack a few rods from the present site of the Corwin store. The teacher made a bee line for this shack, bolted through the door and dived under Billie's bed (so the boys said) and they could not get him to come out and resume teaching.

The man teacher is still alive, but he cannot sprint as fast as he did that day he beat the boys to Billie's shack.

We had a vacation then till the school board hired Web. Brodhead of Decatur. Web. had orders to bring the wild animals to time or skin them alive. He brought them to time and everything went along all right the rest of the winter term.

The old school house had a 16 inch board around three sides of the school room with desks made of 2-inch plank. I was subject to sick headaches and when one of those spells came on the teacher would make a bed for me on one of those 16 inch boards. Sometimes the teacher would send me home with my older brother and when I got so sick I could not walk he would carry me the rest of the 1½ miles.

We had one sweet girl teacher who ruled the school by love and moral pursuasion instead of the rod. Her name was Etta Hall, the daughter of a minister from up north. She taught two terms, and when the term was out and she was going home most of the girls would cry, and so would I.

There was a board fence around the school yard, with a six-inch board on top. The kids would run on top of this top board like wild cats.

There was a big walnut tree near the school house in the Frank Harrison woods. The kids would take hold of hands and circle the tree and it took 13 of them to do it. When the tree was cut down it jarred the earth and the school house windows rattled like it was an earthquake.

Edwin S. McGowan.

BIRDS

No. 44—HERMIT THRUSH

By C. C. Evans.

Description: Above olive brown, reddish on the rump. Sides and breast washed with buff. Under parts, white.

Song: In tone like other thrushes, but differently accented—wee-o,wee-o.

You usually find their nests in tall bushes, constructed of moss, twigs and grass.

If we take the quality of melody as a test, the hermit thrush stands at the head of our list of songsters. One may be very familiar with the song of the thrush without ever having identified the bird.

At the first glance the Hermit closely resembles the wood thrush, but a good field glass will enable you to see the color distinction of the back, and also that the Hermit has a more yel-

lowish cast and the breast spots are more acute. But however, there is not a very great difference comparatively.

They are here now and if you would like to hear their wonderful melody go out among the dogwood trees for the Hermit thrush likes to perch among the white blossoms of the dogwood.

I really think when his wonderful melody falls upon your ears gradually in the scale as it progresses, now trilling, now legato, you will say that it is the most perfect, exalted, unrestrained, yet withal, finished bird song that you ever heard.

I have never heard the nightingale, but those who have say that it is the surroundings and its continuous night singing that makes it even the equal of our thrush; for, while the nightingale sings in numbers in the moonlit groves, the Hermit tunes his lute sometimes in inaccessible solitudes, and there is something immaterial and immortal about the song.

Presently you cease altogther to associate it with a bird, and it inspires a kindred feeling in every one who hears it.

It has been given a local name—Swamp Angel.

Next: Flicker (golden-winged woodpecker.

All in a Nutshell

"Do you understand this building-loan scheme?"

"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place, it's yours."

A RELIC OF LAWTON'S BOOM DAYS

The foundation of the stack, slowly crumbling to ruin, is all that remains of the iron furnace which was Lawton's major industry from 1867 to 1875 during which time the town attained a population of two thousand. The site of the furnace adjoins the Michigan Central right of way, in the western part of the village.

GENERAL GRANT WAS A STOCKHOLDER IN LAWTON'S FURNACE IN 1867-75

By DANA P. SMITH

In the late 40's many eastern investors were coming west and investing in Michigan land, which could be had for $1.25 per acre. Among them was Nathan Lawton, who purchased land where the town of Lawton now stands.

About this time the Michigan Central railroad was surveyed through, and as Mr. Lawton's land included the intersection of the railroad with the Prairie Ronde and Paw Paw road, he donated ten acres to the railroad company at this point in consideration of their making it a station on their line.

The railroad was built through to Niles in 1848 and in that same year the company built a passenger and freight depot east of the Prairie Ronde road. The freight house burned down just recently at the age of 89 years.

Some years ago I had the privilege of resurveying this ten-acre tract for the railroad company.

The depot was the nest egg from which the village of Lawton was hatched. During the following 17 years the little settlement grew steadily with the development of the country, except perhaps during the dark days of the Civil war.

The war over, the Lawton brothers, George and Charles, young, active, highly educated and thoroughly capable, began, with the revival of business, to put pep into the business life of the town founded by their father.

Perhaps their greatest project was the building of the charcoal iron furnace which quickly boomed the town to a reported population of 2,000.

Major George Lawton's army acquaintance seems to have been a large factor in the formation of the furnace company. Early in 1867 Major Joseph Walker visited the Lawton brothers and they acquainted him with the large amount of timber in the vicinity and pointed out that it ought to be converted to some useful purpose instead of being burned by the farmers in their land clearing operations. If this timber could be manufactured into something it would be a source of income to all.

No plan was arrived at at this time. Major Walker went to upper Michigan where he met Gen. Gilmore and talked over the Lawton project with him and finally left it for future consideration.

Major Walker later met Major Brooks, who was engaged in iron mining about Lake Superior and he discussed the Lawton project with him. Major Brooks was interested and he in turn discussed it with many others.

In the same year that the negotiations started, the Michigan Central Iron Company was organized with a capital stock of $150,000 of which General Grant held $5,000. General Gilmore was president, and Samuel Cantrell, treasurer.

This same year, also saw the completion of the furnace, which went into blast December 24, 1867. It was a great day in Lawton and inaugurated such boom days as have never been seen before or since.

The furnace was in direct charge of Henry Ford, a practical iron manufacturer, and employed in various capacities, about 150 men.

To supply the furnace with fuel required a large amount of charcoal and the furnace company purchased over 1500 acres of land, the timber on which went to the making of charcoal. On the furnace site was a large battery of kilns where the burning of wood in-

Maple Syrup--The Most Delicious of All Sweets

WM. R. GREENMAN, having been a sugar maker in his native state of New York, settled on the land of which the present Sugar Bush is a part, about 1845. He chose this particular tract in the then wilderness for the reason that it was heavily wooded with dense thickets of the largest hard wood maple trees growing in the richest of soils, and for the additional reason that this beautiful forest was located on the banks of lovely Christie lake.

While this sugar bush is not so extensive as it was in pioneer days when thousands of trees were tapped each spring, 70 acres of the original woods are still standing.

These old veterans of the days when Indians roamed the woods, show the battle marks, not of Indians but of the tapping chisel and of the modern tapping bit. All about are the younger maples seeming to be on guard over these old time maple forefathers.

Every year since the Sugar Bush was founded, maple syrup and maple sugar have been made here and always with the thought of a high quality product in mind.

It was learned very early that maple syrup has several delicious and delicate flavors which are volatile and easily lost in the process of manufacture if the most exacting care is not taken. Scrupulous cleanliness in the care of the sap buckets, evaporator and other utensils is imperative.

The sap must be gathered at once after flowing from the trees lest some of its finer qualities are lost. This measure, together with the rapid and very shallow boiling in the evaporator pans, are some of the main factors in the sugar-maker's art.

to charcoal was actively carried on. Even as far off as Waverly township, seven miles northwest of Paw Paw, were a number of coal kilns whose product was hauled by teams to Lawton for the furnace.

Charcoal is comparatively light in weight so the wagon racks were made large with sides sloping outward and about four or five feet high. The sides were made of light poles set in holes bored in the sills and top rail about four inches apart. This gave ventilation, for it was a common thing for a driver to find that his load contained smouldering fire which would break out on the road. As a boy, I have often seen these coal wagons stop at my father's and other places and the drivers carry water from the well to fight fires. The open rack helped to get water where it was needed.

Coal racks were then as familiar a sight on the streets of Lawton as are grape racks today.

The farmers used to make charcoal by piling wood up, usually in a round pile shaped like a hay stack, and cover it with dirt, leaving a vent hole at the top and air holes near the bottom. This was fired and allowed to burn until all moisture was driven off and the whole thing thoroughly hot; then the air holes were plugged and the fire smothered. When cool enough to safely open, the dirt was shoveled off and the charcoal gathered up. This method was known as coal pits while the brick ovens are called coal kilns.

The charcoal provided for, two other items were necessary—iron ore and limestone. The ore would have to come from the Lake Superior country, while the lime stone could be had by call[illegible] part of the furnace. On the foundation rested the big cast iron hearth with its water jacket to keep it from being melted by the intense heat of the molten iron. Above this towered the brick stack to a height of perhaps 40 to [illegible] larger at the bottom and tapering toward the top. The top was capped by a heavy hopper-shaped casting with a good sized round opening in the middle. This opening was closed by a bell-shaped casting opening inward and operated by a long lever.

About the top of the stack was the charging platform. To the north was the receiving and storage shed with suitable tracks from the railroad. From the storage shed to the charging platform was an inclined track up which two small cars were hauled by chains operated by power from the engine.

These cars would haul up a charge of charcoal, limestone and ore and dump it into the hopper, the bell would be tripped and the charge would slide into the furnace. When this bell was tripped at night the flaming gas would shoot high, lighting up the town and countryside, and the reflection on the clouds would be seen for miles. These waste gases were sent through what were called "stoves" thus preheating the furnace.

The engine and boiler room were to the southeast of the stack, containing the necessary boilers and the big blowing engine. This was a vertical machine with the steam cylinder at the top and the blowing cylinder under it. The crank shaft and two big balance wheels were at the bottom.

At the south and a little west was the casting shed with the floor covered with moulding sand in which the molten iron was formed into what they called "pigs"—thus "pig iron."

The furnace office stood at the end of Union street on the south side.

The furnace was a thriving industry for eight years, until April, 1875, when it shut down, it was supposed, temporarily; but it never resumed operation.

The increasing use of coke for blast furnace fuel and the establishment of blast furnaces with steel mills put the charcoal furnace out of business.

These were the days [illegible] furnace money put pep and snap into the business life of the village and much of its present business, [illegible] had its foundation in those early days.

[illegible] DISTRICT OF LAWRENCE TOWNSHIP

Where for Eighty Years the School Bell Called the Children To Work and Play and the Three R's Were Taught in a Masterly Way.

NOW THE BELL IS SILENT AND THE SCHOOL HOUSE CLOSED

Written for the Republican by Edward Plopper.

As I have read a great many interesting items in the Republican about the early days I thought I might write something that would be of interest to the readers.

In 1850 Avery Mullinex, Nathan Benedict and my father, Stephen Plopper moved into this country. It was then a forest and they settled here because they found so much white oak timber.

They built a cooper shop and made barrels together for a good many years. They hired the barrels taken to Paw Paw by oxen and floated down the Paw Paw river to St. Joe and sold there for pork and flour barrels.

These men, having families, knew there would have to be a school so they built a log school house across the road where I now live. Some of the teachers who taught there as I remember my father tell about them were Ella Dodge, Eliza Carris, Libbie Worden, Cora Jones, Jane Ellet. Jane was Bertha Chase's mother. Hattie Sanborn, Amos Benedict's mother, was the last one to teach in the old log school house.

The present school house was built by Joe Sanders, Harry Lurkins' grandfather, in 1866. The first teacher in the new school house was Emma Rice.

Sumner J. Sherrod, for many years a well known citizen of Decatur, was my first teacher in 1875. Dr. N. H. Greenman, well known to me as 'Newty,' started to school there in 1878 and we both attended for many years.

I well remember when Ida Lurkins taught there in the fall of 1879 when she came to school one Monday morning and told us about the terrible Morris murder.

Harry Chase was my last teacher in 1885. At that time we had a school bell the size of a teacup. The bell we now have was bought in 1911.

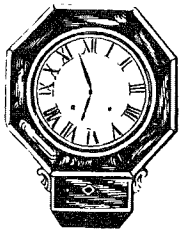
At present our school is closed and the children are taken to Paw Paw to school by bus. This is the third winter it has been closed. The attendance got down to five or six and the taxpayers thought it wasn't worth while to keep it up. I was on the school board 30 years and my father before me was on the board nearly 40 years.

Some of the teachers of the district taught 3 years and others not more than 3 months.

I have lived where I could see the children play and hear the bell ring for 60 years and hope I may live to see them play and hear the bell ring again.

I will give here the teachers who have taught in this district as I remember them, and if any are left out please forgive me for it will be a mistake. You might notify the editor and he will make the correction. They are:

Emma Rice	Anna Salt
Will Thomas	Eliza Stebbins
Lottie Williams	Mary Jones
Lydia Hasserman	Lida Hulis
Delia Flanders	L. J. Sherrod
Sumner Sherrod	Alva Brink
Lavern Cuddeback	Sarah Lyle
Laura Loveland	Eva Hayes
Fletcher Coney	Ida Lurkins
Blanch Smith	Libbie Durkee
Emma Durkee	Hiram French
Elma Hall	Cornelia Hinckley
Kittie Cooper	Clara Combs
Emma Robinson	Harry Chase
Hattie Smith	Cora Plopper
Frank Lindsley	Will Prater
Helen Combs	Frank Crowell
Kittie Burnett	Winnie Sanburn
Grace Osborn	Letta Douglas
Nellie White	Carrie Plopper
Bessie Moulton	Lena A. Lyle
Minnie Wilson	Oel Lanphear
Irene Thompson	Bess Lindsley
Cassie Campbell	Hazel Harrison
Amie Beals	Gladys Stephens
Nellie Dillion	Lottie Nower
Bessie Hope	Etta Campbell
Edna Beals	Della Mullinex
Hazel Rouse	Sadie Trigg
Eunice Williams	Hazel Carroll
Frances Scott	Clara Sanborn
Katherin Sanborn	Laura Barber
Mildred Henderson	Marian Watson
Ida Stickney	Letha Van Auken
Bess Wild	



FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL ALUMNI BANQUET

of the

DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL

First Presbyterian Church

Friday Evening, June 10, 1938

6:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

March .....Mrs. Dora Kemp Ives '21

Invocation.....A. C. Brigham '03

Welcome to Class of '38.....Richard Bailey '35

Response .....Doris Woolfe '38

BANQUET

Singing—
Led by Mrs. Leona Haefner Washburn '31

Business.....Conducted by the President

Toastmaster.....Lyle Parker '19

Reading.....Mrs. Anita Youells Gale '11

Toast to the 19th Century. .....
.....Mrs. Marjorie Harris Brigham '15

Response.....19th Century Graduates

Duet..... { Doris McAdams '35 / Mary Tayler '32

Then and Now.....Mr. Henry Kik

Auld Lang Syne .....Alumni

President . .....Mrs. Dorothy Jung

Vice President .....Lynn Stickney

Secretary Pro Tem .....Mrs. Cora Dwight

Executive Committee .. { Mrs. Mae Wiley / Mrs. Nina Fox / Max Howe

WHERE FURS ONCE BROUGHT GOLD

By D. C. LAMOREAUX
Free Lance Conservation Officer,
Paw Paw

IN YOUR IMAGINATION, as you look into the mist rising from the river over these stones, it is not difficult to turn back into the past and visualize the colorful existence of this trading post's inhabitants—to live with them through the dark, stormy and snowbound winter; the awakening of spring in the forests; the quiet, warm summer days by the river; and the autumn with the woods ablaze with color through the soft Indian summer.

Long dead are the men, white and Indian, who drew their canoes up to this river landing and unloaded their winter's catch of fur—traded them for supplies and gold, then turned their faces back into the wilderness. For over three quarters of a century all trace of the log structures of the post has been lost. Even the clearing has been rehabilitated by nature with a heavy growth of vines and trees. These stones, which were used as a base of the river landing, are all that remain of a once thriving trading post—all that remains to the memory of a group of men who lived hard, worked hard and sometimes died alone in the wilderness.

In 1827, John Agard, a French trader, left the eastern seaboard, turned his face toward the wilderness of the midwest and four years later arrived in Detroit. Ten months later, after traveling over the old Detroit-Chicago Trail and wilderness roads, he began clearing a site for a trading post in the then entirely wild and unsettled township now known as Paw Paw, Van Buren county, Michigan. There on the banks of a river (now called the Paw Paw), at the head of navigation, he began trading supplies and gold for fur. He constructed a post of eight or ten log cabins and a river landing of stone and split logs.

The post became popular with the Indians and a thriving fur trade was carried on. It is assumed that Agard kept a quantity of gold hidden in the vicinity of the post, for it was noticed that he used gold quite freely in his transactions and there were no banks within a great many miles. Agard died without revealing the cache of the gold. Shortly after the trading post was established a half-breed Frenchman named Shawanecse set up his tepee near the clearing; and it is said that many a landlooker and trapper sought the favor of his daughter whose dark beauty was famed throughout the reaches of the post.

At the height of his prosperity, in October, 1835, Agard died suddenly and was buried at the trading post which was soon after abandoned.

SURVEYOR'S NOTES GIVE CLUE TO SITE

"Some two years ago, while employed as engineer on a hydro project on the Paw Paw river, just below the power dam at Paw Paw, I had occasion to use the Government survey notes made of this Section in the years 1827 and 1833. I noticed under the surveyor's 'remarks' the location of a trading post at the head of navigation on the (Paw Paw) river. Out of curiosity I relocated the site of the post, and by proning under water in the sand and muck I located the stone base of the river landing. The trading post was established in 1833 and abandoned two years later after the sudden death of the trader, one John Agard.

"During the night of December 6, 1937, after a heavy rain and snowfall, the Maple Lake dam broke, pouring a torrent of water down the river. Shortly thereafter, while patrolling the Paw Paw river, I revisited the old trading post site and found the stones partially out of water with a faint mist rising over them."

GOOD TIME CHARLIE

When Charlie McCarthy takes the air on Sunday nights, speaking the slick impertinences of Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, the Chase and Sanborn hour traditionally has the ear of perhaps a third of the nation, largest radio audience in the U. S. But Charlie appears only twice (a total of about 15 minutes) during the hour; the rest is usually orchestra music, songs by Contralto Dorothy Lamour and Baritone Donald Dickson, effervescences by guest stars and a master of ceremonies. Between Charlie's turns at the Mike, the interest of his vast audience wavers. Many tune in on other programs, office mix drinks, woo father, miss commercials until Charlie returns.

Last week Standard Brands ordered its valued Chase and Sanborn show tailored more accurately to Charlie's measure. Beginning Jan. 7, after the contracts of Songstress Lamour and Gladhander Don Ameche expire, the Chase and Sanborn program will be cut to a half hour, mainly Charlie and guest star stooges, leaving little or no opportunity for singer, orchestra to check out for a drink between drives. Time Magazine.

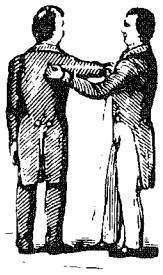
OLD FRIENDSHIPS RENEWED THROUGH EDDIE AND CHARLIE

(If this Eddie Bergen inspiration does not do anything else it is renewing friendships which have remained dormant for many years. Don't know that we have seen Charlie Secord since those school days to which he alludes, but he is a boyhood friend we never have forgotten. He used to clerk in the grocery store of L. G. Stewart and drive the delivery wagon when we were a clerk in Browning's drug store next door but one. So we were neighbors as well as friends, and doubtless he can recall more than one good time we have had together.

Certainly glad to hear from you Charlie, and to get you in touch with the old home town again. Will send Mr. Hoffman a marked copy of the paragraph of your letter about the Townsend Plan, and know he will be interested in it.

Hope you will write again.)

ASSOCIATED ADJUSTERS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Adjustments and Investigations
Collections under Subrogation
Charles Westley Secord
1699 70th Ave.,
Oakland, Calif.



ARBA IS CURIOUS.
SO LET'S TELL HIM

Chicago, Oct. 11, 1938.
EPISODE 19

My dear Arba:

Just a few weeks before going to Melrose I was a student at the beck and call of the operator and there I found conditions just reversed—I was the operator with a student at my beck and call, responsible for his advancement and training; possibly an Edison in the making. A student is taught the station call as quickly as possible so he may listen for the call at times when the operator is out looking after express, freight or other duties, or when the night operator has not had sufficient sleep during the day and wishes to take a little nap while on duty without getting into trouble.

I pretended I was asleep a number of times to make sure I could trust my student to remain awake and listen for the call but he always went to sleep. His mother was a poor widow and was badly in need of his assistance, so I was anxious that he should continue as my student, but I could not keep him if he could not be trusted to keep his promises better than he had thus far done. I finally told him that the next time he failed me I'd give him something he'd remember.

It was then midwinter and one night he again went to sleep after promising to remain awake and listen for the call while I took a nap. I tiptoed out of the office and returned with a bucket of ice water, all of which I doused on him from head to feet, which gave him the surprise of his young life. He was forced to stand near the hot fire the remainder of the night drying his clothes. Never again did he go to sleep after promising to listen for the call and he soon became a first class operator and of much needed aid to his widowed mother.

After working in Melrose for a few months I received a telegram to go to Lucas and work nights. Lucas was a more important station with considerable more work for the night operator but not enough to prevent me from getting very sleepy at times during the long hours before daybreak and there I did not have a student to listen for the call should I fall asleep.

Late one night I dropped asleep in my chair and was awakened by my station call, which I had finally succeeded in training myself to heed, just as one heeds the call of one's name when deeply absorbed, and when I answered the call the train dispatcher asked if No. 16 had passed and without realizing I had been asleep and the train might have gone by without awakening me, I told him it had not. A few minutes later he asked the same question and when I again said it had not yet arrived he gave me an order to hold No. 16 for Stutia extra.

When the operator at Whitebreast reported the extra as having departed, the dispatcher again called me and inquired about No. 16, thus showing his anxiety. 'Twas then the horrible possibility that No. 16 had gone by without awakening me and a head-end collision was imminent, which fear was augmented by the fact that I could hear an engine doing some switching at the coal storage tracks about two miles east of the station. I paced up and down the platform for what seemed an age before I heard the whistle of No. 16 coming from the west, the train having been delayed between stations due to the breaking of a draw bar or coupling between cars. What a welcome sound that whistle was and what a lesson that scare of all my scares taught me—never to say a train had not gone by had I been asleep only for a moment.

After that experience whenever I felt I might fall asleep, I would place a long wedge, which could easily be seen from the office window, between the ends of two rails on the main track, and as long as the wedge was still there I could take an oath that no train had passed the station.

I have been badly frightened at other times but never so skeered as I was that night at Lucas while visioning a head-on collision between two trains due to my having told the dispatcher that No. 16 had not gone by. I was too old to take part in the World War, but I can't imagine how any soldier could possibly have been more

SKEERED

At dead of night as you tramped your beat,
Clad in khaki from head to feet;
With trusty gun and bayonet keen
And helmet, gas mask and canteen;
There came a stutter in your stride—
You dared not run, you could not hide;
And then a creepiness so weird—
Of course, my boy, you were not skeered?

That listning post was a lonesome spot;
Far out midst shrieking shell and shot,
Or else the silence was most profound
As on the night you heard a sound.
And as you peered through mist and fog
A form appeared—an old stray dog
And not the foe you long had feared—
Weren't you, my boy, a little skeered?

While in the pill-box waiting attack,
Chills creeping up and down your back,
In the cold dawn of morning's dim light,
Where death had stalked night after night;
You thought you saw an enemy tank
And clutching your machine gun's crank,
Through a porthole you tearily peered—
Weren't you, my boy, a little skeered?

'Twas over the top you crept that night
And wormed your way far out of sight;
On through the shell crater's bloody mire
Until you reached the foe's barbed wire;
And as you deftly cut a strand
A voice hailed across No Man's Land;
"Turn right, face your body scared!"
"Twas then, my boy, that you were skeered!

Alonzo Newton Benn
5006 East End Avenue
Chicago, Illinois.

ARBA IS CURIOUS, SO
LET'S TELL HIM

Chicago, August 9, 1938.
EPISODE 10

My dear Arba:

Impersonal and far-off incidents, though of great general importance, seldom make lasting impressions on the youth of the land, and I might well include most of the grownups, but some of the things we actually see and hear, though of slight personal importance, are truly unforgettable.

While I have the haziest recollection of the great Chicago fire of my boyhood days, a happening at about that same period is still vividly fresh in memory—in fact unerasable. My brother and I had been sent to the small general store shortly after dark to make a purchase of some minor article for mother, and while we were still there a stranger entered and asked to be shown the best revolver in the store, which was handed him. He inquired if it was always sure-fire, etc. He then asked permission to step out through the back door to try it. Boy-like we followed him out, to our great horror. He first aimed the revolver high in the air, and without saying a word, quickly lowered the muzzle to his right temple and fired, soon filling an unknown's grave.

Another unforgetable boyhood incident occurred about four o'clock one Sunday afternoon, when suddenly the sky darkened, and father and mother barely had time to close the doors and windows and rush three crying children down into the cellar, before the cyclone demolished the Catholic church nearby, carried away part of our barn and did much damage generally. If you survive one cyclone you'll always hope to escape another.

While sitting beneath the shade of the cherry trees in our front yard, I heard a locomotive on an east bound train, which was fast approaching town on the steep down-grade, whistle repeatedly for "brakes," which was before the air-brake had been discovered and trains were not easily or quickly stopped when going at high speed, and shortly I saw the locomotive crash into the caboose of another train and hurl it down a steep embankment a short distance east of the station. 'Twas sort of a pioneer movie thriller.

A quite unusual incident occurred to me while coasting down a very steep hill, when a cow darted out of an alley in front of me and I belly-buster shot between her legs without sustaining a scratch.

These and many other incidents occurred while still awaiting the day when I should say good-bye forever to those happy days of youth.

Of course I did not escape being sent out with a handful of salt to sprinkle on the tails of the snowbirds so I could easily catch them, nor did I learn about Santa Claus and the stork until long after I should have known better. It would seem that the young of today are much "wiser" about certain things than were the boys and girls of my day, but I often wonder if they are any better off due thereto.

However, "The March of Time" gradually added to my youthful knowledge and then came

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

AN ECHO OF THE DAYS OF SMART TOP BUGGIES AND FINE ROADSTERS

Editor Arthur E. Town
in Otsego Union.

In a recent issue of the Decatur Republic, editor Arba N. Moulton mentions Mr. Rasmussen, a former dealer in smart top buggies, phaetons and so on who is retiring after having been in business in Decatur since 1876.

The name "Rasmussen," awoke recollections of my boyhood. We located in a lonely prairie country in Dakota territory. A dim trail made by the wheel marks of my father's farm wagon led to Crandon, a tiny railway hamlet.

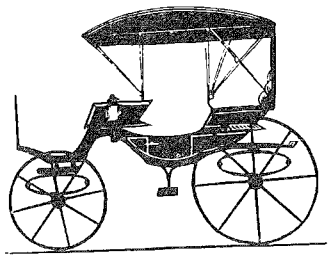
Settlers flocked in and the dim trail became "Michigan Avenue," because of several families from Michigan locating there. It was not citified at all as there were less than a dozen families in its ten mile length from Crandon to the James River. But the farm houses were rather sumptuous looking and the barns and granaries were well built and roomy. Perhaps this was the reason that "Hi" Woodnorth, editor of the short-lived Crandon Tribune gave this road its citified name. Crandon had grown to quite a town with the inrush of settlers.

We had several years of good crops and "Michigan Avenue" began to put on airs. There was much rivalry among the residents in the matter of fast stepping roadsters and fine top buggies. My father had a George W. Cribb Co. buggy made in Milwaukee, one of our neighbors had one made in Kalamazoo, another one had a "Brewster" built somewhere in the east. There were others whose make I do not remember.

Finally following a big crop one of the Michigan families made a visit "back home" as they called it. When they returned to their farm they brought a new top buggy. It was a beauty. I well recall the first time Mr. and Mrs. Sel Richards, its owners, drove into our dooryard behind their spirited roadsters and sitting up proudly in their shiny new buggy.

He told us it was a "Rasmussen." I do not recall whether the name plate showed the name "Rasmussen" as maker or sales agent and I do not know whether that buggy came from Decatur or not but as you will see this is some circumstantial evidence in that direction. For some time that buggy was at once the envy of our neighborhood.

Times changed. Drouth blasted our crops year after year. One after another, our neighbors, discouraged and more or less impoverished, gathered up what they could of their belongings and moved away. One of the last to go was Sel. Richards and his family. Leading the way in his "Rasmussen," its lustre gone and his once spirited steppers now older and slowed down and followed by a little string of wagons also loaded with the family effects and trailing a little bunch of extra horses and a small herd of cattle they headed out over the horizon towards the sunset. "Going way west to make another start," Richards told us. We never heard of them again.



THE OLD RED SCHOOL HOUSE

By Herrick L. Sutton.

My parents came from New York state to Michigan in 1856 when I was 2 years old. The following spring they settled on a farm ¼ mile south of the Michigan Central railroad and about half way between Lawton and Mattawan.

It was 1½ miles from the farm to the school house at Antwerp center, known as the Harwick school from the name of people living near there. It was also spoken of as the Red school house. Originally it had been painted red.

I was not a very husky kid. I put in a good part of my time summers shivering with ague and had a red flannel cloth tied around my neck in the winter time.

It was a long walk to the school house and a third of the way was through the forest, so I did not start until I was seven years old.

Then I took my dinner pail and primmer and started for the Red school house which I reached in time to go in when the teacher rang the bell. I was allowed to sit with the only boy in the school that I knew.

The teacher called us to order, read a few verses of Scripture, led us in singing, looked over our books, laid out the lesson, told us the rules, and that took up the time till the boys' recess.

The School House

Now I will try to give you a description of the school house. It was a plain frame building, I should guess about 32 feet north and south by 24 feet east and west. It was on the north side of the road 10 or 12 rods east of a four corners and facing south, the door being in the south end.

Six feet of the south end was partitioned off for an entry hall and there were two closets for the dinner pails and wraps.

The teacher's desk was in the north end of the room, facing south. There was a row of desks and seats on either side for the scholars. The seats were wide enough for two and were made of the nicest pine to carve I ever saw, and many a jack knife had been tested on them.

The walls were ceiled, the ceiling being the natural color of the lumber, but time and smoke had changed it to what I would call a faded black.

The heating system was a large box stove placed in the center of the room. On the ceiling above the stove were figures that resembled maps but really were stains. The kids had set bottles of frozen ink on the stove with corks firmly set in the bottles. When the ink thawed out and the steam pressure got high enough the corks went out with a bang and instantly there was a map on the wall. I think probably this is where the idea of spraying paint originated.

The ceiling was further decorated in spots, where some enterprising youngsters during a slack time had chewed paper wads to pulp and tossed them up to the ceiling.

There was a recitation seat across the room facing the teacher's desk. The step at the entrance was a square stick of timber about 12 inches long. There were two wood black boards on the wall.

The School Bully

The country was new, and, as the saying goes, "Pretty wild and wooly." Every village had its bad man and boasted that he could whip all comers. The school also had one boy who could thrash most or all of the others and whose authority was generally recognized.

In our family I was the only boy. I had two sisters and one girl cousin who lived with us part of the time. They were all older than I.

I had been humored and made much of, and when I came to my first recess was pretty soft. I did not feel very much sure of myself or very happy for that matter.

I sat down on the end of the timber that formed the front step and a bunch of boys formed a half circle around me to look the new scholar over and decide where I belonged.

Presently a kid about my size stepped out of the circle, came in front of me and stood there a few seconds with his feet spread far apart. Then he shut up one of his hard little fists and struck me under the eye.

I had not spoken a word to him or he to me. I got up and went into the school house. The teacher looked up as I came in and said, "What is the

matter with your eye?" I told her one of the boys hit it.

She called the boys all in and asked me which one it was. I told her, but the kid that hit me (will call him Tom) said no, he did not hit the new scholar, that it was George. He referred the matter to some of the other boys and they confirmed his report.

He said the new boy did not know the other boys very well and had got them mixed.

So the teacher took poor George out on the floor and switched him. A serious miscarriage in the administration of justice, you say. Yes, I'm afraid it goes that way often in life.

At noon we had one hour intermission in which to eat our lunch and play. We were called to order again at 1 o'clock, had a 15 minutes recess at 2:30 and at 4 were dismissed for the day.

As soon as Tom saw that I was not going to try to take his kingdom away from him he became friendly and the next morning I was ready and anxious to go to school. I felt that I was a lot older and knew a lot more than I did the day before.

The Old Swimming Hole

A half mile south of the Red school house was a creek, one of the upper branches of the Paw Paw river, and at a bend in the creek was the old swimming hole. Just a little way up stream from the swimming hole were several large springs, making the water clear and cold.

The kids would stay in swimming till their teeth chattered and their lips became as purple as the iris blooming on the banks of the creek, but the run to the school house would warm us up.

East of the school house a half mile or so was 80 acres that had been abandoned by the early settlers and left to go wild again. Grubs had grown up on most of it, but the clear spots had come up to wild strawberries, and in the season of their ripening frequently the teacher and children would all go up there and feast on the berries. Sometimes we took walks in the nearby woods.

The Teachers

Our teachers were usually young ladies from 18 to 25 years old. They did not need any special training to secure a certificate to teach. They were paid only $2.50 per week and board around the district.

Each teacher set up her own rules and was expected to enforce them. Most teachers prohibited whispering. It worked much like liquor prohibition. If the violators became a nuisance the punishment had to be applied or discipline went to the dogs.

Punishment was all the way from whipping to standing on the floor or staying in at recess.

I liked my teacher and would have gotten along all right, but I could not learn to spell. The teachers worked long and faithfully to cure me of the trouble. They stood me on the floor, kept me after school, and I shed briny tears, all to no avail.

The Memory Remains

However, I regard my time spent at the Red school house as well invested, for there I formed my friendships that lasted for life and the memory of which are a joy to my old age.

The old Red school house crumbled into dust many long years ago, and the spot that once resounded with shouts and laughter of a group of many care free children is now silent.

Many of those who attended school my first day have passed over the Great Divide to the life beyond. Only a few are left. Less than a year ago there were four. So far as I know Dan Van Antwerp and his sister, Mrs. Idale Van Antwerp Marshall of Porter, and Mrs. Ella Hopkins Kingsley of Ann Arbor, and myself are the sole survivors.

The old district has been reorganized with other districts to form the consolidated schools of Mattawan, and so far as I can learn no one now in the old district bears a name that was common there when I first knew the school.

HAPPY DAYS IN THE GEORGE McGOWAN BRICK YARD IN CORWIN

Lawrence, Mich., May 9, 1938.
Decatur Republican,
Dear Editor,—

It is harder to explain the brick making business on paper than it would be to explain the different operations if the person were on the ground to see.

I am sure it would be interesting to most persons to see how it was done from the time the raw clay was taken from the ground till the cherry red brick were in piles ready to go into the building of a beautiful home or store building.

To begin with we at the Corwin farm were blessed with good brick clay. But when that clay was plowed in the spring for crops it got more cursings than blessings from us boys. It would plow up clay lumps as big as a 14-quart pail or a wash tub.

After a few days drying the fields would be dragged 4 or 5 times, then the lumps would be ready for the maul. We made the mauls from knots of trees cut round or square, an auger hole bored through and a handle wedged in.

If we kept those mauls going up and down in perpetual motion and did not stop often to play we could break up an acre of lumps a day.

We did not have the modern disc harrow, clod crusher and cultipacker then. These modern machines going once over the ground would do more to break up the lumps and fit the ground than 40 draggings with our home made butterfly drag.

Now Back to the Brick Yard

We used the same yard for all of the 10 or 12 years we made brick. It was a lot of work to make and keep up a good yard. It had to be a level, smooth and hard as a floor.

We also used the same clay bank near the yard and it made hundreds of thousands of brick. We did not go down more than 4 or 5 feet. Deeper than that would take us into too many lime stones which break the brick or cause it to chip when burnt.

The clay was plowed and scraped into pits about 14 feet square, made with inch boards for sides and bottom. We had two of these pits about 40 feet apart.

The pits are filled with clay and covered with water and left to soak half a day or over night. It took barrels and barrels of water to soak up each pit of clay, and this water had to be pumped by hand with an old fashioned wooden pump. We had to do a lot of pump priming, the same as Uncle Sam does today.

The first pump we had was made from a tamarack tree by the Alerington Pump Company of Keeler. These pumps, though painted, sooon checked and cracked from the hot sun.

Our brick yard was about 40 rods from our log cabin house. Sometimes the old pump would start a sudden leak from a check and there would be more water running down the pump than into the trough that watered the pit of clay. So it was up to one of the boys to tear off his shirt tail to get rags for calking.

Our brick machine was drawn from one pit to the other on a little track by a horse.

A set of brick molds was six. When not burning brick the molds had to be sanded each time after using so the soft brick would not stick.

We had a neighbor we called Uncle Charlie Shear or Dad Shear. Every season he would have about 50 turkeys running all over the neighborhood. Sometimes when we were gone to dinner that flock of turkeys would walk across the soft brick leaving deep tracks in them. Uncle Charlie told the neighbors those McGowan boys had killed a thousand turkeys for him. If he had left off the ciphers he would have been nearer the truth.

Father had to hire but little help in making the brick. There were 8 boys in the family and with father as overseer we got along nicely. It took some hash to feed us all, as working in the mud was good for the appetite.

Mother would cook apple dumplings in a wash boiler to have enough for us. And our meals were not complete without a big pan of johny cake with maple molasses and butter.

Father would often dress a fat sheep, and sometimes a little fat pig about 2 months old. They would roast it whole and in 3 days that little pig would all be gone but the squeeler.

One season we put 200,000 brick in one kiln. But it was too many, the heat did not go to the outside or top and too many soft brick were left. One-half that number made a better sized kiln.

The kiln must be burned a week, day and night. We worked 3 shifts, 2 men to a shift, about the fifth day or night it is a sight to look through the arch of the kiln, all the brick white hot and melting down. At this stage the boys used to put a board up at one end of the arch and shoot through the other end with a rifle. Usually the bullet would melt before it had traveled the 30 or 40 feet.

By the fifth and sixth days the blaze would be coming out of the top of the

kiln. The arches of the kiln were a fine place to roast corn and bake potatoes, covered with ashes and hot coals, and the top of the kiln was fine to roast or cook chicken. Take the insides out, smear the feathers with mortar, place it on top of the kiln. When nicely done remove the feathers and clay at one operation, and you have the whitest, sweetest, juiciest chicken meat you ever tasted.

In the early days most all wells were dry and curbed with plank. After a few years the curbing rotted away and the well would cave in or the water not be fit to use. Father got to making circular well brick and thousands were used to wall up the open wells.

The last set of brick molds used on the old brick yard was made by Mike Carpp, father of George Carpp, They were made of cherry lumber and were a perfect set in every detail. The writer has one that is about 60 years old, a prized keepsake.

I will now give some of the houses and buildings made from George McGowan's brick:

The Will Harris house, now owned by Fred Harris; the Frank Tuttle house, now owned by Edwin Klett; house on the old Alex. Stockwell farm now owned by Chicago parties; house on the Lafayette Meachum farm now owned by heirs of the late Clem Manley; the Ellis Conklin home in Lawrence, and the store built by Ham Marshall, now known as the DeHaven store.

MRS. JENNIE WEDDEL, NURSE OF SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

Former Decatur Lady

Mustered into Richard Westnedge Camp, USWV, at Kalamazoo.

(The following story concerns a native of Decatur township who grew up on the farm in East Decatur, attended the Decatur High school and remained a resident of this community until going out to make her own way in the world.

Jennie Weddel was a daughter of the late John and Katherine McWilliams Graham. Her brothers and sisters are Elmer Graham, Mrs. Lizzie Maguire and Mrs. Charlotte Deuel of Decatur, and Marshall Graham of Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. Weddel moved from Decatur to Kalamazoo seven years ago and this story is taken from the Kalamazoo Gazette.)

One of the very few women in Michigan eligible to membership in the United Spanish War Veterans, resides in Kalamazoo.

She is Mrs. Jennie M. Weddel, wife of Walter Weddel, 1310 Blakeslee street, and she was mustered into Westnedge Camp, USWV, as a full-fledged Spanish-American war veteran, at the last meeting of the camp.

Mrs. Weddel, now in her 69th year, was a nurse during the Spanish-American war.

Native of Decatur, Mich.

Born in Decatur, Mich., Jan. 30, 1869, Mrs. Weddel received her training at General hospital, Milwaukee. She worked as a private nurse for several years, and then moved to Clarinda, Ia., to become supervisor of the women's ward of the Iowa State hospital. At that time there were about 2,500 inmates in the hospital, and Mrs. Weddel had fully intended to make the nursing of the mentally ill her life's work.

Then, in 1898, came the startling news of the sinking of the Battleship Maine. Indignation was aroused in Mrs. Weddel, and she, instantly changed her professional plans. From her home in Clarinda, she penned a letter to President William McKinley, volunteering her services with the American forces.

Three days later she received a reply from the president's secretary, informing her that her letter had been forwarded to the surgeon-general's department, and thanking her for volunteering.

Mustered Into Service

A few days later she received a letter from the surgeon-general's headquarters, ordering her to report for duty at Camp McPherson, Ga. Leaving her home and professional duties at Clarinda, she travelled to Camp McPherson, and there was mustered into the United States forces as a war nurse. At that time, James Warrick, Kalamazoo, a member of Richard Westnedge camp, was a patient at the Camp McPherson hospital.

She served at Camp McPherson as a registered nurse until Aug. 20, 1898, when a call came for 20 volunteers to go to Camp Cuba Libre at Jacksonville, Fla. She was one of 13 nurses to respond to the call for volunteers. Camp Cuba Libre was situated on an old race track about seven miles from Jacksonville, and small tents were used mostly for wards. The only means of transportation to and from the camp was by mule team over rough roads.

Wed to Man She Loved

Over 200 wounded and typhoid victims were hospitalized in this camp, with virtually no supplies available. Her hours of duty consisted of one whole week at a time, with only one other nurse to relieve her. While in this camp, she was credited with saving the life of a soldier (this soldier chanced to be the sweetheart of the relief nurse) whom she found suffering from ptomaine poisoning. Through her quick action and professional knowledge, she nursed the soldier back to health. Later, the relief nurse and the soldier were married.

On Nov. 1, 1898, she was ordered transferred to Cuba, but at that time became stricken with a light attack of typhus fever and was transferred to Camp Shipp, Anderson, Ala. After three weeks in the hospital, she was granted a 20-day furlough and returned to her home in Clarinda, Ia. She was mustered out of service and honorably discharged Dec. 19, 1898.

Father Civil War Veteran

During the Spanish-American war Mrs. Weddel served as war nurse in Georgia on the same spot where her father, John Graham, of the 19th Michigan Volunteers, engaged in a battle during the Civil war. Her father marched with General Sherman's forces through Georgia to the sea. At the battle of Peach Creek, her father was the ninth color bearer to carry the flag and plant it on enemy ground.

DECATUR CELERY, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

1—Setting celery by machine. 2—Setting celery by hand. 3—Hoeing and cultivating celery by hand. 4—Field of celery ready for harvest. 5—Harvesting celery.

Decatur's celery industry dates back to the glacial period when the ice sheet scooped out the basin which became the big swamp and deposited the hills and rich lands to the south. To the north it left an island of sand which eventually became the site of the village. To the early business men of Decatur the big swamp was a problem. It shut off all trade from the the south, and before roads could be built the Dowagiac river had to be straightened and deepened.

When the surplus water had drained off and the edges of the swamp began to dry out it was found that this land was very productive and would grow all vegetables better than the uplands.

William North, a carpenter, grew a few stalks of celery on the edge of the swamp 51 years ago. The next spring Peter Christensen obtained enough plants in Kalamazoo to plant a few short rows on the L. T. Rawson farm located on what is now the Old Swamp road. Two years later, when more of the land had been drained, Henry Houseman Sr., and Neal King came here from Kalamazoo and grew the first commercial quantity of celery.

The swamp land was covered with a heavy growth of timber for which there was little sale, and it was burned where it fell. Then came the hard work of pulling and burning the stumps. Land used for growing celery must be free from roots, and as a tree has as much wood below the ground as above it was no easy task to prepare the land for a crop.

At first most of the celery grown was the green type because of its better keeping qualities. About the middle of April the seed was soaked over night in warm water, then mixed with muck and let stand to sprout, being stirred several times a day. When the seed sprouted till the muck seemed to have white mould all through it, the same amount of dry seed was mixed in. This was done to insure a succession of plants and to guard against loss of plants by frost. The sprouted seed would come up a few days after being planted in the beds while the dry seed would not come up for ten days or two weeks. The seed was sown in the beds about the 20th of April.

The plants were transplanted in the field the latter part of June and early July. A carload of barnyard manure was used to about 1½ acres of celery. Hundreds of carloads were shipped here from the Chicago stock yards every year. This in time became so expensive that commercial fertilizer was substituted.

A small rope was stretched taut across the field and on this line the plants were set. No one knows how long a 40 rod row is until he has crawled it on his hands and knees with the hot sun beating down on his back and neck, and set a celery plant every 4 inches of the way. Setting 5,000 plants was considered a good day's work.

When the plants had taken root and straightened up the loose dirt was pulled away with a hoe and cultivation started. This was kept up until the last of September when the rows were split with a wing shovel and dirt pulled up to the plants until only a few inches showed.

Trenching began about the middle of October. Usually six rows were put in a trench. Two wide 14-foot boards with long sharpened stakes fastened to them were set 10 to 12 inches apart. The plants were dug out with spading forks and piled close to the boards.

The trencher would stand between the boards and receive the celery from both sides, placing it first on one side and then on the other of the trench. Care must be taken to have the celery stand straight in the trench or it would come out crooked and worthless.

When the boards were full the muck was shoveled up, the boards removed and another trench started. After a day's trenching the trencher did not look at the supper table to see what was on the table but how much. In a few days the celery began to grow and bleach. When ready for market the trench was opened and if the weather permitted the trimming was done in the field, if not it was trimmed and washed at the wash house and tied into bunches of 12 stalks and six bunches were placed in a box for shipment.

A third to a half of the celery would be lost in the trenches through freezing or rot, and the season lasted from the first of November to the holidays. But that was yesterday.

TODAY

Most celery growers have large green houses in which the plants are grown for the early crop. The planting begins in April and the celery is ready for the market by the latter part of June.

Today the plants are set by machine in a straight line across the fields, setting the plants at a uniform depth, watering and packing the dirt firmly around them. A machine sets two rows at a time while traveling one-half to three-fourths of a mile per hour. Two good operators will set two acres a day.

Celery is now bleached with paper and bleaching requires ten days. Most early celery is washed and bunched at the farm, taken to a central packing plant from where it is sent by truck and express to all parts of the country.

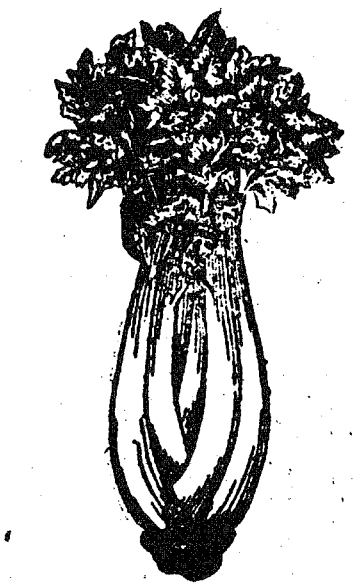
Commercial fertilizers are used and power driven machines do the cultivating and harvesting. Decatur has 8 celery storages with a combined capacity of 400 carloads. There are 250 crates to the average carload.

Today celery is shipped out of Decatur from July first to June first. By the first of February the storages are sold out of Decatur celery and then they are refilled with Florida celery which will be obtainable till the first of June.

A description of Decatur's large celery plants is a story by itself and you will be well repaid by visiting one.

—Written for the Republican by S. N. Eckenberger.

EIGHTH ANNUAL CELERY FESTIVAL



and CENTENNIAL

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, Editor

The sketch of Dr. Rose published elsewhere in this paper brings to my mind a flood of pleasant memories of him.

The Mattawan doctor intimates that Dr. Rose swore when the buggy broke down. Perhaps he did, doctors have been known to swear when the occasion seemed to demand it. But I know of one occasion when he would have been more justified in swearing but he did not even complain.

It may be that Dr. Rose out of the business of his heart possessed the happy faculty of making all of his friends feel that they held a particularly favored place in his esteem. At any rate I was proud to entertain such a thought.

Occasionally he would come down to the printing office and insist that I needed a rest and should take a ride with him. He never came on any other than a pleasant day, although no storm was too severe for him to brave when there came the call of distress.

People of the present generation, driving in heated and lighted cars over smooth pavements can hardly realize what it meant to start out on a dark night in a pouring rain or the bitter cold of winter, through ruts and mud or almost impassible snow drifts, and guide a fractious team to some lonely home in the country. Such was the common lot of the doctor in the time of Dr. Rose.

Would anyone do it now? It is very doubtful, and thank God it is no longer necessary. No wonder the strong constitution and vigorous body gave out and suddenly collapsed at the age of fifty-three.

One beautiful summer afternoon I accompanied the doctor on a trip to Paw Paw. His business was transacted in a short time and by three o'clock we were on the pleasant drive homeward.

Dr. Rose was heavy, weighing not far from 250 pounds. He drove a fine team of horses hitched to a buggy made extra stout for his weight and rough usage.

His horses were swift, full of life and required constant watching. They had few equals in the community in the amount of territory they could cover in a day.

We were about half way to Decatur, the doctor driving and carrying on a most delightful conversation, when one of the wheels struck a large stone that seemed to have been maliciously placed in the road.

The horses jumped and the doctor was thrown out of the buggy, lighting on his side in the road. He held to the lines which pulled the team around so that they made a complete circle. I jumped out the other side and was able to stop them when they came around.

The doctor proved his horsemanship by the way he held the lines but he was shaken and hurt so severely that, with the prancing horses and my not very efficient help, it was as much as he could do to get back into the carriage.

Dr. Rose said not a word of complaint and displayed not a particle of temper. He took the whole matter as calmly as he would the call of a patient in his office.

We arrived home without further mishap but he had suffered a sprained ankle from which it took him several months to recover.

Well do I remember that cold winter night near the first of January when I last saw him alive. He had come in from a call in the country and was headed for home on foot. He was noticeably a sick man and said he was going home and to bed.

Before the week was over he had gone from us forever, and a shocked and sorrowing people were gradually beginning to realize that a calamity had befallen Decatur.

Here is a magic trick with figures that has been tried out several times and found to work. We don't know why it does, but it does. Try it.

Write the figures of your age down on a sheet of paper.

Multiply by 2

Add 5

Multiply that result by 50

Add to this total the amount of change in pocket. (This amount must be less than one dollar)

Subtract the number of days in a year

Add 115

The first figures of the total will be your age and the next the amount of change in your pocket.

Illustration: Suppose your age to be 49 and you have 28 cents in change in your pocket.

Age	49
Multiply by 2 equals	98
Add 5 equals	103
Multiply by 50 equals	5150
Add 28c (change in pocket) equals	5178
Subtract 365 (days in year) equals	4813
Add 115, equals	4928

And your age is 49 and you have 28 cents in change in your pocket.

Darwin McKee of East Valley is known to his old time friends as 'Dol.' He is getting up close to his eightieth year and has turned the work and responsibility of keeping up

the farm over to his son-in-law, Lytle Watson.

Dol likes to come to town when the the car comes and spend the time here calling on his friends. When asked the other day not to be in a hurry to leave he replied, "I must go now, have to make the rounds."

Dol inquired, "Ever ride in one of them airplanes?" No, we replied, have you? He said he had not and what is more he never intends to. He feels a little safer on the ground. He and the late Mrs. McKee spent the winter of 1924 and '5 in the south. They went in December and returned the following March, establishing their temporary home in Biloxi.They had plenty of opportunities there to go up in an airplane but the idea never appealed to them.

There have been many improvements in flying machines since that winter fourteen years ago, and now instead of a fifteen minutes ride the prospect is solicited to take long excursion trips.

During the winter round trip excursions from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis and return were sold for $15, and airplane trips from Chicago to New York and return were sold to a man and his wife for the price of one fare.

Mrs. Howe writes,"Am feeling a little home sick, but no home, folks, just graves."

Mrs. Howe is not the only one who must fight such thoughts. They must be fought or they will drive the thinker to despair. All over the world there are lonely people, shrinking from the sunlight, desolate, heartsick and sad.

This loneliness is the devil's sharpest weapon. He delights in shoving it into his victim and twisting it to see him writhe. But it is possible to beat the devil off and there is great satisfaction in watching him scurry to safety when routed.

"Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." So sang the Psalmist David, and so we all can sing.

Work is the best cure for the blues. There is a time for introspection when something is crowding to be done.

Sometimes a good funny movie, an ice cream soda or a fox terrier is good for one; and our stock remedy is waiting for the Republican.

Here is something quoted from somebody who did not come very far from hitting the nail on the head:

"A specialist is a person who knows very much about very little and who, as time goes on, continues to learn more and more about less and less, until eventually he knows almost everything about practically nothing at all!"

Here is another quotation we like. It was written by the Union's first martyred president, Abraham Lincoln.

"Let him who is houseless not pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

A point on the earth's surface where the prime meridian crosses the equater is called by navigators lolo (latitude zero, longitude zero), because it has neither latitude nor longitude.

The only definition of Lolo given in the dictionary is,—One of a race by some classed as Caucasians of southern Szechwan and Yunnan, China.

Among the many pieces of property listed to be sold for taxes is one in the village of Decatur with $169 against it. The amount might as well be a thousand dollars, the owner would be as well able to pay it. The house needs repairs that would cost at least $500 but they will not be made.

Wonder who will buy the place and turn the owner out into the street. Wonder what the government will do about providing another place for her.

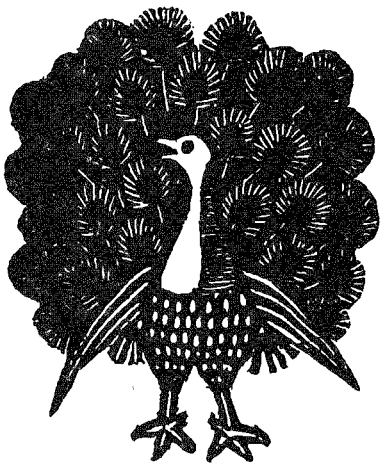
Here is some information about Decatur which we will pass along. According to the last census the village of Decatur has a population of 1,581. The township of Decatur including the village has a population of 2,618.

In the election of November, 1936, Fitzgerald received 702 votes for governor and Murphy 307.

The population of Hamilton township is 793. In the last election Fitzgerald received 206, Murphy 152.

The population of Keeler is 946. It gave Fitzgerald 278 votes for governor and Murphy 233.

Last month the Republican received from the village of Roscommon a copy of Michigan Conservation containing a story of the fur trading post on the Paw Paw river before the village of Paw Paw came into existence.



ARBA IS CURIOUS, SO LET'S TELL HIM

Chicago, July 19, 1938.

EPISODE 7

My dear Arba:

Events of the utmost importance to the entire Benn family were the triennial visits "back home" which mother would plan and then prepare for for many months ahead by making suitable clothing for herself and three small children, for in those days ready-made or store clothes were in the luxury class. Father seldom found it possible to be away from business for a month's visit, so the rest of the family went by train until we children became old enough to pay half and full railroad fare, and then in order to save money the trips were made by horse-and-wagon, as that was before the "horse and buggy days" we've heard so much about during "Fireside Chats" made by the titular head of a certain political organization or of a great nation, depending on the exigencies of the occasion. Having been of greater interest I shall now tell you about one of the horse-and-wagon or I might better say mule-and-wagon trips.

My brother William had reached the age when father considered it safe to let him drive, and as father thought better of a team of mules than of the team of horses he then owned, at least more safe for a young boy to drive, brother drove the mules. They were not much to look at; tall, long and lanky but with the latest mule coiffure, manes and tails trimmed right up-to-the-minute. We would drive steadily until noon or night and then stop and feed and water the mules. A fire would be built and mother would make coffee and we'd all thoroughly enjoy the food she had prepared before leaving home.The nights would be spent at some farm house as we were afraid to camp out.

We spent a wonderful three weeks with mother's father and mother and visiting her brothers and sisters, all of whom were married and lived on farms not far distant, with the exception of her youngest brother, who was still in his teens and lived at home.

These grandparents lived in a large white house, where the sun always seemed to rise absolutely in the north much to my bewilderment. They had the largest red barn I had ever seen in those days, and best of all they had a large orchard with wonderful Maidenblush and other luscious apples, and a large tract of timber in which there were plenty of hickory trees full of nuts. Of course they had lots of chickens, which meant fried chicken and chicken gravy, delicacies I have never tired of even unto this very day, together with eggs prepared with home-cured ham or bacon. Those were truly happy boyhood days, with so many things to eat at meals and apples and nuts from morn until night; in fact I often sneaked a Maidenblush apple to bed with me.

My father's parents lived on a farm eight miles north of Washington, Iowa, my birth place as previously mentioned, and as they were quite old when I was a boy, I can recall only this one visit we made them, which I

shall never forget as he was an old time country doctor and had inadvertently uncorked a bottle of medicine and the whole house fairly reeked with its awful smell, the odor of which I have ever since detested, together with a barnyard incident which I never mentioned to a soul but which I may tell you a little later.

Our visit proved a wonderful success; even the mules had a grand vacation with not a thing to do from morning until night but stuff themselves with fine timothy and clover hay and choice oats; quite a change from the common prairie hay and ear corn they were accustomed to at home. However we all had paid dearly for the good time had by the mules before we got back home.

Our visit over we left for home early one morning. There were no good roads in those days, no hard roads of any kind; no road maps nor route markings, so we were seldom sure we were on the right road and had to make frequent inquiries. When we stopped for luncheon it was noticed that one of the mules did not appear especially hungry and later in the day his long ears got wobbly and he began to lag and perspire excessively. Finally mother and brother Will decided the mule was sick, so we stopped at the roadside, unhitched the mules and William went to a nearby farmhouse for help. I had always been told that a mule was tough and hardy that mules never died, and as I had never seen a dead mule I thought such was the truth. However, after watching the sick mule for a time I began to doubt that a mule never died, so I began praying in my fervant boyish manner for the mule to get well, but all to no avail as the mule died before dark and was buried where he fell. I could not understand why my prayers had not been answered as I had been taught in Sunday school that they would be, and I spent a very unhappy, sleepless night.

What a pickle we were in; a badly frightened mother with a splitting headache, three crying children, a two-horse wagon and only one live mule left, and far, far from home and only a few dollars left of mother's reserve funds. Finally mother persuaded the farmer to hitch one of his horses with our remaining mule and drive us to Knoxville, in the mean time having telegraphed father from the next town, he came to meet us there with a horse to help pull us home.

Father drove over to Knoxville in a one-horse sulky, and after hitching the horse with the mule and roping the sulky to the back of the wagon, we reached home late at night, and home, sweet home it was after that experience, which proved my last long cross-country trip by H. P. or I might better say M. P. (mule power).

That hard three-day trip would now be made by auto over wonderful roads in less than three hours, thus showing the discomforts and inconveniences endured during my boyhood days as compared with the comforts and conveniences of—

TODAY

From yesterday's good lessons learn
And for tomorrows, cease to yearn,
For pregnant is the day now here
With friendships, love, success and cheer.
So loiter not nor listless prove
Nor trudge along a rut or groove,
But make of self what God did plan—
An upright, worthy, happy man.

Alonzo Newton Benn.

5000 East End Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

ARBA IS CURIOUS, SO LET'S TELL HIM

Chicago, August 23, 1938.
EPISODE 12

My dear Arba:

Whitebreast was one of the smaller streams which was never referred to in Iowa as a river but it may have been so designated before it emptied into the Missouri river far south of source. A wide stretch of timber extended practically its entire length in those early days before the walnut, oak, cottonwood and now and then a hickory tree were chopped down and converted into lumber, railroad ties, fence posts and firewood, and where we would go to lay in a winter's supply of walnuts or to gather wild grapes from the large vines clinging to many of the trees, or pick wild plums, which mother would make into plum butter, or wild blackberries, gooseberries, etc., for jellies and jams. There were no butternuts and only a few hickory nuts but hazelnuts were plentiful in our south central part of the state.

Whitebreast woods were well stocked with wild game, including turkeys, and as father dearly loved to go hunting, we usually had a fat turkey hen or a big turkey gobbler for Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner, and when he failed to "bring home the bacon" there was great disappointment in the Benn household. Father was a good shot with his old style squirrel rifle, for which he molded the bullets, which were rammed into the barrel with the ramrod after a charge of powder had been poured from the powderhorn which he had made from a carefully selected cows' horn, and was exploded by a brass cap—an outfit far removed from today's up-to-the-minute hunting equipment.

When I had grown older I often teased father to take me with him on one of his rather frequent trips, which he finally did after he had purchased or traded for a shotgun, putting the discarded rifle at my disposal. We ate a hasty breakfast and left home about four o'clock so we could reach that part of the woods by daylight where he expected turkeys would be leaving their roost in the treetops, and having expected to return home by noon so father could work the remainder of the day we did not take any food with us. We finally struck the trail of a flock of turkeys, which we followed for hours without sighting a single turkey, squirrel, pheasant or other game to shoot at.

It was getting late in the afternoon and I was almost famished, so the turkey hunt was given up in disgust and we started back to where we had left the horses and wagon. I was so tired that I could scarcely drag my feet along, having carried that heavy rifle so long and far. It had occurred to me a number of times during the day that father did not seem very much worried or anxious as to the manner in which I handled the rifle, and later when I tried to shoot at a mark or knot on a tree trunk to try my aim just before climbing into the wagon for the trip home, I found out why father was so unconcerned—try as I might after using cap after cap I could not discharge or fire the gun. I might just as well have lugged a heavy crowbar around with me up hill and down dale, through thicket and underbrush and over fallen trees and stand just as good a chance of getting a turkey as I did by carrying that never-to-be-forgotten gun.

My first turkey hunt sufficed for all time as that was my first and last hunting experience, which means that I have never killed anything with a gun, not even a rabbit, nor do I ever expect to. I have never owned a gun or a revolver as I have never had the slightest personal use for either.

During those far off days eastern buyers would select and purchase large walnut trees, have them chopped down and the logs hauled to Woodburn to be shipped by rail to eastern sawmills to be sawed into lumber for the furniture factories, as walnut furniture was the vogue, such as walnut whatnots, marble top parlor tables, beds, trundle beds, chairs, etc., of which mother possessed a few precious pieces, including a large rocking chair which father greatly cherished. It had a soft downy cushion and our one big black cat always made a bee-line for it when it was not in use. When my baby sister came and there was no crib for her, mother would lay the babe in the rocking chair, and the first time she did so and the cat jumped up to take her usual nap, Tabby was so frightened by the unusual sight she beheld that she ran from the house and never returned. Besides this very unusual incident, many happy memories still cling to—

FATHER'S ROCKING CHAIR

Pa's heavy walnut rocking chair when
I was a small boy,
Long stood within the living room and
was my father's joy;
For when his daily tasks were done
he'd put his slippers on,
And there he'd sit and read and smoke
till we to bed had gone.

My father bought the rocking chair
the year that I was born,
For which he paid a goodly sum
based on the price of corn;
For corn was mighty cheap those days
and little it would buy,
While furniture made "way down
east" was scarce and very high.

Quite oft my father sat therein and
took me on his knee,
And told me of those stirring times in
eighteen sixty-three;
When Yankee lads were led by Grant
against the boys in Gray,
And bravely fought before Vicksburg

until they won the day.

At other times he'd tell about some
places wild and weird,
Or else he'd tell about the night he
was so badly skeered;
And so I love to sit and dream of days
quite free from care,
When father held me on his lap and
rocked me in his chair.

Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End Avenue
Chicago, Illinois.

DECATUR PLANS TO ERECT STATUE TO EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE McCARTHY

By Staff Correspondent of Kalamazoo Gazette.

(This story as printed in the Gazette contains several errors. The date of his birth is incorrect. He did not go to school to Mrs. Arthur Howe. The reporter has this name confused with that of Mrs. Lena Wickett Bailey. Mrs. Otis Howe [Millie Dunnington] was his neighbor when they were children in the Shaw district. We shall try to present to Republican readers an accurate story of Edgar Bergen's Decatur days and shall appreciate the help of our townspeople who remember him.)

Decatur—One of the famous teams of the entertainment world may soon have a monument erected here in its honor . . . Edgar Bergen and his popular dummy, Charlie McCarthy.

It is likely that the monument will present only the likeness of Charlie, but it will be symbolical of the fame that Bergen has brought to his old home town.

Enthusiasm over the idea of suitable recognization of this comedy team and the fame that such a monument would bring to Decatur is growing. Actively interested in the idea are Arba N. Moulton, veteran editor of the Decatur Republican; Oscar N. Newell, furniture dealer, mortician, president pro tem of the village board and member of the school board; Henry Houseman, principal of the high school, and Harley Smith, boyhood friend of Bergen's.

Resident 11 Years

Bergen was born in Chicago, Oct. 6, 1903. While he was a baby his parents moved to Decatur and Edgar was a resident of this community for 11 years. The family lived in several places in and about Decatur, One residence was thre miles south of town, at which time Bergen attended the Shaw country school. This district school building still stands.

While resident of the village Bergen was a pupil at the old brick school which burned Feb. 11, 1919. E. R. Washburn, who was then superintendent of schools, is still a member of the faculty and now is teaching science.

One of Edgar's teachers back in the brick school days was Mrs. Arthur Howe, now a resident of Decatur.

"I remember Edgar Bergen very well," Mrs. Howe states. "He was in the fourth grade class which I was teaching during the school year of 1913-14. I recall that he showed particular skill in art at that time but there was nothing to indicate that he later would gain fame as a ventriloquist and entertainer. I remember, too, that when he was in school here that the family name was spelled 'Bergren'."

Parents Not Wealthy

Harley Smith who "grew up" with Bergen during his days in Decatur, recalls that Charley McCarthy's sponsor was dabbling in ventriloquism even before he left Decatur.

"As a boy I used to play with both Edgar and his brother Clarence," Smith said. "Clarence is now a certified public accountant in Chicago. Both of the boys, I believe attended the University of Chicago and Northwestern University. I remember a school party we had out near Eagle lake where Edgar put on a ventriloquist act, but used no dummy."

Bergen's parents were not wealthy. The father maintained the family by doing farm work, and such other jobs as he could get. It was the death of the father in Decatur which prompted the mother to take her children back to Chicago after their residence of 11 years at Decatur.

One of Edgar's first jobs as a lad was sweeping out and doing general work at the old opera house in Decatur, which was then managed by Mrs. Gertrude Metzger. It was a triumphal night in the village when the former Decatur boy came back as one of the featured stars in the film, "Goldwyn Follies." The old opera house has gone and now the films are shown in the Cozy theatre, owned and managed by Fred E. Pennell.

Wire From Bergen

Manager Pennell made an effort to have Bergen present in person for this opening run of his picture in Decatur. Finding this was impossible, a compromise was effected whereby Bergen sent a telegram conveying his greetings to the residents of Decatur.

First suggestion that a statue be erected to Charlie McCarthy was printed by Editor Moulton in his own front page column "This Week." By his own account, Moulton gives credit for the suggestion to another newspaper man who had come to town to see what could be learned about Bergen's residence there.

"The reporter made a good suggestion," Moulton writes. "He said Decatur should erect a statue of the famous wooden man in a conspicous place in the village on M-40, and add the words, 'Decatur, the Birthplace of Charlie McCarthy.' It was his opinion that such a display of enterprise would make Decatur famous.

"It is a capital idea. Perhaps we as a community are not capitalizing our natural resources."

ARBA IS CURIOUS, SO LET'S TELL HIM

Chicago, July 26, 1938.
Episode 8

My dear Arba:

I was large and husky for my age but I was never given to fighting, so I got through my boyhood days without one serious fight with the town boys due to the fact that the boys of my own age were afraid of me and the older boys were ashamed to fight a boy so much younger than they were. I remember one real fight, a fight to the finish almost, with my brother Will, because I seriously resented being bossed by him, and as a result father gave us both a hard whipping, although few and far between were the whippings he gave either of us, and this particular whipping prevented further similar outbreaks between us.

I never cared much about wrestling but there was one neighbor boy who was never satisfied until he had thrown me, little did it matter where he met me. One cold winter day I was standing near the stove in father's drug store when he entered and grabbed me and as usual I was getting the worst of it and was falling, and to prevent me from falling against the hot stove father gave me a shove and I landed on top of my antagonist. Very naturally I thought I had at last thrown him, which gave me the courage long lacking and the next few times we met I reversed the usual wrestling results and threw him, soon causing him to cease picking on me. With sufficient confidence, backed by worthwhile effort, life's battles may be won.

As I grew older I wanted to earn some money but few were the opportunities to do so in such a small village, so I never had any spending money to speak of. The owner of the candy, ice cream and oyster parlor often gave me a dish of ice cream, but never any money, for turning his old-fashioned freezer for what seemed an endless length of time. His ice cream formula was very simple—two gallons of milk from which the cream appeared to have been skimmed, plus a pint of water used to wash out the milk container so not one drop of milk would be lost, to which was added the same kind of lemon extract mother used to buy for cooking purposes. It more nearly resembled lemon ice than ice cream. Folks talk about sharp practices these days but dilution, adulteration and a few similar words seem to have been quite well understood more than three-score years ago, so after all the world may not be getting worse and worse as some people seem to think.

Mother used to plan so I could earn a few pennies now and then and among other things she suggested was what I make and sell some—

"SOFT SOAP"

I used to saw and split and tote
And pile the wood-box high;
And very often ma would say—
"Wood ashes make good lye,
So take a shovel and pan
And clean the stoves out well,
And save the ashes till next spring

And then make soap to sell."

When spring came round I'd go down
town
And roll a barrel back,
And then I'd stand it on two logs—
A makeshift for a rack;
And with the barrel thus in place
I'd tamp the ashes tight,
And water poured thereon at morn
Would be strong lye by night.

The big black kettle from the shed
Would then be brought to view,
And to the lye I'd add meat scraps
And then I'd sniff and whew!
For soft soap boiling o'er a fire
Gives off an awful smell,
But one must o'er expect to sniff
When making soap to sell.

I'd sell the soap from door to door,
And with my hard earned dough,
I'd buy a Huckleberry Finn
And to the hay mow go;
And there I'd read, or dream of days
When I'd ne'er taste of hash,
Nor save the ashes for soft soap
To raise a little cash.

It seems quite strange how times
have changed,
For now I like wife's hash
And dearly love the smooth "soft
soap"
She gives me for my cash;
Besides it sort of dawns on me
Though I can't tell just why,
That mother used to "soft soap" me
When I was young and shy.

Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End Avenue
Chicago, Illinois.

A GOOD RECORD

WESTERN STATE TEACHERS
COLLEGE
John C. Hoekstra, Registrar
Kalamazoo, Michigan
July 18, 1938.

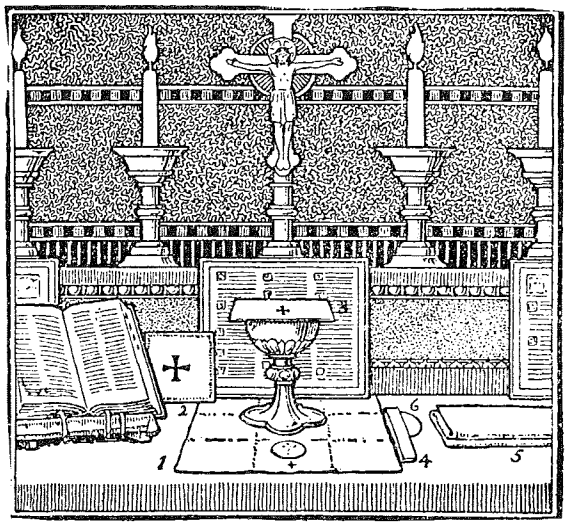
Principal Henry Houseman,
Decatur High School,
Decatur, Michigan.
Dear Friend:

It is with a feeling of great pleasure that I am writing to you on behalf of the Committee on Student Personnel of this institution to advise you that the name of Dominic Dziewiatkowski appears on the High Scholarship list for the spring term, 1938. This is a signal honor, in view of the fact that the standards set for achieving this distinction are very high.

We feel sure that you will be as happy, because of this achievement, as are the members of the committee. It is needless to indicate that we are extremely glad to have students of this caliber associated with us.

Very cordially yours,
John C. Hoekje,
Registrar.

Dominic was graduated from the Decatur High School in the class of 1933.



HOLY FAMILY CHURCH OF DECATUR, MICHIGAN

(This sketch of the Decatur Catholic church and its members was prepared by Postmaster Herbert H. Creagan. The information was furnished in part by W. H. Howland of Jackson, Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney of Chicago, and Thomas Mahoney of Decatur.)

The Holy Family church was originally a mission of Silver Creek and was in charge of Father Baroux, pioneer missionary, who came to the United States from France and set up headquarters on the St. Joseph river at about where Notre Dame University now stands. He later set up headquarters at Silver Creek and took an especial interest in converting the Indians.

Father Baroux came to Decatur at intervals and said mass in homes of parishioners. The first mass in Decatur was said in the home of Mr. McDonald on North Phelps street. Father Baroux was followed by Father Sweeny and next in line was Father Roper. During this period mass was said in Decatur at times by Father La Bell of Kalamazoo.

Father Wernett was the next priest assigned to work in Decatur and this mission was attached to Paw Paw.

A few years later Decatur was transferred to Dowagiac and the priests in order were Father Broger, Father Joos and Father Cramer.

The next transfer was back to Paw Paw and Decatur was served in turn by the following Fathers: O'Rourke, Marker, Mulcahy, Wall Clarson, O'Toole, Higgins, Bona and Sajnaj.

Then came Father Korzeniecki of Bangor and the present incumbent, Father Krawczyk.

In early years mass was said in a hall in the Trowbridge building on Phelps street. Many children of early settlers were baptized in this building.

At one time a large church was proposed, property was bought and plans for a building were formulated. This plan was later abandoned and a small frame church was bought from the Universalist society which was building a new church. They had purchased the frame church from the Presbyterians some years previous. This church was dedicated by Father Broger about 1885 and served the parish until 1933 when a brick church built by the Universalists was bought by Holy Family church.

Some of the early pioneer families were as follows: John Code, James Howland, Michael Mahoney, James Mahoney, Dennis Murphy, Dennis Jordan, Patrick Creagan, Patrick Neville, Michael Kelly, Patrick Kelly, James Maxwell, John O'Leary, Patrick Shehan, Peter Costello, Philip Maguire, Vet Redmond, John Conway, Big Tom Conway, Little Tom Conway, Patrick Conway, Patrick Crowley, Daniel Carney, Michael Ryan, John McVeigh, Mrs. John Shaad, Michael Code, Anthony Makay, John Moye, Patrick Howland, ———Gilfoyle, Michael Cullinaine.

On a Sunday morning a few months ago Holy Maternity church, Dowagiac, was filled to capacity when the Most Reverend Joseph H. Albers, bishop of the Lansing diocese, celebrated Solemn pontifical mass on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the first Catholic church in Cass

Bishop Albers was assisted by Rev. John Hackett V. G. of Kalamazoo, and other pastors from about the state.

The first celebration of Holy Mass was in Silver Creek in 1837.

The history of Catholicism in Cass county is a thrilling one, filled with the hardships and privations which the Jesuit priests underwent to bring christianity to the Pottawatomie Indians who then were the principal occupants of this section of Michigan.

Old Chief Simon Pokagon helped to build the first church in Silver Creek township and it was the place of worship of the 250 Indians residing there.

While the Chief was living his people were united and happy, but after his death, July 8, 1840, his estate

was divided and the entire tribe, with the exception of ten families, moved to Rush Lake where they built another church.

The first Catholic church in Dowagiac was built in 1872. A few years later prosperity struck Dowagiac and Father Broegger built his residence there in 1880, making it his headquarters instead of Silver Creek.

Father J. Joos came to the parish in 1891 and the next year built the present Dowagiac church on North Front street. In 1893 Watervliet and Rush lake were added as missions to Dowagiac.

Father Joos during his stay at Dowagiac had mission churches at Silver Creek, Hartford, Bainbridge, Decatur and Paw Paw. Rev. John G. Wall was transferred from Paw Paw in 1901. Rev. Frank Carroll has been pastor of the Dowagiac church since 1928.

DIVERSIFICATION OF CROPS ON MUCKLAND

By E. L. Woodhams, Manager, A. M. Todd Company, Mentha, Michigan, in the Sugar Beet Journal.

Our Mentha Plantation, as it is called, comprises about 2100 acres of muck in the northeast corner of Van Buren county, adjacent to Kalamazoo and within three miles of Allegan counties. A. M. Todd bought it around 1900 when it was all in the wild state. Previous to that he had owned and farmed 80 acres at Decatur, Michigan, and about 1600 acres near Fennville, so that he was not an amateur at handling muck.

The Mentha muck is nearly all "heavy" muck—having been largely covered with ash, elm, cedar and swamp oak timber with but little so-called "open marsh" before it was brought under the plow. In many ways, it is like much of the muck around Decatur. The Decatur and Mentha areas are the two largest muck areas in Van Buren county. This type of muck is much heavier and more solid than the mucks on which trees like the tamarack grew.

When the writer took charge of the farm in 1910, the two things that we thought about were: (1) getting more land cleared and (2) draining sufficiently to grow a crop. Insect pests and diseases were minor matters—as they usually are on new land. Only two or three crops were grown at first—mint was the most important and there were smaller acreages of onions and cabbage. When the land was new, little if any fertilizer was used, and we were reasonably sure of a good crop if we could get it in on time and there was no flood or frost. The crops grew readily on the virgin soil and good yields were the rule.

I think this is the history of all new mucks—the "cream" can be skimmed for say 10 years and then something happens. Yields begin to fall off unless large amounts of fertilizer are applied every year; weeds seem to get bigger and better and insect pests and disease begin to appear or at least to become troublesome. This is not confined to muckland as you can look around and see the same thing happening on the high ground. Lands that used to grow good crops 25 and 30 years ago are standing idle in many cases because they do not "make any money" as we say.

There are really two reasons for this state of affairs. The land is certainly not "worn out." Land does not wear out that way. The two reasons are (1) we have mined the soil—taking off crop after crop without replacing anything by plowing under green manures and (2) one crop farming.

That first 10 years of "cream skimming" took strength from the soil that may have respresented hundreds of years of building up. Just figure how many tons of humus you take from a soil in 10 years and no wonder the soil needs help.

Some of you know land in Kalamazoo that has raised celery continuously for 50 or 60 years without rotation, but today you will also find that is pretty "sick." Part of the trouble is from "mining" the soil and part of it from one crop farming which has multiplied celery disease, until many fields are almost a total loss each year. I was born and brought up in Kalamazoo and I can well remember the old Hollanders riding on top of a steaming load of manure which they had secured from stables right there in town. Everyone who could afford to do so kept a horse or two and perhaps a milch cow right in the middle of town, just the same as everybody has a car today. The result was that the 2 or 3 acre piece of celery ground was literally plastered with manure — tons of it to the acre. Today there are no more horses and unfortunately automobiles do not produce fertilizer. So really with the coming of the automobile, celery production began to slide down both in quantity and in quality. Manure still remains the best all around fertilizer for muck, but you cannot cover 25 or 50, or 100 acres with manure today and there are farmers here in Decatur who raise well over 100 acres of celery. Possibly if they could get tons and tons of good manure, they might continue one crop farming. But at that one crop farming is poor farming—insects and disease that attack that particular crop increase unless crops are rotated. So we must do something else.

Rotating crops such as onions to celery to mint and using commercial fertilizer will not do the trick as you are still "mining the soil." Some crops do leave a valuable residue which can be plowed under—such as cabbage, sugar beets and mint when it is "run out," as we say.

Corn is another muck crop which we have raised as a rotation crop successfully after we had developed an early corn that will mature by Labor day. There is one drawback to corn, however, and that is the fact that you cannot fall plow unless you remove the crop early. The ideal way to harvest corn is to pick the ears from the standing stalks and then plow under the stover. If you have to plow the corn land the next spring, it is hard to find a crop to follow it unless we wish to turn under a crop like rye or soybeans, the year following corn.

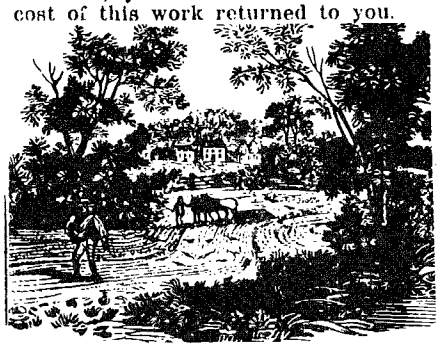
Sugar beets which we tried in 1937 for the first time appear to be a good rotation crop. You can turn under the tops and have the land fall plowed. Another good feature of sugar beets is the fact that they go deeper into the ground than any other muck crop and thus secure some plant food from the deeper ground. They also tend to air out the soil. The tops are a valuable cattle feed if you want them.

We all know that fall plowing is best as we want to get on the land just as early in the spring as possible. But it would be much better for the soil if we could cover it with a crop like rye in the winter. Bare land in the winter is bad farming – it causes washing and blowing. About the only way to do is to divide up our fields and not try to raise money crops on every acre every year—use part of the farm for building up fertility.

If you will take a look at the older muck areas, you will find the same story—right from Indiana up through Michigan. Muck areas that in 1910 were veritable "Gardens of Eden" have gone back to field crops like hay and corn and are no longer intensively farmed. In 1910 the famous Nappanee Swamp in Indiana was the center of onion growing. Then the thrip, wind storms and so forth, turned it to mint. Now the flea beetle and other troubles have driven these farmers to the field crops. The enormous Fennville area was a great mint center and today the mint farmers have turned to other crops—simply a case of too much one crop farming.

The solution, it seems to me, is to raise a greater variety of crops and above all to plow something under once in three or four years on each field. Soy beans are not adapted to muck except as a green manure crop, as the season is too short but they are excellent for building up humus. You may broadcast corn with a grain drill and get an enormous tonnage to plow under. You may plow under rye.

With the Soil Conservation Act in force, you can at least get the cost of this work returned to you.



FLAT-BOATING ON THE PAW PAW RIVER

By Dana Smith, Paw Paw, Mich.

Ever since LaSalle came to the mouth of the St. Joseph river it has been the highway for travel and commerce for the Indians first and the white man later. As the Paw Paw river has its mouth within a half mile of the St. Joseph river it is more than likely that it early attracted the notice of the hunters and traders who found it a practicable route for canoe travel up as far as the presesnt site of the village of Paw Paw. It could be a very useful route for the traders of the St. Joseph to reach the Indian villages of the interior. With the coming of settlers and before the building of roads the crooked old Paw Paw carried considerable traffic.

In 1834 Wm. Ackley, who had settled north of Paw Paw and raised a crop of wheat, built a flat boat and transported his crop to market at St. Joseph by way of the Paw Paw river. Wm. Gunn, a neighbor of Ackley on Section one north of Paw Paw, also shipped his wheat in the same way to St. Joseph. These men were the first settlers in Paw Paw township to accomplish anything in an agricultural way and they were the first to navigate the Paw Paw river to St. Joseph.

Ackley on one of his trips to St. Joseph with wheat brought back to Agard's trading post below Paw Paw a load of goods for the store of J. Adison Smith at Schoolcraft. In the fall of 1834 the above firm purchased Agard's boat to ply the Paw Paw in the interest of their firm. The craft was a flat boat and the propelling power was men with setting poles. There was a plank runway along each side of the boat with cleats fastened on to give a suitable foothold. The setting poles were stout but light with one end cushioned and covered with some kind of animal skin. It took four men and sometimes more to operate these poles, which was done in the following manner: Two men would take their places at the bow and the front end of the runway, and, setting their poles in the river bottom and the cushioned end against their shoulder, they would push valiantly and as the boat moved forward they would walk back along the runway until near the end when they would call out "set" and two men ready at the bow would set their poles and go down the runway, while the other two returned to the bow to repeat the laborious operation. The heat of summer and the swarms of mosquitoes night and day, added to the chill rains and snow of near winter, made the work exceedingly hard, but the pioneers were stalwart men who thrived on hard work and by such men was the wilderness subdued.

Trips to St. Joe

Wm. Lyle shipped on a flat boat as cook for a round trip to St. Joseph in 1835. Writing of his experience he said, "The mosquitoes were a terrible torment. They would settle in swarms on the meat frying in the skillet. It was impossible to keep them off so they were cooked with the meat. There was no complaint as it was either eat it or go hungry." There was no shelter on the boats and the crews were exposed to the drenching rains and wet snows which added to the general discomfort.

On one of his trips to St. Joseph Ackley sold his boat to J. Addison Smith of Schoolcraft who loaded it with goods for their store, intending to ship them up the Paw Paw to the French Trading Post where they would be wagoned to Schoolcraft. One of the worst obstructions on the river was the rapids at Watervliet, and when this was reached try as they might they could not pole the boat up the rapids. Delamore Duncan and Isaac Sumner were building a mill at the rapids and Mr. Duncan gave his assistance by driving a yoke of oxen into the river, hitching to the boat and hauling it up the rapids. They opened a barrel of sugar and paid for the work with that rather scarce article. Even as late as 1839 a considerable quantity of wheat raised about Schoolcraft was hauled to Paw Paw and ground into flour at the then new mill then boated down the river to market at St. Joseph.

L. W. Willard once loaded a large shipment of flour at the West Michigan Avenue bridge for St. Joseph, but this could only be done during high water as the "riffles" above the trading post made it too hazardous.

In 1848 the legislature appropriated $10,000 to improve the navigation of the Paw Paw. The money was spent, John R. Baker being the contractor. The benefits were negligible as the Territorial road, newly finished, was taking the traffic, and river boating days were past.

Flatboating Days Over

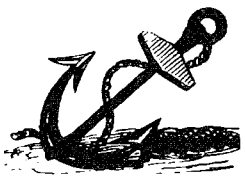
In the thirties the merchants at Schoolcraft bought their goods in New York, sent them up the Hudson river by boat to Albany, thence by canal to Buffalo, thence around the Great Lakes via Detroit and the Straits of Mackinac to St. Joseph, thence up the Paw Paw to Agard's landing, thence by wagon to Schoolcraft.

By 1842 flat boating on the Paw Paw was over. In 1835 it was an unbroken wilderness from Paw Paw to St. Joseph, except the new mill building at Watervliet.

In 1840 I. W. Willard of Paw Paw built two flat boats to ship flour from his mill at Paw Paw to St. Joseph. One was named the "Daniel Buckley," A. R. Wildey, captain, and the other, the "Wave," commanded by Wm. B. Hurlbert. One of these boats lies rotting in the river sands opposite Rose Villa at Paw Paw. John Reynolds was another flat boat captain. There are others who flat boated on the Paw Paw whose names and deeds have been lost in the more than one hundred years since those pioneer days.

Down on the site of the old trading post, once the scene of so much activity is nothing but a lonely wind swept field. The road leading to the river landing is there still. Part of the foundation of the old warehouse can be seen when the river is low, mute reminder of those long ago pioneer days, when Paw Paw was a river port.

Back in the village in the Pioneer Cemetery, sleeping in unmarked graves beneath the whispering pines, lie many of the pioneers who helped to bring civilization to the Paw Paw valley. The oldest marked grave is 102 years old, that of Susan B. Dodge, the first person to die in the then new settlement of Paw Paw. May the lights and shadows of the fleeting years rest lightly on their last resting place.



TWO NOTED DOCTORS SKETCHED BY DR. McNAIR

Drs. Rose of Decatur and Palmer of Hartford Have Gone Down in History Among the Greatest Country Doctors in Southwestern Michigan.

Reprinted for Kalamazoo Gazette.

Dr. Rush McNair, who has just completed 51 years of medical practice in Kalamazoo, is writing for the Gazette reminiscences of the members of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

His last installment included sketches of Dr. Ezra Palmer of Hartford and Dr. Gilbert L. Rose of Decatur. These men in their day were outstanding members of the medical profession in southwestern Michigan.

They frequently called each other in consultation and were such good friends that the story of one accompanies naturally the story of the other.

Dr. McNair writes of the two as follows:

Dr. Ezra C. Palmer

Dr. Ezra C. Palmer was not a pretty-pretty. He was a little forward bent and got over the ground with a mincing and a shuffle. His hair was blond

with a curl at the tips and thinning on his crown. His nose was tipped spherically. His lips were thick and he spoke none too distinctly.

But who looked into his eyes saw the benevolence, the kindness and the charity, fell under a certain hypnotism of which Dr. Palmer himself was unaware. His voice, too, spoke benevolence, kindness and charity. And there was a quality in it, a timbre of old primitive folk song, never written, that made one's breath go tense, the heart throb and the blood beat in the temples. I never met another who had such affection for every one of his medical brethren. He took every doctor to his heart and gave his confidence, his loyalty and his whole devotion.

Meets Tragic End

The years went by and there came a request that I visit Dr. Palmer. When I arrived Dr. Palmer lay in bed. In a front room in consultation were Dr. George Carnes of South Haven, and Dr. O. M.Vaughan of Covert.They told me that the doctor had developed a form of Bright's disease and that they felt there could be but one termination.

After a visit with the doctor I came away much depressed. I made two other visits within the next few weeks. Dr. Palmer asked, "Do you think Dr. Harris Burnet Osborne would come and see me?" I answered that the doctor would wish to come and that I would bring him down.

I will never forget the scene when Dr. Osborne came into the room. Palmer roused himself from his beginning coma, raised his head and shoulders upon pillows, grasped Dr. Osborne's hands in both of his and clung to them through the whole visit. Both doctors were under much emotion. Finally, said Dr. Palmer, "Dr. Osborne, do you remember the comparison that Dr. Rose made at that autopsy over in Keeler township?" In recollection, both doctors laughed until tears ran down their faces. I too, was profoundly moved and did not withhold all my tears. The dying doctor . . . death for him only a few weeks away . . . and his old friends, two men of nobility and purity moved to laughter over the wit of a ribald joke . . . so human, so very human, so wholly lovable and so natural.

Language of Doctors

Let it be remembered that doctors have a language all their own. It is spoken by no other people. Sometimes in this language things are said which may not be translated. The older doctors spoke this language more classically than the moderns. And, alas, this language is now almost one with Nineveh and Troy.

Smut is like ambergris. Ambergris, a foul appearing, malodorous mass ejected from the intestinal tract of the whale, is found floating on the sea or cast up on the shore. It is worth from $20 to $100 a pound, for the wee-est bit of it is the spirit of the most exquisite perfume. We all love exquisite perfumes. And ninety-nine parts of wit added to one part of smut makes a combination unexcelled in all literature.

In his Gettysburg address, Abraham Lincoln spoke in the language of the heavenly spheres, but in his pleas to a jury or in a political appeal to the men of Illinois, he often, and in the best of taste, made use of ambergris. And long after the grateful odor had left their nostrils, the great truth that Lincoln had uttered was graven in their souls.

Dr. Ezra C. Palmer was born in New York state, the son of Henry R. and Margaret Plantz Palmer. He died in Hartford, Mich., September 17, 1909, at the age of 59.

Dr. Gilbert L. Rose

He who looks upon the portrait of Dr. Gilbert L. Rose does not need to be told that here is a great man . . . the noble and thoughtfully poised head; the keenness and kindness of his eyes, the fine features of his face, as if chiseled in Parian marble; the deep vision of his gaze; the giant shoulders, fit to carry the woes and tribulations of a world.

Dr. Rose was born in LaPorte county, Indiana, July 21, 1853. He attended the LaPorte public schools and at 17 entered the medical department of ths University of Michigan. In 1874 he was graduated at the Cincinnati College of Medicine.

On August 1, 1876, Dr. Rose and Mary E. Kelly were married. There were born two sons, Max Donald, a business executive in New York City, and Dalton Keats, member of the faculty, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. From 1888, for four years, Dr. Rose was associated in practice with Dr. George W. Mahoney, now professor of ophthamology, Loyola University.

Horse and Buggy Era

Dr. Rose's practice was all in the horse and buggy era. On January 5, 1907, after 33 years of the severest stress and storm, the deep roots of his life were torn from the earth and his great form crashed to the ground. Dr. Rose's funeral was held in the town hall of Decatur. All the forenoon, old friends of country and town filed through to gaze and the time was all too brief for all who came.

I heard Dr. Reuben Peterson, member of the University of Michigan, pronounce an eloquent tribute on his dear friend and brother doctor . . . "and were everyone for whom he did some loving kindness, to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight 'neath a wilderness of flowers."

Recalls Night Ride

Dr. George E. King of Mattawan recalled a ride he took with Dr. Rose. The two doctors spent the night far out in the country at the bedside of a man on the verge of death. Midforenoon, a hot day in midsummer, the two doctors were dozing as the horse chose the homeward road. A front wheel ran into a "pitch" hole throwing the two doctors forward.The front axle broke and the two doctors found themselves under the heels of the horse.

King scrambled out and sat on a rock, while Rose, as soon as he could catch his breath, proceeded to express himself. It is said that the wrath of a good man is the most terrible. Rose burned up the horse, the buggy, the road and even the dust and ruts, night work of doctors, the whole doctoring business, cursed the day he was born and that he should be condemned to set the affairs of this lost, vermin-infested world aright. King said he laughed almost to exhaustion

General Horace Porter tells of General U. S. Grant, who, during the two days of horror in the Wilderness, gave orders, as always, in a calm quiet voice, but when the army was on the march to the slaughter of Spotsylvania and Grant saw a teamster beating a horse over the head with a whiffletree, lost all control and tore loose with such a lurid cursing that the astounded staff forgot to record it.

Thus was a classic lost to literature. Thus, likewise, was lost the classic of Dr. Rose.

LETTERS

THE STORY OF DR. BROWN

(The Republican welcomes the letters from Edwin McGowan, an old time citizen of Lawrence and the community of Corwin. Mr. McGowan is one of the few still living who knows and can tell the trials and experiences of our pioneers, the men and women who came into this country, carved their homes out of the wilderness and cleared the fine farms for future generations. These letters are memorials to rugged people, tributes to their memories, a recognition of their accomplishments.

When the senior generation of today passes away the first hand record of the pioneers will be closed. Strangers will be living in the homes they built, and working in the fields they made ready for the plow. Those who made it possible for the new comers to enjoy the beautiful country homes are resting from their labor in the sleep that knows no waking, and there will be no one left to speak their praise.

The Republican welcomes these pioneer stories, for the time will come when the files of this paper will furnish to posterity the richest bits of history that exist of this fair community. They will have value then and

the contributors like Mr. McGowan will be lauded for furnishing the basis for historical studies of southwestern Michigan.Others who contribute pioneer stories to the Republican will also be praised for it long after they have been gathered to their fathers. Every reader has a standing invitation to contribue them.)

Lawrence, Mich.,
March 26, 1938.

Decatur Republican,
Dear Editor,—

I wonder if you could spare the time and space in your splendid paper for a short sketch of an every day pioneer and his family of Corwin, Dr. George Brown.

They came to Michigan from Canada about the year 1865 and settled temporarily on the Robert Nesbitt farm.

They were a large family, consisting of the husband and wife and the following sons and daughters,—Joseph, Charley, James, Robert, William, Eugene, Hannah and Malinday.

After Mr. Brown had lived in the Nesbitt neighborhood a few years he got the western fever, and with his team and wagon, household goods and family started out by the overland route in the direction of the setting sun.

They had been in the west but a short time when the adventurer became very sick and his money was all used up.

Then they all decided to return to Michigan. Joe supplied them with the money he had earned working there by the month.

Mr. Brown was still very weak when they started. They carried him on a cot to the station and put him on board a train. Mrs. Brown and the younger children accompanied him and the older boys drove through with the team and wagon.

When they returned they settled on the north forty of Wess Abbott's big farm. There was a small house on the place, and Mr. Brown recovered his health and worked several years for Mr. Abbott. He eventually bought the place, built the little house and made a comfortable home. It is known of late years as the Mort Bullard place.

It was about this time that the subject of our sketch started on his new career as a doctor. It was in a small crude way at first,—just doctoring for his neighbors and friends. But he was very successful, and his success became noised around the community.

He was soon riding over the townships of Keeler, Hartford and Hamilton, the busiest veterinarian in that section of the county. He never attended a veterinary school or college and his education was limited, but he had a natural gift for the work and in fact was a typical self-made man.

Drowning of Robert

During the time the doctor was at his best in his practice a sad tragedy came into his home when Robert Brown was drowned in the Nesbitt mill pond.

The Corwin boys had a swimming pool at the pond but Robert was warned by his parents not to go there without telling them and getting their consent.

One day Robert went to the pool with his chum, Silas McGowan, without the knowledge of his parents. Both boys were fifteen years old and about the same size.

The bank of the pond was steep and slippery, the soil being clay. The two boys had stripped for the swim when Robert slipped down the bank into the water and went under. He could not swim but Silas could and dove from the bank into the water to save him. When Robert came to the surface Silas grabbed him, but Robert got a drowning man's death grip on Silas and both went down. Silas, by using every ounce of strength he had, succeeded in getting himself loose and rose to the surface. He saved himself but Robert drowned.

We hope that every boy who reads this sad story about Robert will take warning and obey their parents at all times.

THE STORY OF DR. BROWN

(Continued from last week.)
Written by Edwin McGowan
of Lawrence)

(The story last week concluded with the drowning of Dr. Brown's son Robert in the Nesbitt mill pond.)

To the Republican,—

It was about this time that George McGowan was mowing hay with the first Buckeye mower made. One of his horses was an unusually fine and valuable animal. The early mowers were crude and as hard as a steamboat to run, not like the mowers of today that turn so easily on their ball bearings.

The splendid horse Prince did not mind the work, and stuck his head down and nipped off the rich red heads of the June clover at every opportunity. One time when nipping the clover blossoms he received a nip on the nose by a big rattle snake. Prince threw up his head and the rattle snake took a tail spin to safety.

In a few minutes the animal's nose was badly swollen and George McGowan was badly scared.

It was a half mile through the woods to the home of Dr. Brown and one of my older brothers made a record run to get him.

The doctor was soon on the scene and decided that the only way to save the horse was to bleed him. That was the generally accepted way to cure sick animals as well as people, in some cases, in those early days.

Dr. Brown sharpened a stick and jabbed it up into poor Prince's nostril. He bled all right but the bleeding would not stop. Prince became so weak they thought he was going to fall.

It was then that Dr. Brown became frightened and said, "If I lose this fine horse I will never doctor any more, and the only thing that will save him is a puff ball."

There was a tract of about one hundred acres of timber that came up to within a few rods of our barn; my older brothers knew where there were plenty of puff balls there and they were not long in getting some of them to the doctor.

The doctor slit one of the balls and pushed it up Prince's nostril and it clotted the blood and stopped the bleeding.

The little puff ball not only saved the life of a valuable horse but kept the doctor from giving up his practice that later made him a small fortune.

Joe and His Pal

Joe Brown worked several years for Dick and Wess Abbott. It was while he was working for Wess that he started to keep company with Rosetta McGowan, then living with her parents in their log cabin in the woods.

Wess Abbott had a big black shaggy dog, a fine watch and stock dog named Rover, and he and Joe became fast friends. Rover would follow Joe whenever he had permission, and sometimes when he did not have.

One Sunday night when Joe visited Rosetta at her home in the woods Rover knew when he left and the direction he took. All the evening the dog kept his nose pointed to the north hoping to see or get the scent of his returning.

After a while the dog got nervous and about eleven o'clock set out through the woods to find him. He took the winding wagon road that led to the log house of the McGowans. When about 30 rods from the end of the road he decided his pal was at the cabin and he would wait there.

The dog stretched himself across the wagon road while the hoot owls and screech owls made excited noises in the trees above him.

About midnight Joe bid Rosetta good bye and hurried down the wagon trail for home. He was wondering what was the cause of the unusual hooting and screeching of the owls overhead when all of a sudden he stumbled over a big black animal that lay across his path.

As he was taking a header into the brush Joe was thinking rapidly and his conclusion was that he had come in contact with a bear. But before he could get to his feet Rover was licking his hands and face and telling his pal as best he could how sorry he was to have caused the spill.

If Joe did not enjoy keeping company with Rosetta at the old log cabin it was not because Rosetta's kid brothers did not try to make it interesting for him.

Joseph Brown and Rosetta McGowan were married February 8, 1871, and the writer has a piece of her wedding dress.

After Joe had paid for tying the knot he had just a dollar and fifty cents left for himself and bride to begin their journey through life together. By hard work and careful planning he made good and before they reached the end of the long trail they had a fine home and property.

Joe and Rosetta began house-keeping in a log cabin on the farm of Eli McGowan, now owned by Mrs. Ella Abrams.

A Near Tragedy

There came near to being another tragedy in the family of Dr. Brown. Not long after Joe was married he became ill. It was probably an attack of billiousness or the ague.

A messenger was sent to the home of his parents explaining the trouble, and Mrs. Brown said she had just the

medicine that would put him on his feet in a jiffy.

The medicine was sent to Joe with orders to take a big dose. Mrs. Brown reasoned that if a little dose would help him a bigger dose would help him more.

Medicine in those days was not put up as it is now. Then it was in the form of dry powder,--red, white, pink, brown and so on, and was kept in glass vials by all doctors, both horse and human. The vials were labelled and the doctor would pour from them onto a small square piece of paper the medicine he wished to give a patient. Sometimes he would pour from two or three vials and mix them together, and the taste of some of it was bad enough to make a pig squeal.

Dr. Brown was not at home when the messenger came, but arrived soon after. His wife explained to him what the trouble was and that she had sent Joe some of her good medicine. He asked her what vial she took the medicine from and when she showed him his heart almost stopped beating. She had sent Joe, some of the horse medicine that contained enough poison to cure or kill a horse. The good medicine the mother had intended to send had in some way gotten into the place of the horse medicine.

There were no airplanes or autos in those days and the doctor had to depend upon the old gray mare to make the run against time and save his son. The mare did her duty and then and there earned the everlasting thanks of the families. Joe had not yet taken the medicine and his life was saved.

Eugene Succeeds His Father

Dr. Eugene Brown now comes into the picture. When a young man Eugene decided that he would follow the calling of his father and become a veterinarian. He had helped his father for years and in this way had gained first hand knowledge of the profession.

He realized that he must go to school and to veterinary college in order to meet modern requirements of the profession and compete with other veterinarians. So he attended the college at Toronto, Canada, and later took a special course at Grand Rapids.

He was then able to cope with the best veterinarians of the day, and to help his father who had been riding day and night over four counties and greatly needed rest.

In the course of time Dr. Eugene Brown became one of the leading doctors of southwestern Michigan.

Dr. George Brown bought a big farm and home near Lawrence and retired. John Spinks now owns the place and it is one of the best and most up-to-date fruit farms in the township.

There is but one member left of that big family and he is our good townsman, William Brown of Lawrence.

Edwin McGowan,
Lawrence, Michigan.

THE POST OFFICE AT CORWIN

I will now give you a little history of the Corwin post office. As near as I can remember it was the summer of 1887 that the people of Corwin decided to send a petition to the post office department at Washington for the establishment of a post office.

In due time the following answer was received from the Department,—If you people will get some one to carry the mail for three months without expense to the Department, we the post office department, will then establish a post office at Corwin, appoint a postmaster and pay for the same.

The department suggested that the people contribute enough money to pay a carrier for three months and it would help by returning all money received at the Corwin office for the sale of money orders during that time.

Mr. Jenkins and another man I cannot now recollect ran the store at Corwin. They called a meeting at their store to discuss the plan and find out who could be induced to carry the mail from Corwin to Hartford two days each week for the three months.

The subscription plan for paying him was adopted. Some signed 25 cents, some 50 cents, some 75 cents and some a dollar. It was expected that the carrier would make a good many dollars for carrying goods from Hartford for the store, and that many people would order goods from Hartford and pay the carrier for delivering them.

It was not expected that the amount collected by the carrier would be big pay but it would be a good part time position and the pay would be certain each week. The question was, who would undertake the task?

Some one suggested Edwin McGowan. I guess they knew I had a good young driving team, a top buggy, lumber wagon, nothing to do and lots of time. Well, they were about right, and that was the reason Edwin McGowan became Corwin's first mail carrier.

I want to explain a little. I was not too lazy to do other work with bigger income, but I was handicapped in a way. Two or three years before this time I was married to Hattie Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey, and my wife had just had a break down in health. Dr. Rose of Decatur diagnosed the case as consumption of the bowels. She was getting weak and unable to work and the doctor ordered absolute rest for her.

I sold our farm to my brother Garfield and we broke up house keeping. My wife went home to her folks and I went to make my home with father and mother in the brick house.

It was then that I had nothing to do and time dragged on my hands. So I accepted the position as mail carrier to pay bills.

Blanch Moffatt, later Mrs. Blanch Drullinger, was the teacher at Corwin when the post office was established there. She bought the first big post office money order. She drove most of the time from her home to the school with a horse and buggy. She decided to get a new buggy and ordered a Cincinnati, one of the best, at a cost of $50 if I recollect right, and paid it with a money order.

I carried the mail for the three months and then the government established a full fledged post office at Corwin and Mr. Steve Zimmerman was made postmaster. He did not stay at the office or hand out any mail as he had a fine farm and home nearby to keep him busy; but he had to sign all papers and documents relating to the office. He drew the pay of postmaster and was under bonds to see that the office was conducted in the proper way.

My wife partially regained her health so I resigned at the end of the three months and we bought a little farm and went to house keeping again.

THE BELLIS FAMILY RECORD

Dowagiac, Feb. 12, 1938.

Mr. Moulton,
Decatur, Mich.
Dear Sir,—

I saw the piece in your issue of February 3 by Earl Tinney of Hamilton about Charlie Bellis, also the piece in your February 10 issue with the information given you by Mr. Barnum. I am Charlie's second cousin and I am familiar with most of his history before he went to California.

In answer to Mr. Tinney: Yes, he is the same Charlie he worked with in the R. O. shop. Charlie was born in a log house between the west end of Christie lake and the Nauvoo school house. His father was Erastus Bellis and his mother was Sarah Burke.

His father and mother separated when he was a small boy and he lived around with different relatives until he was old enough to work for his board. He stayed with his grandmother, Mrs. Uriah Townsend, near the Wall Greenman farm near Christie lake for several years. I believe he attended school at the Nesbitt mill school and also at the Lee school at different times. Later he stayed with the late Dr. Baker, taking care of his horses and the yard while he attended the Decatur school for a year or so.

Later he worked on various farms as a farm hand and came to Dowagiac about 1880 or '81 and worked for Mr. Strowbridge who was a [illegible]

I will gladly verify Earl Tinney's question as to Charlie's work in the Round Oak shops at Dowagiac. He told me he was an apprentice at that time and besides he polished the legs of the stoves, also polished the "Round Oak" sign on the door and we had one with us for a long time, but in moving around it was lost.

Yes, his wife was sick and he said nights he would take her in his arms and walk the floor with her to rest her, for she was so thin.

Charlie always had a sweet memory of her and I have seen him cry many times. Of course Blanche looks like her and that has kept a living memory of her.

I think Charlie has had a hard life. He took it on the chin and got all the happiness out of life he could. His thoughts were always for others. The last words he said when his breath was getting shorter was, "and how are you resting, dear?"

He was a good husband and "dad" and both of us think of so many things we could have done for him. But I wonder if that is human nature. Both of us miss him so much.

Respectfully,
Mrs. Bellis.

P. S.—I think Gene Bellis was a daughter of Alva Bellis (brother of

Charlie's father). She died quite young. Chauncey Bellis should know who she was. I wish these questions had been asked before, for Charlie would have enjoyed answering them. I think Charlie left the R. O. shop the fall of 1901 and he and High Steadman and Orrin Olmstead and a bunch of men went to North Dakota to work in the harvest fields, and to get emery dust out of their systems. That fall I met him and we were married December 27, 1903, just 34 years ago.

He enjoyed this Christmas so much and all Christmas cards from friends, especially so the one from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stapleton which he wanted to answer but his hands were swollen and he was too tired to write.

Mr. Moulton, if you care to print this letter it may be of interest to others and you may arrange it all together, for I have written it as things came to my mind.

If you print it, also Chauncey Bellis' answer will you send me a copy. Mrs. B.

ARBA IS CURIOUS, SO LET'S TELL HIM

Chicago, August 9, 1938.
EPISODE 10

My dear Arba:

Impersonal and far-off incidents, though of great general importance, seldom make lasting impressions on the youth of the land, and I might well include most of the grownups, but some of the things we actually see and hear, though of slight personal importance, are truly unforgettable.

While I have the haziest recollection of the great Chicago fire of my boyhood days, a happening at about that same period is still vividly fresh in memory—in fact unerasable. My brother and I had been sent to the small general store shortly after dark to make a purchase of some minor article for mother, and while we were still there a stranger entered and asked to be shown the best revolver in the store, which was handed him. He inquired if it was always sure-fire, etc. He then asked permission to step out through the back door to try it. Boy-like we followed him out, to our great horror. He first aimed the revolver high in the air, and without saying a word, quickly lowered the muzzle to his right temple and fired, soon filling an unknown's grave.

Another unforgetable boyhood incident occurred about four o'clock one Sunday afternoon, when suddenly the sky darkened, and father and mother barely had time to close the doors and windows and rush three crying children down into the cellar, before the cyclone demolished the Catholic church nearby, carried away part of our barn and did much damage generally. If you survive one cyclone you'll always hope to escape another.

While sitting beneath the shade of the cherry trees in our front yard, I heard a locomotive on an east bound train, which was fast approaching town on the steep down-grade, whistle repeatedly for "brakes," which was before the air-brake had been discovered and trains were not easily or quickly stopped when going at high speed, and shortly I saw the locomotive crash into the caboose of another train and hurl it down a steep embankment a short distance east of the station. 'Twas sort of a pioneer movie thriller.

A quite unusual incident occurred to me while coasting down a very steep hill, when a cow darted out of an alley in front of me and I belly-buster shot between her legs without sustaining a scratch.

These and many other incidents occurred while still awaiting the day when I should say good-bye forever to those happy days of youth.

Of course I did not escape being sent out with a handful of salt to sprinkle on the tails of the snowbirds so I could easily catch them, nor did I learn about Santa Claus and the stork until long after I should have known better. It would seem that the young of today are much "wiser" about certain things than were the boys and girls of my day, but I often wonder if they are any better off due thereto.

However, "The March of Time" gradually added to my youthful knowledge and then came

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

When I was young and still in school,
I had great expectations;
But like some other lads I knew,
I loathed examinations.

A cowboy first I longed to be,
While Jack would be a teacher;
And Dick would be a circus clown,
And Tim would be a preacher.

'Twas Lily White, with big brown eyes,
Who caused most hearts to flutter;
But after years of spinsterhood,
Wed "Red," who e'er did stutter.

While Hazel Jones, with freckles brown,
And hair quite red and fiery;
Turned out to be a little peach,
With beaux to fill her diary.

The boy who would a teacher be,
Is in the circus clowning;
While Dick, who longed to be a clown,
Is now the Bishop Downing.

Instead of preaching day by day,
Tim daily plays the ponies;
While I find time to read and write,
And play poor golf with cronies.

It now seems plain most early dreams
Are due to lack of learning;
For things I longed for in my youth
Long since I ceased all yearning.

Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

FLETCHER CONEY

(It is a pleasure to receive and print this letter from Mrs. Elma Shockley Bagley, and to learn something more definite about one of the first graduates of the Decatur public school. Mrs. Bagley was a graduate of the class of 1877. She has been an invalid and confined to her bed for some time, but her mind is a clear as in the days of her prime. She is at the home of her sister, Mrs. Jont. Goble, on Wheeler street, but will return to her own home on West Delaware street if she can find a woman to be her housekeeper. Mrs. Bagley is one of the oldest living residents of the village and we hope she will write more reminiscences for the Republican.)

Decatur, August 4, 1938.

Friend Arba:—

In a recent issue of the Republican, speaking of the murder of the Kalamazoo druggist you said his wife was a daughter of Fletcher Coney, but as yet you had found no one who remembered Mr. Coney.

Now I distinctly remember him for he, with two other young men, boarded with our folks while attending the Decatur High school. Fletcher was a quiet, inoffensive fellow. He paid his way through school by being janitor for the building.

Then there was a bell in a belfry on the roof. The bell had to be rung three times in the morning and three times at noon, besides ringing to tell the pupils when they could go out for recess and when to come in. The building was heated with wood stoves which had to be looked after quite often.

Wonder when the poor boy got any time to study, but he did, and graduated with the class of 1869.

Our folks moved from Volinia to Decatur into the house where Walter Brown now lives on Wheeler street.

One night we heard sleigh bells going back and forth past the house. They were coming to our house and thought that couldn't be the place because there were so many boys there.

Finally they ventured up closer and peeked into the window and saw our folks sitting there. Then they decided that was the house and rapped, then the boys jumped up and made for the stair door. Only Fletcher was successful, and he, not thinking, pulled the door to, thus leaving the others, Frank Witter and Charlie Fulton, in the lurch. Charlie was right at home because the intruders came from his neighborhood, but Frank had to grin and bear it.

Fletcher had one brother, Charley, and one sister, Clara.

I think the Coneys lived about 1½ miles from the Chadwick mill, when we lived on another road. Saturday I could go to play with Clara for an hour, mother said. I not knowing any better, thought if I ran and got there sooner I could play longer, not knowing that it meant one hour from the time I reached there. We both went to school at the Nauvoo red school house.

After Fletcher was married we lost trace of him, although I heard once he lived at Allegan, and that it was his sister Clara and husband who had the hospital at Allegan.

Elma Bagley.

KEELER HOMESTEAD RECALLS EARLY HISTORY OF VAN BUREN COUNTY

Lone relic of the days when as many as twenty stage coaches daily rumbled over Territorial road through Keeler township, still one of the most scenic highways in all southwestern Michigan, historic Elkhorn Tavern stands on the farm of Supervisor T. J. (Ted) Rosevelt, two and one-half miles east of Keeler village.

It is a tenant house now, its frame of hewn oak timbers standing as plumb and foursquare as when it was erected 102 years ago.

A leanto that formed the tavern kitchen and the dining room where fatigued travelers refreshed themselves has been moved back and is a tool shed now. The old stage barn, where horses weary after the first lap of the stage coach run from St. Joseph were stabled and fresh horses were harnessed for the dash to Paw Paw, is still the horse barn on the Rosevelt place. Both are built of the same heavy timbers, laboriously hewed by hand long before sawmills began eating into Keeler's virgin forests.

The spreading antlers of an elk, which hung above the tavern door as the insignia of Elkhorn Tavern, still repose in the attic of the Rosevelt home.

Many dignitaries of the period passed beneath those elk horns to gain the hospitable shelter of the tavern. Among them was Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, famed in American history as the senatorial and presidential opponent of Abraham Lincoln.

Upon the only occasion that he is known to have been a guest there, Douglas scratched his signature upon a tavern window pane with his diamond ring. For half a century that signature was pointed to as proof that the country's celebrities once traveled by stage coach, but years ago some vandal stole the window pane and the most prized relic of Elkhorn Tavern was lost.

The tavern was built in 1836 by Wolcott H. Keeler, who arrived in Keeler from New York on June 20, 1835. It is conceded that John and James Nesbitt, natives of Ireland, were the first white settlers in Keeler in 1834, but there is an old feud as to whether Keeler or Tobias Byers, a Pennsylvanian, came next. Records in the land office at Bronson (now Kalamazoo) indicate that the honor belonged to Byers by at least a week's margin.

Keeler bought 40 acres of land from the Nesbitts, who had just homesteaded a large tract, for $5 per acre. Going to the Bronson land office he "located" 440 acres more at "10 shillings" per acre.

In 1835 John Allen of Brush Creek (now Lawrence) took a contract for carrying the mails from Lawrence to St. Joseph and established a stage coach route. The stage route, a sandy trail, was then being opened as Territorial Road from St. Joseph to Keeler. Allen built a road from Reynolds' tavern on the east line of Lawrence township near Lake George to Brush Creek and from there to Keeler, meeting the Territorial road blazers from St. Joe near the subsequent site of Elkhorn Tavern.

Taking advantage of the promised development in transportation, Keeler built his tavern. Lafayette township then comprised practically all of Van Buren county. Planning "secession" and the formation of a township of their own, the early settlers of Keeler, Hartford, Lawrence and Hamilton gathered at Keeler's place for a rump "town meetin'." At the conclusion of their deliberations they held a "raisin'" and put up the frame for the tavern.

Their "secession" meeting bore fruit. The following year the legislature divided Lafayette into seven townships, and Keeler and Hamilton were set aside as Covington township.

In 1839 Covington was divided into Hamilton and Keeler townships and Hartford was taken from Lawrence and made a part of Keeler. Twenty-nine men attended the first Keeler town meeting in 1839, and three Hartford men, B. A. Olney, Thomas Conkline and R. B. Everett were elected to town offices. Keeler men elected to other offices were James Hill, first supervisor; E. H. Keeler, Lyman G. Hill, B. F. Chadwick, W. H. Keeler and Tobias Byers. Hartford was set aside from Keeler township in 1840, four years after Elkhorn Tavern was erected.

To Wolcott H. Keeler the tavern was the nucleus around which a village was to be built. He opened a store and platted the present Rosevelt

farm into Keelerville—which proved to be only another paper town.

A few bodies were buried in the cemetery plat he set aside, but these were moved a few years later to the present Keeler cemetery when Keeler Center sprang up and proved the more popular town site.

But Landlord Keeler continued to run his tavern and cater to travelers. As many as ten stage coaches each way a day ran over the route and guests were plentiful, while his tavern was one of the most popular on the route.

In 1850 a young man, just 21 and who had come into possession of an inheritance, stopped off a stage coach to spend the night at Elkhorn Tavern. He was John Rosevelt, from New York, en route to Illinois. The young man bore news from the east and he and Keeler spent the night visiting.

By that time the Michigan Central railroad had been extended from Kalamazoo to Niles, and stage coaches and travelers were growing few. Tavern trade was falling off. Young Rosevelt learned that Keeler wanted to sell, and before daylight he used his inheritance to buy Elkhorn Tavern and Keeler's 430 acres of land.

Rosevelt was not interested in tavern keeping. He wanted to farm and began clearing the land, which was among the most fertile in the township and is still rated as one of Keeler's finest farms.

Young Rosevelt endured all the hardships of a pioneer farmer, but by the time the Civil war opened his land was largely under cultivation. Then prices began to soar. Wheat raced up to $3.50 per bushel, and Rosevelt had broad wheat fields.

By the time the post-war boom began to wane John Rosevelt had $20,000 in the bank and all debts paid. In 1888 he set about the building of a house for his family, which was to be the finest roundabout. It was to be of brick and of mansion proportions.

When the house was finished his fortune of $20,000 laboriously accumulated in the greenbacks of that period was gone. It is a family tradition that he never saw $20,000 in surplus funds again.

But the brick house still stands as one of the show places of Keeler, and is known as one of the most hospitable homes in the countryside.

"Ted" Rosevelt, present supervisor of Keeler township, is the third Rosevelt to operate the place. His father, the late Charles Rosevelt, inherited it from his father, John Rosevelt. This youth of 21 with inherited money in his pocket with which he intended to buy a slice of the rich Illinois prairies, but stopped to spend the night at Elkhorn Tavern and remained there for the rest of his life.

The Keelers gradually drifted away from Keeler—but the township continues to bear the name of that hardy adventurer who chose a site on the then new Territorial road stage coach route and built a tavern that still stands.

On June 20, 1935, one hundred years to a day after the arrival of her grandfather, Wolcott H. Keeler, upon the site of what he platted as Keelerville, Mrs. Charles Palmer of St. Charles, Iowa, came to visit the old tavern and the Rosevelt home—a centennial commemoration of the important part her ancestors played in the founding of Keeler.

MATTAWAN WAS VAN BUREN COUNTY'S EARLIEST AND 'WILDEST' RAILROAD TOWN

Early Days of Railroads In Southern Michigan

"RUNNING CARS" PERILOUS WORK IN PIONEER DAYS

"One of the early stations along the Michigan Central was erected at Mattawan in 1847, according to Martin F. Ryan of Marshall, formerly of Mattawan, in "Early Days of Railroading in Southern Michigan."

Recalling that old Mattawan station, which was eventually destroyed by fire about 1896, Mr. Ryan writes:

"A grain elevator was installed in the upper story in 1878 with a long bridge for teams and wagons to reach the upper story from the highway.

"The old station, known in railway vernacular of the time as Ranch No. 10, was a notable school for turning out new telegraph operators. In fact it was designated by the mature and experienced as a 'ham factory.' Looking backward, one finds the names of the agents such as Buck, Eaton, Depue, Oviatt, Payne, and Fitch. Among a few of the operators who graduated we recall the names of Atwater, Frank Fitch, Will Bedell, Labadie, Keen, Tillou, Frank Eaton, M. F. (Jack) Ryan, John Ryan, Edward Bon Foey, John Malloy and Lew Malloy. Most of these have passed on to another life. Mattawan also produced many early trainmen—the Wimples, Reynolds, Roger and Edw. Ryan and many others.

Those early pioneers passed many pleasant hours reveling under the wall of old Charity Hall, later destroyed by fire.

It was in 1844, just three years before the Mattawan station was built, that the railroad was extended as far west as Albion, and on July 4 of that year the first train pulled into that town. Mr. Ryan tells about those early days:

"Old strap rails spiked to pine sleepers lying on cross ties," says Ryan, "brought a pocket edition of the modern locomotive to Albion on that day. The wonderful little engine had a pair of small trucks in front with one driver on each side, and a tender which was just large enough to carry a couple cords of wood and a few barrels of water and had no more wheels than a one-horse wagon.

"Locomotives had real names then—the smaller the locomotive, the bigger or more formidable the name. Albion's pioneer locomotive was the 'Rocky Mountain' and its running mate was the 'Storm.'

"The coming of the locomotive put a stop to the weary journeyings of the pioneer with ox team and lumber wagons through the forest to find a home.

Twelve Miles in Forty Minutes

"A train carrying passengers at tariff rates did not arrive in Marshall until December, 1845. The little locomotive with its suggestive name 'Antelope,' with a train of four cars came to a halt. The locomotive took a big drink and plenty of material to smoke. A few passengers got off; more got on who wanted to take a ride on the first passenger train on the railroad. The trip from Albion to Marshall, a distance of 12 miles, was made in 40 minutes. At that time there was no other known means of transportation by which the trip could be made in less than two hours.

"Traveling over this new and novel railroad was not without its dangers.

For instance, when the spikes which held the strap rails got loose, the end of the rail sprang up and was termed a 'snake head.' These at times sprang through the car floor and injured the passengers, who rode in a car similar to a coal car, with boards across for seats. The passengers were kept busy dodging and putting out sparks from the engine.

"Some of the locomotives did wonderful running in the fifties, especially if they were behind their scheduled running time. George Lattimer with the 'Challenge' went from Albion to Detroit, a distance of 95 miles, in three hundred minutes, stopping at Jackson and Ann Arbor.

Running by Time Card

"At this time the Michigan Central did not use the telegraph to move its trains. All moved by authority of a time card, printed on cardboard. One passenger train each day was the schedule between Detroit and Chicago after the rails had been completed to the latter point. It took a freight train three days to make the run. These trains stopped over night at Marshall and one night at Michigan City, and their running time was 14 miles per hour. In 1869 there were about 80 engineers in active service.

"The Michigan Central roundhouse where engines were stalled and kept in repair, was located at Marshall during the early days of the road, and Marshall was a terminal where trains were made up for local service. A big passenger station was built here in 1854. In addition to the passenger facilities it was equipped with hotel and dining room accommodations, about 40 people being employed.

In 1848 the first telegraph line was established by the Erie & Michigan Telegraph Co. Wells & Co. was the first express company.

The Coming of Emigrants

"Following the completion of the road to Chicago, rapid strides in the settlement of the wilderness through which the rails penetrated were noticeable. At this time emigration from Europe was reaching its height, and train after train of emigrants passed over the road. These emigrants settled along the line of the rails, some obtaining employment with the railroad, others starting small business enterprises and taking up the land. Consequently community centers were soon settled, some of these growing to large cities in the course of time. It was the dream of the builder of the road, one James F. Joy, who visioned a great railway system, centering in Detroit and reaching on one side to Buffalo, on the other to Chicago, thence penetrating the vast productive praries being opened up, that led to the early construction of the line.

The Great Conspiracy

"In 1851 there developed what was known as a great railway conspiracy which caused the railroad no end of trouble. As the strap-rail gave way to the T-rail and the wobbly roadbed was ballasted, undreamed of speeds were attained by the cars, as trains were called in those days. The train whizzed by spots that heretofore had been regarded as stations. Cattle, wandering onto the right-of-way, no longer had time to escape between the screech of the whistle and the arrival of the cars. As the railroad paid better than butcher prices for the animals killed, the accident toll seemed to mount incredibly.

"By 1849 stock killings had reached such proportions that the officials of the road charged the farmers with either driving their cattle on the right-of-way or permitting them to wander there, and an order was issued saying that the company would only pay one-half the appraised value of any animal killed. This order was inflammatory in its effects, arousing much feeling along the line. Passenger trains were fired on in the night, some derailed, wood piles and small way stations burned, and such a reign of terror inaugurated that the company was compelled to run hand cars or pilot engines ahead of every train passing through the disturbed region after dark. Near Kalamazoo, greasing the rails on a sharp grade caused engineers much grief. Finally the nucleus of the first railroad detective system was put at work and on April 19, 1851, warrants were issued for 37 persons. A special train was sent out at night and 36 were arrested and taken to Detroit.

A Trial Lasting 89 Days

"Before Judge Warner Wing there began May 29, 1851, the most famous criminal trial in the history of the state up to that time, and one that in the point of number of witnesses sworn—more than one thousand—constituted a record. Many leading newspapers were represented at the trial and many prominent lawyers employed. Wm. H. Seward, rated one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the country, was employed as chief counsel for the men arrested. The trial lasted 89 days, during which time one man died suddenly in jail. In so far as the fate of the 36 men mentioned in this story is concerned, twelve of the accused were convicted with sentences ranging from five to ten years. All the men were later pardoned when Kinsley S. Bingham acquired the governship in 1855. It was thus that the great railway conspiracy was ended and the officers were able to carry on the work of railroad construction in all its phases, including the expansion of the sidetrack facilities, the building of stations and adequate fencing for the protection of livestock.

"The Michigan Central built its first telegraph line in 1856 under the supervision of D. Wilmot Smith as superintendent and M. D. Woodford as chief dispatcher. This greatly facilitated the handling of the trains at other than the regular time card points, under which the card rules required a train to wait 30 minutes for a delayed train and then flag ahead until the approaching train was located.

"In Marshall there is an historic spot on the station grounds where, under an old elm tree, now gone, the great organizatiaon of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was born."

OIL, OIL, OIL!

Mr. Moulton,—

I see by the papers that they are going to drill again for oil in Allegan, that is west of Allegan.

Well, I and a friend of mine from Kalamazoo had a friend living in Allegan, that is west of Allegan. That was 46 years ago this month, the first year after I came out of the lumber camp. I and my friend from Kalamazoo went down there on a visit to a man by the name of Oosterman, whose farm was just east of the farm where they had been drilling.

This land was I think one or two miles west of Allegan. I know we went up a good sized sand hill before we got there. It was a grand place. Stumps, all pine stumps, miles of them. They didn't have any wire or rail fences then, just pine stump fences, their backs next to the road but piled tight together. They made good fences.

This was on the south side of the road. On the north side next to the road was sandy land also but sloping further north. The land of Mr. Oosterman ran up to the Kalamazoo river. So when we got there we had a good visit.

Mr. Oosterman was one of our good neighbors in the old country. We lived on the same street there, but he came to this country ten years before I did.

The next morning after we got to his farm in Allegan he took us over the place, and going down north from his house we went to the back of his field towards the Kalamazoo river. On the slope a little way from the river stood the old derrick. It looked to me like a windmill but he explained to us that it was a derrick and that they had been drilling there for oil. They had found some but not enough to pay to pump it, so they pulled up and left, and that was 5 or 6 years before we got there.

Now I see by the papers that they are going to drill again a little way from there, and I am glad to hear it.

Our engineers now days have got a different way to bring in the oil. In those days if the oil did not come right away when they got into pay sand they gave up. They put in nitroglycerine and blowed it, but oil men now claim that sometimes that will not work. Now they pour in some acid that eats open the pores and lets in the oil, if there is any at all.

Some one will be drilling here again before long. They got a showing in every well here and some one is going to find the pool. So if you have not the money to put down a well lease your land by all means.

Neal King.

EARLY CORWIN DAYS

By Edwin McGowan.

(Continued from last week.)

Lawrence, March 8, 1938.

To the Republican,—

My father and older brother used to cradle and bind wheat for Uncle Sol and Roy Abbott year after year. Uncle lived to be real aged and at the last sort of lost his mind. He would slip away from the house with only his slippers on and wander down the road a mile sometimes before Roy or the neighbors would catch up with him. It would be hard to get him to turn around and go home because he thought he was on his way home.

Wess Abbott owned a big farm and house, and had one daughter, Helen. My father and older brother worked many a day cutting grass with a scythe, and cradling and binding wheat for him.

Ed. Klett is now the owner of that beautiful farm and home. Ed. was my school mate for 4 months when I went to the Keeler school.

I will now tell how near Mr. and Mrs. Wess. Abbott came to being the foster parents of my sister Ida. The Abbotts wished to adopt a little baby as their daughter Helen was now about 20 years old and likely soon to be married and go for herself.

They wanted a baby then to share their joy and happiness, their fine home and fast growing wealth.

My father and mother had a large family and not much of this world's goods besides a log cabin full of kids.

It seems mother had promised Mrs. Abbott she could have a chance to adopt the next baby which she was expecting soon. Mother thought the baby would have a lovely home and parents with means to give it all the opportunities that wealth could give, as they were friends and near neighbors she could see it often.

When the baby arrived mother was paralyzed. She could neither talk, walk nor move her body. Sister Rosetta came home from her place of work and took care of mother and the baby. In a few weeks the baby had wriggled her way into sister Rosetta's heart, and the attachment was so strong it would take an earthquake to shake it loose.

When the baby was a few weeks old Mr. and Mrs. Wess Abbott drove up to our cabin with their nice team and shiny buggy. They had robes, blankets, shawls, a cloak and little dresses and expected to take the baby home with them.

Mother had now changed her mind and did not wish to give the baby away, but she could not talk to say so. She and the family had a code by which she could say yes and no. If she wished to answer yes to a question she could nod her head slightly, if no she could shake her head slightly.

This did not always work for the muscles of mother's neck would sometimes play a trick on her and cause her head to nod when she wanted it to shake.

So when the Abbotts and father and sister Rosetta gathered around mother's bed and asked her if she still wished to give the baby away, the muscles in her neck played the trick by nodding her head for yes instead of shaking it for no. There were smiles of joy in the Abbotts' faces at this, but they were of short duration for sister Rosetta sprang up like a wild cat. She snatched the baby up in her arms and stamped her foot on the floor so hard it caused some of the chinking to fall from between the logs of the cabin, and she said, "You shall not take the baby, I will take care of it and keep it myself."

The Abbotts left without the baby, but they were deeply disappointed and never really got over it, and Rosetta felt they were never quite the same to her.

Guess I was jealous of my baby sister at first. You could hardly blame a baby boy for being jealous after he had been the baby and pet of the family for over two years. And then to make bad matters worse, every time friends or relatives or neighbors came to the log cabin and saw the baby they would throw up their hands and say, "What a sweet, pretty, chubby blond blue-eyed baby," and they would take it up and shower it with kisses.

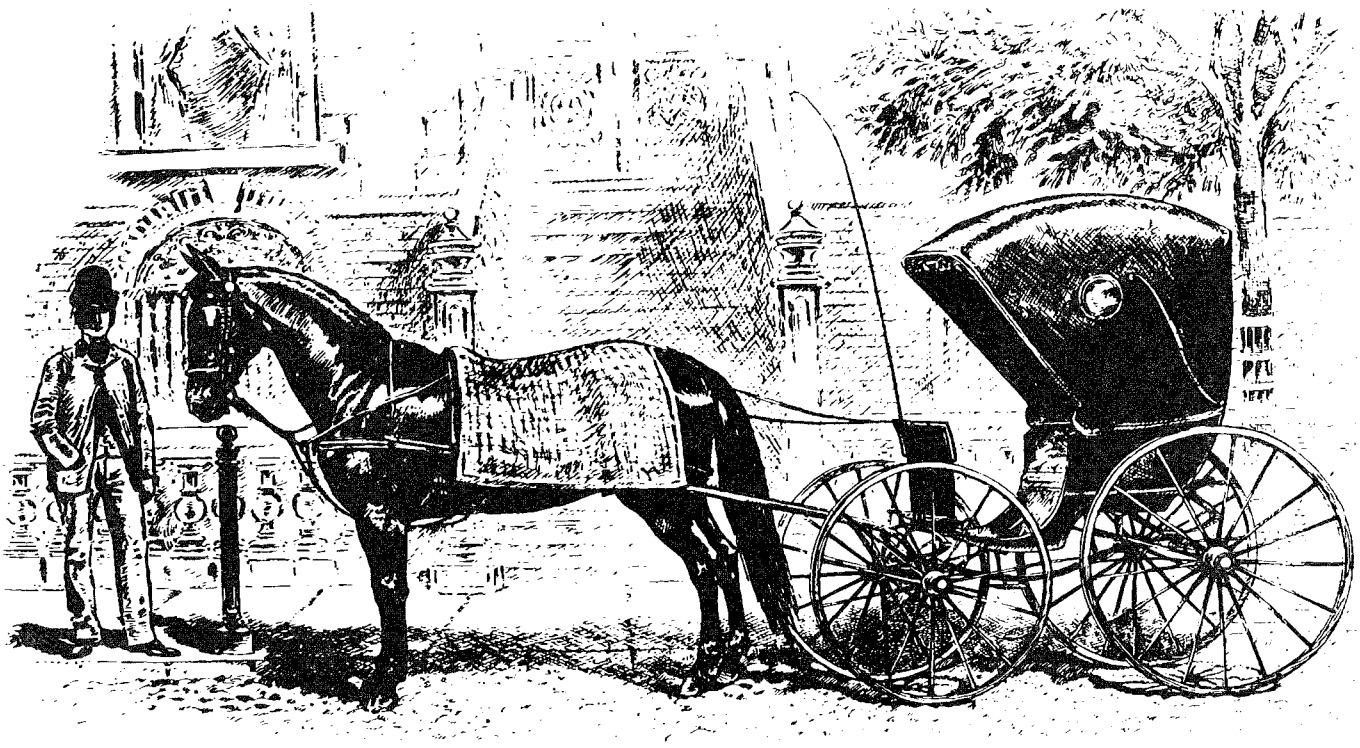
I knew enough to know that my nose was broken and I was not 'it' any more. I retreated to a corner and pouted and wished those folks that wanted the baby had taken it away. I did not know that boys were not supposed to be pretty and be kissed.

But I soon got over my spell, the baby and I became real pals and continued so even after sister Ida became sweet sixteen. It was then I thanked sister Rosetta for putting her foot down hard and saving her to us.

We passed many happy hours at the organ, playing and singing together, and when there was a party on and I failed to get a girl to go with me, I was sure of sister Ida, and she never failed me. There was no better or sweeter girl in the woods around Corwin, than she.

All for this time.

Edwin McGowan
1938



THIS WEEK

Officer Lou Taylor, under orders of the village council, is doing a good job of marking the village streets. He is using square posts that stand about 4 feet above the ground. They are dipped in creosote, painted white and lettered. It will take about 90 posts to do the job and the total cost will be about a dollar each.

Howard Graham is doing a nice job of lettering. A difference of opinion arose over the correct name of one of the important streets. The letterer made it St. Marys street an old timer said it should be St. Mary street, and our opinion was that the correct name is St. Mary's street.

According to the official map of 1875 it is St. Mary street, according to the official map of 1905 it is St. Marys street.

The street was probably named for Mary, the mother of Jesus, often called the Blessed Virgin Mary or Saint Mary. It is not likely that the name was of Catholic origin as in the early years of the village the Catholic church was located on that street.

"Isn't it strange how princes and kings,
And clowns that gather in sawdust rings,
And Fifth folks like you and me,
Are builders of eternity?

Dear Friend Arba,—

We were down to Long Beach about a month ago and spent several days with Mary Dyer Worth, and also called on Conde Upton and his sisters. We decided to issue an invitation to you and Sela to come out to California next summer to visit the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco, and also as many Decatur people as you could, so I am writing to you to invite you to come. You seem-

[illegible] in a magazine several years ago, as follows:—

THE TENDERFOOT FOLK

Have you heard of the funny old tenderfoot folk
From [illegible] over the lake and the sea?
Their [illegible] are white and their cheeks rosy red,
And they're always as green as can be.

When they climb up the mountains
[illegible] feet are so sore
That they call for a "burro" to ride,
And pick [illegible] each prickly pear
Which grows [illegible] mountain side.

They drive [illegible] country with eyes [illegible]
[illegible] all that they
[illegible]
And [illegible] and coin and riches
[illegible]
And [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] a-sleep,
[illegible] Fit
[illegible]
[illegible] Life,
[illegible] the ten-
[illegible]
When [illegible] to school too.

[illegible]
Louis D. Dwight.

AN INVITATION

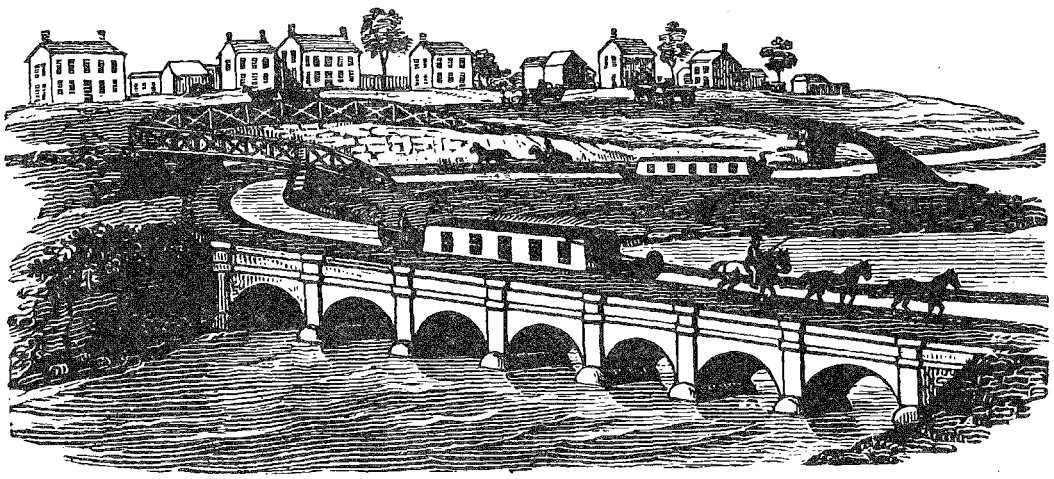
(Here is a letter that quite overwhelmed us. We have had a keen desire for years to make the great western trip and our brother Will in Seattle has given us a standing invitation to see his part of the Pacific coast, but here is something definite as to time and place in California and among friends that date back to the days when we first toddled to school and Ida Trowbridge, our kindergarten teacher, lifted us into our seats.

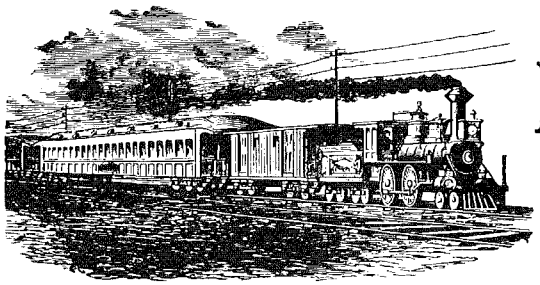
Somewhere among our souvenirs there is a picture of the pupils of that room. It was taken so long ago that our teacher, even in her angel form, would frown if we should tell the date. Miss Trowbridge stood at the side and the four small boys named in the letter following: Leslie, Conde, Sela and ourself, composed the front row. Now two of us are here and two in southern California, and the invitation is out for us all to be together again next year.

Sela has already begun working out the route and by the time winter sets in he will have every town, every stopping place, every scenic attraction and every detour along the route of the long highway set down on paper. Yes, and he will have a complete schedule of each day's travel which we will keep to the number

[illegible]
now and the cause of [illegible] but all continues to go well with the four of us a great reunion may be held under one of [illegible] trees of the Yosemite Valley next summer. We thank you, Leslie, and your sister for such a good one that we cannot refrain from passing it on to all of our friends.)

Clovis, Calif.,
Sept. 4, 1938.





Railroad History

When the End of the Road Was at Ypsilanti

The Republican Is Indebted to W. H. Howland for This Story of a Century and a Year Ago. His Letter of Explanation Follows:

Jackson, Michigan.

Dear Arba:

I copied this story of the first passenger train west out of Detroit from an Ypsilanti paper. I neglected to get the name and date of issue, but I can get it.

I copied it one year ago, the date of the first train from Detroit to Ypsilanti was February 3, 1838.

And the first train to arrive at Kalamazoo was Sunday 10:30 a. m., February 1, 1846. Over the old strap rail, the name of the engineer was Chester Danforth and the name of the engine was St. Joseph.

Mr. Danforth was born in Vermont August 22, 1822, and came to Michigan with his parents in 1834, settling at Detroit. Later he became an engineer on the road, and was on board the first train ever entering Chicago over that line. He died November 7, 1907. His wife died in 1903. In 1875 he was running the Shiawassee No. 155 on the Saginaw division.

If you can make a story out of the whole thing combined, all well and good, but if there is anything you do not understand lay the papers to one side and the first time I am in town I'll call. W. H. Howland.

(Later)

(Ypsilanti Daily Press.) "Centennial issue dated February 3, 1938."

Mr. Chester Danforth was in no way connected with the first train.

One hundred years ago Ypsilanti was in the public eye and the public prints. Local and national history was being made here. The first train ever to run into the city was making its initial trip February 3, 1838, over the state-owned railroad. Incidentally, it was the longest run to date ever made by a train in Michigan and marked Ypsilanti as the most remote rail terminus in the state. Ypsilanti is doing little today to commemorate the centennial of that epoch-making event, except to note the anniversary. But on February 3, 1838, according to existing reasonably abundant and likely reliable accounts of the event, Ypsilanti was in considerable of a modern dither over the affair. Days had been given to preparing for the occasion, a public holiday had been declared, and all state officials and the state's leading personages had been invited to participate or attend. A public feast, and rumor has it, abundant other refreshments, were ready to welcome and warm the hardy souls who dared that adventure of a 30 mile trip from Detroit.

Heroic Efforts Back of Event

Back of the arrival of Ypsilanti's first train were the heroic attempts of Michigan pioneers to make their state the equal of the world in transportation matters; some of the first failures of private railroad enterprise and history's first instance of government ownership of railroads. Trains had been operating for several years in Michigan and other railroad lines were either functioning or soon to be operating when Ypsilanti heard its first railroad locomotive whistle.

Five railroads were in existence or in prospect—the Erie and Kalamazoo had been operating since November 2, 1836, when it ran its first train, a horse-drawn affair, from Toledo to Adrian, and in the summer of 1837 put into service the first locomotive west of the Allegheny mountains. It was this line that gave Michigan the distinction of possessing the first railroad west of the Atlantic sea coast. Previously, in 1833, the Detroit & Pontiac railroad had received the first railroad charter in Michigan, but had not yet begun construction. The Detroit & St. Joseph had built tracks from Detroit to Dearbornville, now Dearborn, as the first steps of its ambitious dream to have its western terminus at St. Joseph on Lake Michigan, and was preparing to extend its line to Ypsilanti. Daily train service to Dearborn was already in prospect. Financial and other difficulties, however, were making the progress of this road so unsatisfactory and defering activities on other ambitious railroad dreams that public clamor and civic ambition thrust the state under Stephen T. Mason, its first governor, into the most ambitious of public ownership enterprises of contemporary times, since becoming known as a program of internal improvements. This called for the construction of three railroads and the digging of canals that were to criss-cross the state. The three railroads were to be known as the Northern, running from what is now Port Huron to the navigable waters of the Grand river, somewhere between Grand Rapids and Holland; the Central, which involved the purchase of the existing Detroit & St. Joheph, running from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph river, and the Southern, commencing from the mouth of the River Raisin, near Monroe, to New Buffalo in Berrien county, south of Benton Harbor, Progress was greatest on the Central route, being the work under process of construction by the Detroit & St. Joseph company and the greater portion of the state's energy was centered upon this road.

Had Right of Way Through Forest

When the state took over the Detroit & St. Joseph the company had a right of way 100 feet wide cleared through the forest as far as Ypsilanti, and from Detroit, westward approximately 13 miles of roadbed graded after the fashion of railroads of the period. By January 1, 1838, the work had progressed to the point that a depot had been established on the Campus Martius, in Detroit, on the site of the present Detroit City hall. Cars were running regularly to Dearborn and Ypsilanti had been promised service early in February. When the line finally did reach Ypsilanti, at Honey Creek, it represented a total expenditure of $298,056.23. Out of Detroit the railroad ran along what is now Michigan avenue in the city. Outside the city and more grenerally between Dearborn and Ypsilanti, the builders, because of the damp springy nature of the terrain they had to traverse, ran into construction difficulties. Surmounting them involved a novel plan of construction, known to them as the "block system." It would hardly be adaptable to the uses of modern railroads with their fast, heavy trains, but it was considered an engineering achievement and was copied throughout the country. Construction of the Central line, histories indicate, became the great project of the period, and the men prosecuting it appear to have been efficient, aggressive and thorough. To be ready for the inauguration of traffic, they had purchased in Troy, N. Y., two passenger coaches not unlike the old stage coaches, and each carrying 24 passengers. These reached Detroit just before the close of navigation and were transferred to the state's railway yard near the capitol in Detroit, (the present Capitol park, formed by the junction of Griswold and Shelby streets), and the public awaited the days when they might enjoy the luxury of travel the coaches seemed to promise. But anticipation changed to disappointment when the sheriff of Monroe, armed with a writ of replevin, seized the cars requested by the Riven Raisin & Lake Erie Railroad Co., who made claim that they had been first purchased by that company and privately marked for it before the sale to the state. What ever the result of the legal proceedings, the cars were lost for the opening of the road; but undaunted the authorities soon had John G. Hays, a Detroit craftsman, at work on a new car which was soon completed. The car was christened the "Governor Mason," had a capacity of 36 persons, and in elegance and equipment apparently equaled those seized by the Monroe sheriff.

First Passenger Train Makes Trip

On Saturday, February 3, 1838, the first passenger train made its initial

trip from Detroit to Ypsilanti. It was an event of more than ordinary importance, and as stated, was celebrated with befitting pomp and ceremony. On the morning of the day most of Detroit's population turned out to witness the train's departure. It consisted of the crude little locomotive, with the cord wood piled high upon the tender; the "Governor Mason," then three cars of lesser elegance and three rough cars that had been improvised for the occasion.The governor and state officers were granted the distinguished honor pf passage at the head of the train, after them the members of the legislature, then the Brady Guards, for years Michigan's most famous and georgeous military organization, and distinguished citizens. The only existing description of the locomotive is that its whistle made a sound that was "about halfway between a grunt and a groan."

Three Hours Needed for First Journey

Three hours later the train clugged into Ypsilanti, through it was the boast of the newspapers afterwards that the train was capable of the astounding speed of 15 miles per hour. At Ypsilanti every inhabitant and his brother appeared to have been on hand, and settlers from distant points had driven in to see the modern miracle; and to join in the hearty and perhaps boisterous welcome. It seems to have been an unstinted one. One account of the trip and arrival is given by Alpheus Felch, evidently at that time connected with the railroad enterprise, and later a member of the internal improvements commission, governor and United States Senator. In his account of the journey he recorded that the party "proceeded to Ypsilanti very pleasantly and with little or no interruptions and were received by the citizens of that place with liberal and gratifying hospitality. A public entertainment had been provided and the company sat down to it in right good earnest after their long and chilly ride. After dispatching a hearty and substantial repast, (other records describe it as a dinner for several hundred persons), interchanging kind words and feeling with the citizens and examining the novelties and beauties of the town, the company started upon their return."

Address Peak of Welcome

The peak of the Ypsilanti welcome, aside from the dinner, appears to have been the address by General Van Fossen, who seems to have been a successful promoter not many years removed from the east and already apparenty an outstanding Ypsilantian, and who in 1841 was appointed to the Internal Improvements Commission. After his address he presented an engrossed copy of it to Governor Mason. The manuscript is still in existance. It is owned by Charles T. Hemans of Lansing, regent of the University of Michigan. It is phrased in the exuberant style of the old days, and General Van Fossen, to describe it in 1938 language "went to town" in his remarks. "In viewing the commodious train of cars now before us," he said at one point, "we read the high destiny to which the enterprise of our citizens will conduct us."

Frequent Stops on Return Trip

The return journey was not as successful as the outbound one. It began near mid-afternoon and about midway to Dearborn the "mechanism of the locomotive," as Governor Felch describes it, began to act up, "causing frequent stops. Before that we had been rolling along very comfortably. Then at Dearbornville there came a dead halt." It seems that the boiler sprung a leak. "The engine," according to the Detroit Daily Advertiser of February 6, 1838, "flatly refused all further service for that night. Neither persuasion, coaxing nor coercion could urge forward another inch that most intractible and asinine locomotive. It was left to digest its obstinancy in its own way. Horses were procured, but these stumbled and blundered about the holes and precipices till they well nigh overset the cars. However, no hurt was done, all was at length righted and horses, cars and cargo proceeded on "their way rejoicing." Without further accident, but somewhat late in the evening, the company once more reached their beloved city of Detroit, to the unspeakable joy of wives, children and friends, benumbed with cold yet burning with glory.

Judging from other accounts of the return journey, Governor Felch forgot to record for posterity the fact that some of the adventurers either lost or became disgusted with train-riding and walked to Detroit arriving there in the small morning hours, while the Detroit Advertiser evidently thought it expedient to overlook the hilarious condition of the returning travelers, who had enthusiastically sampled the liquid portions of the Ypsilanti welcoming.

First Passenger Train Out of Detroit February 3, 1838

Ypsilanti was the terminus of the Central for another year when the line reached Ann Arbor in 1839 and, thereafter, Jackson in 1841; Albion in July, 1844, Marshall in August, 1844; Kalamazoo in February, 1846, and in 1855, Chicago.

Four Trips Made in Day

A week after the first train run to Ypsilanti the Detroit Advertiser in its February 13 edition reports that "the cars on the railroad made four trips on Saturday (Feb. 10), between Detroit and Ypsilanti. The space traveled over would make about 120 miles. None but those who have experienced the delays and vexations of the old mode of conveyance can realize the advantages of the new. In the same issue, the railroad advertised that "Notice is hereby given that the railroad cars will leave this city for Ypsilanti at half past 9 o'clock a. m., each day, unless otherwise directed. Passengers are accommodated with cars of a convenient and highly approved construction, propelled by powerful locomotives, Emigrant wagons and freight, merchandise, produce, etc., are transported at lowest rates. Average running time to Ypsilanti about two hours."

By mid-summer of 1838 the railroad evidently was doing good business, as it reported that its rolling stock now consisted of four locomotives, five passenger cars and ten small freight cars, and in the first two years of its operations, according to the general superintendent's annual report of 1849, its annual receipts for ("First passenger train run out of Detroit February 3, 1838, over the Michigan Central railroad, Detroit to Ypsilanti) sources in operating between Detroit and Ypsilanti were $80,000 per year while the expenses during the period were $44,451

"Since the cars commenced running on the Detroit & St. Joseph railroad from Detroit to Ypsilanti, February 3, 1838, to February 25, 1838, the receipts for tolls have averaged $1,000 a week."

Detroit, February 26, 1838.

The City Council adopted a report giving the state permission to construct tracks from the depot at Campus Martius down Woodward avenue to the river, providing no cost shall accrue to the city.

March 12, 1839.

A splendid line of daily post coaches is now running in connection with the Central Railroad from Ypsilanti direct to Chicago. The proprietors flatter themselves that better coaches or better horses cannot be found on any other road of the same extent in the United States. None but civil, sober and experienced drivers are countenanced.

100 years ago, April 16, 1838, receipts from tolls on the Detroit and Ypsilanti Railroad on Thursday amounted to $400 (four hundred dollars).

Early Days of Railroading in Southwestern Michigan

Old Letter Discloses Reasons Why St. Joseph Never Became the Western Terminus of the Michigan Central.

By Dana P. Smith, in Lawton Leader.

In 1837 Michigan was a young and growing territory with Stevens T. Mason the "Boy Governor" at its head. Those were the boom days and from governor down, the people were filled with an enthusiasm to boom Michigan which nothing could discourage. The first venture was to build three railroads about 50 miles apart from Detroit to Lake Michigan. These railroads were not to have or allow any connec-

tions with out-state roads, but were intended wholly for the use and benefit of the people of the state. Michigan was almost a wilderness, but the lack of paying traffic did not deter the boomers, as they figured that the increase of paying traffic would keep pace with the building of the railroad.

To build the proposed railroads the legislature authorized a loan of $5,000,000. Bonds were issued secured by a mortgage upon the resources of the Territory, and were sold to the Morris Canal and Banking Co. of New Jersey for which the Territory never realized more than $2,200,000; but the territory paid the full $5,000,000 in bonds in the end.

The Michigan Central was chartered in 1832 as a territorial project and construction started. By November, 1832, the right of way had been grubbed as far as Ypsilanti and graded as far as where Dearborn now is, about 10 miles. In January, 1838, the road was in operation as far as Dearborn. On Feb. 3, 1839, the first passenger train was run into Ypsilanti. The sincle coach was built in Detroit and named "The Governor Mason." In 1839 the first train arrived in Ann Arbor, and it was not until 1846 that the railroad was built into Kalamazoo.

In the year 1846 the state treasury became empty, the state's credit was gone and the railroad had been so poorly constructed that it was falling to pieces. There was nothing that the state could do but get out of he railroad business. The railroad was accordingly offered for sale.

In New York state, John W. Brooks, a civil engineer who was superintendent of the Syracuse and Rochester railroad (now the Auburn division of the New York Central) heard of the opportunity to purchase the Michigan Central and came to Detroit to investigate. He made a trip over the line to Kalamazoo and returned to Boston where he enlisted capital to purchase the road. He soon came back to Detroit and began negotiations.

The legislature tried to load down the charter to the new owners with all kinds of unreasonable amendments only one of which will serve as a sample of the others. It was that there were never to be any Sunday trains run on the road and that the board of directors must all go to church twice on Sunday.

Finally a deal was consummated at a price of $2,000,000 for what had cost the state $5,000,000, plus interest. For this sum of money the new owners got the 145 miles of track between Detroit and Kalamazoo on which at that time there were but four passenger stations. The cars and engines at that time were valued at $68,000, the largest single item of which was a 12-ton locomotive valued at $4,000. This whole lot of equipment was only about half as valuable as one modern locomotive. Locomotives of those days were feeble affairs, some having only one drive wheel on a side making them very "slippery" in starting a load.

The 145 miles of track was badly laid. From Detroit to Ypsilanti the track was 6 inch square timbers on which strap iron ½ inch thick and 2½ inches wide was spiked. This had been in use eight years and was in bad shape. All of it had to be relaid with T-rails weighing 60 pounds per yard. More locomotives and cars were needed and all of this put a severe financial strain upon the new company.

John M. Forbes was president of the company and Geo. B. Upton, treasurer. Mr. Forbes was a very able financier and had great influence with men of capital, and so was able to keep pace with the growing demands for money to improve the railroad. On Civil Engineer John W. Brooks was laid the responsibility of operating and extending the road, as he was the only experienced railroad man available. Next to improving the track and rolling stock he devoted his attention to extending the line west from Kalamazoo.

The first cars were made in Detroit as there was no railroad connection with the east. The first passenger cars were about 20 feet long with a row of seats along each side facing in and a row of seats along the center, back to back facing out. At first trains were run each way from Detroit and Kalamazoo, starting in the morning. Running at night was looked upon as dangerous.

Much could be written about the history of the railroad between Detroit and Kalamazoo, but space will not permit in this article so we will move along to the extension of the road west of Kalamazoo.

Under the terms by which the company purchased the railroad from the state they were obliged to complete the road to Lake Michigan within three years or pay a forfeit of $25,000 for each year of delay. The charter did not specify at what point on Lake Michigan that they should make their terminal, but it was understood to be St. Joseph, as it was the only good port available at that time and already had a small settlement on the bluff. Then the possibility of an extension south into Indiana or west around the south end of the lake was something to think of. During the last part of 1846 and the first of 1847 Engineer Brooks was busy surveying the line through to St. Joseph and constructing the line west from Kalamazoo.

The towns between Kalamazoo and Niles had not yet come into being. Paw Paw was a hustling pioneer village in the woods and aside from a few lone wayside taverns marked the only settlement on the proposed line. The surveyed line passed through Paw Paw one block south of the present court house, and on west on a generally direct line to St. Joseph. While working west from Paw Paw one of the surveying parties boarded at Wm. Lee's home about three miles southwest of town.

In the meantime grading and track construction was going briskly forward out of Kalamazoo. Modern grading machinery had not come into use earth moving was done with slip scrapers and wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrow work was mostly done by Irishmen lately come to this country. For these hardy men wheelbarrow work was not hard and so expert were they that they could wheel a load of dirt along a single plank trestle 20 feet from the ground without any trouble. East of Mattawan on the old road bed is the remains of one of their camp villages where in the evenings after work the Irish graders held high shindy with their countrymen, in which play with the stick was prominent. Irishmen would fight each other, but no one else could unless he wanted to fight them all.

The spring of 1847 came and with the warm weather rapid progress was made in constructing the railroad westward. The grade was nearly to the Kalamazoo-Van Buren county line. The big cuts east were rapidly being conquered and once out of these, rapid progress would be made across the level country to Paw Paw, which town was already feeling the stimulus to business through having a railroad, and before many weeks they expected to have connections by train with Detroit. Up to the middle of May they had every reason to expect that their dreams would come true. As far as any one knew at that time the railroad would go to Paw Paw and St. Joseph. Little did they know that thirty days would change the whole prospects for the settlement of southwestern Michigan.

A story has been handed down the years that certain prominent men in Paw Paw like I. W. Willard, Peter Gremps, Dr. Andrews and others were to blame for diverting the railroad away from Paw Paw but such is not the case. There are no facts to show that these men or any one in Paw Paw did anything to hinder the railroad in any way. The diversion rested upon an entirely different foundation which the following facts will show.

In May of 1847 President Forbes and his financial backers decided to make a trip to Michigan and see the railroad that they had bought and also look into the matter of extending it west from Kalamazoo. They arrived in Detroit late in May to determine what was needed to put the railroad from Detroit to Kalamazoo in condition and to assure themselves that the extension west was wisely planned. In order to give an idea of the reaction of these

business men to the things they saw on their trip west to Chicago, part of a letter written by President Forbes on their return to Detroit, is quoted.

* * *

June 11, 1847

"We reached Detroit at 1:30 in the night, and landed in the mud; slept an hour or two and had to get up and go to find T. Howe; Brooks, our mainstay, having gone west. We decided to follow and started at eight or so on our own railroad.

"For the first few miles the country was dreary; flat with a good deal of surface water, through forests mostly, but dense and melancholy ones, water under foot and huge decaying trees lying about; the trees generally tall and with no foliage except near the top.

"We found the railroad in a most deplorable condition, the iron broken up often into pieces not a foot long and sometimes only wood for spaces of several feet. In other places short pieces of iron almost athwart-ship, but our protection was in its being so short that no snakeheads could reach the cars. This bad road lasted about 80 miles, the bad country about 30, when we came to a little drier soil and passed through several flourishing villages. Here we began to see the famous oak openings — noble trees just far enough apart to let each take its handsome natural shape, just as a park should be; but sad to tell we seldom saw the openings in their beauty for the trees had generally been girdled and stood naked and dead (some of them dying, having been girdled this year), and fine fields of wheat growing right up to their trunks and fields varying from 20 to 200 acres each; but few flowers to be seen, and the houses far from our New England houses in neatness. At night we reached a dirty tavern at Kalamazoo where the road terminated.

"At Kalamazoo we learned that Brooks had gone to Niles and we resolved to follow him. Arranged to start in a barouch with four horses at 4 a. m. We sat up until 11:30 talking with our engineers whom we sent to get information about our routes, and then turned in. In an hour Brooks arrived and came to my room and after an hour's talk we decided to take him with us and push for the celebrated city of St. Joseph, 56 miles distant. The roads were execrable, full of deep holes and gullies where we had a right to expect a capsize, but the weather was lovely beyond measure and on the whole we enjoyed our drive excepting that, not daring to drink the water, our tongues were parched like fever patients.

"At four o'clock we reached the marsh which surrounds St. Joseph. Figure to yourself a pestilential black mud, quivering and shaking under its own weight, with tufts of grass, rank and uneven, a deep river in the midst and sand banks where the mud ceases. Running up from this was a steep but small bluff extending into the lake, on which the city stands. Two handsome houses built in 1837 and I believe now empty, two large wooden taverns, one now untenanted, and a few other indifferent looking places and some stray houses along the river, complete the picture of this famous city, which had sprung up in a night and withered next day. The only pleasant thing was the view of Lake Michigan, blue like the ocean, and wide.

"We started out to make our observations accompanied by pretty much the whole town, some half dozen people, who took care we should not be alone a moment for fear we should not appreciate fully the beauties of the place. We went over to Uncle Sam Russel's Eden which has a fine map of land laid out into cities and is called North St. Joseph (now Benton Harbor). Nothing would induce me to visit this place again unless I could carry Mr. Russell with me and witness his first interview with his domain.

"We left St. Joseph next morning for Niles—26 miles—and arrived there to dinner. The country dull for 12 miles and then tolerable. Monday morning at 7 we started along the lake shore for Michigan City; a beautiful day, the lake just like the ocean, plenty of deer tracks. Got there at 11 and examined the harbor to our satisfaction and at 2 p. m. embarked on the steamer for Chicago taking leave of Brooks who returned to Detroit. Found Mr. Ogden [Wm. B. Ogden, first mayor of Chicago] on board, a very agreeable man who came to Chicago 12 years ago when it was a wilderness, and now there are 15,000 to 20,000 people there. Arrived at Chicago at 5 p. m.—hotter than Tophet. Established ourselves in an immense hotel and, the pangs of thirst being unbearable, we here broke into lake water astonishingly and happily without bad effects. Mr. Ogden came for us in his carryall and took us to drive about the town. Some of the houses are on the bluff looking out upon the blue lake and it was lovely at sunset beyond imagination."

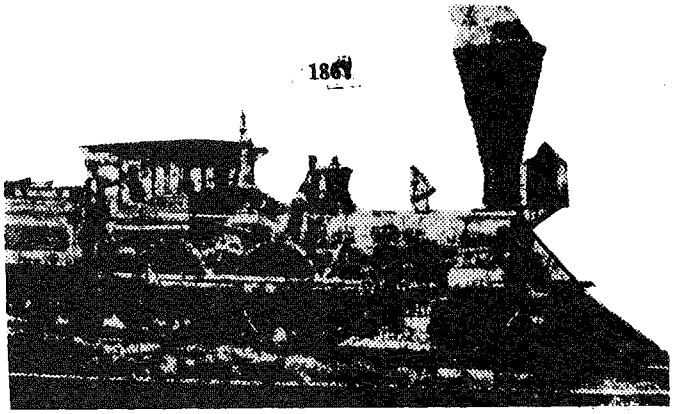
* * *

The railroad magnates had no desire to repeat their strenuous trip back across the state so they took a steamboat back to Detroit around the lakes. Once here they reviwed their impressions of the investigation of the extension west and concluded about as follows: That St. Joseph as a terminal for a railroad across the state was entirely unsuitable for the following reasons. First the surroundings of the town were unsuitable for a large terminal yard. Benton Harbor did not exist. The St. Joseph river curved around the bluff south and entered the lake a little south of where Silver Beach is now and was made dangerous in rough weather by shifting sand bars in the mouth of the river and about it. The town at that time was insignificant and taken altogether their opinion of the place was very unfavorable.

Second if the road terminated at St. Joseph all freight and passenger traffic would have to be transferred to steamboats and in bad weather or in the winter would be subject to ruinous delays as well as expense in handling freight. They resolved to look further. At Chicago they had found a booming, growing city already the metropolis of the west but smaller than Detroit, having a population of more than 10,000. They liked its situation beside the blue water of Lake Michigan. They admired the business enterprise of its citizens. Their trip around the lakes had convinced them that they had nothing to fear from lake shipping as the distance was too great to compete with their railroad. Surely Chicago was the place to terminate their railroad and the decision was so made.

Mayor Odgen of Chicago had showed them ever attention and encouragement even offering to sell them land for a terminal for $1.25 per acre, which they refused and regretted it afterward as they never again were able to secure a terminal on their own land in Chicago.

As soon as the decision to terminate the railroad in Chicago was made, orders were issued accordingly. Engineer-Superintendent Brooks called his surveyors off the Kalamazoo-Paw Paw-St. Joseph line back to where Mattawan is now and started the survey of the new line. They deflected the line to the left and curved around the hill where the old depot stood, thence on a nearly direct line for Niles. Construction followed the survey and Paw Paw was left four miles to the north of the line of the railroad and St. Joseph alone and lonely on its bluff beside the big blue water.



DISMANTLING OF A RAILWAY PIONEER STATION

By Martin F. Ryan.

The Edwards Lumber Company of Battle Creek are at the present time dismantling the Marshall passenger station. The whole structure with the exception of the extreme east end is in the process of dismantling, with salvage of virgin white pine including huge timbers, siding, etc., being carefully separated and piled up in individual allotments, and in this connection many people are coming from distant points to purchase the almost extinct white pine of the pioneer days.

The east end of the station will be preserved and remodeled for the use of a passenger station and a ticket and telegraph office. This section will be lowered considerably from its present height and when finished will present a very attractive appearance as a modern railway station.

The old station was erected in 1860 on the south side of the present railroad tracks but later was moved to its present location. At the time of its moving the modern facilities for moving huge and rambling structures of this kind had not reached that perfection that prevails today, and in this connection it is notable to observe that the contractor who took the job actually went broke before he had finished it, and it was then that the president of the road, at that time Mr. H. B. Ledyard, engaged the services of a contractor in Detroit, and he finished the job.

When the structure was built in 1864 it was a combination hotel and passenger station. A three-story structure with spacious bed rooms for guests, private parlors luxuriously furnished in the styles of those railway pioneer days, dining and lunch rooms decorated in the height of fashion, a passenger waiting room for women, and another for men, telegraph office, ticket office, cigar and tobacco rooms, etc.

Overlooking the high structure was a tower, resembling the ancient towers of early Europe. In its halcyon days the Marshall station was the center of great activity with passenger trains arriving and departing, travelers thronging the waiting rooms and the dining parlors, and it was not unusual for travelers who desired to stay over night to be turned away because of lack of rooms.

In those days there was a constant trek of travelers westward bound to extend America's frontiers and the Marshall station, being approximately half way between Detroit and Chicago, was used as a stopping over place for the.

During the summer months many people from the south came to Marshall and made their home at the station for vacation periods. The numerous surrounding lakes teeming with the bluegills, bass and perch afforded excellent fishing for sportsmen. The surrounding forests of white pine, oak, beech and maple afforded the vacationists all the thrills of the big woods.

In the winter months the station was the social center for the elite of the state of Michigan. It was at the station that the fashionable crowd gathered to dance the cotillion and waltz in the spacious dining hall which was cleared for such occasions.

They came in sleighs and cutters, trains and stage coaches from points as far distant as Detroit, Lansing, Michigan City and Toledo. Elegant ladies adorned in stylish bustles, with sparkling diamonds and rustling silks, danced with pioneer men noted for their long sideburns and handle-bar mustaches.

The registers kept at the time disclose the names of many prominent national figures in the field of politics and finance, who stayed at the Marshall station as guests.

During the 80's the emigration from Europe was at flood tide. The people of distressed countries were hearing of a new world in America where there was adventure and opportunities for all. Large numbers of emigrants came from Ireland, Germany, Holland and Great Britain.

Train after train of emigrants passed through Marshall, and as all trains stopped there for lunch, the sight of those weary emigrants was a source of wonder and amusement to the boys and girls of the village, who invariably gathered in numbers to watch the trains.

The writer has in his files a letter written by one young villager to another wherein he relates that while waiting at the station one day, three emigrant trains arrived. One of these trains was filled with Dutch Hollanders on their way to the west. The day being hot, the wood coach windows were all open and the Dutchmeh had their heads protruding from the window openings, with long circular pipes in their mouths.

This mischievous young man relates with glee how he ran alongside the coaches and snatched five pipes from the mouths of the startled emigrants. In those days pipes were scarce, and while youngsters of the village were undoubtedly having a fine time, certainly those weary travelers who lost their pipes must have suffered great anguish, as no pipe procured in the new land could replace the one that came from the land of their birth.

Tragedies

The history of the Marshall station is interwoven with romance, pathos and tragedy. There was the incident of the train that arrived at the station with travelers hurrying to the lunch counter, and when the train departed there was discovered a lovely baby girl on the counter, evidently abandoned by some unfortunate mother. The baby was adopted by a family in the village, grew up, married and finally settled in Texas.

Another episode was that of a traveler who through sorrow took upon himself the task of ending his own life by stripping a bed sheet and hanging himself from a rafter in a third story bed room.

And then there was the episode that marked the murder of Byron Sibley in the '80's. Sibley was a native of the village. The Sibleys circulated in the most exclusive of social circles. Byron, following graduation from school entered the local telegraph office at the station as a student, and in the course of a year had mastered the Morse code, and was accepted as an employe of the Michigan Central. Eventually he received the appointment as regular night operator at the Marshall station.

Sibley was a dapper dresser and with his natural pleasing manners became a Beau Brummel of the social set. It was one fatal evening that Sibley left the Tontine hotel, now named the Marshall Tavern, to assume his duties at the telegraph office at 7:00 p. m., and it was about 8:00 p. m. that he was excused from duty for 30 minutes by the train dispatcher.

It was shortly after midnight that his lifeless body was discovered on the east side of South Marshall avenue, across from the old John Adams foundry, having met death by a bullet fired from a concealed spot while Sibley was walking along the street.

Famous Visitors

Many celebrities stopped off for lunch or stayed over night at the station. Included among them were Gen. U. S. Grant and family on October 19, 1875, and P. T. Barnum, the great show man, July 6, 1875. An old register of the period discloses that many registered under false names. There is a Don Quixote of London, England, and a Chas. Ross of Denver, Colo. Also there were many Spinners registered and they usually gave their address as Spinnerville, one state or an-

other.

The station in the 60's was the terminal where stage coaches came to pick up passengers. The stage coaches had horns which were blown when they came within a half mile of Marshall so preparations could be made to take care of their horses. The owner of th stage coach line was David Hendry, who came to Marshall in 1847 from Vermont. His first business venture was a freight line from Detroit to Marshall with four horse teams. In operating the stage coach line he used 60 horses, the coaches stopping at Bellevue, Olivet, Hastings, Charoltte, Coldwater and Union City.

For a time the Michigan Central Railway grounds served as a farmers' market, where stove wood from the surrounding forests, vegetables, fruit, etc., was hauled in by wagon.

With the advent of the Wagner and Pullman sleeping cars and the dining cars, the activities of the tavern features of the old station began to wane, until later they vanished entirely.

Up to the time a couple weeks ago that the contractors began dismantling the old station its outward appearance remained the same as in former years, but within, only memories remain of the once resplendant interior. The upstairs private parlors, family rooms and bed rooms, where once the throngs of travelers circulated up and down its three stories of rooms,, there now reigns a mournful silence.

Union Organized

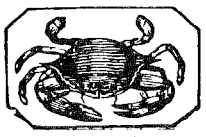
While the old station and its personal history goes back into the twilight of railroad and stage coach history, it also is related to a national historic event, for it was here 76 years ago that the American labor union movement was born. Seventy-six years ago there stood two giant elm trees on the station grounds like sentinels to an unforgetable past, and it was here under those elms that the Brotherhood of the Footboard was organized by a dozen locomotive engineers, which later became the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Today the only thought of that historic meeting occurs when Jackson Division No. 2 opens with a master gavel carved from one of the old elms.

The gavel in Engineers' hall at Jackson is mute and reveals nothing of its historic past. It was June 1, 1863, that 12 men meeting under the elms planted the seed for the conservative and potent organization that spreads over the Americas today.

There are a couple of women who worked at the station still living in Marshall who served in the tavern department when young girls. Thus it is fair to assume that their innermost thoughts could be well expressed in the words of the poet, Thomas Moore:

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed,
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me."



THE DECATUR WATER WORKS

Built in 1895 It Has Paid Good Dividends to the Village. Jarious Halleck Has Been Employed in the Plant 36 Years.

The best paying institution of the village of Decatur is the municipal water works. Outside of taxes which are paid in cold cash by the owners of property it is the village's only source of revenue.

Jarious Halleck has been manager of the water works 27 years.

Jarious Halleck has been connected with the plant almost from the start. He began work there in 1902 and has been manager since 1922.

The water works plant was installed in 1895. James Pearl of Benton Harbor built it, furnished everything including pipe for Main street and two blocks on each side, and across on the south side, for $18,000. The job could not be duplicated today for $50,000. One dollar a day was then considered good wages for labor.

The big fire that burned the Duncombe House and 14 other buildings occurred in March, 1895, when the water pipe was lying on the ground beside the trenches.

The firemen from Dowagiac came here with their engine but could not accomplish much. They pumped the big cistern at the foot of Main street dry in no time at all. It was the last big fire of the bucket brigade. The cistern still exists under the pavement, but it is used only as a catch basin to drain the street.

The water works plant was completed and officially turned over to the village on the first day of September, 1895, and one of Decatur's biggest celebrations was the gala day on September 2nd.

The day was celebrated with a baseball game, dances, sports of various kind and contests, and closed with a big display of fireworks shot from the top of the standpipe. The fire in the spring was for the time being forgotten, an immense crowd from the village and surrounding country joined in the celebration. It marked the beginning of a new and bigger era for Decatur. Three years later the municipal electric light plant was built, but that is another story.

Jack Johnson was the first manager of the plant and he had no assistant. There were no meters and every water taker was on a flat rate of six dollars a year. There were about fifty takers that first year.

Sprinkling Hours

Jack started up the pumps at six o"clock in the morning and blew the whistle to notify the takers that they could begin sprinkling. Then he blew the whistle again at 8 o'clock to inform them that they must quit. The sprinkling hours in the evening were from 5 to 8 o'clock, also announced by the whistle. There was a dollar fine assessed against any taker caught sprinkling before or after hours.

The entire village was run according to the sprinkling hours. The stores opened at six in the morning and most of them closed at eight in the evening. The post office kept the same hours and allowed about 15 minutes for the takers to get down for their evening mail after the whistle was blown in the evening. There was no village carrier.

One day a post office inspector visited the local office and made some inquiries regarding its conduct. When told the post office was kept open till 8:15 to enable patrons to get their mail after sprinkling hours he gave a sort of a grunt but said nothing. A few days later an order came through from the Department at Washington that the office should be closed at 7:30.

The order was obeyed, but it met with a strong protest from the patrons who were water takers. Complaints went in to Washington of the injustice done the patrons. One irate patron demanded that the office remain open as before. We said that we had an order to close at 7:30 and felt we must obey it. The complainant replied, "I guess you'll keep open if the Postmaster General tells you to," and we replied that we surely would. The Postmaster General never told us to and the people finally became reconciled to the new hours. Not long after that the sprinkling hour was shortened to 7:30 p. m.

When the electric light plant became a part of the municipal system I. B. Galbreath of Grand Rapids, an efficient electrician, was made manager of both plants and Jack Johnson became his assistant. They worked together about a year when differences arose with the village board, the proposition having become more complicated. The men quit and went to Battle Creek where they worked in the Malta Vita breakfast food plant.

Charles Lisk and Henry Pierce became their successors. Charlie had not had the necessary training for an electrical job of that size, and after about six months he resigned.

William Weisenborn of Chicago was hired to take his place and Lisk was made assistant. Henry Pierce went to Kalamazoo and began the career which has since made him famous in Penny Wise's column of the Gazette.

Weisenborn did not harmonize exactly with the board and after about a year a delegation of councilmen went to Battle Creek, smoothed out the differences with Mr. Galbreath and he came back and took charge again.

That was in 1901. Charlie Lisk remained as assistant. Jarious Halleck began in 1902 as a helper. Galbreath and Lisk both quit in 1912. Vay Morlan was then made electrician and Jarious Halleck assistant. These two worked together six years. Then Otis Howe took Vay's place and remained until 1922 when the Michigan Gas and Electric Company bought the electric plant and the two systems were separated.

Otis continued with the electric company until 1927 when he was made manager of the plant at Dowagiac.

Jarious Halleck has been continously with the plant since 1902 He had never been away a week until the first of last June when he suffered an attack of appendicitis which necessitated an operation and kept him out till the twentieth of July.

Today at 66 he says he feels as fine as a fiddle and he never did better work. The Decatur water system is in perfect condition. There are three pumps that pump an exhaustless supply of pure water from a depth of 116½ feet. The standpipe is 12 feet in diameter and stands 115 feet high, the brick foundation being 55 feet high and the steel tank 60 feet high. This is kept continually full, so that there is never a lack of water for any emergency.

Jarious Halleck, the manager, who has helped us with this story says, "Now, don't say anything about me," but we have a different idea. No municipality, private owner or corporation could have a more capable or faithful employe. His job is is his life. He considers it his responssibility and everything about the plant must be as near perfect as it can be made. He has no hours when his time is needed there. He will pile out of bed at any hour of the night when the occasion requires it, or he can be of assistance to a patron. The village will never know the value of the services he renders until the demands of time make necessary the appointment of his successor. Then we shall all know, and we hope that time will be far in the future.

The water works started in 1895 with about fifty taps. It now has 512, 25 of which are inactive.

There are 7 two-inch taps. One is the school house which pays a flat rate of $60 a year. Five are storages which pay from $50 to $100 each per month while they are operating. The other is the village hall which pays no revenue.

There are 12 taps in Lakeside cemetery and 4 in Harrison cemetery from which no revenue is derived. There are two drinking fountains on Main street and one in the Tourist park from which there is no revenue.

There are about 425 houses in the village and all but 50 of them have water taps. Thirty are out of reach of the plant. There is only one house on Delaware street not using water.

There were originally 24 fire hydrants, now there are 50. There is no revenue from fire hydrants.

The income from the plant will average about $4,000 a year.

We will close this story with a few remarks about the far-sighted and progressive village board which brought about the special election and had charge of installing the plant.

The special election was held in November, 1894, and was a vote on a proposition of bonding the village for $20,000 for installation of water works. It carried by a big majority.

The board was composed of Marvin Hinkley, president; Frank C. Stapleton, clerk; Dr. N. E. Hooper, Perry Young, Lyscom Brigham, Dexter Brigham, Jacob Byers and Frank Potts, councilmen; Arthur L. Moulton, village attorney.

Water dues are payable to the village clerk on the first of May and November. A list of those who fail to pay is turned over to Halleck and he calls on the delinquents for the amount due. He says he has but little trouble collecting and the water accounts are in fairly good shape.

He says, "I never get mad at anybody. I learned years ago that it doesn't pay. If someone is inclined to get mad over his bill I laugh it off and he soon gets over it. We never want only what is right and if mistakes are made they are adjusted."

Jarious Halleck has a book which he prizes highly. It is a neatly bound volume entitled "Sixty Years," published by James B. Clow and Sons of Chicago. The book was written by Will Clow who established the company when a young man of 18 and is still with it as chairman of its board of directors.

James B. Clow and Sons install, equip and repair water works machinery. Our manager seldom has troubles he cannot handle, but if something does come up that he does not understand he knows he is sure to obtain the needed assistance from Clow.

A SKETCH OF MY UNCLE, FRANKLIN FASSETT

Written by Mrs. Nellie T. Conklin, about the year 1895.

The article below, the subject of which is "An Unkown Hero," is a chapter of family history that was written by Mrs. Nellie Conklin, widow of the late Elmer Conklin, and granddaughter of James Fassett. Thinking that it might be of interest to friends and acquaintances she gave me the privilege of placing it in the hands of our editor of the Republican.

As the "Unkown Hero," Frank went from his home to Lawrence on the fateful day of his enlistment.The little brother who, blinded by tears, clung to his hand all the way, was no other than the late Seth Fassett, whose megnetic music at times, no doubt, owed its charm to an underlying sadness, unconsciously expressed, as memories of the matchless companionship of a beloved brother brought visions of the childhood days floating between him and the crowds he so cheerfuly entertained.

—Capitola Fassett.

AN UNKNOWN HERO

Many years ago a great number of the children of the Eastern states became uneasy and dissatisfied with the conventionalities of life in an old settled community and the small profits to be obtained.

Eagerly joining those who were pushing forward from all parts of the East they headed for that portion of the west that was the mecca of so many pioneers, and which we now know as our own great and good State of Michigan. What stories and traditions are handed down from the unwritten history of our state! and how eagerly we, as children, listened to the tales of those bygone days!

We were told how the deer bounded across the paths of children on their way to school; how the bear was found by the spring which now wells up in a flower garden; how our grandparents rode to church and merrymakings behind slow going oxen; and of many pleasant and exciting incidents of those times which have vanished forever.

We look upon those sunlit days and serene nights softly illuminated by tallow candles or glowing in the light of open fireplaces, and feel the fascination of that free wild life, till we long to roam the unbroken forests and explore the rivers and silvery lakes, and know our country as it was when ruled by the gentle Pottawatomie.

It was in the early forties that one of these migrating families made the long tiresome journey from Maine.

They, however, had not come penniless to a new land and were not to have the trials and hardships of their brother pioneers who founded homes in the wilderness..

This was the family of James and Eliza Fassett, parents of the Unknown Hero, Franklin, in memory of whom this sketch is written. Very reverently I undertake the task of presenting some incidents in the life, and a few traits of character of one of the vast army of our country's heroes whose sturdy good sense and love of freedom and justice were inherited from pioneer ancestry.

The family lived for a time in Quincy, Branch county, where he and a sister older were born. Also a younger brother came before the time of which I write when they came to Lawrence to live and Franklin was six years of age, and soon thereafter distinguished himself by his fearlessness and courage.

He was the captain and chief of the band of village boys who were his obedient followers.

No desperate raids upon the bears and wild Indians which were supposed to hide in cornfields or skulk in the woodlands on the banks of the river, but were headed by him.

No tree was too tall to climb, nor swimming hole too deep for him to explore.

All this fine fearlessness and daring were united in a sturdy frame, though the face showed a delicate, sensitive beauty. Not alone was he distinguished for physical courage. In those days there were no bands of mercy, and boys were allowed to hunt and trap and do much as they liked with their captives.

It was somewhat remarkable that he should exert a peculiar influence over the rougher element among his companions, so that in his presence none dared stone a defenseless frog or injure any of the shy wild creatures of the forest which they captured.

We find in all times there have been natures having untold depths of pity and charity, in strong contrast to those who have such capacity for self pity that it excludes all else but their own woes and sorrows—though armies clash and kingdoms fall.

There are many stories told of Franklin's kindness of heart.

One day he came home with a long-limbed yellow hound that was so nearly starved as already to be a fit subject for a student of anatomy. Tears rolled down the boy's cheeks as he begged his sister to spare for the dog the cold food left from the dinner table. So he was fed and cared for until entirely recovered and able to again join in the chase.

One of the villagers turned out, and abandoned to its fate, an old broken down horse; but Frank soon enlisted the sympathy of his followers, and never did a horse fare better through the long summer days, as an enclosure was made of brush and grapevines where he lived for some time in peace, free from slavery and the whip. Frank sometimes caused the family much amusement by the strange characters he befriended.

One day he brought home to supper a solemn little colored boy whom he had found wandering around town seemingly forlorn and hungry.

There were brown puffy biscuits which were passed to him and accepted until six were devoured, but at the seventh he concluded that he did not "lac em" because "too saft." He found, early in life, that too great an abundance of good things pall on the senses; but Frank was satisfied,—the little stranger did not go away hungry.

When he was about fourteen years of age one of his dearest friends moved away. The next day after he had said good-bye to the Fassetts, Frank was found fencing-in a footprint left in the sandy path by his friend and sobbing as if mourning over his grave.

As he grew to manhood he became a marked person in the community. He still retained the power of swaying, by some subtle influence, all with whom he came in contact; and the secret was, that he approached his fellow men with love and charity in his heart—love for all their virtues, and a boundless charity for their faults.

He quietly sought and befriended those in need,—not so much by substantial favors of course, as he earned his own way, but by the gift of his ever cheery sympathy. Young men told him of their sweethearts and their plans for the future. Old men talked with him of religion or of the shrewd philosophy of which they knew, such as the signs of the weather or the secrets wrested from nature as they cleared the forests or guided the plow.

The mother, who had gone about with grief repressed, spoke freely to him of the little child who had died.

Thus the name of the great passion that swayed him was that divine thing,—true love of humanity.

I was brought up on the traditions of Uncle Frank by my mother and Grandma Fassett. Their stories of his great kindness and most beautiful character were further confirmed by the finding of letters among old papers left by my parents. Though I had often heard them speak of J. R. Baker, a lawyer who lived in Lawrence for some years and later moved to Paw Paw, I had not thought of him for a long time until finding the letters. He was the great man of Lawrence at the time, a man of fine education and some wealth. Incidentally it was he who gave the town its park. He became greatly attached to Frank and wanted to adopt and educate him, and formed many plans for his future; in fact Frank went to Paw Paw and lived with him for a time until, evidently, owing to some unreasonable notion, Grandfather Fassett appeared one day and took him home, though he was advancing rapidly in his studies under Lawyer Baker, and with brilliant prospects for the future.

He went, obediently but sorrowfully, and nothing was now left for him but to work on his father's farm which had been acquired not far from Lawrence.

It was now that the sorrows of the black man were the constant theme of the people of the north. Freedom, the White Emblem, had a dark stain upon her garments and in the growing tumult of the times it was thought that naught but war could cleanse it. Like unto the old miracle of the outpouring of crimson blood to make all things pure.

One night an event occurred which greatly excited the people.

At twilight the northern sky began to glimmer with pale northern lights. An hour later the light grew and deepened to orange,—then to blush like a beautiful sunset gradually deepening until it rolled a sullen sea of blood.

Suddenly lances of light like marching armies moved across the sky; they met—clashed, and host followed host with bayonets of light, and the whole north swam and reeled as the ariel foemen grappled upon the field of battle.

Then, marvelously, above the contending multitudes a fiery banner unrolled. The clashing armies dissolved and disappeared and long after, the flag floated triumphant and alone.

People sat up the night through and watched the wondrous drama of the sky; the superstitious wept and prayed and old men recalled stories from history of how a brilliant display of northern lights always presaged a national calamity.

Franklin Fassett, who of course was among those who witnessed the unusual display, said in his heart, "The war may come but the old flag will prevail."

As time passed vague rumors became a reality and the first year of the war dragged its weary length. The second year Frank enlisted and his sunny presence became the joy of his regiment, but alas, his history was now short for he fell under the scourage of a slow fever and died obscure and unknown like thousands who, if they could have lived, would have made still more glorious, the history of our country.

Could such a character have been broadened by a liberal education, (advantages easily obtained by young men of today)? One dreams of what might have been his future.

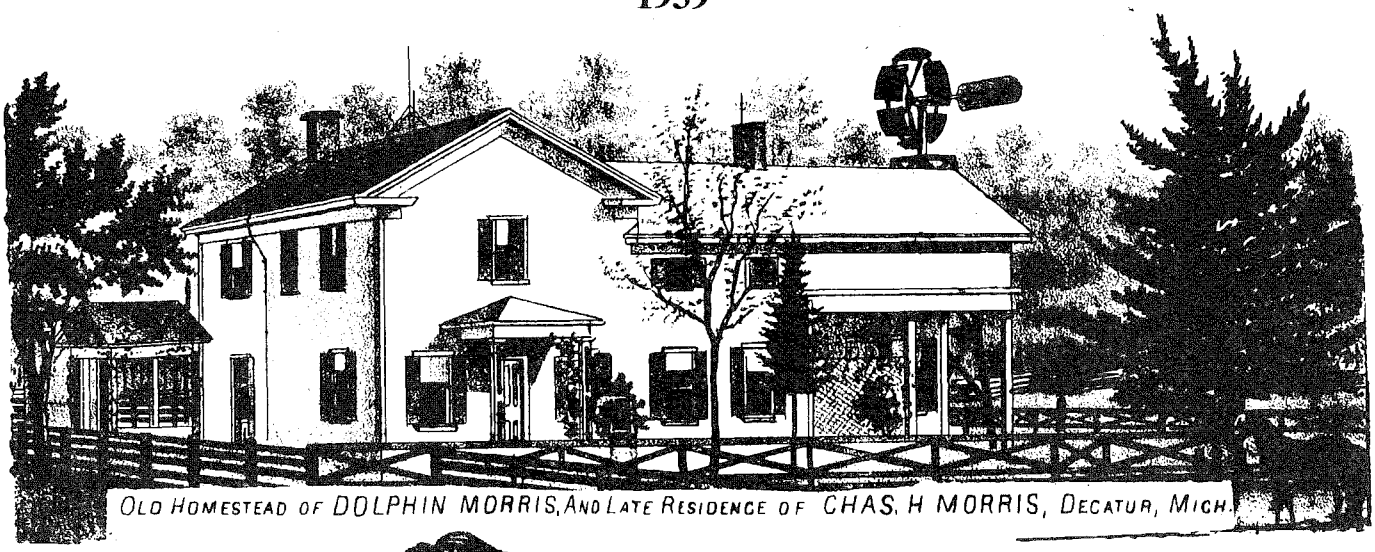
Such a nature had in it the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," as did Arthur Henry Hallam whom we all learn to love as we study that beautiful poem which sings its way into our hearts. Franklin had none of the advantages possessed by Hallam, but, though their walks in life were so widely different, their spirits were akin.

He had a deep and tender conception of the relationship of all things; of man's attitude toward Nature, of his true relationship toward his fellow creatures, and his rightful attitude toward God.

Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun
The World which credits what IS done,
Is cold to all that MIGHT have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame,
But somewhere out of human sight,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

—In Memoriam.



OLD HOMESTEAD OF DOLPHIN MORRIS, AND LATE RESIDENCE OF CHAS. H MORRIS, DECATUR, MICH.

CHAS. H. MORRIS.

MRS. CHAS. H. MORRIS.

The Morris Murder Mystery.—One of the remarkable tragic sensations of the West during 1879 was the mysterious murder of Henry Morris and his wife at their residence on section 35, in Decatur township. On the morning of Monday, September 29th, the dead bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Morris were found lying in their home, where they had been shot down the previous night by an unknown assassin, whose identity has to this time remained hidden despite the most earnest efforts towards his discovery and the offering of large rewards to stimulate his pursuers. The mystery surrounding the tragedy was deepened by the evidence that a desire for plunder had nothing to do with the murder, since nothing of value was carried away, although valuable property was within easy reach. Van Buren County offered a reward of $2000 for the capture of the murderer, but the constant exercise of the powers of the country's most skillful detectives has thus far brought nothing to light.

Early Decatur Days

By A. S. Abbott.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 25, 1939.

THE REPUBLICAN UNDER ANDY

Early days of the Republican were none too good financially. At times there were considerable periods between pay days. The last few weeks I was there, Andy Johnson made mysterious trips to Dowagiac, for what purpose I did not know.

C. P. Sweet was about to establish a paper at Kalkaska, a town my father platted, and I went there to assist him. The first issue of the Kalkaskian was soon born.

I had not been north very long when a letter came from Andy saying that Mr. Buffington had bought out Mr. Blackman, and how would I like to see a white-haired old gentleman paying the help regularly every Saturday.

Some time later I heard that Andy Johnson had become owner of the Republican.

Recollections of this Editor.

(Andy Johnson bought the Republican in 1883 of Robert L.(Bob)Warren, father of Hon. Charles B. Warren, Ambassador to Mexico and Japan and President Coolidge's choice for Attorney General.

Andy had risen from devil to Editor in the Republican office, but his financial improvement had not kept pace with his rise to eminence.

He bought the office in the way that the prophet Isaiah told his people to buy food:

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and ye that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Andy bought of Bob, and Bob bought of Buffington, and Buffington bought of Blackman, and Blackman bought the equipment, and it is doubtful if any of them had more than $100 in currency to pay down.

We worked for Andy three weeks in the summer of 1887,—kicked the job press 10 hours a day and averaged a thousand an hour. Wages 50 cents a day. Andy had a contract to print Frank Tucker's show bills for a dollar a thousand, and he used a lot of them.

Andy never seemed to have any money and probably the financial situation in the show business was the same as in the print shop.

When our first Saturday night on the job came Andy called us into his sanctum and said. "You have done a pretty good week's work and I suppose you would like your pay." We replied meekly, yes, thank you. Andy said, "Well, I can't pay you tonight, haven't got a cent. If I don't ever pay you, you'll get your reward in heaven."

When school opened we quit Andy and went to work in Browning's drug store outside of school hours and Saturdays for $2 a week.

Andy finally paid for the work done for him, but he was a long time doing it.

He used ready prints. Four pages were home print and four pages were furnished by a ready print house in Chicago. The ready prints arrived at 11:15 a. m. by express and the C. O D. was $3 plus the express. Andy generally had to go up and down the street soliciting job printing and advertising or collecting old accounts to get enough money together to take the ready print package out of the express office. But those were happy days, nevertheless.)

Fun On Lake of the Woods

My brother built an ice boat one fall. It was a good strong one. There was little snow the following winter and the wind swept Lake of the Woods clear, and the ice was splendid for sailing. The Leavens boys put in commission an ice boat soon after. Their boat was light and frail, and they expected to sail right around us.

A race was soon on, in a strong breeze, and both were traveling side by side close to a mile a minute, the Leavens craft gaining slowly, when one of their runners entered a crack in the ice. The frame of their boat was instantly reduced to kindling wood, and the Leavens boys slid a long distance on the glare ice. They suffered only torn clothes and some skin minus. They never rebuilt their boat.

(We have often wondered why the boys of the present time do not rig up ice boats and get fun out of Lake of the Woods. Back in the seventies and eighties there was all kinds of fun going on there and we have been told of exciting trotting races being pulled off on the ice there.)

Lowering the Lake

The boys of Decatur did not approve of having the lake lowered the four feet that was talked of. We thought it would spoil our fine swimming hole, and the beauty of the lake. The work proceeded however, and soon a swift stream of water was going through the ditch.

We got some pleasure out of it, however. With a paddle to steer our row boat we swept down the ditch into the forest for a long distance at a furious pace. We had to tow back with a rope fastened at bow of boat, but there was a good path.

Old Sayings

Following are a few of the old sayings, handed down from generation to generation, that have no substance in fact:

Friday an unlucky day: Begin no new work.

Break a mirror: Seven years of bad luck.

Passing beneath a ladder: Brings ill luck.

Thirteen at table: One will die within one year.

Dropping broom: Not married for a year.

Dropping a picture frame: Immediate death in family.

Black cat crossing path: Disaster.

Dropping dish cloth: Company coming.

Spilling salt:- Always causes a quarrel.

Curiosity Did Not Kill a Cat

Little Lucy had plied her mother with many questions about Santa Claus, fairies, witches, etc., till her weary mother told her not to be so curious, for curiosity killed a cat.

Lucy said: Ma, was it our cat?

Mother said: No!

Well, was it your mother's cat? asked the little girl.

Mother again said: No!

Lucy asked, whose cat was it then?

My child, said the mother, it is just an old, old saying. Curiosity never did kill a cat that anyone knows of.

Yours,

A. S. Abbott.

OPOSSUMS

Orlando Ball is an old time trapper and buyer of furs. He saw the stuffed opossum in the Republican office and was hardly able to identify it. He knows his opossum, but our specimen is a little off color and off shape. The taxidermist did not do a perfect job.

Orlando Ball says that this animal has become numerous and a nuisance to the farmers, so much so that the state has declared open season on them the year around.

They have cleaned out his flock of guineas, the quickest bird of the domestic fowls. An opossum will kill a chicken, wind its tail around the chicken's neck, and drag it away to its den. Opossums are seldom seen in the day time. They live and do their mischief at night, like some people.

Home Coming at Hill School

The school known as the Hill school, Keeler, District 5, Van Buren county, will hold its first home coming on Sunday, September 3.

This old school, located two miles north of the Red Mill, is rich in pioneer history. It was first begun in about the year 1847. The old building was replaced by the present structure in 1875.

The school board members at that time were Mart Klett, Willard Wilkinson and Solomon Stewart. The land was leased to the district by Joe Dunham for school purposes only. The great oaks on the school ground were mature even then.

The name, Hill School, was given it because of the Hill family who had resided in the vicinity for so long. Mrs. Kate Hills, mother of the late Guy Hills, was one of the early teachers.

As far as can be learned the three oldest living pupils are Mrs. Ida Keith Ryder, mother of Mrs. Harold Brooks, of Dowagiac; John Johnson of Dowagiac, and Frank Tacey, who has always lived in the district.

The oldest living teachers are Irene Broadhurst, California; Mrs. Carrie Durkee Olds, 1886, Hartford; Gertrude Yeckley, 1885, Decatur; Lydia Shephard Harris, 1887, Kalamazoo;

Nellie Buck, 1883, California.

The oldest records of the school are the daily registers dated 1887. Many of these early pupils and descendants are still living in the vicinity. Four families,—Garrett, Russell, Evans and Wilkinson,—have sent the third generation to this school, there being three living generations in the Wilkinson family,—Mrs. Belle Wilkinson, Mr. Marion Wilkinson and Lucile and Donna Wilkinson.

A picnic dinner and program are planned for the day. All pupils and teachers and their families are invited to attend. Any one having pictures of the school or pupils or any old report cards, cards of merit, etc., are requested to bring them.

All teachers present will have roll call to be answered by their former pupils with some experience they have had while attending the school.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE COLD NEW YEARS

Myron Hinkley, editor of the Clovis (California) Independent, has this to say about the Cold New Years:

"Your inquiring reporter has so far failed to find anyone who can remember hearing of the "Cold New Years," which occurred in the early sixties in the eastern part of the country, and so far as we know set an all-time record for cold in the states of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

"The story goes—as told by my mother, that on New Years she attended a party with other young people. They were having a good time, when suddenly her older brother appeared and said he had been sent to take them home. His father had noticed that after raining for a short time it turned suddenly cold. The cold increased so rapidly that he became worried and sent for the ones at the party.

"By morning it was so cold that animals not well protected were frozen in their stalls. Rail traffic was tied up. Farmers found it difficult to get out to chores. The extreme cold lasted about twenty-four hours and then moderated."

This cold New Years as described recently in the Republican was the News Years of 1863. Myron's mother lived in Decatur or Hamilton at that time, we think it was Hamilton. The name was Lumbard. She married Marvin Hinkley of the Hinkley Stave factory about the year 1870. Their son Roy and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry Hinkley, are still residents of Decatur.

Death of Miss Martha Van Duzer

1856-1939

Miss Martha Van Duzer passed away at the county hospital near Hartford at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, August 6.

She was taken to the hospital the fore part of last week. At times she was somewhat deranged and in one of these spells Wednesday night she jumped out of a window. She was on the first floor and the fall was not over six feet. A bone in her ankle was broken and she was hurt on the forehead and hip. After the fall she went down rapidly.

Miss Van Duzer was born on the farm in Hamilton township which was her home till the time of her death. The date of her birth was August 4, 1856, and she passed her 83rd birthday last Friday.

In her younger days she was employed as bookkeeper and sales lady in Decatur, and she spent many years in similar work in Dowagiac. She retired to the farm in the spring of 1914.

That same year she took Charles Scribner from the Children's Home at Coldwater, and he remained with her till she was taken away last week.

Among the keepsakes at the farm was a newspaper clipping announcing the death of Miss Van Duzer's mother, Mrs. Eliza Phelps Van Duzer, which occurred at the home in Hamilton December 24, 1902, at the age of 75. The mother was married to Charles Van Duzer in Norwalk, Ohio. The family came to Michigan in 1854 and located in Hartford and six years later moved to the farm in Hamilton. This would indicate that Martha was born in Hartford instead of on the farm.

Miss Van Duzer was one of five children and the last survivor. Parshall, the oldest, resided in Decatur many years and died here. His children have kept in close touch with their aunt Martha, and the oldest, Mrs. Ethel Traynor, and family, are driving through from North Dakota to attend the funeral.

The clipping said of Martha's mother,—She "possessed almost unlimited energy which she retained as long as her strength lasted. During her widowhood she managed every detail of her farm and did, herself, much work which few younger women would have attempted. While faithful to whatever she considered her duty, she was especially generous to orphan children, having given home and care to nine homeless ones during periods of time varying from two to fifteen years." This description of the mother fits well, as to energy and generosity, that of the daughter who has just completed her work on earth.

Funeral services will be held at Newell and Son's funeral home this Thursday morning at ten o'clock, and burial will follow in Hamilton cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith Celebrated Their 65th Wedding Anniversary on Sunday.

The 65th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith of Decatur, former Kalamazoo residents, was observed Sunday with a family picnic at Wolf Lake fish hatchery.

They have 10 children, all living. They are, W. C. Smith and E. A. Smith of Fairfield, Ia.; Mrs. L. F. Sandburg, Burlington, Ia.; Mrs. O. R. Thompson, Kalamazoo; Mrs. Dave Clark and R. C. Smith, Boone, Ia.; H. C. Smith, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. H. M. Wilder, Ionia, and D. M. Smith and W. R. Smith of Decatur.

There also are 24 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are 88 and 82 years old, respectively. Both enjoy fair health. Mr. Smith works in a large vegetable garden and Mrs. Smith does her own housework.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have resided in Decatur three years. They reside in one of Mayor Ritter's houses on East St. Mary's street. They came here from Kalamazoo, but their original home was in Iowa.

Mr. Smith was born in Fairfield in 1851, and in 1860, when he was nine years old, he saw Abraham Lincoln. He distinctly remembers him because the president was so tall and slim.

Mr. Smith will be 88 years old the 8th day of Septemebr. In his early life he worked 11 years in the coal mines of Iowa. He was a mine foreman, and he and his oldest son owned the mine.

Mr. Smith was a powerful man in those days and could handle most any man of his time in a wrestling match.

His oldest son resides in Fairfield and has been county clerk there for a long period.

Six of their ten children attended the celebration Sunday, as did also Dr. and Mrs. N. H. Greenman of Decatur.

OLD TIMERS RECALL EXCITING DAYS OF OLD

Roy Foster and the Editor Put Their Heads Together to Relate the War Between Decatur and Lawton Back in the Elegant Eighties.

(We miss Roy Foster. He died a few months ago at the age of 83 or 84, but whether it was three or six months ago we cannot tell. Time travels a fast pace with us these days. Roy lived in the past, but never presented a gloomy outlook when comparing it with the present. He was fond of recalling events of long ago, but only from the standpoint of the local historian. If we wanted to know about something that happened in Decatur, Hamilton or Keeler fifty to one hundred years ago, Roy could supply the facts from his retentive memory.

The last time we ever saw him was the time he wrote this story of the Decatur-Lawton ball game. He gave no intimation that he was so near to the end of life's journey. His mind was full of this great event of fifty years ago. He talked while we typed. In a fe wdays he was taken sick; in In a few days he was taken sick; in

The story was typed and laid aside and now it is printed without changes and dedicated to the honest, kindly man who helped to prepare it.)

Ed. Vought in his letter last week mentioned the Decatur ball club that made this village famous during the eighties, but he did not tell about the time our boys went to Lawton to play.

That was undoubtedly the most exciting event in the history of Decatur. We would at least have to go back to the time of the Civil War to equal it.

Lawton also had a great ball club. They were not only ball players but scrappers, and Decatur was not slow in maintaining her superiority through the "manly sport" if necessity seemed to require it.

Lawton had money, too, in those days. The grape farmers were prosperous, and the townspeople were of the temperament that conceded no defeats.

Decatur and Lawton had the outstanding ball teams of this section of Michigan. Decatur had the swifter team, but Lawton would not admit it.

Lawton came here for a game. They had re-inforced their team with the best players they could find, and came to win. They put up a great contest in Barton Park. Every store closed for the event. The whole village and the country people round about were there and Lawton came, backed by a hundred or more enthusiastic fans.

The visitors played a good game, but Decatur won. Men, women and children all were excited. Betting was heavy and several hundred dollars of Lawton grape money stayed here.

After the game, Lawton, still unvanquished, challenged the Decatur club to another game to be played in Lawton the next week, and our boys accepted the heallenge.

It may or may not have been said, but the report went through the crowd, that Lawton men were boasting that if they could not beat us playing ball they could whip us in a fight.

Johnnie Pelton came up from the game flourishing a roll of bills and shouting out an offer to bet fifty dollars that Lawton would win the next game. He met Ed. Rawson in front of Carney's drug store, flourished the bills in front of his face and repeated the offer.

"Don't know but I'll take you," replied Ed. as he opened his wallet and withdrew therefrom a fifty dollar bill. That was a terrific bluff to Johnnie. His bills were all ones and twos, and when we left the scene he was still floundering with them, trying to make fifty dollars out of the lot. The circle around the betters lost interest and dispersed, and we never learned whether or not the bet was made.

The day of the game at Lawton dawned bright and clear. People began early to come in from the country. Some drove on to Lawton and some left their teams here and went by train. Village people went by any way they could get there. Freight trains were more numerous in those days and all that stopped here eastbound took on a load of boys and men. There was also a procession of walkers along the track. There probably were as many Decatur rooters at the game as there were inhabitants of Lawton.

This story from now on is reported by Roy Foster:

I lived in the country then, at Foster's corners. I came to town about noon and was sitting on a bench in front of Deacon White's barber shop when Seth Felt of Keeler came along.

He said, "Come on and let's go to Lawton to the game, there's going to be some fun there." We caught a freight and rode to Lawton in the caboose.

The game was begun on time. I think Will Taylor was the umpire, and everything went along smooth till the beginning of the ninth inning. Decatur was two scores ahead when they began that inning which never was to be finished.

A Lawton man was at bat and Frank Thomas was pitching. I don't have the least idea what was the matter with the balls he pitched, but all of a sudden the Lawton batter left his place at bat and went up to Frank. He probably said something pretty harsh, for Frank hauled up and

slapped him in the face so hard that it whirled him around.

That was the beginning of the war. Frank Stapleton, catcher of our famous 'Bantam Battery,' followed the batter to the pitcher's box to back Thomas, and the crowd began to rush to the center of the diamond.

Mike Ryan was the first outsider to get to the men. He shouted above the hubbub, "I am the marshal and we've got to have order here." Mike was not a large man, but he once wore the army blue in the Civil War and had the reputation of being unafraid.

A Lawton player told him he might be the marshal of Decatur but he wasn't the marshal of Lawton, grabbed him by the collar of his coat and gave him such a shove that he went through the crowd and slid on his back along the grass.

A big powerful farmer went up to Ed. Rawson. They proved to be friends and shook hands. The man then went into the battle for Decatur. He faced a Lawton man who was aching for a fight. He knocked the Lawton man down three times and asked him if he wanted any more.The Lawton man said he had had enough and that was the end of that.

Charlie Duncombe, Sr., a Decatur backer from Keeler, got into an argument with the Lawton blacksmith but that was as far as it went. I heard the blacksmith say, "You may be a better man than I am financially, but not physically."

There was no more ball playing and I don't know how the game was decided. The crowd filled the diamond and argued awhile, and then gradually scattered.

A gang of Decatur boys caught a freight for home about five o'clock. They packed the roofs of a number of cars, and as the train was pulling out angry Lawton boys threw stones at them but I think no one was hurt.

The game was the talk of the town for years afterward.

JONT. SAYS

(We say he is 80 years old today.)

Eighty years ago this December 14, 1939, there was a baby boy born. He must have been a good baby for he cannot remember of hearing it cry.

There is another boy who was 80 last May. We played together for 6 or 7 years. Both were good boys. This was along the West Valley road. The Cass county traffic came down the Fifield hill to Decatur.

Grand pap (that was Hoosier for grandfather) would hitch up Jane and Mary to the old linch pin wagon and drive to town across the Old Swamp road laid with poles covered with sand. There were turnouts a short way apart so that teams could pass. The tamarack trees along this road would shake and wave for several rods on each side of the road as the team was going along.

The Old Swamp road was just mud, and the old red bridge across the big creek was about 12 feet wide.

The buildings on Main street were built of wood. Grandmother traded her eggs and butter for brown sugar and coffee. The coffee had to be browned at home in the old elevated oven on the cook stove.

They did not need much sugar for they had plenty of maple sugar at home. They did not buy any meat. They had pork, chickens, ducks and geese.

Socks and stockings were knitted at home. Maybe they bought some calico and goods to make suits for the two boys. If they wanted some luxuries they bought crackers and cheese, the round crackers that sold for $1.25 a barrel, a stick of candy for the boys, the large stick with red and white stripes, for a penny each.

Now for the home across the Old Swamp road, the only road at that time that crossed the swamp. We saw no vehicles but wagons on this trip. The boys stepped around in those copper toed boots and home made clothes.

My father died when I was about 2 years old and left my mother and me 80 acres of land, all woods. As I grew older I helped to clear the most of it. I was at one end of a cross cut saw many a day cutting stave bolts and heading to take to the stave factory at Decatur.

Then we made ties for the railroad in the time of the old locomotives with large smoke stacks. There was the turn table, tread power, run by one horse. All of the freight cars were switched by one horse. Those were the times when things were slow but sure.

That old song, "Take Me Back to the Old Home," does not appeal to me. I do not want to go back to the old home, no one is left there. They are all gone but Elmer Morris.

Such was life 60 to 80 years ago.

Jont. Goble.

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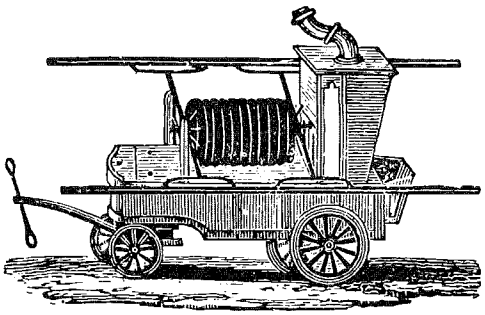


THE BIG FIRE IN 1871

By R. T. Treen.

Mr. Weissert's article in the Sunday Gazette recalls to me the exciting happenings of the day of the great fire in Michigan.

I was only a small boy of about eight years of age, but the day's events so impressed me that I always remembered it. We were then living at a place known as Wagers' Mill—about four miles north of Gobles. All was woods and swamps around us, and our house was almost adjoining the mill yards, and the log piles and saw dust was the play-ground for us small children.

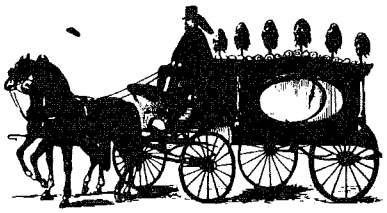
On the morning of the big fire, the surrounding community was alarmed for the mill was the mainstay and support of quite a few people, many of whom had boys in the yard, and if it should burn it would be a real calamity to the community.

As the fire approached from the west, all who dared leave their homes hastened to fight the fire in an effort to save the mill and small store. The wind blew blazing pine cones and fire brands for long distances, and the woods seemed to be all afire, and smoke was intense. The men organized into squads—each squad to fight the fire in certain runways or section of the mill yards.

My small brother and I with gallon pails of water watched around the house and nearby stables for any fire-brands that might alight around the premises, and would run and put them out—thus doing our little bit towards saving our house and the mill. The smoke was so dense we could see but a short distance, and the fighters worked without stopping until it was apparent the mill was safe. So dense was the smoke that they did not know when night came and when my father came home almost exhausted it was 10 o'clock. His clothing had caught fire from flying sparks so often they were a sight, and his vest pockets had burned out so the contents were lost.

At times the sawdust would catch fire and blow a sheet of flame that required real bravery to face, and while there was plenty of water handy, it was hard work to get it where it was needed quickly. I remember a man was driving along the road by the mill yard when a large burning limb of a tree fell onto his wagon bed, barely missing him.

The sight of the old Wagner's mill, and its acres of log yard have long since disappeared, but doubtless there are many still living who remember it, and its importance to the community at that period of Michigan's development.



DEATH COMES TO W. H. HOWLAND

He Was a Native of Decatur Who Added Luster to Its Name. He Became Famous as a Railroad Engineer by Doing His Daily Work Well.

Will Howland paid his last visit to Decatur about four weeks ago. He seemed to enjoy every minute of his stay here, and there was no indication that it was to be his last visit. He spent some time in the Republican office and we shall never forget the pleasant hour we passed with him.

Railroading was the particular subject that would always come up in his talks with old friends. No one knew the road better than he or could talk about it more entertainingly. He carried with him a small account book filled with dates and notes to verify his memory.

We shall greatly miss his pleasant greeting.

William Howland, 81, of 501 N. Park Ave., died Wednesday afternoon, October 4, at 1:30 o'clock in Mercy hospital, Jackson, following an emergency operation. He was born April 24, 1859, in East Decatur, Mich., and was employed by the Michigan Central railroad 57 years.

Beginning in 1872 as a waterboy in a section gang for his uncle, James Mahoney, Howland later became an engineer and piloted crack trains for many years. Guiding a snorting, steaming locomotive through a maze of red and green signals, ever watchful for danger and more speed, he became known as "Wild Bill," and was the envy of old time railroad men. He rode his engine with effortless ease, and his ability to get the maximum speed and observe railroad rules was uncanny. It was natural for him to make perfect stops at stations, never overrunning and losing time by backing up into proper position.

He became a legendary figure on the road. He had courage, keenness and ability, and like all railroad men he had a pet stunt. Decatur was his home town and every time he passed through here, the sharp plast of the whistle sounded and echoed through the village streets. His friends knew that "Wild Bill" had been in town for a short visit.

Visiting officials always rode in trains with "Wild Bill" Howland in the cab. He took his last ride as engineer in 1929, being pensioned May 1, 1929, after a long career without one mishap.

Mr. Howland is survived by three daughters, Sister Mariola of the Holy Cross order, Notre Dame, Ind., Mrs. Franklin Shearer and Mrs. Frances McDermott, both of Jackson; one brother, George Howland of Jackson; two sisters, Miss Nell Howland of Jackson and Mrs. Anna Kelley of Kalamazoo; and four grandchildren.

Funeral services were held in St. John's Catholic church Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, at which Requiem High Mass was said by Father Kraft. The honorary bearers were retired railway engineers and the active bearers were railway engineers and friends. The burial followed in Immaculate Conception cemetery, Silver Creek, Father Carroll of Dowagiac conducting the service at the grave.

Among the large assembly of relatives and friends who attended the services at Jackon and the cemetery were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Creagan, Arthur Creagan, Thos. Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howland and Catherine, and Fred Kirk of Decatur, Mrs. Mable Creagan Dillon of Paw Paw, Mrs. Marian Creagan Robbins, Mrs. Anna Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kelly of Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. John Agar (Catherine Creagan), Mr. and Mrs. Carl Creagan, Elizabeth and Frances Creagan of Grand Rapids.

The funeral party, about fifty in number, arrived in Decatur on the return trip from the cemetery at about 1:30 p. m. Here they were guests of Mr. Howland's nephew

and Mrs. Herbert H. Creagan, at a welcomed buffet luncheon.

In Memory of Edith Keables MacArthur

Two weeks ago this paper printed a brief account of the death of Mrs. Edith Keables MacArthur which occurred in Chicago the last day of March. It was altogether too brief a sketch to give to one who had taken such a prominent part in the life of this village when the village and its enterprising population were young. Decatur is but 91 years old and it may be strange to some of her inhabitants that there are still a few people growing old with her. When both were in their budding prime few there were to match Edith Keables in brilliancy and accomplishment. She was truly a belle of the town.

Her niece, Margery Keables Forsythe of Chicago, says,—

"I have sat down to write something for the paper about Aunt Edith and find that it is impossible. She had done so many things and had been in so many places that it is hard to make a short article. I am enclosing data which you can use in any way you wish.

"I know she had gone back to Decatur many times, stayed only a little while and then gone on. For the past few years there was no one in Decatur for her to visit. She had kept up a correspondence with George Leavens and before she died had me return to him a painting by Edward Leavens, his brother, an artist who had died in Decatur many years ago."

Edith Keables MacArthur was born September 20, 1856, to Dr. John T. and Susan Woodruff Keables. The notes do not say so but we think she was born in Decatur. Her father was practicing medicine here when the Civil war broke out and went from here to aid the wounded and suffering at the front.

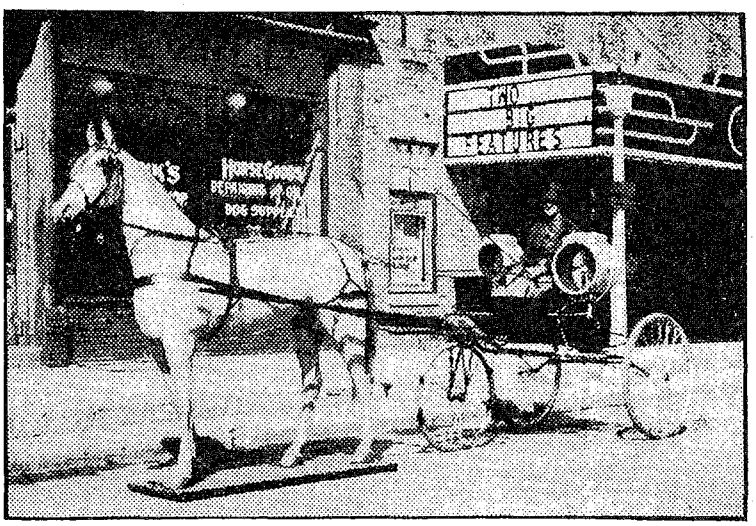
She was married to Henry Ward MacArthur November 18, 1887, and he died in Arizona in 1896.

Mrs. MacArthur won a Master's degree in music under Alberto Jonas at the University of Michigan in 1898. She studied under Sgambati in Rome, Italy, in 1902-3 while acting as accompanist for Gertrude Charles Metzger.

She taught the piano, voice coaching and public school music and was a choral and orchestra director for many years.

She was well informed on all questions, musical and political, and was a brilliant conversationalist. She had a large circle of friends throughout the United States with whom she kept in touch through correspondence.

Still A One-Hoss Shay



This is the old gray mare—model, size and make—owned by Frank Lanning, Decatur harness maker who still does a flourishing business at a trade believed long ago extinct. Hitched to a three-wheeled buggy, with Mr. Lanning handling the reins this model horse stands on a Decatur street after it had occupied a place in a Celery Festival parade.

Frank Lanning and His Wooden Horse

The Benton Harbor News-Palladium published a New Year's edition that contained 140 pages with stories and advertising covering the greater part of southwestern Michigan. One of the stories was about Frank, the harness man, and his wooden horse. This horse stands at the front of his shop where it is plainly seen from the window. The story as printed in the Benton Harbor paper follows:

Decatur, Dec. 31.—Far more scarce than wooden Indians are harness dummies, and Frank Lanning's wooden horse is one of them.

He wanted two when he got this one but Henry Ford has the other in his Greenfield Village museum. The Detroit motor car manufacturer obtained his white horse from a harness shop in Hudson, Mich., the day before Lanning arrived on the scene to buy it.

Frank Lanning is Decatur's harness maker, although there's little more to it nowadays than mending leather and selling a few accessories. His business is still pretty fair, he says, for the Dutch farmers who cultivate celery and onions on the black muck land use horses extensively; tractors become unwieldly on low ground.

Back in 1934—that was before Mr. Lanning shattered one leg in leaping from a carriage during the Decatur Celery Festival parade—he was feeling prosperous and bought a harness dummy.

It was and is a noble animal. "A Hamiltonian," he calls it, "a buggy horse of the trotting breed." For years it stood in the windows of W. Hare & Son, former buggy and harness manufacturers in Noblesville, Ind. It was there Ira Sweat, 44-year-old Negro who helps Lanning in the winter months, recalls having seen it when a boy.

"This white horse must be at least 50 years old," the Decatur man explains, "for Ira told me his pappy said it was there before he was born." Sweat remembered that as a boy, he stood with nose and chin pressed against the glass of Hare's showroom, where the white horse as part of a team, stood hitched to a handsome surrey. Mr. Lanning found it, in 1934, in a back room of the abandoned factory covered with dust.

Where the other harness dummy of the Noblesville team went, Mr. Lanning doesn't know.

He's proud to own this one, however, for it is a relic of an era when leather craftsmen were in great demand and took a genuine pride in their work.

"I worked for such a man," says Lanning. "He's still in Decatur, man by the name of W. VanAntwerp, now past 80 years old. After working for him a couple of years 38 years ago, I did general farming until I bought him out in 1930."

Lanning hobbled across the floor to the white horse, still using crutches a bit awkardly although nearly a year has passed since the shattered leg was amputated and replaced with a wooden one. He put one arm over it for support, and patted it fondly. "I guess I've got more affection for it since I got a wooden peg like he has."

The one man in Decatur who perhaps knows more of wooden horses

than either W. VanAntwerp or Frank Lanning is the latter's father, C. M. Lanning, of Decatur, who observed his 90th birthday last August 17. He's proud of the show window animal, too, but for a different reason. "It's a fine picture of a horse, and horse-breeders nowadays don't raise animals showing such fire and spirit as this one."

FRED B. BUYS TWENTY YEARS IN DECATUR

Twenty years ago Monday, March 13, Fred B. Buys bought the clothing store of Charles E. Criffield and himself and family became residents of Decatur.

Mr. Buys was already well known in business circles of southern Michigan, but this was his first venture in Van Buren county.

He first engaged in the retail business with his older brother Edward at Batavia, a small town in a good agricultural community six miles west of Coldwater. Several years later he sold his interest in this business to his brother and in 1904 bought a hardware store in Colon. He did a successful business there until 1917 when he sold out. The last five years of his residence in Colon he held the agency for Ford automobiles.

His next venture was in Three Rivers where he had the agency for the Dodge and Buick cars and conducted the big garage on the St. Joe river.

In 1919 Mr. Buys came to Decatur. We have succeeded so far in holding him here and hope that he will not move again. Following his purchase of the clothing store he bought the S. N. Thomas residence on Phelps street and the family became at once a part of the business and social life of the village.

Mr. Buys has performed his duty in a public way, having served on the village council and in other offices. He is public-spirited, a liberal contributor to public enterprises and charitable needs, and an esteemed citizen.

Mr. Buys is a good visitor. We get to talking with him and forget the work that is waiting to be done in the printshop. He isn't much of a man to talk about himself but by adroitly drawing him out a designing reporter can work up an interesting life story and one that any young man might read with profit.

He has moved around some in his life time of something over three score years (telling his age would be telling our own), but never has located far from his birth place which was near Burr Oak in St. Joe county. When he was eleven the father bought and moved onto a farm near Coldwater, and from there our townsman went out into the world for himself.

He worked in an express office in Three Rivers for his room and board and attended Sage's Business College. Then he attended the Tri-State Normal College at Angola, Indiana, then put in five years as railway postal clerk on the run between Chicago and Cleveland, and after this period of preparation he entered the store at Batavia.

It was before the package era in the grocery business. Everything sold was wrapped in the store and it took practice to wrap some merchandise well. Fred remembers distinctly his first attempt to wrap up a pound of tea. When he got it to a point where it would not leak the package was as large as a cotton bat.

In those early days eggs brought 6 cents a dozen and butter 7 cents a pound. The store keepers bought butter of the farmers, worked it over in the basement and sold it to the Jackson Cracker Company at 3 cents a pound profit.

There were hard times in those days. We had not seen the last of the panic of 1893 and the first presidential campaign between McKinley and Bryan was one of the most intense the country has ever seen. It was Bryan with free silver and McKinley with the full dinner pail. The men on the street at Batavia paid the telegraph operator to bring the election returns to the Buys store and it was headquarters for an excited crowd all night. It took some of the free silverites a long time to get over the sting of defeat and they heaped curses upon Mark Hanna whom they called McKinley's boss.

TWENTY SHORT YEARS

On March 13, 1919, I purchased the clothing, men's wear and furnishing stock of Charles E. Criffield. Yes, I have been with you for 20 years. It would have looked a long time ahead, but seems so short thinking back. How many improved changes!

I got on a train at Niles; the conductor said it did not stop here. At Dowagiac I tried to get a taxi. The driver said it would be worth $6 if he could get through. I waited for the (Booze) Special.

Now we drive there for a pleasure ride. Our streets were then mud chuck holes.

The school house had recently burned. That recalls that I have had three locations in my 42 years of retail business and have helped by taxes to build a new school house in each town. But we are all thankful for our good school building and efficient corps of instructors, none better anywhere to be found in a town of this size.

I have never regretted becoming a resident of Decatur, for I believe we enjoy exceptional advantages in our diversified farming; neat, well-stocked stores; churches, schools and a community of "good" folks that I would like to associate with for another 20 years. Fred B. Buys.

Kenneth Lyle Raises Many Turkeys

By Miriam Smith in Kalamazoo Gazette.

A turkey gobbler, won at a raffling match, started a hobby for Kenneth Lyle that is fast becoming a major farm business.

When Kenneth graduated from Michigan State College in 1927, he returned to his father's farm in Paw Paw township. As a pastime, he began raising rabbits, then geese and later mallard ducks. These were all given up in quick succession, as the market for them was poor and they could be grown only in limited quantities.

Survives Christmas

The day before Thanksgiving in 1932, Kenneth won a turkey gobbler at a local raffle. The family had already purchased its Thanksgiving turkey, so this gobbler was turned loose to await Christmas. At Christmas time, the Lyle family was invited away from home and the prize gobbler lived on and thrived. By early spring, it had reached maturity, so it was decided to purchase two hens and, if possible, raise a few turkeys for family use.

That first year, after rains, weasels, diseases and the many other hazards which decrease turkey crops had taken their toll, there still remained 22 strong, healthy birds, which were soon sold.

From these 22 birds, the flock has gradually been increased until this spring nearly 800 poults were hatched. Each year, the Lyles became more experienced in the handling of turkeys and they were quick to adopt new methods and better equipment which enabled them to successfully cope with the many problems faced by turkey raisers.

In 1937 the Lyles decided to enlarge their plant. They had hatched about 150 poults the year before and, in 1937, with the addition of another brooder house and another oil burner, they raised 300 turkeys for sale. By

Christmas all of these birds were sold and at least 100 orders turned away.

Kept in Small Yard

Up to this time the breeding hens had been allowed to run in an apple orchard during the winter and in the spring they laid their eggs in barrels placed under the trees. Since turkey hens start laying eggs around the first of March, many of the eggs were chilled before they could be gathered. During the winter of 1938, the 35 hens that had been saved for breeders were confined in a small yard which opened into a large shed. In a few days, the hens were roosting in the shed and when the laying season began, the barrels were placed in the shed and all the hens laid inside. Since then the season's hatches have averaged 80 per cent or better, which is a very high percentage.

Fifty hens and six gobblers were saved for the 1939 season, due to the fact that the demand for turkey eggs was exceptionally good. The early eggs were set for the farm flock and the later eggs, about 2,000 of them, were sold to a large hatchery. The average price for turkey eggs for the season was 16 cents each. A few less than 800 poults were hatched this year. One hundred were later sold and about 600 are ready for the holiday trade. More equipment was added this year and three brooder houses, heated with Jamesway oil burners, are now in use.

Fed Scientifically

The Lyle turkeys are fed scientifically from the day that they are hatched. The turkeys are gradually fattened from the day that they are placed in the brooder houses. After a few weeks of the starting ration, the poults are gradually changed over to the home made ration, which is a mixture of home-grown grains and concentrates. Corn, wheat, oats, and barley are combined with bran, alfalfa, leaf meal, meat scraps, soy bean oil meal, corn gluten meal, bone meal, dried skim milk, calcium carbonate, cod liver oil, and salt in the proper proportions to make a 22 per cent mash. They have found that barley makes a very good substitute for corn in the growing mash and usually the barley crop comes on just when the corn supply is getting low.

Starting about September 1st the turkeys, which are then on the range, are fed a mixture of cracked corn, wheat and oats in equal parts. This is fed in addition to the growing mash, which is always before them. In the middle of October, the cracked corn is replaced with whole corn in the same proportion.

Clover and alfalfa have both been used as pasture. The 1938 flock of 450 turkeys was pastured on a five-acre clover field and approximately an acre of oats and rape. Oats and rape make an excellent turkey pasture, but care must be taken not to plant the crop too early or it will have made too much growth by the time the 12-week-old poults are ready to go on the range, the latter part of June. The oats and rape mixture should be planted about the middle of May.

The birds are pastured on one-acre plots at a time and every two or three weeks, the fences are moved to new ground. The feeders are moved to clean ground every other day and fresh, clean water is before the birds at all times. An automatic waterer was installed during the summer of 1938 and connected directly with the house pressure system. At the time this system was connected, the 450 turkeys were drinking 50 gallons of water every day.

Turkeys consume an amount of feed which seems impossible to persons unfamiliar with raising them. Figures on this year's flock are not complete, but Kenneth Lyle's accounts show that up to Thanksgiving last year, the 450 turkeys had eaten 2,000 pounds of turkey starter, 17,650 pounds of growing mash, 1,700 pounds of turkey concentrate, 3,800 pounds of cracked and shelled corn, 3,800 pounds of wheat and 1,900 pounds of oats.

A Big Night For Odd Fellows And Rebekahs

Public Installation of Officers of Decatur, Lawton and Marcellus Lodges and Awarding of Jewels to John Rafter and Edward Price.

A great event in local Odd Fellows history was the meeting Tuesday evening. It was the celebration of the 120th anniversary of the organization of the lodge in the United States.

The lodges of Rebekahs and Odd Fellows' of Marcellus, the Odd Fellows of Lawton and Kalamazoo and the Rebekahs of Benton Harbor joined with the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs of Decatur in a public installation of officers and awarding of jewels. There were also visitors present from Three Rivers and other lodges.

Grand Marshal of the Grand Lodge Glenn Hammell of Kalamazoo conducted the installation and he was assisted by the members of the other lodges.

Jewels for faithful membership over a period of years were bestowed upon John Rafter, 37 years, and Edward Price, 34 years. This was done by the grand marshal who praised their loyalty and good work in the lodge.

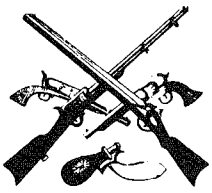
The three lodges of Odd Fellows of Lawton, Marcellus and Decatur decided to put on a contest for memberships, the lodge obtaining the largest number to be given a supper at the expense of the other two.

There were 160 present. Supper was served in two sections, the hall not being large enough to serve them all at once.

The guest of honor of the Decatur lodge was August Knoll who has been a member 48 years. On account of ill health this was the first time he has been able to attend in five years. He is in his 85th year.

S. G. Reynolds, a visitor from Lawton, has been a member 49 years. He gave a very interesting talk. Arthur Bruner of Kalamazoo, who joined Decatur lodge 30 years ago and was also married in the lodge room, told of his pleasure in being here.

On account of printing so soon we are unable to give a further account of this fine meeting. More of it will be told next week.



Contributions

THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

By James G. Clark.

(Older readers of the Republican recalled with interest the poem, "The Picket Guard," or "All Quiet Along the Potomac."

Mrs. Ira Cole cut it out and pasted it in her scrap book and then brought in another Civil War poem which has the same patriotic-pathetic ring. It too is worthy a place in this column. It is taken from the old Sanders' Union Fifth Reader, a school reader that was very popular in the years following the war of the Rebellion.)

The following touching stanzas received the prize offered by the Philadelphia Christian Commission for a poem on the death of Sergeant Humiston, of Portville, N. Y., who was found dead at Gettysburg several days after the battle, with his eyes fixed upon the ambrotype of his three children.

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The summer sun was high,
When freedom met her haughty foe,
Beneath a Northern sky;
Among the heroes of the North,
Who swelled her grand array,
And rushed, like mountain eagles forth,
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble name,
A sire of children three,
And gazed within a little frame,
Their pictured form to see;
And blame him not, if in the strife
He breathed a soldier's prayer:—
"Oh, Father! guard the soldier's wife,
And for his children care!"

Upon the field of Gettysburg
When morning shone again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain;
Our legions quelled the awful flood
Of shot, and steel, and shell,
While banners, marked with ball and blood,

Around them rose and fell;
And none more nobly won the name
Of Champion for the Free
Than he who pressed the little frame
That held his children three;
And none were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer:—
"Oh, Father! guard the soldier's wife,
And for his children care!"

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The full moon slowly rose;
She looked and saw ten thousand brows
All pale in death's repose;
And, down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrier in a dream
Our fallen comrade lay;
His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three;
Sweet stars that rose in memory's skies
To light him o'er death's sea.
Then honored be the soldier's life,
And hallowed by his prayer:—
"Oh, Father! guard the soldier's wife,
And for his children care!"

Charlie McCarthy Making a Movie

Hal Kern, Formerly of Decatur, Was Film Editor of "Gone With the Wind."

A nationally known columnist began his column a few days ago with this heading: "We are getting tired of:" and he mentioned a dozen or more much talked about affairs and things. We agreed with him in some of them but not in the first,—"The anthropomorphism of ventriloquists' dummies (Charlie McCarthy).

Nobody has ever called Charlie a little tin god, but many make him, for his very exceptional ability to entertain, a little wooden god.

When Mrs. Myrtle Cary called on Edgar Bergen at the San Francisco fair last summer she said it required a squad of policemen to clear an opening in the crowd there to see him, so that he could get to the entrance of the theatre where he was to give his act. That does not indicate that he is losing in popularity. Perhaps the columnist was at a loss for something to say that day. It happens that way occasionally.

Charlie Rawson picked up a magazine supplement to a newspaper and the first thing in it that caught his eye was a picture of Eddie and Charlie hard at work in their newest film opus, entitled "Charlie McCarthy, Detective."

He brought it into the Republican office and we were as interested in it as he. Then we lent it to Dr. Bope and a dozen more read it and enjoyed the McCarthy humor. To none of us did the former Decatur boy and his dummy appear to be slipping.

This is what the magazine says about Charlie at Work:—

The hardest job Edgar Bergen has to do in making a motion picture is to decide whether Charlie McCarthy is being funny or not. And if you get Charlie off into a corner by himself, he will tell you his biggest worry before the camera is whether Bergen is being funny enough. Both agree, however, that what they like least about acting for the films is the call of "Quiet, please!" before each scene.

Once the camera turns, no one within sound of Charlie's voice dare show the slightest applause or laughter at their reactions to his lines. If you don't think that's tough on Bergen and Charlie, too, of course you don't know the pair.

"In radio, and on the stage, too," remarks Bergen, just after he and Charlie have finished a scene for Universal's "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," their filmplay of the moment, "we play to an audience. If they laugh, we know we're going over. If they don't we know we must do something about it. But in pictures I never really know whether we are being good or bad."

"Oh, yeah?" pipes up Charlie. "I always know how you are."

Bergen gives the young fellow a black look and goes on: "When we rehearse, we have a chance to see how the stuff goes over with the crew [illegible], but by the time we have taken several takes for the camera, I'm always in a state of great uncertainty."

"You mean you're up in the air," chimes in the irrepressible Charlie.

"I can't tell much by looking at the fly rushes, either," Bergen continues, ignoring the interruption. "I only know what I don't like. Honestly, I can't get enthusiastic about my own work."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughs Charlie.

"What I mean," adds Bergen quickly, "is that I can't get enthusiastic unless there's an audience to applaud it."

Bergen, moving away from Charlie, leans over to talk confidentially. There's one thing about working in movies, he adds, that he really likes. That's playing alter ego for Mortimer Snerd.

"It's fun, after being with Charlie alone so long," he says. "Though Mortimer has been on the radio, too, he is, strictly speaking, a screen character, planned to be Charlie's opposite. Charlie will talk on any subject whether he knows about it or not, but Mortimer is stupid and admits it. Also, he's afraid of women, which Charlie not certainly is not."

But our neighbor did not see all that was in this magazine which would lend especial interest for Decatur people. For one thing the story ended upon a [illegible] story of the filming of "Gone With the Wind."

The last picture, a large three-col[illegible] cut, carried this explanation, "Hal's Gone With the Wind in 20 metal cans. Film Editor Hal Kern's job was to cut film from 1,000,000 to less than 20,000 feet."

Hal Kern was a Decatur boy. He is a half brother of Mrs. Jessie Kern Savage, teacher in the Decatur High school. (We can't miss this chance to tell it, although knowing that Mrs. Savage does not court the publicity.) Her own brother, Rob. Kern, is equally talented in this line of work, being film editor for United Artists and editing some the best films screened, among them being "David Copperfield."

When the Cozy shows a particularly fine picture there is pretty sure to be thrown on the screen the name of one of the Kern brothers as editor of it.

David Selznick bought the screen rights of "Gone With the Wind" for $50,000. He bought the rights before the play was published, and it was lucky for him that he did. When the book was published it immediately jumped to the head of the best sellers, and probably no other book in a generation has equalled it in popularity.

Selznick has been 2½ years in photographing the story and the cost of production it is $3 million dollars.

The magazine story continues:

"Over 450,000 feet of film have been shot. From this immense footage Hal Kern, film editor, ordered 140,000 feet printed. About 20,000 feet will be shown at the preview. Later this will be cut to about 17,000 feet for the road show and to less than that for general release. This means the preview will run close to four hours, the road show around 3½ hours."

The show will open with a preview in Atlanta, Georgia, some time this month; after that it will be shown in 10 cities simultaneously during 1940, and it will be more than a year before the general public can see it at popular prices.

DR. WARD COLLINS TAKEN BY DEATH

He Was a Native of Hamilton, a Graduate of the Decatur High School and a Noted Physician of Kalamazoo.

On Christmas day Dr. and Mrs. Ward Collins were guests at the home of the latter's brother, Jay Lyle. Dr. Collins was apparently well and happy and they all had a delightful holiday together. At two o'clock the following Friday morning Mrs. Collins was awakened by this heavy breathing and found him to be unconscious.

She called his brother, Guy Collins of Hamilton, and her brother, Jay Lyle, also his sister, Mrs. Geo. B. Rogers in Kalamazoo. Mr. Rogers had been confined to his home by illness for several days. There was a quick gathering of the family and consultation with his physician, and Dr. Collins was taken to Bronson hospital

where he passed away without regaining consciousness.

Dr. Collins had been closely associated all of his life with Decatur and Hamilton. Older residents knew him as a friend, they were proud of the record he had made in his chosen profession and of his high standing as a citizen. His death is a personal loss to a host of friends as well as his relatives. The following notice of his death appeared in the Sunday issue of his home city paper:

A cerebral hemorrhage at 2:10 Saturday afternoon ended a life of long and renowned service by Dr. Ward E. Collins, prominent Kalamazoo physician and authority on children's diseases. He died in Bronson hospital where he was admitted Friday morning after suffering a stroke.

Funeral services are to be held at 2 Monday afternoon from the Truesdale chapel, with Dr. John W. Dunning, president of Alma College and former pastor of the First Presbyterian church here, officiating, assisted by the Rev. Charles Johnson, associate pastor. Burial will be in Lakeside cemetery, Decatur, Mich.

U. of M. Graduate

Dr. Collins was born on a farm in Hamilton township, Van Buren county, September 27, 1883, son of John H. and Mary Ellen Beattie Collins. He attended the district school and in 1901 was graduated from the Decatur High school. In 1906 he was graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and two years later completed his medical course at that same institution.

After graduation Dr. Collins served an interneship at Henrotin Memorial hospital, Chicago, and in December, 1908, located in Kalamazoo. In 1921 he pursued a special course in pediatrics at the University of Minnesota, since which time he had limited his practice to diseases of children, in which he had been unusually successful.

World War Veteran

November 28, 1906, he was wed to Miss Ethel Lyle, of Paw Paw, who with a son, Marshall Collins, survive.

On July 10, 1917, Dr. Collins was commissioned a first lieutenant in the medical corps of the army and the following August went into active service. In October he was sent overseas, where, before returning home in April, 1919, he was promoted to a captaincy.

For a year upon his return to this city he served as a member of the Medical Reserve Corps, having been promoted to the rank of major. Later he was obliged to resign as a result of his medical practice.

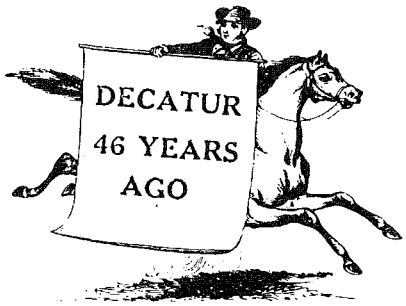
Other survivors are Mrs. George B. Rogers, Kalamazoo, a sister; J. Guy Collins, Decatur, a brother, and a granddaughter, Martha Louise Collins of Kalamazoo.

Had Many Interests

Dr. Collins was a member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine; the Tri-State Medical Society; the Michigan State Medical Society; the Central States Pediatric Society and the American Medical Association and the American Academy of Pediatrics.

He also was a member of the Kalamazoo Elks, the Phi Rho Sigma, a medical fraternity; the Clinical club; the First Presbyterian church; and the Kiwanis club.

Dr. Collins was held in highest esteem both in and out of the medical profession and was recognized as an authority on children's health and diseases. He enjoyed a large practice in this city and vicinity, and was examining physician for several insurance companies.



Mrs. Nora Coons and son, Ed. Foreman of Dowagiac, called on the Republican last Saturday.

Mrs. Coons was a daughter of Alvah Bellis and is a sister of our townsman, Chancey Bellis. She renewed her subscription to the Republican and brought three large pictures of Decatur in 1893. They were taken by Allie Auton, then the Decatur photographer, who a few years later was drowned in Lake of the Woods.

The first of the three pictures was taken on Decoration day, 1893. The band is playing on the four coners and horses are hitched to the park fence at the foot of Main street. There is a full row of stores on both sides of the street except for three or four vacant lots north of Rawson's Kandy Kitchen on the east side.

Where the Republican office now stands is the Arnold dry goods store and in place of the Kandy Kitchen is John Shaad's boot and shoe store.

The old Duncombe House with the board sidewalk in front is an imposing building, and the street lamps of ancient memory, stand out prominently on the corners. Decatur is as it was in April, 1893, when we left the Browning drug store to find a job in Chicago.

The other two pictures were taken in June of the same year. They show the smoking ruins of four of the store buildings that stood between the Chadwick store, now the Stewart buildings in which Gale's hardware is located, on the north and the Brigham building on the south.

The fire which destroyed them started in the Browning drug store and burned also the Knight and Rathbun stores and the Stapleton barber shop.

Mrs. Coons was then married to William Barns and they lived over the Frank White barber shop, then a two story frame building located on the site of the present shop. They moved to Dowagiac that same fall.

The trees in Railroad park had just been set out and had not yet grown large enough to obscure the view of the depot.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

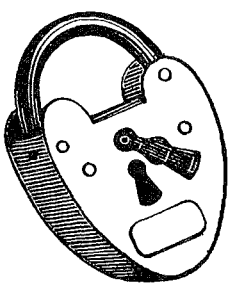
(This is a song written about the famine in Ireland when so many people died. The man who wrote it is supposed to be leaving Ireland and coming to America to make a new home for himself. It is a well remembered song of the childhood of Mrs. Ira Cole and she copied it from memory for the Republican. Tomorrow being St. Patrick's Day, this is a suitable time to print a good Irish song.)

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On the bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
And the lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Tho' you cannot hear me now.



The early railway history was not written without its tragedies. On an October night in 1863 the village of Lawton was the scene of a horrifying train wreck that took the lives of nine people and seriously injured 28.

In the dark days of 1863, when the Civil War was raging, at a time when the bloody battle of Shiloh had taken the lives of 26,000 men, including some from the flower of Van Buren county manhood, a state fair was being held at Kalamazoo. Looking forward on those dark days, it is remarkable to observe that despite the tragedies that afflict the human race, the horrors of war, plagues and starvation, humanity will take time off to sing, dance and partake of recreation as an antidote to relieve the suffering.

The Kalamazoo state fair held in 1863 was a gala event, drawing visitors from all parts of Southern Michigan. It was on the race track at this fair that "Dexter" the famous horse, covered the mile in 2:40. At this time the only means of transportation was the horse and buggy and the primitive railroad of the Michigan Central. To take visitors to the fair a special train had been provided, picking up passengers at stations and rural crossings all along the line between Niles and Kalamazoo. This special, in charge of Conductor Nick Summers, arrived in Kalamazoo in the forenoon with hundreds of merry visitors for the fair, and to witness the feat of the record breaking horse "Dexter."

In the late evening as dusk was approaching, a large crowd assembled at the station at Kalamazoo to return to their homes along the line of the road. It was soon discovered that there were not sufficient coaches to take care of the crowd. To meet this emergency, two box cars were fitted up with wooden benches for seats. While this was being done the train dispatcher allowed a westbound freight train to proceed with orders to take siding at Lawton and let the special pass at that point. The conductor of the freight train was the well known Charles Billings of Marshall, Michigan, and one of his brakemen was his son, Frank Billings, later to become a well known engineer of the road. It was Frank's son, Hylar Billings, that for many years was connecting Mattawan, an investigation held some time after proved that some one, either through ignorance or malice pulled the iron pin from the iron link that fastened the box cars to the coaches soon after leaving Mattawan, and as it was a down grade movement the box cars would travel as fast as the grade would allow and the momentum attained at the time the pin was pulled. The coaches attached to the engine would naturally travel faster than the box cars that were detached. Subsequently the coaches arrived at the Lawton station, and passengers were leaving the coaches, suddenly like a thunderbolt from the sky the two loaded box cars crashed into the rear coach with terrific force, crumbling and splintering the wooden coach like matchwood.

Horrible screams of anguish and terror rent the midnight air as the crowd around the Lawton station rushed to the rear of the special train. Nine passengers were found dead and twenty-eight injured. Occupying one of the coaches were a young man and a young lady, the former, James Mahoney of Decatur, Mich., and the latter Mary Case, also of Decatur, both of whom had attended the fair at Kalamazoo. James Mahoney afterward became a popular rail track foreman, and was an uncle of Wm. H. Howland, a locomotive engineer, known as "Wild Bill" due to the fact that he was assigned to piloting presidential specials over the Michigan Central, also assigned to running the Wolverines. Mr. Howland is now retired and living in Jackson.

In the wreck crash James Mahoney sustained a leg injury that as long as he lived caused him a limp in walking. Mary Case sustained injuries that prompted the company to settle with her by giving her $3,000 in cash, a house and lot and eight vacant lots in the village of Decatur. Also in the coach was Percie Nash, a ten year old girl, who later became a school teacher. It is believed that the only living survivor of that train wreck at the present time is Percie Nash, living at Bangor, Mich. In the village of Lawton at the time there was no hospital and only one doctor, and there was no telephone. But in the darkness of the night, horses and buggies were utilized, also track hand cars, which traveled in various directions to obtain assistance.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton, *Editor*

The writer has received from the teacher, Miss Catherine Mahoney, another packet of local history stories prepared for the Raider Review, edited and published by the pupils of the high school. The name of the writer of the story is not given and will be published later if furnished.

I am selecting this one first from the sizable number of excellent contributions for the reason that Mr. Fassett himself had promised to write the story of his life for the Republican but he was taken by death before the work was accomplished. The composition received the highest mark — A — by the teacher.

AN OLD MUSICIAN

Seth Fassitt was born in Lawrence, Michigan on January 8, 1856. Being a very patriotic man, the Civil War had a great influence on his music.

His business, which was the land and stock, took him many places. He took his violin everywhere he went.

He taught violin in all parts of the country. The pieces and exercises for the students he wrote himself. He refused to write for many music houses.

Although being almost self-taught, he had a perfect violin position.

Even though he had not heard Ole Bull, a Norwegian composer and violinist, play, he admired him greatly.

Ole Bull was born in 1810. His violin had a flat finger board and bridge that he made himself.

Chopin and Ernst introduced him in Paris in 1832 which brought him recognition as a virtuoso. He gave

concerts all over Europe and came to the United States five times.

His favorite composers were Mozart and Paganini. The public liked best his own compositions which are seldom played today.

He died in 1880, the greatest violinist of his time.

Seth Fassitt started his career by playing between acts in theaters. At one time he was so moved by a scene that when it came time for him to play, instead of playing the scheduled song he played one fitted to the scene. When he was asked to repeat his performance he was not able to do so. The song had just come to him and he was never able to play it again.

He married Capitala Briggs in Keeler, Michigan. All four of their children were musically inclined.

On warm evenings friends and neighbors would often gather in the front yard to hear the Fassitt family play.

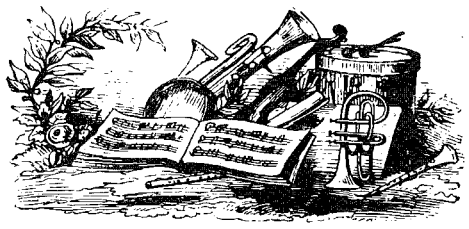
His granddaughter, Larida Scott, who has a special aptitude for music, graduated from Olivet College and later became a member of the faculty in the department of music.

Seth Fassitt died on May 2, 1937 at the age of 81. His family and friends will remember his as an unusual and talented musician.

THE OLD VIOLINIST

Years have come and passed away
Silver threads have turned to grey.
Time has changed to silver hair.
Bring my violin to me again,
Let me feel its gentle strain.
Let me feel those chords once more
E're I pass to yon bright shore.
Now my back is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam.
I can see where angels roam,
Dear violin, I'm going home.

By Marilyn La Barge



MOTHER LOVE

Through the gallery I wandered
With its paintings on the wall,
Then paused before a group of mothers
By famous artists one and all.

Silently I stood and marveled
At the artist's skillful stroke
In each face, each line, each feature,
Human nature plainly spoke.

Faces full of life and laughter
Happy mothers, young and gay
And there were those whose brows were furrowed
And whose hair had turned to gray.

Peasant mother, meek and lowly,
Love light shining in her eyes,
As tenderly she held her infant,
Softly crooning lullabys.

Princess grand and duchess haughty,
All from higher ranks of life,
Some faces spoke of sweet contentment,
Some of sorrow, care and strife.

Mother queen in all her splendor,
Crown of jewels and pure gold,
Costly gown of silk the rarest
Gleaming in each lovely fold.

Then a thought came surging o'er me
Oh, to be a ruler grand.
And to reign upon a throne
In some far and distant land.

On my head a crown of jewels,
Wealth and power at my command,
Vast riches, fame and fortune,
Reaching far o'er sea and land.

But I noted as I studied
Faces traced with lines of care,
That a life of self denial,
Love and patience had put there.

Cheeks that once bloomed like roses
Now were faded lily white,
Eyes that had so brightly sparkled
Were now dimmed to mellow light.

Then I turned to the Madonna
Hanging there upon the wall,
Mother of the loving Christ Child,
Who had come to save us all.

And my thoughts now grave and solemn
Carried me to heights sublime,
While within my heart was stirring
Had that sacred trust been mine.

Mother love the wide world over
Carries its toll and care,
Hope and pride and tender yearnings
Mingled with a mother's prayer.

Mother love, however humble
Though the tiny cot may be
Or however grand the mansion
Fills each home with ecstacy.

For however great the distance
That our weary footsteps roam,
Mother love will ever follow,
Like a guiding star leads home.

Thoughtfully I stood and pondered
But one wish was left for me,
Just to be the truest mother
That God meant for me to be.

-Joanna Abshagen.

TWO BEAUTIFUL INLAND LAKES

Both Within a Few Minutes Drive of of the Village of Decatur

This is a story of two lakes within easy driving distance from Decatur. In fact a good walker can walk to one of them in an hour. James Cotton, who is the inspiration for this story, says he could have done it when he was a young man, but now that he was 64 the fourteenth of March and is out of practice he would not like to undertake to do it in that length of time.

The two lakes are supposed to be equal distance from this village, going out on the town line road they are exactly equal distance. As near as Jim can say it is 4½ miles from Main street to the nearest point of either lake.

Now we will name the lakes. They are Eagle lake and Christie lake. Eagle lake never had any other name. In the early days, when the white man first came into this country, a little more than 100 years ago there was a big tree on the west shore and in that tree three bald eagles built their nests every year. That gave the lake its name.

James Cotton remembers that tree well and he remembers seeing eagles flying to and from it.

Some fifty years ago the late Edson Woodman, father of our neighbor, Eddie Woodman, pastured sheep on that place. One time during a big storm lightning struck the tree and killed about twenty of the sheep that had stopped under it for shelter. The tree was so badly damaged that it died in a few years, and now there is nothing to indicate the place where it stood.

In the early days the land where the pine tree stood was known as the old Abbott place. Mr. Abbott was one of the first settlers of that community. He died away back in the Civil war time and years afterward his widow married David Woodman, father of Edson.

Eagle lake is located in the southwestern corner of Paw Paw township, and Christie lake in the southeastern corner of Lawrence township. The two lakes are now more than a half mile apart, but when this country was in its primitive state there were only about 20 rods of land between them.

Lewis Goens, who is past 82 and has lived practically all of his life almost between the two lakes, says he can remember when they were only 20 rods apart and when a boy he skated across Eagle, walked across to Christie and went on skating across that lake.

The two lakes are each a mile long but Jim says Eagle is the wider and deeper. On the maps Christie appears to be the larger but our informant bases his judgment on the fact that Eagle lake was in his younger years 79 feet deep at its deepest point off the Hinckley cove, and Christie lake was only 60 feet at its deepest point, east of the sandbar.

Both lakes are fed by springs, but it is not generally known that Eagle lake has an outlet. Jim insists that this is true, and if any one knows he does. He has tramped its shores and boated and skated on its waters for the past sixty years.

There was an original outlet that came out on the Palmer-Hamilton line on the south side. It wiggled along down toward the Gooding crossway and went into the McLeese drain. A ditch was dug on the line and Jim was the first man to plow up the old creek bed. The ditch is there yet but is dry.

About 40 years ago there was a spring freshet and the lake rose to a point high enough for the water to run down the ditch, and carp weighing from 5 to 20 pounds, swam down it. Ed. Lyle, Clifford Hamilton, James Lennox, Lewis Graham and James Cotton took pitch forks and went along the ditch in the day time and forked the carp onto the banks and took them home. Some ate them and some didn't. You know carp are not the best for eating purposes.

The carp swam along the ditch to the drain where hundreds of them were caught by the farmers. They went as far as the John C. Lyle farm.

The carp got into Eagle lake from the Gates drain. Mick Gates had a carp pond and the dam broke and let them through. Carp are in Eagle lake to this day.

When Jim and Dr. Greenman attended the Plopper school they hid their bait can in a hollow stump and their fish poles and paddles in the bushes, and on the way home they would stop and catch a mess of fish.

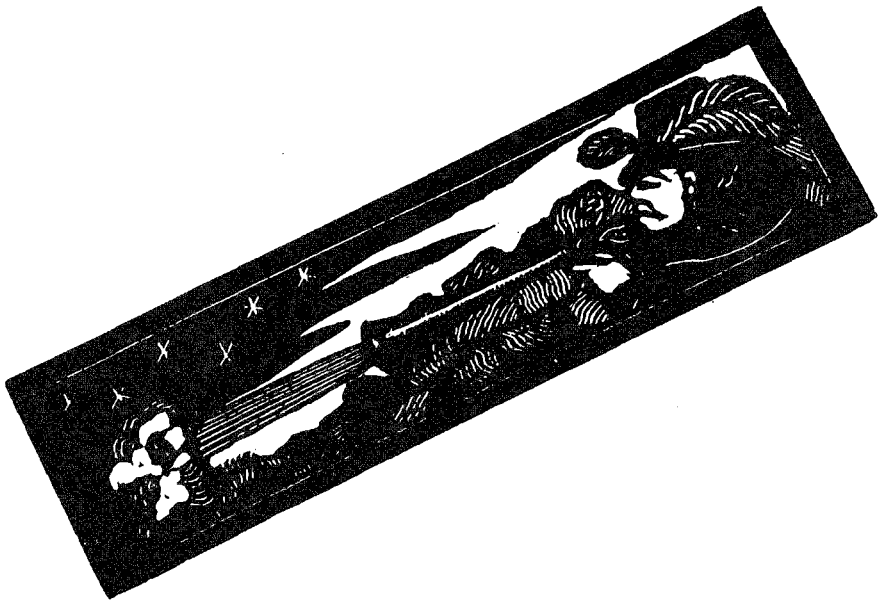
Christie lake was first named after the Christie family who settled on the west shore in an early day. In more modern times the name has been changed to Prospect lake, but the old timers like the name" Christie" better, and it is now known by both names.

Tuesday Lewis Goens came in. He was born in Cass county 3 miles from Pokagon, 83 years ago last November, and the family moved over into the Christie lake neighborhood when he was 8 years old.

That was in 1863. His father, Stapleton Goens, was too old to enlist in the Civil war.

In 1863 the land around Christie lake was owned as follows: William Greenman owned about ¾ of the southern shore, next was the Stoddard brothers, then came the Christies, then Clapp, then Tom Irwin, Jesse Sherrod and Thomas Winburn. These men surrounded the lake.

The men who owned around Eagle lake beginning on the southeast side were the Cuddebacks, Ase Hinckley, Gooding, Daniel Abbott, Hiram Sherrod, Tyler, Lurkins, John Lyle, Evans.



OXEN USED TO HAUL GRAIN IN PIONEER DAYS

Long Lines of Wagons or Bobsleighs Lasted as Late as Midnight.

By Charles A. Weissert, Kalamazoo Gazette Staff Writer.

Decatur—With a framework of hand-morticed timbers so huge that builders of today are amazed at the size, the old Michigan Central elevator, for 90 years a dominating landmark, stands today a sturdy memorial of the time when Decatur was one of Southwestern Michigan's principal shipping points for grain, hay, and dressed hogs.

The elevator, one of the largest in Van Buren county, was built when the railroad was extended west of Kalamazoo in 1848, old residents say, and was patronized many years by farmers who came many miles in heavily-loaded wagons hauled by oxen or horses. Some of them drove in from remote pioneer settlements in wooded sections of Van Buren and Cass counties.

Frame of Oak

This structure, 60 feet high "carried its age" so well that the firm of Carl Wickett and Company, of which Fred McWilliams is manager, recently bought it for modernization purposes.

Some timbers in the frame are 18 inches square. Many are 12 by 14. Some were cut from great logs, in local sawmills. Broadaxe experts, following an art almost forgotten, hewed out some of the others.

The frame is oak. Most of the boards are whitewashed.

Laborious Job

In the early days, before mechanical equipment for filling bins was installed, the grain was laboriously dumped by hand from the customers' wagons, which were driven up to an outside platform level with the second story. This platform, on posts about 30 feet high, was broad enough for a team and wagon to turn around. It was approached by an incline viaduct about 300 feet long.

In the early days considerable time was required for unloading the grain and older residents recall seeing long lines of wagons or bobsleighs, the last of which was sometimes not unloaded until midnight. This was especially common in the prosperity era after the Civil war when wheat quotations ran very high.

Freight cars have steadily increased in size. The capacity about 40 years ago was 600 bushels of grain. Today, it is 2,000.

Today, by throwing a switch, mechanized equipment fills a car in five hours. In the early days, when men carried the grain in dumpcarts, two days were required.

Ancient Dumpcart

In the elevator is preserved one of the ancient grain dumpcarts, really big bins on wheels, used for filling freight cars. The age of this relic is unknown but it is believed to date back to 1848. It holds about 15 bushels.

In addition to grain, farmers brought many sleigh loads of dressed hogs. These were shipped frozen to the Chicago market. Today, they are sent alive to the stockyards.

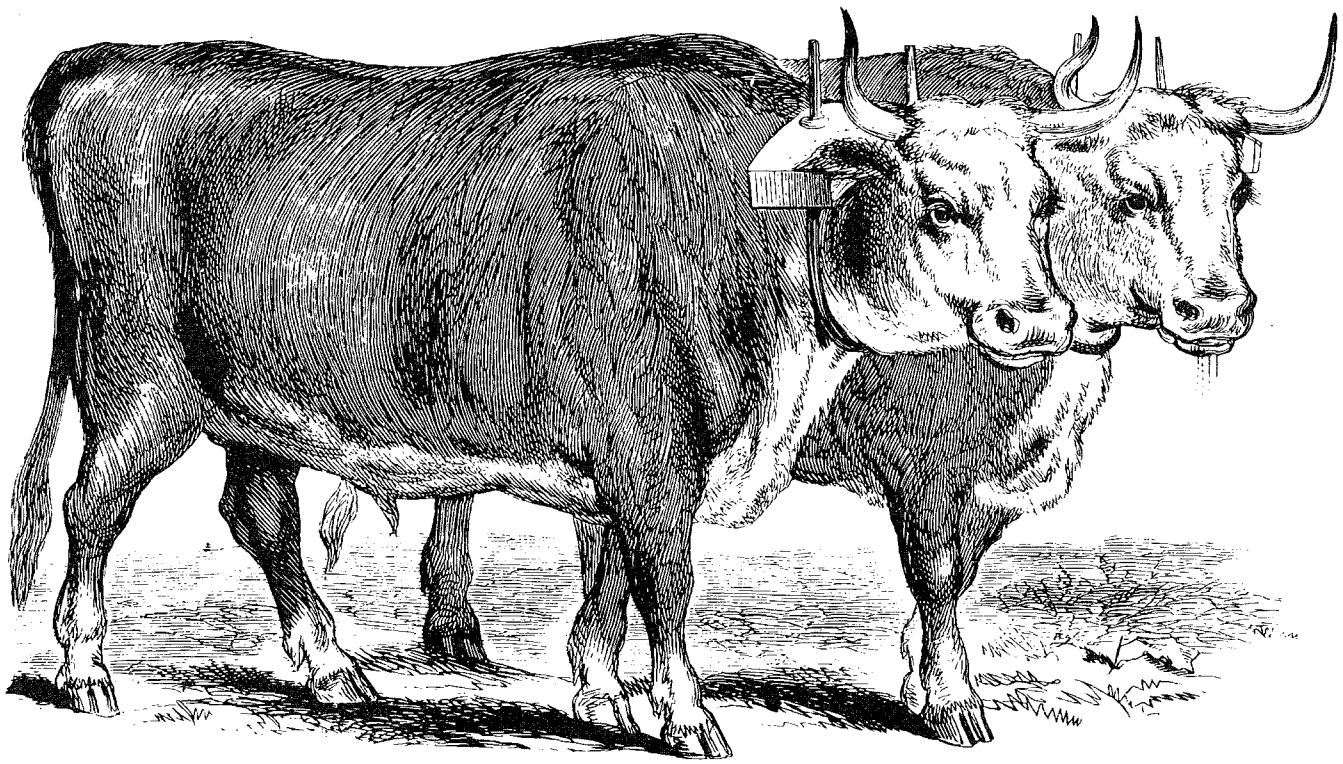
For many years, this village, named for Stephen Decatur, the famous naval officer, was a great trading center and also a shipping point for lumber, stave bolts, hand-made shingles, and other forest products from the pine woods north of here. It also was the terminal of the stage line which Maj. William Graves, Niles, operated between here and South Haven, serving en route Lawrence, Bangor, and Breedsville. These clumsy vehicles, drawn by four horses, carried passengers, mail, and express.

The line was put out of business when the Kalamazoo and South Haven railroad was completed in 1870.

One of the pioneer landmarks along the New York Central Railroad between Kalamazoo and Niles, is the elevator which the railroad company operated at Decatur from the time the track was laid about 90 years ago, until the building was sold to the Wickett firm. The buyers, who had been renting floor space in the old structure, have been making a number of improvements.

In pioneer days when large quantities of grain and dressed hogs were brought to the elevator for shipment, there was an unloading platform about 30 feet above the ground, the teams being driven up an inclined trestle. The platform was large enough for the teams to turn round.

The hand cart, or bin on wheels, is a genuine antique for it was used for conveying the grain from the bins to the freight cars before the mechanical apparatus which does the work in a fraction of the time was installed.



DOUBLE GRAVE, in Anderson cemetery east of Decatur, holds remains of Charles Morris, his wife, Esther, and their unborn child. They were victims of Van Buren's most sensational murder mystery nearly a century ago. (News-Palladium photo)

Bullets Killed Man And Wife

Slayer Stole Victims' Horse, Escaped

By JAMES TRELOAR
N-P's Paw Paw Bureau

DECATUR — No many Decatur people can remember the famous Morris murder of 1879, but most can still

recall hearing their parents tell about it. And nearly the entire community was moved to recollections with the burning last Saturday night of the famous murder house.

The house, located three miles southeast of Decatur on a lonely country road, was built long before the murder by Dolphin and Nancy Morris, Van Buren county's first white settlers.

Dolphin and his wife came here from Ohio in 1829 to homestead a piece of land just across the Cass county line. There they built a rude log cabin wherein were conducted the county's first school lessons and church services, and where the first birth and death were recorded.

PROSPERS

Within a few years, Dolphin had become prosperous enough to acquire 1,100 acres of land, become a stockholder in a new bank at Paw Paw—and to build the house in which his son and daughter-in-law were to be murdered.

Until Saturday night, the two-story frame building stood on a rise overlooking the Morris homestead. It had remained vacant 20 years, frequented only by the curious and teenagers seeking a lark.

The historic home, believed the oldest standing in the county, was acquired by Dolphin's youngest son, Charles, upon the father's death in 1870.

And there he lived until the night of Sept. 28, 1879, when an assassin's bullets killed both Charles and his wife, Esther.

According to one family historian, Charles and his wife had retired about 8:30. A little later they were aroused by a caller. Morris got up, without dressing went to the door, and stepped out onto his front porch.

GUNMAN MASKED

A masked gunman, standing there with pistols ready, sent two fatal bullets into the surprised man's body. The first shot struck him in the chest, going through the body and lodging in the siding of the house. As Morris fell, another shot was fired, the slug striking him in the neck and lodging in his back. Either of the shots would have proved fatal. Morris was found where he fell and death was later declared instantaneous.

Hearing the shots, Morris' wife sprang out of bed, snatched a little [illegible] shotgun from the bedroom wall, and ran [illegible] assistance. She came face to face with the masked assailant. Esther turned and fled, firing through one room after room as he fired shot after shot at her retreating form" according to one account.

As she entered the door of the bedroom, another shot missed her, striking the wall across the room. The next shot is believed to have ripped through Esther's left arm, crashing into the open bureau.

Terrified and wounded, the luckless Esther sought the protection of her bedroom closet. But the murderer threw open the door, stood over the fallen woman, and sent two more shots through her chest.

HAD NO CHILDREN

The Morrises left no children. One son had died in infancy, and Mrs. Morris was expecting their second child at the time of the murder.

A Miss Jennie Bull, who worked for the Morrises, had gone to bed about 8 that night, and strange to say, insisted that she was not awakened by the shots. She first discovered the two bodies next morning.

As investigators were later able to piece the evidence together, the murderer went to the Morris barn, saddled the dead man's best horse, and rode away. Two days later, word was received that the horse had been found in South Bend by riders of the Anti-Horse Thief Association.

PRICE ON CAPTURE

The gunman made good his escape on the stolen horse. The Pinkerton Detective agency of Chicago made an investigation and worked on the case several weeks before sending back word that the man could be captured for $1,000. It was felt to exorbitant a price, however, and worried by doubts, members of the family finally dropped the matter.

The only possible motive known to the family was that Charles Morris was disputing a debt he owed a one-man loan agency in Decatur.

The money merchant was believed by some to have hired the gunman. In a final desperate effort to solve the crime, townsmen donned masks and forced the money-lender from his home into a nearby woods.

There, under the supervision of a local doctor, he was stretched from a rope in a vain attempt to make him confess. The doctor saw to it that he was "given all the rope he could stand and live," but no confession was ever made, and the much frightened suspect quickly found new interests in the West.

GOOD AND BAD SIDES OF FLORIDA

(Mr. Washburn went with his son Kermit and family on a trip to Florida. They went before the Christmas holiday and were gone about six weeks. Their headquarters during most of their stay were in a trailer camp at Palmetto. He here favors the Republican with some of his impressions of this part of the South.)

Yes, we went to Florida and did I like it down there? Yes and no. Many things I liked and some I certainly did not. Perhaps I expected too much.

I felt ashamed at the way our government has permitted slums to grow or form so close to our Naval base at Key West. In some places only a picket fence separates backyard rubbish and filth from grounds occupied by government buildings, offices and living quarters for the boys we try to teach to respect the places that stand as representative of our enlightenment and power. Certainly a man with a scoop shovel, a horse and draywagon such as are used in many Michigan villages, could make a fine improvement in the appearance and maybe in the sanitation of places not far removed from grounds owned or controlled by one of the greatest powers on this earth.

Along the East Coast we saw many fine houses fit to be palaces of kings, with grounds appropriately landscaped and cared for, while across the street from them were walls so high that we could not see the Atlantic Ocean as it dashed with a thunderous roar against the beaches or whatever was there. No buildings occupied the east side of the street but on the west side those palatial homes had second story porches with broad porticos from which the home owners and their servants could view the majesty of the sounding sea, but from which the tourists who had driven a thousand miles, maybe to enjoy were barred by a wall of stone and concrete from getting even a glimpse. They could only wish and listen.

Farther inland we saw many fine gardens and citrus groves but even here Jack Frost had preceded us and had frustrated some of man's worth while plans.

Silver Springs gave us, perhaps, as much pleasure as any sight we met. Water issues in such volume that a fair sized stream is formed—two or three rods wide and several feet deep. Down this we rode on a good sized launch for four or five miles. We saw many fish and turtles and sunken logs which had lain too long a time for me to dare to tell. On the shore we saw a colony of monkeys that had been planted there. Like their brethren in cages they caught peanuts thrown to them by the passengers, and then asked, in their way, for more. How like humans they are getting, or have got, to be!

Clearly on much of the trip here described I was in no mood for much pleasure, but I could not avoid seeing many interesting places and things which undoubtedly I will bore you with when we meet again.

E. R. Washburn.

DECATUR TO HAVE CELERY FESTIVAL

THREE DAYS CELERY FESTIVAL WILL BE HELD THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 20 AND 21.

Decatur will celebrate with a big three days Celery Festival the coming fall.

The dates will be Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 19, 20 and 21.

This is an ideal week to have it, not too warm and not too cold. Celery will be in good shape to display and all crops will be nearing maturity.

When the word went out that the celebration might be dropped this year a protest went up both from the village and the nearby country. It became evident that the people want the Celery Festival. Another meeting was called and this tiime there was a satisfactory response.

The meeting was held in the council room last week Thursday evening. A new organization was perfected by the re-election of W. T. Beek, president, and Raymond Gale, secretary and treasurer. New articles of incorporation were signed, and when sent in and approved by the state agricultural department, will insure the Festival $300 with which to pay premiums. There are about $90 on hand, and with the money obtained from concessions and what will be contributed by the business men the financial success of the celebration should be insured. The cost last yeai was something over $900.

Another public meeting will be held in the council room next week Thursday evening at which time committees will be selected and preparations for the big show will get definitely under way.

The greatest thing the officers and committees will need is co-operation, both from the townspeople and the surrounding country. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and to insure the best of which we are capable it will be necessary for all to take an interest in the work and help in every way they can. We can do big things if we all work together, and it is really worth while.

Now is the time for growers of crops to have in mind making an exhibit. It is better to have no display at all than to have a poor display.

Visitors will come here from cities and other distant places. They will come with the idea of seeing what we raise and possibly of locating here. A fine exhibition of the products of the soil raised in this community will have a direct bearing on the selling price of property here.

This Celery Festival is not intended to be a money making affair, although if other features of it are not neglected it should pay a profit to those holding concessions. It is intended first as a public spirited affair to attract our relatives and friends from a distance, to please our summer visitors and to put new life into our community.

Railroads Precede Founding of Decatur; Truckers Do Business

MICHIGAN CENTRAL ESTABLISHED ITSELF BETWEEN HERE AND SO. HAVEN IN 1948

By Franklin W. Ryan

Although the plat for the Village of Decatur was not laid out until 1850, the fact that the community had become a transportation center some time before that is evidenced by the fact that for several years before the railroad superceded it in 1848, there was a well established stage line between Decatur and South Haven.

The transportation of people and produce of the community and into the community had become of such major importance by 1848 that a Plank Road Company was organized between Decatur and St. Joseph. The The capital stock was $30,000 and the commissioners were Solomon Wheeler, B. C. Hoyt, Henry Morton, Samuel McRoys, Henry Coleman and W. H. Keeler.

M.C.R.R. Established Here in 1848

By 1848 the Michigan Central Railroad had passed through Decatur and had been extended as far as Niles. By 1849 the line was extended to New Buffalo, and by 1851 the railroad had reached Chicago. The railroad opened up vast potential markets for the produce of Van Buren county and the Village of Decatur. A great lumber industry rapidly developed in this community and in 1870 the largest population the village has ever had was recorded. From that point the vast timber rapidly became depleted and the population of the village accordingly. However, in the early 1900's the muck land in the area began to be developed and by 1910 the population trend had turned upward until it reached 1,286.

Muck Provides Opportunities

In recent years the production of celery, onions, peppermint and other crops from the rich muck soil; and grapes and other fruits from the higher ground have increased to such an extent that they are shipped to every part of the country to swell the larders of the nation. As one might expect, the flow of such a stream of produce requires the services of many transportation systems. In addition to the New York Central Railroad, the village is served by the Associated Truck Lines, Keeshin Transport Line, MacNamara Truck Line, and the Midwest Transit Line for the transportation of freight; and the Indian Trails Bus Line and the Greyhound Bus Lines for the transportation of passengers.

Here Are Private Truckers

In addition to the numerous transportation lines there are also a number of private truckers. Among these are Pete Wanco, 216 W. Sherwood, who trucks vegetables to Indiana towns; Clifford Tweedy, 317 W. St. Mary's, who trucks vegetables to Niles, Constantine, Sturgis, and surrounding areas; and Gilbert Mead, 319 W. St. Mary's who trucks to grocers in South Bend and other Indiana cities.

A Grand Good Citizen of Early Van Buren Co. Days

Philotus Haydon of Hamilton

As reported in this paper last week Miss Ione Haydon sold the Haydon homestead that had been owned by her grandfather, Philotus Haydon, her father, Arthur Haydon, and herself 112 years. Her grandfather was one of the all time outstanding citizens of Van Buren county.

In the history of Van Buren county published in 1880 there is a brief biography of Philotus Haydon written by his neighbor and friend Capt. J. R. Hendryx. It is of special interest at this time and is republished herewith.

PHILOTUS HAYDON

No man who ever lived in Van Buren county was more universally honored and esteemed while living, and more sincerely and generally mourned when dead, than Philotus Haydon. There are many now in easy circumstances living in this vicinity, where Mr. Haydon lived from the year 1836 to the time of his death, who often refer with emotion to the timely assistance he rendered them when struggling for existence in the early settlement of the country. Never was he known to take advantage of a man's necessities, never taking more than simple interest—and often none at all—on even a note. No honest man, however poor, was ever turned away empty-handed when applying to him for assistance. If by misfortune he lost a horse or an ox out of his team, he knew right where to go to supply its place. No one who ever knew this large-hearted man, and reads the above, will say that it does him more than simple justice.

Mr. Haydon was born in Montgomery Co., N. Y., in the year 1810. When quite a young man he went to Brandon, Vt., and engaged in the mercantile business; there he married Mary A., daughter of Aaron W. Broughton

of that place, soon after removing to Hamilton, Van Buren Co., Mich., where he located one thousand acres of land in the year 1836, and began at once to make extensive improvements, and soon had an abundance with which to supply settlers who came in after him. He sold a portion of his large domain, but at the time of his death, which occurred March 10, 1866, owned about seven hundred acres. The fruits of his marriage with Miss Broughton were two sons,—Charles B., born in the year 1834, who enlisted as a private in the 2d Michigan Infantry at the outbreak of our late civil war, and soon rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1864 died of wounds received at Jackson, Miss. The other son, Arthur W., was born April 22, 1844, and about the year 1870 married Miss Elizabeth Baker, daughter of Hiram Baker, Esq., of Keeler township, and settled on a portion of the old homestead set off to him by the administrators, where he now lives in a neat and commodious dwelling on a well-cultivated farm, and ranks among the best citizens of this township. Mrs. (Broughton) Haydon died in 1948, and Oct. 24, 1850, Mr. Haydon married Adelia E. Buck, by whom he had three children,—F. Mortimer, born Feb. 24, 1859; Mary A., born Aug. 19, 1861; Blanche, born Aug. 16, 1865. Mortimer is at present engaged in a store in Decatur. Mary A. and Blanche are completing their education in the Ann Arbor University. The mother of these three children died very suddenly in Decatur, Jan. 24, 1877, while coming for her children in attendance at that school. She was a lady of rare accomplishments, loved and esteemed by all who knew her, and, like her honored husband, was most heartily mourned at her death.

Mr. Haydon never professed or talked religibn, but would every day of his life do more real Christian acts than nine-tenths of those who do profess and talk much.

In politics he was a Republican, and was an able advocate of his principles upon the stump. He served in the State Legislature from 1844 to 1851, also in 1859. Was elected supervisor of his township as long as he could be induced to serve.

OLD GLORY'S BIRTHDAY

Our Flag has been waving in the breeze since June 14, 1777, when it was adopted by the Continental Congress. U. S. Marines display the Stars and Stripes along with their regimental standard. At right: Grand Union, rattlesnake and pine tree flags, prominent among early colonial banners.

Romance has trailed Old Glory since it became our national flag 163 years ago. Since that time it has symbolized the hopes, aspirations and spirit of a nation devoted to the cause of liberty.

Prominent among early American flags, forerunners of the Stars and Stripes, were pine trees, rattlesnakes and other designs. The Grand Union flag, with a British jack appearing where forty-eight stars are now shown in a blue field, was the immediate ancestor of our national flag.

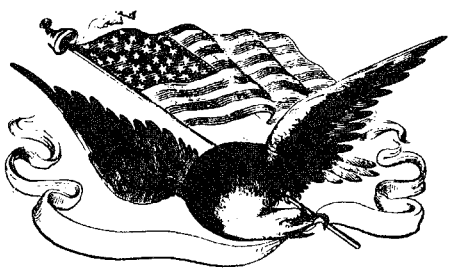
Pine tree flags were displayed by the cruisers of Washington's fleet which operated in New England waters, and such flags bore the words, "An appeal to Heaven."

Rattlesnake designs were frequently used by the southern colonies, and a flag of this type was carried by the U. S. Marines and bluejacks from the Continental Navy, who made a landing in the Bahamas in March, 1776. The rattlesnake symbol, with its motto, "Don't tread on me," also appeared on the drums of American Marines at that time.

The Grand Union flag was popular with naval men and it was sometimes called the "First Navy Ensign." There were scores of other colonial banners, each of which found special favor in the colony where it originated.

Even today there is a certain mystery about Old Glory. Historians fail to agree as to who designed it, although tradition points to Betsy Ross, a Quaker City seamstress, as the maker of the first Stars and Stripes adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777.

With a deep appreciation of the benefits we enjoy as citizens, each of us should display the Star-Spangled Banner on Flag Day, and by so doing honor the birth of our flag. No flag in the world is more beautiful. No flag spreads its folds over a more highly favored land than ours.



A HISTORY OF THE PLACE FAMILY

Written by Fannie Foster O'Rorke, Whose Mother Was a Place, and Read at the Reunion of the Place Family Descendants Held at the Home of Richard Howard August 27, 1939. This Copy Was Furnished the Republican by E. J. Wild of Corwin.

LAWRENCE LITCHFIELD, gentleman, according to best information, came from Kent, England, between 1930 and 1940 and located at Scituate, Massachusetts on, or near, Plymouth, Rock. The Litchfield and Lincoln families seem to have married at several times but what year Horace Litchfield and Ann Lincoln were married I have no record. Their first daughter, Fanny Kibby, was born August 13, 1815, and if I remember correctly there was a son, Howland, previous to that, as he, as oldest son, signed away all right and title of that family's share of the since valuable salt marshes.

Horace Litchfield was a tanner by trade and possibly lured by possibility of native material, moved to Malone, Franklin county, New York state, a northern city on the St. Lawrence river. The Lincoln family, too, must have migrated, for in the 1890's there were still two spinsters of the family living there.

Fanny Litchfield, 16 years old, was married to Horace Place of Vermont. Place was a clothier by trade, foreman or part owner, of the factory. Here two of their children were born, Elmina in 1833, March 2nd, and Fayette in November, 1834. When Fanny was 17 years old Elmina was born.

Then western Pennsylvania seemed a good place for the location of a cloth factory, and shipping their household effects by boat to Erie, Pa., they drove by sleigh, for I have heard mother say. Her father remarked, "Now take your last look at the old St. Lawrence." Mother always remembered how it looked. The waters of Lake Erie washed upon its banks and all the household effects of the family were swept away. Arriving in Pennsylvania they made their home on a little stream, tributary to the Allegheny river (and we of this generation know how treacherous those tributaries of the Ohio river can be, and also, as well, the Ohio itself) and proceeded to the making of cloth in their own factory.

Another son, Howland, was born and when he was three weeks old the family was aroused by Fanny. "We must run for our lives," with the smallest babe and two other little ones, again they saw all their worldly possessions swept away. Though their wealth did not accumulate the family continued to grow until there were six girls and three sons. Then Michigan allured and as grandmother once told me, "There was no more need for them to move there than for a dog to have two tails." But she was taught the wife must obey so on to a new farm in the wilds of Michigan again they moved. Grandmother, leaving her mother, father, sisters and brothers, with a husband knowing nothing of farming or woodcraft, one

little girl, Inez, only beginning to walk. (The M. C. railroad had only been built to Lawton.) Fanny riding in an old farm wagon, over roads such as must have been at that time, out to Nesbitt's mills. So much of the way was swamp, even I can remember when the land from old Brown's tavern half way to the Maxwell place was cranberry bog.

None of the family had ever lived in the country and they had always gone to church. There was service, in a school house, nearly to the Territorial road, so mother started out in a light pink delaine dress, satinet slippers and a small hat with a green baize vail. Can you fancy how her outfit must have looked at the end of that walk through woods, etc. When mother was invited to a dance to be held the same night, such a conference was held as to the propriety, as they had been accustomed to formal invitations, issued about two weeks in advance, and new dresses for each party. Poor grandmother, her conventional soul was stirred to its depths.

Most neighbors were rather illiterate and their language must have seemed rather crude to one whose family made a fetish of education and good English. As I remember, she never could quite reconcile herself to her surroundings.

Mrs. Howard was one lady whom she respected among all her neighbors. Robert Nesbitt was always a good friend. Grandmother Place worked though weakened by malaria and various contagious diseases. When Emory was three months old grandfather died, leaving a family of ten for a young woman (grandmother) of 35 to rear. Poor family—fortunately Mina had been well educated, for that time, in Erie Academy so was able to teach. Commenced when she was 13 years old. Fayette, a most brilliant youngster, commenced working for various farmers. How they lived during that time we can only imagine ten children, the oldest 15, the youngest a babe, a new farm unpaid for, a young woman of 35. She sewed at tailoring, etc. Malaria was rampant. At one time all the family were down with measles, except mother, who had to be up all night to give medicine.

Grandmother's father came from Pennsylvania to be with the family after the father's death—his wife having died—and he was killed by a falling limb of a tree, only a short time after the other's death.

The children walked four miles to school. After being a widow five years, Isaac Rice, who worked for Robert Nesbitt, proposed marriage, offered to make a home for the five older children and to care for the five younger ones. She accepted and while some of the older ones objected, it really seemed a respite, so she accepted.

Rice fulfilled all his promises, took good care of her, paid for the land and while there were three children born to them only one lived, and she at the age of six years was stricken with infantile paralysis, never walking ater. He died after they had lived together 17 years.

At fifty grandmother was the brightest, most interesting person I ever knew. Her use of English was remarkable, how well I remember her corrections of my speech, how humiliated I was that she should have heard me make such errors.

Shall I tell how when the girls were home and all living in the old log house, each Saturday the doors were taken down, and they and the floors scrubbed with soap and sand? They spun the wool and flax and wove their own cloth—Linsey woolsey. Did I tell you her height? She was a little under 5 feet tall, could stand under Mr. Place's arm when it was extended straight out.

All her sisters were gifted, composed and wrote. One sister, Sarah, was editor of a weekly newspaper in Conneautville, Pennsylvania. All occupied high positions socially, the eldest who signed away the rights of the salt marshes was a tanner and the youngest brother was first U. S. Marshall of Dakota before statehood. Another brother went south to Georgia, was a tavern keeper, as hotel men were termed in those days.

How much of this is known to all or any of you I do not know.

JOLT CART.

Seventy-nine years ago there were two good boys born in Decatur township. When 4 years old they were taken to Decatur and bought their first pair of copper-toed boots. They were dressed in home made waists and pants. The pants were buttoned to the waists with six buttons and the pants had two pockets.

Those were the good old times when good boys were the pride of the family. They soon became useful around the old home. Grandmother raised geese and at a certain time of the year they had to be picked and their feathers made the feather beds and pillows that are used to this day in the homes of old settlers. I couldn't sleep if I didn't have a feather bed to lie on.

Grandmother would roll up her sleeves, pick out a goose and sit down in a chair and pick it. The goose would bite her arms whenever it got the chance and the two good little boys would be called on to hold its head. The big nice feather beds she made were laid on straw ticks and the ticks on cord beds.

Did you ever help cord a bed? I guess not, for if you had you would be nearly one hundred years old.

There was a stream of water that started up in the south part of the tamarack woods on the old homestead, now the Delbert Vought farm. The tamaracks made the water red and that is why they called it Red Run. There were two saw mills and a brick yard on the stream. A man by the name of Van Riper owned the brick yard. That was a long time before Kruse owned it. Old Hank Woods and Ezekiel Kimble owned the saw mills.

Red Run crossed the old homestead. Cows were pastured down in the swamp and they wallered in the mud up to their ears. Before they were milked they had to be washed off with a rag and plenty of water.

O, those were the good times. Grandfather would go to the barn and put the gear called harness on the horses and hitch them to the old crotch skeined wagon with keys to hold on the wheels. The spring seat was a piece of ash one by three inches in size set in a fork at each corner of the box with cross boards for seats. This old wagon had to be greased every trip, so they used soft soap for grease. They had plenty of it.

In the spring there were the sugar trees to be tapped by boring an inch hole in the tree, then driving a spile into the hole. Spiles were made of sumac stalks with a stub at one end shaped to fit the hole.

The rest of the spile was cut in half. A sharp hot rod was used to burn out the pith. Then the sugar troughs were placed under the spiles Troughs were cut in lengths about two feet, then chopped or hollowed out to hold the sap which was gathered and emptied into a large boiling pan and boiled to sugar off point.

Then these good little boys would dip out some of this syrup, pour it on snow or in cold water drawn from a 25 foot well, and that turned it to wax.

O, those good old times. The well with rope and bucket furnished all the water we could use. All that had to be done was to bring it up. We used soft soap to grease the windlass and the grind stone.

Of course we had all the wax we wanted, so did Nero, the dog. The sugar was poured into any kind of moulds and when cool was wrapped and put away for home use or to sell.

Those were the times when wood was plenty. Grandpap seemed to like to have the two little boys go with him on most all of his trips. They went with him when he made trips up the Chevelier hill. There the country was most all timber. On the Dan Brewer farm several acres of large trees were slashed or chopped down and burned when dry.

Rutabagas were sown among the tree stumps and logs and grew well as did all other crops.

In those days wild grapes, elder berries, huckleberries and cranberries grew thick in the woods, and all you had to do was to go out and pick them. If you wanted a turkey and you were a fairly good shot all you had to do was go out into the swamp and get one.

There were also deer in the swamp and there were no hunters' licenses to pay. How would you like to go back to the good days?

Now put the gear on the horses and hitch them to the wagon for we are going to Decatur three miles away. We cross the old swamp road that has been made passable by laying tamarack poles across and covering them with sand. There was a turn out place every so often so teams could pass.

The swamp was so soft that the ground would shake or weave for several rods on each side of the road as you drove over it.

As time went on the road was laid with oak stringers. Two inch plank were laid on end and spiked to

stringers. It made a good road for several years. I think this cost about $4,000. We crossed our old road bridge and came on into town, the best little town in the state.

We then walked up Main street on a board sidewalk. All but one or two of the stores of those days were built of wood. We went into one of them for a stick of candy and some peanuts with shells on. Grand dad bought salt and crackers by the barrel and some strong cheese, home made butter, plug and smoking tobacco, high shoes and boots.

Your socks were knitted at home. Those were the times when women wore long dresses and used side saddles.

O, I could go on and on, but what is the use? I can look back on the farm and see those barrels of salt meat, ham and shoulders, and sausage put down in lard, a barrel of sorghum molasses and a barrel of good cider, plenty of good red apples.

Two rows of current bushes always yielded a good crop. All of which seems good, but you would not like to swing the old grain cradle or mowing scythe or bind the grain into bundles.

You had to cut down trees with an axe for there were no cross cut saws.

But there were cornstalk fiddles.

Jont. Goble.

LAKESIDE DREAM VILLAGE

(This interview was obtained from Peter Gaertig by Fred W. Green at the request of the Republican.

Have you ever heard the expression "Right under your nose"? It is frequently heard and has lots of meaning. For instance very few know what is going on at the Bagley farm by the Lake of the Woods, recently sold to Peter Gaertig by the last owner, Earl Bishop.

Mr. Gaertig is converting this land into a subdivision and is to erect homes and a number of cottages for a summer colony.

This undertaking is greater than one at first would suppose, but Mr. Gaertig is no amateur at subdividing land and erecting houses. He has followed that business for a number of years, and for a long time knew that the Bagley farm was an ideal spot for a subdivision both for permanent homes and a summer colony.

The time is ripe for home building. Decatur was never so badly off as at present for homes. Our town has progressed in everything except building homes. Mr. Gaertig expects to build homes that will be sold for as low as $1500, 4 rooms with bath and all modern conveniences, gas, electric lights and city water. The location is three blocks from the city limits, and it is expected Decatur will do one of two things, extend the water mains or bring the subdivision into the city limits. But that is in the future.

The homes are to be built of stone and cement, no two alike, they will be surrounded with suitable landscape that will be a pleasure to behold, and will be homes to be proud of. He expects to build a bathing beach, and a swimming pool to be used exclusively by the dwellers residing on the subdivision.

A lighthouse with revolving light is to be erected as a beacon to guide those venturing out on the lake after night fall. Streets will be cut through from one end of the subdivision to the other, and at frequent places cross streets are to be built as needed.

Already some trees have been planted, but to give one an idea of what Mr. Gaertig anticipates doing he tells me he has already purchased a total of 3,000 trees which he expects to plant this coming spring. There are 250 Holly trees, 1,000 Cedar, 100 Rhododendron, 100 Colorado Spruce, 100 Hemlock, 200 Shortleaf Pine, 200 Lombardy Poplar, 100 Weeping Willows, 100 Pine Virginians, 100 Papaws, 100 Magnolia Umbrellas, 100 Magnolia Cucumber, 100 Sweetwood Gum, 100 Sycamore Gum, 100 America Sycamore, 100 Texas Umbrella, 100 Red Dogwood, 100 Magnolia Big Leaf, 200 Red Bud. It is expected these will all be planted in the spring of 1940. Mr. Gaertig calls this subdivision Lakeside Dream Village.

The homes are expected to be of different design, American, English, Colonial and Dutch. Streets are to be a blaze of light. An electric fountain is to be installed, the main entrance is to be arched, all made of field stones. When these improvements are finished Decatur will be proud of the Dream City. It will fill a want long looked for, as there is room enough for a large number of homes and they will be erected as fast as the demand is made.

Mr. Gaertig invites any interested citizen to call on him, either at his home or at the Dream Village where he is now erecting a home for himself overlooking the lake. Decatur has neglected its home building program for many years, and Mr. Gaertig believes this subdivision will stimulate the building industry and will be the means of providing Decatur with homes that people will be proud to own and live in.

He wishes me to say that perhaps there are some who may differ with him about Decatur needing additional homes, but he believes no one will deny there are many homes that are not up to the standard of a first class village which Decatur is. It is entitled to have homes razed that have served their usefulness provided they work no hardship on the people who are using them.

The opening of this new subdivision will pave the way to secure modern homes with up-to-date surroundings that can be paid for almost the same as paying rent.

Mr. Gaertig points out that since Mr. Greenberg has opened his Lake of the Woods Camp for both boys and girls, Lake of the Woods property has had quite a boom and very few are aware of it.

Mr. Ackley has been successful as a resort owner as have many others on the Lake of the Woods Shores. Walter Woods also has erected beautiful resort homes and has seen them occupied every month of the season year. Besides these there is the beautiful home of Mr. Sundstrum, who has pinned his faith on the Lake of the Woods property. All of these have been erected RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES, with but few knowing of their existence. Truly this is getting to be a great town.

ONE OF THE EARLY FIRES OF MAIN STREET

Back in the early eighties the Decatur business street suffered a serious conflagration. It has suffered many disastrous fires. At one time and another practically the whole business street has gone up in smoke.

This fire of the early eighties broke out in the Lee drug store, a frame building located where Slack's food store is now. It burned a half dozen frame buildings and was stopped at the Shaad store, located then where Rawson's kandy kitchen is at the present time.

The fire broke out about ten o'clock at night. Will Noble was night operator at the depot and Walter Brown was hanging around. There was always from one to a half dozen fellows hanging around the depot, keeping company with the operator in those days. Telegraphy was a favorite trade with the boys and some of our best operators got the idea of learning it by spending their idle time there.

Walt. heard somebody cry, "fire!" and the next minute he was on the street. There were few people out at that time of the night, and there were no telephones and nor organized fire company such as we have today.

Walt's first thought was to spread the alarm and get the people out to fight. He ran to the Presbyterian church, climbed through a window, found the bell rope and rang the old bell till he had most of the town out.

One day last month he was going past the church when Arthur Brigham was ringing the bell for services. It did not have just the right sound and he asked Arthur what became of the church bell of the eighties. Arthur did not know and we are wondering if anybody knows.

Trails End at Eagle Lake

Trails End is a colored summer resort located at the west end of Eagle lake on property originally known as the Old Abbott place. The Abbott family lived there before the Civil War and the head of the family died of cancer during the war period. James Cotton, our informant, cannot remember the first name of Abbott but says his father, Josh. Cotton, took care of him during his last sickness. Abbott's widow married David Woodman, father of Edson and Jason Woodman.

Eugene Hinckley bought the property of the Abbott estate and in turn sold it to Robert Hamilton. The resort property consists of a strip of about ten acres extending along the lake shore.

Hamilton sold the strip to Roy Mitchell of Kalamazoo in 1926, and he still owns it. He divided it into lots and sold at least 18 of them, for 18 cottages have been built there.

Mitchell built a big dance hall and it draws crowds of young colored people every summer. Some of the lots were sold for $400 and it cost $3,000 to build some of the cottages. They are finished for year around living, and contain furnaces, bath rooms and expensive furniture.

Trails End draws its summer visitors from Chicago, South Bend, Kalamazoo, Niles and Benton Harbor.

A couple of years ago the champion prizefighter, Joe Louis, tried to buy 500 acres of land along the south shore of the lake adjoining Trails End, but some of the owners refused to sell. He could not get as many acres in one piece as he wanted and abandoned the plan.

Some of the cottages are occupied the year around. The state road is kept open during the winter and mail is delivered there daily from Paw Paw.

In the early days there was an island in front of the shore at Trails End. Now the water is lower and the island has become a part of the mainland. It contains a fine oak grove and the owner derives considerable revenue by renting it to tenters and for picnic ground.

Decatur Woman Recalls Indians and Ox Teams

One of Decatur's pioneer women is Elizabeth Conrad. She observed her 86th birthday on November 17, last, She is the last survivor of her family and was born at Quebec, Canada, November 17, 1853. A practical nurse, she lives alone today, having retired at 80.

Decatur was virtually a wilderness when Mrs. Conrad came here to live. The town embraced four stores, a hotel, the Duncombe House, the Tase tavern.

Oxen, not horses, were used mostly by the settlers; the Michigan Central ran but one train a week. They didn't hitch-hike in those days, says Mrs. Conrad. She recalls walking to and from Dowagiac and Cassopolis, Lawrence, Lawton and Paw Paw.

In November, 1873, she was married to Nelson Conrad of Decatur. They were the parents of four children, of Kalamazoo, and Mrs. Ella Goble, of Decatur. One daughter, Mrs. Doris Goble, died seven years ago. Soon after their marriage they went to live on a farm south of the village, over the Fifield hill. This was before the land was drained and the new swamp road built. She tells of walking to town and in crossing the swamp, in the wet season, wading through water to her waist.

Mrs. Conrad relates many interesting things regarding their association with the Indians when they first came to Michigan. Two special occurences stand out in her memory, due to the extreme fright she experienced. Although the Indians at all times tried to be hospitable, she tells of one time when she and her playmates came unexpectedly upon an Indian tepee in the woods. The Indians forced the children to enter their wigwam, through kindness only, which the children did not understand, and they forced gifts of moccasins and beads upon them.

Another time when her father was away from home two Indian men came to their home and demanded to be admitted. This the mother refused to do, but they remained until the father rturned. The father was not sure whether it was a friendly visit or not, but was afraid to refuse them hospitality. When night came the Indians laid down on the floor with their feet to the open fire and showed their intentions to remain for the night. Even though their home was a one-room cabin. Mrs. Conrad tells of her extreme fear and how she sat up in bed, between her parents, afraid to lay down all through the night.

Mrs. Conrad scoffs at the present idea of hard times and depressions and tells how her husband cut bolts by hand for $5 per cord. He never received more than 75 cents for a day's labor; how they paid ten cents for a bar of soap and one dollar for a small sack of flour, and how when living on the farm, they sold eggs for five cents a dozen.

AN INDIAN STORY

By: Nellie Sibley

(Myron Stanford moved west from the Detroit area about one hundred years ago and became one of the early supervisors of Decatur Township.)

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Stanford, at one time, lived in the woods not far from Detroit. They had cleared a little spot, built a log cabin, and planted a small garden. It was about 1838 or 1840. There was an Indian trail near their home and very often Indians stopped at their cabin.

One day a lone Indian called, whose hand had been wounded, and was bleeding profusely. Aunty Stanford washed and dressed the wound. For thanks the Indian smiled — the only time she ever saw an Indian smile.

Not long afterward the Indians went on a rampage, burning cabins, killing some of the inhabitants and taking a twelve-year old girl captive.

One day Aunty had just taken fresh bread from the oven, when suddenly three Indians entered the room. She was startled, especially when one of them stepped up close to her and showed her his scarred hand. He said, "Me no hurt." Then picking up a loaf of bread he left the cabin followed by the other two.

He was the Indian whose wounded hand she had dressed. When outside the door this Indian took a gay feather from his head gear and fastened it by the door, saying, "Indians see — no hurt." Afterward when neighbors' cabins were burned by the Indians, the Stanford cabin was not molested.

Indians never forget a kindness; neither do they forget an unkindness. Aunty Stanford told me lots of stories about her pioneer days when she was young.

1940

A Half Million Dollar Fire

Red and Reynolds Woolfe, Jim Adduci and the Mayor went over to the Houppert Winery fire at Lawton last Friday.

A half million dollar fire would be a good heading for it. That is what they claim the damage was, the Mayor said.

They drove over to see if they could be of any help, but the building was past saving when they got there. The fire started at about 12:30 p.m. and they got there at 1:15.

The Lawton firemen telephoned for the Kalamazoo fire department and the department responded with all kinds of hose which under the conditions, was a great benefit. They strung a quarter of a mile of hose. To do that they had to cut in on the line as a booster, and they did throw some water.

They tapped one of the big tanks of wine and it ran wild and made a pool. They put the hose into the pool and drafted it with water from a creek and poured the water and wine combination on the burning building to put out the fire.

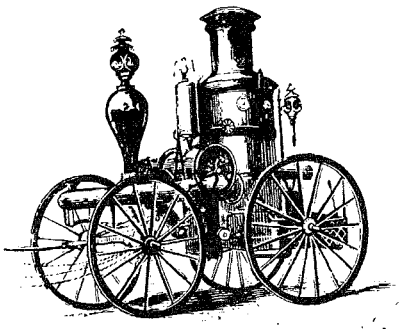
Two trucks from Paw Paw, two trucks from Lawton and the whole fire department of Marcellus, besides the Kalamazoo department were on the ground fighting the fire. It made a lively spectacle and there was a multitude of people there to see it.

The fire was in the upper story and when it got to the ground floor so much water was thrown on to it that it was choked. The wine that was in the cellar was saved. It was unprotected for a while and there was so much of it that it attracted the human beings like flies, and they had to call on the sheriff and his deputies to save it.

The winery is a stock company with William C. Houppert the principal owner. Nobody seemed to know how the fire caught and the origin was put down as unknown. That will satisfy the insurance companies.

They said over at Lawton that the company will begin rebuilding Monday, so it must have been insured pretty well.

Here is a tip to fire fans who are in the habit of chasing fire trucks to fires,—The Peter Pan Bread Company driver was given a ticket for driving over a fire hose at Lawton. He was cited to appear over before Justice of the Peace Larry Davis in Paw Paw. It is a state offense and he will probably get a heavy fine if they convict him.



The Giant Trees in Newton Woods

By Charles A. Weissert in the Kalamazooo Gazette.

To those who like outdoor life, Newton woods, one of the few fragments of Michigan's forest primeval which so far has escaped extensive use of the ax, officers during these spring days some distinctive attractions. Aside from the gigantic trees, some of which tower more than 100 feet, there is a greater variety of bird and plant life than can be found in woods on cutover land.

Before undergrowths are in foliage, the huge trees with buttress-like root expansions extending several feet above ground, can be seen to best advantage. As many trees were cut out years ago, this forest has lost the gloomy density of the wilderness. Here, however, may be visualized the great task which awaited the settlers. The ax was a tiny weapon for one man to use in attacking such immense trunks—from three to six, and sometimes eight feet in diameter—and clear of branches up to 80 or more feet. Through the "foliage roof" the sunlight penetrated only here and there.

Produced Large Crops

Many from the Atlantic states were amazed on arrival to find on their land such immense trees. Over-awed, they stood in the deep shade and listened to the never-ceasing, surf-like sound the wind was making in the lofty branches, some of which were as large as the trunk of a good-sized tree today. Appalled by the clearing job confronting them, some climbed into their covered wagons and started for an open country, ready for the plow. Others remaining, felled tree after tree, until they had a clearing large enough for a log cabin and a garden. By the next year, they might have enough room to plant a first crop amidst the stumps.

A year later the size of the clearing might be doubled —and so on, year after year, the forest was compelled to yield space. Occasionally a settler, with health broken by privations, did not live to see his farm cleared. The soil which grew the many century-old trees produced incredibly large crops until the nutritive element was exhausted.

Newton woods today has a spaciousness lacking in other forests. For observation, there is plenty of distance between the trees, especially among the gray-barked beeches. This is the realm of the woodpecker. Many of these birds are heard continuously hammering high up in the branches. Several varieties remain all winter. There is a noticeable lack of song birds, which prefer fields, meadows, small growths, and sociability of farmyards.

Cover 80 Acres

Although the wood covers nearly 80 acres, round the east side of which flows Dowagiac creek, the tallest trees may be seen from the Decatur-Cassopolis highway which passes through the center of the tract.

As soon as the snow disappears, the forest floor on the west side of the road is for several days covered with Dutchman's Breeches, interspersed here and there with bloodroot, while on the east side there are few of these varieties, but many hepaticas, some of giant size, growing in hollow places between roots of the large trees and on decaying, moss-covered logs.

Newton woods is about 7 miles directly south of Decatur, and about 9 miles north of Cassopolis. The Decatur-Cassopolis road, recently blacktopped, passes through some of the finest scenery in southwestern Michigan. Especially attractive is the view across the valley from the range of hills 3 miles south of Decatur.

ADMINISTERS SACRAMENT OF CONFIRMATION

Most Rev. Joseph H. Albers, D.D., J.C.D., Bishop of Lansing, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of fifty at Holy Family church, Wednesday evening. The candidates for confirmation are members of Holy Family church, Decatur, and St. Anne church, Cassopolis. The latter is a mission of Decatur.

It was an important event in the parish, and Father Cook's parishoners coming from this locality, Cassopolis and Marcellus were on hand to greet their Bishop and heard him as the successor of the Apostles, deliver the instruction to the confirmation class.

The attending clergy were Very Rev. Joseph V. Coyle, St. Joseph; Very Rev. George Witteman, Benton Harbor; Rev. M. J. Cassidy, Dowagiac; Rev. A. Deleviere, Dowagiac; Rev. J. Beauvois, Paw Paw; Rev. Casimir Korzniecki, Bangor; Rev. Joseph M. Rockford and Jacob Gensterblum, Niles; Rev. Aloysus Miller, St. Joseph; Rev. Francis Sharpe, New Buffalo; Rev. G. Owens, South Haven; Rev. Julius Bona, Watervliet; Rev. R. Dunnigan, Kalamazoo, and Rev. John Stasintewicz, Three Oaks.

CARL B. SQUIER NEW MANAGER OF LOCKHEED CO.

(The following notice was taken from the Detroit Free Press. Carl Squier is a former resident of Decatur, a son of Harley E. Squier of Buchanan and nephew of Ex-Supervisor Emory H. Squier.)

Appointment of Captain Carl B. Squier formerly of the United States air force and well known aviation expert, as general manager of the Detroit Aircraft corporation's Lockheed division is announced by Edward S. Evans, president.

At the close of the World war Mr. Squier was made chief test pilot at Colem-Bey where he had the opportunity of flying 22 different types of planes and subsequenty was named one of the five pilots assigned to the Peace Conference, carrying dispatches to all parts of the Allied countries.

Upon his return from Europe Mr. Squier organized the Rubber Merchandising company which was purchased by the United States Rubber Company after three years of successful business. His organization work was continued when he spent some time organizing chapters of the National Aeronautical association throughout the United States.

Since the first of the year Mr. Squier has been connected with the Eastman Flying-Boat corporation, another division of the Detroit Aircraft corporation.

REMEMBERS WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT

(Arthur Shaw, the writer of this letter, was a son of John A. Shaw for whom the Shaw school district was named, one of the best known farmers of his time in Van Buren county. Arthur Shaw was born in Decatur township and was 4 years old when the Civil War broke out. In his long and useful life he has seen much of the United States, and his work as a teacher of both old and young has taken him from Montana to Maryland. It is quite probable that he is the only person now living who attended the exciting meeting at the Bell schoolhouse in Porter, but if there is another person among the Republican's readers who recalls it, shall be glad to hear from them. We are greatly pleased at receiving this interesting letter from Mr. Shaw and shall look forward to further reminiscences from him.)

Dear Friend Arba:

I thank you for your card of Jan. 2nd. Inclosed find $1.50 for the Decatur Republican for 1942.

I'll be glad to write you about my memories of early Decatur days. I too "wish you a Happy New Year good health and comfort."

I distinctly recall the enlistments made in the civil war by neighbors all about us. I came on the stage of action April 30, 1857.

I remember of watching for my father to come home from Decatur with soldier clothes. We were disappointed. He was told by the officers that they thought with his large family his duty was at home.

A near neighbor was drafted and paid for another man to go in his place.

I recall having gone to the Bell School House in Porter township on the first Sunday after President Lincoln was assassinated. After the speaker had taken his position on the platform a sharp discussion arose about the assassination of Lincoln. The women massed together between the two crowds opposing each other's views.

The women prevented any fighting going on, but there were no more church services, and I do not recall any after that in the Bell schoolhouse.

After that I had to memorize with the pupils in the Shaw school the following:

"Revenge is a cruel sword. It has neither hilt nor guard. Would thou wield this brand of the Lord? Is thy grasp then firm and hard? But the firmer the grasp of the blade, the deeper the wound in thy hand is made. And when the blade from thy hand has flown, instead of finding it bathed in the heart of the foe, thou wilt find it sheathed in thine own."

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay," saith the Lord. "If thine enemy hunger feed him: if he thirst give him drink. In so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Life is real, life is earnest and the
grave is not it's goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was
not spoken of the soul.
Let us then be up and doing with a
heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing, learn
to labor and to wait.
Lives of great persons—all remind us.
We can live our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints that perchance another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take hope again."

After Lincoln's assassination a crowd had assembled opposite the Wall Street Exchange Building in New York City. Some shooting had been going on before the crowd was brought to order to listen to General Garfield.

He said, "Gentlemen, God reigns and the government at Washington now lives. His pavillion is dark waters and thick clouds of the sky. Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne. Mercy and truth shall go before his face. God reigns and the government at Washington now lives."

The assembly came to order and there was no more shooting on this occasion about the Wall Street Exchange Building.

I have visited the building in which Lincoln was assassinated. It is now used by the government as a Memorial building of Abraham Lincoln.

Twice I have visited Gettysburg, and committed the Gettysburg address, consisting of ten sentences, containing 267 words and delivered in less than three minutes. I have the address copied on one side of an envelope. Edward Everett who had been governor of Massachusetts, U. S. Senator, Secretary of State, Minister to Great Britain, and president of Harvard, spoke two hours.

Later I'll write you what D. Wickett took me to see when he found me behind the front door in your office.

Gratefully yours,
A. L. Shaw.

THE SONS OF METHODIST MINISTERS

Floyd Odlum, a Decatur High School Boy 25 Years Ago, is Now Considered One of the Country's Ablest Professional Men

Children of Methodist ministers who have served in Decatur have turned out well. That may be one reason why Decatur has had so many good and capable Methodist ministers, — they want their children to turn out well.

Theo. Proutty, who passed away at his home near Los Angeles a few weeks ago, became nationally known as an inventor and was highly esteemed in the west where he had resided some twenty years. His father was the Methodist minister of Decatur during the eighties.

Foss Eldred, the well known attorney of Ionia, who was the Republican dry candidate for Congress in the recent election in the Eighth Michigan district and went down to defeat before the Democratic wet candidate from Saginaw, was a son of Rev. A.N. Eldred, who was pastor of the Methodist church here during the nineties.

A few days ago Mrs. Allie Rosevelt sent the Republican a page from the magazine, "Time", of August, '17, 1931, which contained a picture and sketch of Floyd Odlum who attended the Decatur High school 23 or 24 years ago and whose father was then our Methodist pastor.

This story of Mr. Floyd Odlum and his activities is copied from Time, —

Bigger Atlas

Notoriously miserable has been the record of investment trusts as a group. Notably excellent has been the record of one trust: Atlas Utilities Corp. Last week Atlas, still little known beyond the purlieus of Wall Street, acquired control of two well known investment trusts, and with them, management contracts.

The deals marked the eighth and ninth acquisitions made by Atlas since last October. President of the company is a quiet, modest man of 39 who is considered one of the ablest men in the country yet is as obscure as his company. He is Floyd Bostwick Odlum, whose other chief interests are his vice-presidency of Electric Bond & Share and his vice-chairmanship of its big unit, American & Foreign Power Co. Seldom in the public prints, he was written up two years ago for conducting the "most expensive telephone call." London—New York, 95 Min. $1,425. Slim, nonchalant, sandy-haired & freckled, Floyd Bostwick Odlum studied law at University of Colorado, in New York started work with Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett of Manhattan. In their office he became a close friend of George Henry Howard, seven years his senior. Just as Lawyer Odlum left to take charge of the legal department of Electric Bond & Share, so, two years ago, Lawyer Howard left to become president of United Corp.

In 1924 the two men formed a private investment trust, first called U.S. Company, later Atlas Utilities Corp. The original investment of $40,000 was the base for the trust.

First of the two trusts bought by Atlas last week was Ungerleider Financial Corp., formed in 1929 under the management of Samuel Ungerleider & Co., whose senior partner is cheery "Ohio Sam" Ungerleider. The other was Sterling Securities Corp., formed three years ago by the interests which sponsored Insuranshares Corp. It has two Hayden, Stone & Co. men on the board, was one of the first two investment trusts listed on the New York Stock Exchange (the other: General Public Service Corp.) Assets of the two trusts at the end of last year were $9,000,000 and $20,000,000 respectively. Atlas now has $25,000,000 in assets, controls a total investment structure of $48,000,000. Despite their many duties, friends Howard & Odlum still have time to go trout fishing together at the Howard camp, Mount Hansfield in Vermont.

1940

"MARCHING THROUGH BERLIN": HIT TUNE CHOSEN BY VAUGHN MONROE

The whole nation will be singing it soon! The American Weekly with this Sunday's (January 10) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times will bring you "Marching Through Berlin," the first song in a series of "Hits To Be for '43." Watch for it, COMPLETE with WORDS and MUSIC. Be sure to get Sunday's Detroit Times.

I AM AN AMERICAN
(Our MacArthur)

On old Luzon he saw cold death
Fall cruelly from the sky,
And the "Stars and Stripes forever"
Is his lusty battle cry.. . .

He vows retaliation,
And he shall not wince or hedge—
For "The Stars and Stripes Forever"
Is his solitary pledge. . . .

Thru our dogged, dismal struggle
And our trying, dying days
"The Stars and Stripes Forever"
Is the only prayer he prays. . . .

For, ebullient in his spirit
And flaming in his eye
Are "The Stars and Stripes Forever"
Till the day that he must die!
—F. H. Keith in Chgo. Tribune.

Bert Kidman Retires After 55 Years at Blacksmith Trade in Decatur

COURTESY BENTON HARBOR NEWS-PALLADIUM

Bert Kidman Has Re-established His Business With The Times

Gone is the spreading chestnut tree, gone are the horse and buggy days, but not the village blacksmith. That is, not this blacksmith. At the age of 55 years, Bert Kidman still finds his trade lively and plentiful. Different from many blacksmiths who deserted the trade with the advent of the automotive age, Bert assumed a philosophical attitude toward the transformation taking place before his very eyes.

Autos Can't Be Shod

True the auto couldn't be shod as horses were, but there were many things that could be done. Thus, Bert Kidman called upon his knowledge of carpentry, his resource of imagination, and even on a mind of inventive turn and created for himself an important place in the life of growing Decatur. Today he is a specialist in building racks for trucks, mint-setters, and even shoeing a horse or two now and then.

Came Here 30 Years Ago

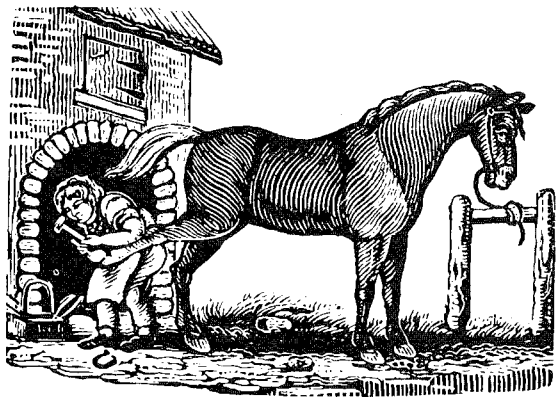
Bert Kidman came to Decatur 30 years ago from Fritzburg where he had learned the Smithy's trade in his father's shop along with his two brothers. At that time there were five shops in Decatur and plenty of business for all. A broken leg received from a kicking horse, a course in blacksmithing taken with the International Correspondence School, days when he employed four men, shod race horses, belonged to the Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and attended their convention winning first prize on a barred shoe forged entirely with a hammer, are experiences Mr. Kidman well remembers.

Recalls Recent Projects

In recent years he recalls a horse pulling contest he staged at the 1939 Celery Festival, furnishing and forging three tons of metal used in the construction of the Village Hall, and rigging up four trucks for Rural Electrification Projects in Van Buren and Cass Counties.

Is Civic Minded

In the many years of residence in Decatur, Bert has reared two daughters, served the community for 18 years as a member of the school board and served as president of the Rod and Gun Club in past years. The fact that he is now working on a folding chair in his spare time is ample proof that Bert Kidman still has a real interest in life.



Wm. I. Washburn, A Soldier of the Civil War

(E. R. Washburn went South to Florida with his son Kermit and family. They left Sunday before Christmas and returned the 19th of January. While there they camped at Palmetto, across the river from Bradenton. James Elliott and family were at Bradenton and returned home with them. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Haefner are still there. We have often asked Mr. Washburn to write for the Republican and a few days ago were rewarded with these interesting remembrances of his family history.)

Memories awakened in the mind of E. R. Washburn when he, with Kermit and family were passing through Murfreesboro, Tennessee. These memories are from stories told by Wm. I. Washburn to his family of which E. R. W. was the second son.

Murfreesboro is located in the somewhat rugged hill country of middle Tennessee and here was fought one of the important battles of the Civil War. Father's part in the battle was the driving of a six mule team hitched to an ammunition wagon. He had been enlisted in Company D, 101st Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He had been stricken with that dread disease, the scourge of so many soldiers in the wars of former years. He became so emaciated that his weight dropped from 180 pounds to less than 100.

Leave was given him to go to his home in Huron Co., Ohio, to recuperate and at the end of the furlough he returned to the army and was given an easier job, that of driving an ammunition wagon, where he could ride instead of being always on his feet. The Confederates stampeded the mule train by shooting down the lead teams. Many wagons were overturned and father was caught under his and held there till the battle was over. A stone the size of a man's fist was under him and the loaded wagon was holding him firmly, so that, struggle as he might he could not free himself. Finally his comrades freed him, but he never entirely recovered from the strain of that long hard struggle.

That experience eventually helped him to get an increase of pension, from eight to twelve dollars per month as the board of examiners agreed that the much enlarged veins of his lower limbs were in part at least, due to his severe struggling to free himself while held under the overturned ammunition wagon. The increase in pension proved a boon to him in the support of his family. Much later the government greatly increased his pension enabling him to pass his later years in comparative ease.

An interesting bit of romance took place in the pioneer life of my parents. Father was born in Greenwich township, Huron Co., Ohio, July 18, 1843. His father was of Quaker parentage but his mother was not, so grandfather was dropped from membership in the Quaker Church because he married out of the church. Mother was born in Ripley township, adjoining Greenwich on July 11, 1850, of partial Quaker descent. They were fairly near neighbors and as the children grew father often went to her home to rock the baby in her little hewed walnut log cradle.

As they grew older they attended the same district school. When father was 17 years old he enlisted in the Union Army. Grandfather, being of Quaker descent did not want his son to be a soldier and took his name off the roll as he had a right to do at that time. When father was 18 years old he enlisted again and then really became a soldier and remained in the army for three years lacking only eight days.

Near the close of his term of service he was transferred to one of the squads selected to capture Jefferson Davis.

Among mother's immediate ancestors was Nancy Davis whose paternal ancestor was a Davis descended from an uncle of Jefferson Davis.

After the war was over and when mother was seventeen years of age, she and father were married. So the soldier boy who was one of those chosen to capture the President of the Confederacy, came home and married his childhood playmate, a girl distantly related to the man he tried to help capture. Father was not in the squad that finally took the President of the Confederacy.

Some time after mother passed away father went to the Soldiers' Home in Grand Rapids. Each year he would get a leave of absence and visit each of his five children. Finally in 1925 he realized that his end was near and he wrote me that he wanted to come to Decatur and live with Myrtie and me. He said he did not want to die among strangers but wished to be with his own people when the end came. He came in November, 1925, and Dr. W. P. Bope attended him till the end came. He passed away early in July, 1926. In a casket draped in the colors he loved so well he was taken to Freeport, Michigan, where his remains were laid to rest beside those of the near daughter of the Southland whose cradle he had rocked so many years before.

Decatur Doings

From Joanna Abshagen comes this bit of verse:

Why mope, my lad, on a sunny day,
While the rest of the world out side are at play,
And why all the gloom 'cause the world looks blue
When you turn your back to the sunny view.
Just because you failed is never a sign
That you won't be able to make the climb.
So back with the shoulders, and up with the head,
And toss away all the gloom and the dread.
For gloom and dispair are no pathways to fame,
Take courage, my lad, and try it again.

SPRING AGAIN

By Ruth Brigham

A sniff of spring air with the birds singing 'round
And straight comes the longing to get on the ground,
To rush out of doors and into the sun
And view the faint signs of the season begun.
We poke round the yard or gaze up at the trees
While we breathe the spring fragrance borne in on the breeze.
'Tis fun to discover the green peeping through
The dull crust of earth her robe to renew;
And tips of the tulips and hyacinth sweet
With snowdrop and crocus give promise replete.
The fields lie in wait now soggy and dark,
But secret and deep in their breast stirs life's spark,
The germ, the bright hope for which we wait
In human impatience to hurry its fate.
But an all wise Nature withholds her hand
And knowingly smiles o'er all the land.

Turkey Run State Park

By Catherine Howland

(Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howland and daughters, Monica and Catherine, took a vacation trip down into Indiana early in the summer. It was a trip filled with both historical and scenic interest and Miss Catherine has favored the Republican with an interesting sketch of it. When we read her account of the trip we wondered why we had not known more about this interesting place which is less than 200 miles from Decatur. The park could be visited in a day. It is quite likely that this story will send others there for an outing and to learn more about our neighboring state. Shall be glad if, when they go, they will report their trip.

The travel stories published in the Republican are especially valuable in that they help others to become better acquainted with their home country. The stories are always welcome.)

Some wag, with little of inspiration or awe for the sublime majesty of the enchanting limestone rock formations and for the scenic beauty of Turkey Run, has remarked, "No wonder the turkeys ran!" However a few of Indiana's naturalists inspired by the sight of Turkey Run's deep-cut twisting canyons, its acres of virgin timber, and its profusion of bird and plant life iniated a series of nationally known state parks.

The park was originally intended to be a memorial to a century of statehood, but didn't become a state park until 1916 after its sponsors had faced many disappointments and had overcome many handicaps.

It is located on road 47, a short distance off road 41, near the small town of Marshall in Parke county. It has an area of more than thirteen hundred acres and within its boundaries is to be found a variety of plant and animal life.

There is an interesting story connected with the naming of the park. In an early day great flocks of wild turkeys inhabited the region and this area was a favorite rendezvous for Indian tribes who used the dark, cool, canyons as a storage place for meat. Legend has it that the Indians and pioneers killed the turkeys for food but another version of the story is as follows: When the early settlers came in they found the birds to be a positive menace, as the turkeys moved in on their crops like grasshoppers. As a result those pioneer farmers decided to deal with their feathered enemies in their own way. They made the last "round-up" by herding the "turks" into an amphitheater surrounded by steep shelved walls of rock. That particular part of the canyon was called "Turkey Hollow" because it was the favorite roosting place for thousands of turkeys and the projecting rock ledges were ideally suited as perches. After the birds had gathered for the night the farmers started a wholesale slaughter which, in time, practically brought about the extinction of the wild turkey in that locality. Today those rocky projections which made such natural roosting places are covered with rows of delicate beech fern, wild ginger, and over-hanging vines.

In 1821 a goodly share of the land now in the park became the property of Captain Salmon Lusk as a reward for his military services. Sugar Creek, a lovely, wide stream which flows through the acreage, appealed to him as a site for a water-powered gristmill. He was a native of Vermont and the rugged terrain of that locality was ideal for his purposes. It was there, too, that a covered bridge was built and it still stands today.

The Indians had given Sugar Creek the intriguing name "Pungosecone" meaning "stream of sugar trees" because of the number of those trees growing along its banks. This creek is one of the arteries of drainage in Indiana and it is an interesting fact that about eighty-five per cent of the drainage of the state tends toward south-western Indiana instead of to the Mississippi River.

Foundations of the Lusk mill, cut in the solid rock, are visible today although the building itself was carried away in a flood in 1847. The mill race and the carvings in the rock ledges were chiseled by hand one hundred years ago. One of the points of interest for park visitors is the Lusk home. Both Lusk and his son loved the area and credit is due them for preserving the forest, one of the few virgin tracts left in Indiana.

In 1915 after the death of John Lusk, the son, this tract of land was offered for sale. The group of public-spirited people who had tried to establish a state park as a memorial to Indiana's century of statehood succeeded in raising funds by subscription and legislative appropriation to purchase the area. As a result, thousands of visitors from all parts of the United States have had the opportunity to relax here and enjoy the awe-inspiring handiwork of a Master Hand.

There are twenty-eight miles of foot trails in the park and the deep canyons reveal rare secrets for the naturalist. Broad opportunities for the study of birds, trees, plants and geologic formations present themselves.

The history of Turkey Run begins far back in the centuries, before the glacial movements and the coal-forming ages, with the elements carving out the deep gorges through the Mansfield sandstone. Today the student of geology finds the rocky canyons a fertile field for the pursuit of study. Equally valuable and interesting to the botanist are the countless species of plant life which grow in undisturbed abundance throughout the park today.

The lichen-covered rocks with over-hanging plants and vines presents a picture that is entirely pleasing to the eye. In some of the canyons the rocks are covered with masses of liverworts (marchantia) whose delicate umbrella-like reproductive structures form a miniature pattern of artistic perfection.

Other plants of outstanding beauty or interest are the purple and white trilliums, the lovely Virginia bluebell, a species of spiderwort, baneberry (doll's eyes), ground mint, wild ginger, yellow lady's slipper, pineapple plant and various wild grasses including the bristle brush grass.

Another interesting specimen is the cancer root, a primitive, non-green plant which grows in a manner similar to the Indian Pipe. The naturalists who conduct the tours through the area are almost convinced that the plant is a parasite on the red oak as it is nearly always found near the decayed stump of that tree.

Among the members of the fern family are the dainty maidenhair, beech, woodland, rattle-snake, and the common Christmas fern. They present a picture of unexcelled grace perched on a rocky ledge far above the heads of sightseers.

Two of the fungus growths deserve mention because of their beauty. A bracket-fungus with cream-colored upper parts merging into a leathery rust-red on the underside attracted attention and a yellow-cream cup-like fungus (Delicious Lactarius) was an obliging host for a huge slug resting on its surface.

The park is famous for its dozens of flowering dogwoods which dot the wooded ravines and for the lovely red buds (judas trees) whose magenta-colored blossoms form a beautiful contrast with the delicate cream-white of the dogwoods. In the spring the unsurpassed beauty of this rare combination has won recognition from far and near. The fruit or seed pod of the red-bud is the largest of the legume family. Also of widespread fame are the magnificent Indiana sycamores. They are particularly abundant in this virgin tract of forest and many of them are over one hundred years old.

The state tree of Indiana is the tulip or yellow poplar and it is considered to be king of trees at Turkey Run. Because of its tall, stately beauty, its valuable wood, and its tropical-looking blossoms, it is deserving of its widespread fame. One of the unusual trees growing near the lodge at Turkey Run is the evonymus and this park has the distinction of having the largest one in the United States according to an article published in an Indianapolis paper.

Other native trees are the hemlock, cedar, various oaks, leather tree, paw paw, hickory, walnut.

osage-orange, bass wood, beech, American elm, maple, box elder, honey-locust, wild cherry, hack berry, rough-leaved dogwood and the spice bush.

Turkey Run is a natural sanctuary for birds and it is not surprising that more than two-hundred species of birds including the migratory species, have been identified.

Of all the birds that [illegible] this sylvan retreat, the cardinal and the whip-poor-will are [illegible] most prominent. The latter, with his oft-repeated and mysterious call, enchants the stillness of the night and a dozen or more of those nocturnal denizens intensify the listener into spell-bound delight.

A few of the other birds to be seen and heard are the redstart, cerulian and yellow warblers, oven bird, wood thrush, Maryland wren and the indigo bunting.

Man-made points of interest include the suspension bridge over Sugar Creek; also Sunset Point with its unusual view of the western sky at sundown. An interesting building at this site is the old log cabin museum made of hand hewn logs of the tulip tree and built in 1842. It is one of the oldest of its kind in Indiana and its "cat and clay" chimney is a true relic of pioneer days. Off a path leading from the lodge is to be found an old log church built in 1871 and furnished with handmade benches. It is open every Sunday morning for those who wish to worship in the quiet loveliness of the wood.

Accommodations at the park are ample. Turkey Run Inn, long famous for its attractive rooms, appetizing meals and friendly hospitality, is, open throughout the year and is a favorite place in winter as well as in summer, drawing many of its guests from other states.

Nearby Ravinia Acres also offers restful relaxation for overnight or weekly guests in delightful, modern, wildwood cottages.

If you enjoy the great world of natural history include Turkey Run in your itinerary.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

DEATH OF MRS. ALICE HILL GORDON

Mrs. Alice Hill Gordon passed away at Winona Lake, Indiana last Friday, July 15. She was the daughter of E. Parker and Harriet Hatch Hill and was born in Decatur, Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1861. She would have been 94 years old her next birthday.

Mrs. Gordon was one of three children, all natives of Decatur and among its earliest residents. Delos L., the oldest was one of the publishers of the Van Buren County Gazetteer, published in Decatur in 1869. He went South, located in Atlanta, Ga., and died there many years ago. L. Dana Hill was cashier of the First State Bank for many years and is well remembered by older residents. Their father was the first president of the Village of Decatur.

Alice Hill and Rev. James A. Gordon were united in marriage in the early nineties. He came here as pastor of the Presbyterian church and she was the church organist. From here Mr. Gordon was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Van Wert, Ohio, where he remained 22 years. They then went to Winona Lake where he helped to build the Presbyterian church of that city. They built a nice home there, and there spent the remainder of their lives. Misses Therza Hunt and Ethel Ward, cousins of Mrs. Gorden, resided with them in Winona Lake.

Mrs. Gordon graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1879 and was the school's oldest living graduate.

Funeral services were held in Presbyterian church Monday afternoon and burial was beside her husband in the Winona Lake cemetery.

BOOK WANTED

Miss Hathaway's father was Benjamin Hathaway of Volinia township, an unusual man in various ways. George R. Fox, in his factual history of Cass county published in 1941, refers to him as follows:

"Hathaway Plantation. A grove in which the former owner, Benjamin Hathaway, a farmer and Cass county poet, planted in rows every kind of tree found in Michigan. The trees are now mature and of maximum height. Located on northwest side of Bunker lake, 1½ miles north of C-324, five miles west of Marcellus."

Many of these beautiful trees were destroyed by a windstorm which swept through this section since the above was written.

Mr. Hathaway was also known as Michigan's farmer poet and his poems published in several volumes. Miss Hathaway is desirous of obtaining one of them entitled "The Finished Creation" and authorizes the writer to pay one dollar for a copy.

If any reader has a copy to spare and will notify or bring it to me at 108 East St Mary's street I will send it on to her.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY

Elijah Parish Lovejoy was born in 1802 at Albion, Maine. Graduated from Waterville college, Maine in 1826. Emigrated to St. Louis, Mo., taught school and in 1828 published the Times which supported Henry Clay for the presidency.

In 1832 he embraced Christianity and entered Princeton Theological Seminary to study for the ministry. Graduated in 1833 with license to preach the Gospel.

In the fall of 1833 he edited the Observer in St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis being the center of a large slave-holding aristocracy, his writings denouncing slavery brought about him malignant and unsparing enemies.

They soon organized a mob who passed resolutions that the discussion of slavery was obnoxious and he must discontinue it. Lovejoy did not heed the warning.

The mob demolished the office of the Observer. He removed across the river to Alton, Illinois. The mob followed and destroyed his press there. A new press was purchased and on September first the Observer came out with a double circulation, and with arguments no less powerful and eloquent against slavery.

On the 21st of August, 1837, a mob from St. Louis, some 20 in number, again utterly destroyed his press and wounded two of his employees.

Another press was obtained and on November 7, 1837, near midnight, while defending his property in the warehouse at Alton, he was shot. A short time before his death, at about 11 o'clock at night, while going to the drug store, a mile from his home, Lovejoy was arrested by a mob of 10 or 12 men, who told him they were going to tar and feather him. With perfect composure and calmness he replied to them: "Gentlemen, I have but a single request to make of you. My wife is dangerously ill, and it is necessary she should have this prescription immediately, and which I was on my way to town to procure. Will one of you take it and see that it is delivered at my house, but without intimating what is about to befall me? I am in the hands of God and am ready to go with you."

For a few moments entire silence reigned. It was broken by a medical man, one of the disguised party, exclaiming: "Boys, I can't lay my hands upon a brave a man

as this is," and turning away followed by the rest.

Thus Lovejoy was spared the degradation they were about to impose upon him. A few weeks later, as has been stated, he suffered the death of a martyr in defense of the liberty of the press and of speech. As the historian says, "A nobler and braver man never engaged in reform, or made tongue and pen more effective in the cause of human freedom. Elijah P. Lovejoy was the Arnold of Winkelried, who by his heroic death, made way for universal liberty throughout the land."

A Decatur High School Local History Story by Esther Ruff.

THE HAYDONS OF HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

Ione Haydon was born in 1879 and has lived on the Haydon homestead in Hamilton township all of her life. The homestead had been owned by her grandfather, Philotus Haydon, her father Arthur Haydon and herself 112 years. Her grandfather was one of the all time outstanding citizens of Van Buren county. Her father, who is well remembered by our older residents, was also for many years a leading citizen of our county.

No man who ever lived in Van Buren county was more universally honored and esteemed while living, and more sincerely and generally mourned when dead than Philotus Haydon. There are many now in easy circumstances living in this vicinity, where Mr. Haydon lived from the year 1863 to the time of his death who refer with emotion to the timely assistance he rendered members of their family when struggling for existence in the early settlement of the country. He was never known to take advantage of a man's necessities, never taking more than simple interest for loans, and often none at all, on even a note.

No honest man, no matter how poor he might be, was ever turned away empty handed when applying to him for assistance. If by misfortune a neighbor had lost a horse or an ox out of his team, he knew where to go to get it replaced.

Philotus Haydon never professed or talked religion, but would every day do more Chirstianly acts than many who do profess it. He let his works speak for his christianity. In politics he was a Republican, when that party was organized, and an able advocate of the party's principles on the stump. He served in the Michigan state senate from 1844 to 1851, and was elected supervisor of Hamilton township as long as he could be induced to serve.

The following poem was attached to one of the Civil War diaries of his son, Charles Haydon, a rising young lawyer of Kalamazoo, who joined the Union Army in April, 1861, as a private and was mustered out as a Lieutenant Colonel. He died from wounds received while in action, in 1863. Written on the margin of the poem was this notation, now dim and almost illegible:

"While visiting the picket post I found this lying beside the path in a place very similar to the one described. For that reason I put it in my pocket. November 27, 1861."

THE PICKET GUARD

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
say,
"Except, now and then, a picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
" 'Tis nothing, a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the Mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle in memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — May heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle— "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

E. B.

The Dunkards Once Thrived in Volinia

The PTA of the Warner district in Volinia are busy people this week. Their home talent play and quilt selling are the cause of it.

They spent a day putting the pews into place for their audience and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings rehearsed their play, "The Folks Next Door." This Thursday evening they will rest and Friday evening will be the big event.

The Community hall where they play will seat 200 or more and was built by the Dunkards on land given them by the late Mrs. Jane Newton Crego.

The Dunkards were opposed to dancing and when the society had so thinned out through death and removal that it could no longer maintain its organization the property reverted to Mrs. Crego. In later years she gave the Community Club permission to use it but respected the Dunkard faith and would not permit dances.

Since Mrs. Crego's death we understand the Club has become the owner of the hall, but the ban on dancing stays. The club arranges the pews back to back to sit in for playing cards.

The Dunkers or Dunkards are also known as the Church of the Brethren. The movement grew out of the great religious awakening which occurred in Germany in the latter part of the 17th century.

Driven by persecution they rejected all creeds and accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ as their rule of faith and practice.

The church emigrated to America in 1717-29 and organized their first church here in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

They seem to be holding their own and are most numerous in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, In-

diana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and North Dakota. The denomination supports 10 colleges and a large publishing house located in Elgin, Illinois.

In doctrine the Brethren are stictly orthodox. They follow closely the scripture teaching and observe the primitive simplicity of the apostolic church.

They enjoin plainness of dress, settle their difficulties among themselves without going to law, affirm instead of taking oath, refrain from taking prominent part in politics, are opposed to secret societies, advise against the use of tobacco and rule against the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicants.

They baptize by dipping face forward at the mention of each name in the Trinity given in the baptismal formula in Matthew 28:19.

Communion is observed in the evening, after a full meal called the Lord's Supper. Before the supper the ordinance of foot washing is observed, the brethren washing one another's feet, and the sisters performing the same service among themselves. After supper, before the communion is taken, the sexes extend the right hand of fellowship and exchange the kiss of peace.

Sixty years ago the church suffered the loss of about 8,000 communicants by a division in its ranks resulting in the secession of two parties, known as the Old Order and Progressive Brethren.

The former objected most seriously to the advance the church was making in education, missionary and Sunday school work, while the latter insisted that the church was too conservative and that greater liberty should be enjoyed in the matter of dress.

The Old Order Brethren have 4,030 churches and 129,000 members. The Progressive Brethren have 1,027 churches and 143,425 members.

The baptismal formula as given in Matthew 28:19, which the Dunkards follow is, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Curiosity leads us to follow a line to the end, and we learn that the name Dunker or Dunkard comes from the German tunken, to dip, and that the Brethren are called also Tunkers.

The Passing of Bret H. Cockett

He Was a Well Known Citizen of Michigan, Second Lieutenant in the Spanish-American War and for a Number of Years a Decatur Attorney.

Bret H. Cockett passed away at his home in Keeler early Thursday morning, December 22. He had not been well for a long time but his friends outside his home community did not realize that the end was so near.

He was born in Decatur March 16, 1871, and was 67 years old his last birthday. His parents were Charles and Mollie Smith Cockett, well known residents of this community in the early days.

Bret was an only child. His parents moved to Joliet when he was small. He attended school there and graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan. His father died in Joliet and Bret and his mother came back to re-establish a home in Decatur.

He opened a law office here and continued in the practice until the declaration of war with Spain in 1898. Bret was a natural soldier, a natural officer,—tall and straight, dignified and commanding in appearance he was an officer the men liked to follow. He had a voice so terrible that it could make a culprit shake with fear, and so soft and musical that it could calm a savage beast.

Bret Cockett was one of a dozen Decatur young men to enlist in the Spanish-American war as a private in Company G, Thirty-fifth Michigan Volunteer Infantry. Volunteers have the privilege of choosing their own officers and the men chose Bret for their Second Lieutenant. The late Nathan Simpson of Keeler and Hartford was made Captain. He served through the war, received an honorable discharge and came home with the esteem and respect of his entire Company.

He resumed the practice of law and in time was appointed to a position in the office of the state tax commission. He became an expert in tax adjustments and held his place through several administrations until failing health compelled him to resign.

Lieut. Cockett was united in marriage with Florence Palmeter, while he was in the service. They were parents of four children, Bret, Jr. at home, Burdette of New York, Mrs. Catherine Bellman of Benton Harbor and Miss Barbara of Los Angeles. The latter came to Chicago by plane, arriving at the home in Keeler Tuesday.

Funeral services were conducted by a Christian Science reader at 11 o'clock Saturday morning in the Zuver and Calvin mortuary chapel in Hartford. The body was then removed to the Oakwood crematory in Chicago, and the ashes returned to Keeler for interment.

RECALLING OLD FRIENDS

1528½ Cahuenga Blvd
Hollywood, California,

Dear Arba:

I received your fine letter and was very glad to hear from you. I have thought many times of writing you and then something would come up and I never got started.

You asked me if I remember away back to the summer you worked in the old Republican office. Well, I certainly do remember. Yes we had a Washington hand press; in fact in those days very few, if any, country offices had anything else but the old Washington hand press for newspaper work.

It is rather hard to explain very intelligently to anyone not familiar with the old days just how it worked. In the first place you placed the sheet on a sort of a frame the size of the sheet, a steel frame the size of the sheet, fitted around the margin on the paper; this frame was called a frisket. You let this frisket down on the sheet of paper, then the frame that the sheet was placed on, which, by the way, was on hinges, was brought down on the type form and then with a handle was rolled under the part of the press that took the impression.

The impression was made by pulling a lever that brought the heavy impression plate down on the form and printed the paper. Bill Bass was the roller boy and that was done with a long roller that covered the two pages of the paper. Each time you printed a paper the type form was rolled back in place, the form rolled with the long roller and you were ready to print another paper.

This may not be very plain to you or any one else, but in my mind I can see just how it was done, and believe me, I pulled many of the old Republicans off on that old press. I don't think there are many of the old Washington presses in use now, but you might find one in some of the old newspaper offices, and some engraving and electrotyping plants still use them for taking proofs. I hope you can get enough out of my description to do you some good. If it was a Miller Hi-Speed or a platten I could do a much better job at describing its workings.

You will notice by the change of address on my letter-head that we have recently moved. The plant that we bought in 1933 was located on the second floor. We are now on the ground floor only half a block from where we were before, and it is much nicer and better for us. Business is just fair, as I guess it is with everyone now. In fact we feel that owing to everything being as it is, we are doing well. We are not getting rich by any means but we are making a good living and I guess if anyone is doing that he should be thankful. Hollywood is different from most any other city, and you have to be on your toes all the time.

You asked if I ever see Bruce Bassett. No, I don't. It is hard to get away during the week and I never get to Santa Monica, only on a Sunday and of course his place of business is closed. I intend some time to drive to Santa Monica and see him.

Louis Dwight and wife called on me a few weeks ago and I was more than pleased to see them. I am going to try and take a couple of days off some time in the near future and drive up to see Myron Hinkley. I do want to see him. We had lots of fun in old Decatur before Myron left there with our dance orchestra. I don't know as I can remember all the members of the orchestra now, but Cot Lindsley played violin, Myron clarinet, Ruth Roberts piano, I cornet, I can't remember who it was that played traps, or whether there were any other mem-

bers or not. That was a long time ago.

I often think of the old town and the old friends that I had there. So many of them have passed on to the other side of Jordan that there are not so many left of the once young bloods of the town. Is Tick Eckenberger still living and is he still in Decatur? Have you any idea where Dolph Miles is? If I remember right he married Edith Collett of Hartford.

Do you know anything about Will Clark? He married and went to Jackson or Battle Creek I think, but which place I have forgotten. And there was Lottie Van Camp. I hear she is living in California some place, but I don't know where it is. Gee, would I like to see her. She took me to a leap year dance in Hartford one winter night and did we have fun. Mind you that was before automobiles and to drive to Hartford with a horse and buggy was quite a feat, or would be considered so now. Do you know where Ida Potts lives? I think she must have her pension from the government now and I wondered if she came back to the states or is making her home in the place where she taught so long.

If you have time some time write to me and tell me all you know about all the dear old friends I have inquired about.

Well, I guess you will be tired of my chatter so I will wind up this attempt at writing an interesting letter to you. Hoping to hear from you some time in the near future.

Your old friend,
W. E. Secord.

1940 HONOR STUDENTS

Miss May Kaplan, 16, valedictorian of the class of 1940 of Decatur high school, and Miss Helen Knoska, 18, salutatorian. They won these honors by reason of their high scholarships. Miss Kaplan has had only A's through out her school life. Both young ladies are training for college courses.

—Courtesy of Benton Harbor News-Palladium.

DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL HONOR AWARDS

May Kaplan Is Valedictorian For 1940, Helen Knoska Is Salutatorian

Miss May Kaplan, 16, and Miss Helen Knoska, 18, were chosen by virtue of their scholarships, valedictorian and salutatorian, respectively, for the senior class of 1940 of Decatur high school.

Miss Kaplan holds the unique record of having all A grades for her entire school life, a record not held by another graduate of this school.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kaplan and has attended no other school than Decatur. She took a general pre-college high school course and hopes to attend the art institute in Chicago, majoring in commercial art.

Miss Knoska is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Knoska, on M-40 north of Decatur. She was born in Chicago and had the first six grades of school at the Robert Burns Grammar school of that city. The family came to Decatur in 1934 and she entered the seventh grade in the Decatur school.

She, like Miss Kaplan, took a pre-college high school course and plans to attend W. S. T. C., Kalamazoo. Miss Knoska plans to adopt the profession of teaching.

The commencement program will be given on the evening of June 7, with Dr. Preston Bradley, pastor of the Peoples church of Chicago, as speaker.

DOWAGIAC, WAS THE GREAT SEARCHING GROUND

No Indian of the Pottawatomie, Chippewa, or Ottawa Nation recognizes the word Dowagiac, as spelled and pronounced by the Paleface.

The word is supposed to signify "Searching Grounds" or Hunting Ground, and in the same Musical Pottawatomie Tongue it is spelled "Ndo-wa-ga-Week," which does not look good in print, and is not so easily pronounced as "Dowagiac."

The Pottawattomie language has no e in it, and they would not have spelled the word as we do, at best. They have a tradition, regarding the place where the great city stands, that it was a famous fishing ground. They do not know if the name originated with them, or if they fell heir to it when they divided their hunting grounds with the Ottawas, who went to the eastern part of the State, or the Chippewas, who went north.

Of all the tribes of the northwest the Pottawatomie was the most forgiving for the past wrongs, on the part of the Paleface, and was the first to establish friendly relations and become a part of the community.

The Catholic Missionaries had much to do with this, and the country owes much to these self sacrificing and sincere men who might be classed as the advance agents of civilization.

Away back in the 40's, seeing how his band was demoralized by the wiles of the white man, the old Chief, Paul Pokagon, asked that the "Black Gowns" might be sent here to teach them different morals and to lead them from the curse of their Nation — Rum.

In the Pottawatomie Tongue Pokagon means "Rib" and the early settlers here insisted that in their language his name was Crooked Rib. No matter what it was, he was a sincere Christian Man, and up to his death he set a good example morals and religious tendencies, and he died as sincere a Catholic as this community every saw.

"Ndo-wa-ga-week!" How many memories the word brings to us. The Memories of the days of the wigwam and the chase, and of the days from then up to now. The writer has yet to see an Indian who did not wish for those old days, nor one who did not think that they would have been better off, had the reception to Columbus been different. In his trail followed the war of extermination and usurpation which has caused all of the successive changes which have come to them. Today the Instincts of freedom form all laws, save of their own making, have been smothered and lost.

1940

LYLE'S TURKEY FARM

(From Local History Sketches by Pupils of the Decatur High School)

By Mary Lyle

Kenneth Lyle got his start at raising turkeys when, in 1932, the day before Thanksgiving, he won a turkey gobbler. Having their Thanksgiving dinner all planned, the Lyles didn't eat the turkey. They then planned to eat him Christmas Day, but again fate stepped in and saved the turkey. The Lyles had been invited away for Christmas dinner.

Having raised ducks, geese, and rabbits, he decided to try raising turkeys. Upon purchasing two turkey hens, he began a new enterprise, which has grown into a business of almost two thousand turkeys today.

Turkeys are a hard bird to raise. They are apt to suffocate when they are small. They become frightened and pile up, the ones on the bottom suffocating. Turkeys are also susceptible to worms and Blackhead. Blackhead is the worst of the turkey diseases. The turkeys are constantly kept under observation. They have to be kept off wet ground for fear of getting it. They are treated with a medicine called Iodine Vermicide. This is given to them when they are twelve weeks old, and off and on from that time.

The Lyle turkeys eat up to three and one half tons of feed a week. This feed is made up of corn, oats, wheat, and barley. To this is added meat scrap, soy bean meal, alfalfa meal, and several other materials. Oats or cracked corn are fed as supplements.

In late February, Kenneth Lyle starts taking turkey eggs to Holland, Michigan. There the eggs are hatched by Brummer and Frederickson. The young turkeys then are either sold or brought home. These weekly trips continue often into early April.

The young turkeys upon their arrival home are put into battery brooders, which are in the dressing room. When they are ten days to two weeks old, they are moved out to the brooder houses. These houses will hold from three hundred to three hundred and fifty birds. In the early summer, sun porches are attached to the houses, Then the turkeys can get out of doors. When the pasture has grown up, the turkeys are turned loose. Large sun flowers are grown and are fed to the turkeys as an extra treat, which is also good for them.

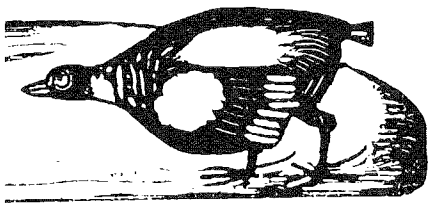
Turkeys grow very fast. By Thanksgiving, it is possible for them to weigh thirty pounds live, twenty three pounds dressed. Many are sold for Thanksgiving,

Christmas, and New Years. The rest are sold to weekly customers.

The turkeys are dressed about four days before Thanksgiving. This process requires about six men. These men are used in the dressing part of the operation, which consists of killing the birds and taking their feathers off. A group of women draw the turkeys.

The building in which this is done is called the dressing room. It contains the scalder, the picker, the water tanks, the eviscerating table, and the freezer. In here also the turkeys are wrapped for freezing and for sale.

For the last four years, Kenneth Lyle and his wife, Dorothy have been going to the Turkey Conventions. They have been to Long Beach, California; St Louis, Missouri; Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Dallas, Texas. The convention is in the middle of January. These conventions are very interesting and have many things to offer. There are lectures, special trips, and an annual contest to judge the largest turkey from all over the United States. The largest turkey last year weighed forty-two pounds alive, thirty eight pounds dressed.



The following is a list of postmasters who have served since the founding of Decatur to 1940:

NAME	APPT. DATE
George B. Sherwood	Oct. 3, 1848
do	Sept. 20, 1849
Theo. E. Phelps	Sept. 23, 1850
William N. Pardee	Jan. 7, 1854
Chas. N. Poore	Dec. 6, 1856
Theo. E. Phelps	May 8, 1861
Mrs. Elmina Phelps	Nov. 2, 1866
Eri Beebe	April 21, 1869
J.W. Rodgers	Jan. 26, 1874
J.L. Harrison	June 28, 1881
Ransom Nutting	Jan. 20, 1886
Lyman A. Roberts	Dec. 20, 1889
Mary F. Nicholson	April 2, 1891
Theo. Trowbridge	April 25, 1896
William H. White	March 20, 1900
Arba N. Moulton	April 18, 1909
M.S. Carney	June 17, 1913
Fred G. Rafter	March 22, 1922
Arba N. Moulton (Acting)	March 4, 1933
Mrs. Hazel Cady (Acting)	March 28, 1933
Herbert H. Creagan	March 10, 1936

(Civil Service life appointment June 18, 1940)

HISTORY OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF DECATUR

Written by John F. Brigham, Clerk of Session, Jan. 22, 1940.

The First Presbyterian Church of Decatur was organized by Rev. Marcus Harrison February 1, 1852, and consisted of the following members: Mrs. Lydia House Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich and Joseph McClintock. at the same time Joseph McClintock was elected and ordained a ruling elder.

The church represented by J. McClintock was received under care of Kalamazoo Presbytery January 4, 1853.

On the second of January, 1853, Godfrey Gerne united with the church by letter from the Congregational church of Grand Rapids. At the same date Mrs. Polly Ann Leak Gerne was received upon profession of her faith.

Rev. M. Harrison, who under a commission from the A. H. M. Society, (American Home Missionary Society), had maintained regular preaching services at Decatur and Lawrence for nearly three years, was constrained by declining health to resign his commission early in 1855. Previous to this, he had appropriated a village lot and erected a frame for a meeting and school house, which together with some lumber was granted as a donation to the Presbyterian Society.

Rev. Samuel Fleming commenced his labor at this place August 1, 1855, under appointment of the A. H. M. Society. Under his administration and supervision materials were procured and appropriated for completing the church, the first house of worship erected in the village.

The church edifice was dedicated to the worship of God the 18th of September, 1856. Sermon by the Rev. A. C. Tuttle of Paw Paw, Mich.; cost of building about one thousand dollars. Of this amount $350 was borrowed of the Church Erection Fund.

On the occasion of celebrating the Lord's Supper December 15, 1855, Rev. S. Fleming officiating, the following persons were received into fellowship of the church by letter: William E. Trowbridge, Mrs. Catherine L. Hoyt Trowbridge, Mary Trowbridge and Amanda C. Trowbridge from the Presbyterian church of Kalamazoo, also Mrs. Juliet Flemming from the Presbyterian church of Homer.

The following persons were received by letter on the occasion of celebrating the Lord's Supper December 13, 1857: Garrett A. VanSickle and his wife, Mrs. Delia S. Huyck VanSickle, Miss Evelyn Huyck and Mrs. Mary Ann and Ray, the first three from the church of Flint and the last from the church of England.

At a meeting of the church, called for the purpose April 1, 1858, Garrett A. VanSickle was duly elected and ordained as ruling elder.

This first church building was used for services until 1868 when it became necessary to make plans for a larger church at which time the building was sold to Jack Tuttle who moved it over onto St. Mary's street where it was used for a time as a Universalist church and later was sold to the Catholics and used by them as a church for many years.

The second church building was erected by the Presbyterians in 1869 and was dedicated September 1 of that year, at a cost of $7,000. This building was used for services until August, 1917, when it was destroyed by fire.

On April 4, 1858, the following children were baptized: Charles and Edward VanSickle, Fannie and Ida Trowbridge. At this time there were two elders with Rev. Fleming as moderator.

The first collection for the Home Missionary Society was taken Januarw 18, 1863, and amounted to $9.08.

The first annual report to Presbytery was given at Richland on April 15, 1863, as follows: Added by certificate, one; by profession, two; deceased, one; dimissed, four; baptized, one, making the total membership at this time, 28. There was in the communion fund $2.00 and home mission fund, $9.25; Sunday school, $17.00.

At this time many were uniting with the church from Ohio, Vermont, New York and other states as well as many places in Michigan.

The roll of Kalamazoo Presbytery in 1898 included nineteen churches: Allegan, Benton Harbor, Buchanan, Cassopolis, Centerville, Coldwater, Decatur, Edwardsburg, Kalamazoo First, Kalamazoo North, Niles, Paw Paw, Plainwell, Quincy, Richland, Schoolcraft, Sturgis, Three Rivers and White Pigeon and twenty ministers, and is the same at this present time.

Communicants in 1898 were 2,413, and for 1938 were 6,010, which shows a substantial growth.

The following is a list of the officers of the church in the year 1889 as taken from the Gospel Gleaner:

Pastor—Rev. James A. Gordon

Elders—E. P. Hill and Alex McWilliams

Trustees—L. G. Stewart, C. H. Lindsley and Joseph H. Haynes

Choir—Mamie E. Stevenson, Lila M. Harlow, Minnie Young, James A. Gordon

Organist—Mrs. James A. Gordon

Sunday School Supt.—L. G. Stewart

Assist. Supt.—Carrie L. Nutting

Sec. and Treas..—Alice S. Ackley

Librarian—G. B. Browning

S. S. Organist—Lila Harlow

S. S. Teachers—Mrs. J. H. Haynes, Mrs. L. G. Stewart, Mrs. D. B. Stevenson, Mrs. C. T. Baker, Mrs. G. B. Browning, Mrs. J. A. Gordon, Mrs. E. M. Toof, Miss Carrie Nutting, Miss Anna Peterson, Rev. E. M. Toof.

Sexton—E. P. Williams

Pres. Woman's Missionary Society—Mrs. E. M. Toof

President of the Ladies' Aid Society—Mrs. H. A. Northrup; vice president, Mrs. D. B. Stevenson, treasurer, Mrs. F. C. Wirt.

Pres. of the Christian Endeavor—Mrs. J. A. Gordon.

The report of the I .dies' Aid Society for the year of 1888 as found in the Gleaner:

The year had its lights and shadows. Encouraged by the success of the Ladies' Bazaar in December, 1887, those who had long desired repairs and redecoration of the church came forward. Over four hundred dollars was obtained by subscription. The audience room was shortened. Rooms with sliding doors added below and above, also a new entrance, vestibule and stair case.

The Ladies' Society decorated the whole interior and covered the entire auditorium with new carpets at a total outlay of over $250.00.

During the two months of repairs, the Disciple church very courteously invited us to worship with them.

The happy transformation was finished only to become the house of mourning. The first service in it was the funeral of one of the elders, William E. Trowbridge, who had ever been its faithful and strong support.

The reopening service was held April 22. The Ladies' Aid Society was still in debt for the papering and carpeting of the sanctuary and early in the fall began work for another bazaar. They made ready at their busy Thursday meetings held at the home of Mrs. Baker. As December 14 and 15 drew near, faster flew the skillful fingers and harder worked the willing hands.

An unlucky fall and sickness laid by several of the leading workers. Saturday, the second day, was wet. But when the clouds had rolled by and the pressure of toil and anxiety was over, it was found that success had again crowned the efforts of these unselfish workers and the debt they had assumed was no more.

Again the church was called to mourn the death of one of its beloved and useful members, at one time its organist, Mrs. Abbie O. Harrison whose funeral at the church was largely attended.

During the year preaching has never been omitted except for one Sabbath in vacation. The sacraments have been observed, contributions to five boards have been made and ten members added to the communion. In addition to these the church has gained the very capable assistance of a former minister and wife, Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Toof. Let us thank God and take courage.

May the priceless mercies of the past awaken our gratitude and love to the giver of all good and lead us to consider how we may better serve Him in the future.

Description of Fire as Found at Republican Office

Following the burning of the second church building in 1917, services were held in the town hall and in what was then known as the Free Methodist church until the present large brick church was built.

The First Presbyterian church became an incorporated body in the summer of 1918 and work began on the present church early in that year.

Rev. Hugh Creswell was pastor when the church was destroyed and remained pastor for a short time after the present church was built. Much credit has been given Rev. Creswell for the splendid $20,000.00 church such as few towns of 1600 population may have.

The dedication services were held on May 4, 1919, sermon delivered by Rev. Geo. L. Robinson, D.D., subject, "The House of God a Gate to Heaven."

A list of the pastors and the time of service follow:

Rev. Marcus Harrison,, Feb. 1, 1852, to May 1, 1855.

Rev. Samuel Fleming, Aug. 1, 1855, to May 1, 1859

Rev. F. C. Hill, May 8, 1859, to Oct. 30, 1859

Rev. W. J. Bartle, May 1, 1961, to Jan. 29, 1865

Rev. J. J. Ward, June 28, 1865, to Aug. 1, 1867

Rev. E. M. Toof, Aug. 14, 1867, to Sept. 5, 1869

Rev. Wm. T. Bartle, Sept. 5, 1869, to Nov. 6, 1872

Rev. E. P. Goodrich, Dec. 27, 1873, to Aug. 30, 1875

Rev. Henry Hoyt, Apr. 9, 1876, to July 1, 1877

Rev. C. W. Wallace, Dec. 1, 1877, to June 30, 1880

Rev. N. Noerr, Nov. 13, 1880, to Jan. 29, 1883

Rev. J. H. Dillingham, Aug. 1, 1883, to Nov. 15, 1885

Rev. James A. Gordon, Feb. 18, 1886, to Sept. 15, 1889

Rev. Geo. W. Healey, Oct. 14, 1889, to Oct. 15, 1890

Rev. Henry Geerlings, Apr. 1, 1891, to July 1, 1892

Geo. W. Healy, May 21, 1892, to April 7, 1895

Rev. A. C. V. Skinner, D.D., May 19, 1895, to May 1, 1897

Rev. J. H. Shields, D.D., Feb. 1, 1898, to Feb. 1, 1900

Rev. G. L. Guichard, Sept. 1, 1900, to Mar. 24, 1901

Arthur M. Smith	1903-06
Rev. Allen Kennedy	1907-08
Rev. F.W. Munneke	1908-13
Rev. Hugh A. Creswell	1915-19
B.L. Bergstrom	1919-24
L.F. Cooper	1924-34
W.J. Schuitema	1934-37
T.W. Chisholm	1939 to present time

LIST OF ELDERS

Jo McClintook
G. Van Sickle
San White
Wm. E. Trowbridge
Drusus Hodges
E.P. Hill
Alex McWilliams
W.D. Scott
L.G. Stewart
Jo H. Haynes
Clarence H. Lindsley
L.D. Hill
James Orr
Art E. Brigham
J.F. Brigham
Frank M. Brigham
George E. Adams
Dave McLeese
Henry Houseman
Dan Orr
Leslie A. Brigham
Fred G. Rafter
Robert Orr

About the year 1903 a new Estey pipe organ was purchased for the church at a cost of approximately eleven hundred dollars installed. Some thought it a waste of money for no one would know how to play it, but we soon found musicians paying for their own lessons as well as car fare to Dowagiac to get their lessons, and the result was the organ was used for both morning and evening services and Bible school as well. The late Mrs. J. E. Maxwell and Miss Mary Foulk were among the dependable organists.

This organ was destroyed by fire at the time the church burned in 1917.

Many of the older members long for another pipe organ or better still a Hammond organ for which we already have a fund of over three hundred dollars. We expect to make an effort some time in the future to secure another instrument to be used in connection with our splendid choirs numbering about 35.

These choirs are under the direction of Mrs. Rolland Haefner with Mrs. Albert Stepnitz at the piano.

Not all parents realize what it means to have the able music directors we now have in our village, and parents will do well to encourage their children in this worth-while vocal training which is a very vital part of any worship service.

Laying Corner Stone of First Presbyterian Church

(From a copy of the Republican of May 27, 1868.)

We will take you back a long way in the life of Decatur. Can you imagine being among the young people here in 1868. The village was just 20 years old then, a young village.

The story of the laying of the corner stone of the First Presbyterian church was printed in that issue, but unfortunately a small part of it is torn away. The paper was directed to Jerome Coleman, but we have forgotten to whom we are indebted for it.

The Coleman family were prominent in Decatur for nearly a half century. Jerome Coleman was a Decatur lawyer in the time when the village was such an enterprising place that it furnished business enough to support five lawyers.

The Coleman home was on West Delaware street, at one time on the lot where the handsome residence of W. C. Snyder now stands, and later where Mr. and Mrs. Lou Graham reside.

Clarence Coleman, the only son, became a pharmacist, was a member of the drug firm of Coleman and Defendorf of Dowagiac, and died at an early age.

Minnie Coleman graduated from the Decatur High school in the class of 1879, taught in the Decatur public schools, married Frank L. Kern and

died while yet a young woman. Her three children have given a good account of themselves. Hal is a film editor who stands so high in his calling that he was selected to edit the most costly production of the year, "Gone With the Wind." Don is a state sales manager for Buick automobiles, and Bess, Mrs. Andrews, has won prominence as an accountant in Los Angeles.

When Lawyer Coleman died his law books and office furniture were sold. His desk was purchased by Dr. Rose and can be seen in the office of Dr. Bope. His book case is the massive walnut case in the Republican office.

Perhaps you would be interested in the account of the laying of the corner stone of the Presbyterian church:

Rev. J. R. Berry, pastor of the Methodist church, led in prayer, then a hymn was sung of which we quote the first verse:

"Behold the sure foundation-stone,
Which God, in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise."

Rev. J. R. Berry gave a short address, Rev. Pearson, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Kalamazoo, gave the principal address, and Rev. E. H. Toof, pastor of the new church, followed with a very earnest address to his congregation.

(The Toof family is still represented in Decatur through Mrs. S. G. Toof, and the minister's granddaughter, Miss Frances Toof.)

A Bible, history of the church society, two five cent coins, the names of the board of education, copy of the Republican and of the proceedings of the last synod of Michigan were placed in the corner stone, and it was laid by George McCormick.

Prayer followed, and then the hymn,—

"On this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known
Where we lay this corner stone."

After singing the Doxology the assemblage was dismissed with a benediction.

(We believe it possible that one or more persons now living were present at this important event which took place on the 26th of May, 1868. If so we should very much like them to inform the Republican, and if possible give some account of their remembrance of the service. This church was destroyed by fire about 25 years ago and a few years later the present church edifice was erected on the same site.

History of the Church

(Taken from the Republican of May 27, 1868.)

Since his connection with this society Mr. Toof has labored faithfully and well, and the church has prospered under his ministration; to him we are indebted for the following historical sketch of the First Presbyterian church of Decatur:

This church was organized Feb. 1, 1852, by Rev. Marcus Harrison, and consisted of the following members:

Mrs. Lydia Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich, Joseph McClintock; at the same time Joseph McClintock was elected and ordained a Ruling Elder. The church represented by J. McClintock, elder, was received under the care of Kalamazoo Presbytery, January 4, 1853, the following are the ministers who have had charge of the church:

Rev. Marcus Harrison, from 1852 to 1855; Rev. Samuel Fleming, 1855 to 1859; Rev. T. C. Hill, May 15, 1859, to October 30, 1859; Rev. S. R. Bissell from November 6, 1859, and continuing three months; Rev. W. T. Bartle, from May 12, to January 29, 1865; Rev. J. J. Ward, from June 28, 1865, to April 7, 1867. Rev. E. M. Toof began his labors with the church and congregation July 1, 1868. The following is a list of the ruling elders since the organization:

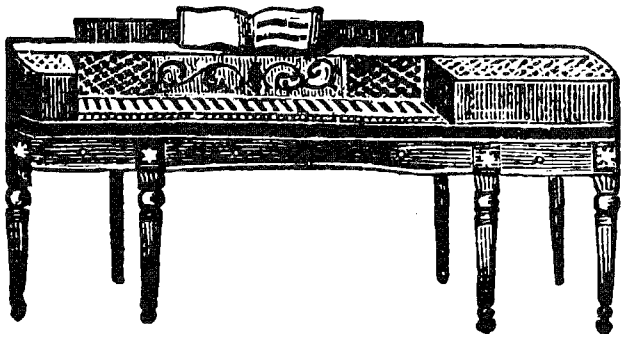
Joseph McClintock, 1852; G. A. Van Sickle, 1859; Samuel White, July 2, 1859; W. E. Trowbridge, January 1, 1862; E. P. Hill, A. H. Williams, Jerome H. Coleman, April 11, 1868.

The first revival in this church is said to have occurred in the winter of 1858. April 12, 1868, twenty-nine persons were received to the communion of the church. Whole number now in communion seventy-nine.

In 1855, previous to Mr. Harrison's retiring from the service of the church, he donated to the society a village lot and a small building designed for a house of worship, and partly finished, which was subsequently completed by the congregation and occupied as a place of worship until April, 1868.

The foundation of the new church edifice was commenced May 5, 1858, by Mr. George McCormick; and the corner-stone laid May 26, 1868.

The organization of the society was perfected October 17, 1856. W. E. Trowbridge, Joseph McClintock and John Tarbell were chosen trustees. The office has been held also by C. N. Poor, E. P. Hill, D. Hodges, C. F. R. Bellows, Carlton Wheeler and Jerome Coleman.



Edgar Bergen

WESTERN UNION

Los Angeles, Cal., 8-8-41.

Dr. and Mrs. Bope,
Decatur, Michigan.

Will Arrive in Kalamazoo August 19th to appear in Decatur on the 20th. Please keep this informal and simple or the spirit of fun will be lost. Rather than take a collection, wouldn't it be better to sell tickets for the best seats and the rest can stand without charges. Because the papers have learned of my appearance in Decatur we must plan to take care of a larger crowd and it will have to be held outside.

EDGAR BERGEN.

Decatur Waiting to Welcome Edgar Bergen and McCarthy

PLANS INCLUDE A SUPPER TUESDAY EVENING, AND THE WEDNESDAY EVENING PROGRAM IN WHICH THE FAMOUS PAIR WILL TAKE PART

TELEGRAM

Arriving on Wolverine ten twenty-three Tesday morning. Will be in Decatur for reception Tuesday night. Edgar Bergen.

This is Decatur's big week. The village has the honor of entertaining its most distinguished former citizen, Edgar Bergen, who will arrive from New York City Tuesday afternoon.

We do not recall that an event of

the kind equal to it ever took place in Decatur and every citizen is interested.

He will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Bope and a dinner and reception has been planned for him in the Masonic Temple Tuesday evening.

Wednesday he will visit again the scenes of his youth, travel again the roads he used to travel and meet his boyhood friends.

Wednesday evening he will give a half hour entertainment with the famous partner of his own creation, Charlie McCarthy, and the program will be extended by the assistance of a professional entertainer who will accompany him.

Details are being ironed out which include handling a crowd of 15,000 people. Former residents who know him are coming from long distances.

A report from the National Broadcasting Company's publicity bureau said that Bergen and Charlie, now vacationing from their Sunday night radio program, would fly from New York City to Kalamazoo, arriving there probably on Tuesday.

Visit To Be Informal

While in Decatur he will be guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Bope. An informal time is being arranged for his visit including a trip to the country school which he attended.

The public program Wednesday evening will start at 8 and will be given from the bandstand near the Michigan Central park. Preceding Bergen's part in the program there will be several entertainment numbers including music by the Watervliet Men's chorus, singing by Miss Frances Jessup of Lawton, impersonations by George Swartz of Dowagiac and baton twirling by Miss Peggy Kayes of Cassopolis, state champion.

There will be plenty of parking space in the village. Arrangements have been made for 25 police officers including state police from the Paw Paw post, sheriff's officers and Boy Scouts to handle traffic and direct the parking.

Cars entering the village from the east will be parked on the east side. Likewise those coming from the south, north or west will be parked on the end of town in which they enter.

GREETINGS TO EDGAR BERGEN

By Fred W. Green

August 20th is a proud day for Decatur. It will be a date Decatur should never forget.

On this date one of her boys will return home to greet all the old playmates of his youth, visit many places of interest to him, which perhaps will be assembled and woven into a life story in pictures, in which Decatur will become as famous as this once young boy whom we greet today.

Of course we refer to Edgar Bergen. During the time he lived here he was just one of Decatur's many boys, full of fun and innocent mischief; in fact a precocious real boy in every sense of the word. He was never happy unless he had tools to mess around with. Mess is a good word as that is what he did. He was always on the lookout for something to do to earn a few dollars and was not very particular as to what it was so long as he was doing something constructive and energetic every minute of the day.

However, we lost sight of him thru no fault of his, and the next we heard he was finishing his education, and about to enter Northwestern University. That is where the Eddie Bergen we now know was, so to speak, born. From then on the present generation have been living with Eddie more or less every day.

He teamed up with one Charley McCarthy and they went along very nicely until a few years ago. Then Charley got a little lonesome and picked up two pals, Skinny Dugan and Mortimer Snerd. Into these additions to the family the true Bergen was inoculated. One could never bring out from these dummies what Eddie brings out unless it was original with that boy to whom I referred as a mischief, fun-loving youngster.

To all of us Eddie brings this lesson—persevere, never say die, keep at it and you will win. To our youngsters I say, do not for a minute think Eddie Bergen has not had to fight to climb to the height we now find him. All successful people have to do this,—work, work, work, and then some more work.

Just one more thing about Eddie. Did you note what I said about finishing his education. That showed the master mind he has. He knew there was something missing, and he went out after it. With all his own might and some persuasion from his mother who also saw the spark of genius in her son, he really went to work. By hard work he developed a genius of such magnitude that he has illuminated the whole world by his clever wit, bringing cheer to the down-hearted, amusement to the sober-minded and many happy hours for thousands of shutins.

Is it any wonder Decatur is pleased to claim him as her own son? So welcome Edgar Bergen, and come again as often as you can. Good luck, Charlie, Skinney, and Mortimer. Make Eddie come again and of course you also come. And who can tell, on his next visit you may have a girl friend or sister or something to come with you.

THE FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST WILL VISIT "OLD HOME TOWN" WHERE HE SPENT 11 YEARS OF HIS BOYHOOD

Decatur is delighted with the opportunity to entertain its most noted former citizen, Edgar Bergen, and to see and hear one of his famous dialogues with his unique creation, "Charley McCarthy."

The news of his coming as contained in the telegram to Dr. and Mrs. Bope spread rapidly over the village and before night it was 'news' throughout the middle west.

Citizens of Decatur have often expressed to Mr. Bergen their desire that he should pay them a visit but in the past his schedules have been so filled that to find the necessary time seemed to be impossible. This year he puts the visit first and his mother will accompany him if she is able to make the trip. In fact he wrote some time ago that it was his mother's desire to return on a visit and that influenced his decision to come.

Decatur citizens are making plans for his reception. They intend to make it the biggest event in the history of the village. Dr. Bope will meet him in Kalamazoo, probably Tuesday, and he will have Wednesday to go over the scenes of his youth and visit with the friends of his Decatur days. Dr. Bope, on behalf of the community, will present him with the 'Keys to the Village.'

The program at which Bergen and Charlie McCarthy will appear is set for 8 o'clock and will be held from the band stand. The Main street pavement from Sherwood to Delaware streets will be kept clear of cars and the space given over to the audience, and thousands of people will be able to clearly see and hear the entertainment.

A nominal charge will be made for seats or a free will offering will be taken and the receipts, at Mr. Bergen's request, will be turned over to the village library.

Chief Woolfe is chairman of the committee on arrangements and will be master of ceremonies. The program of the evening will be opened by the Decatur band.

WHO'S WHO SKETCH

Edgar Bergen was born in Chicago February 16, 1903. While he was a child, Mr. and Mrs. John Bergen, his parents, moved to Decatur. He was a resident of the community 11 years. The family resided in several places in the Decatur area. One of the homes was three miles south of town, at which time Bergen attended the Shaw district school. After his father died in Decatur, Mrs. Bergen took her children back to Chicago to reside.

Bergen was educated in Lane Technical and Lakeview high schools, Chicago, and also studied in Northwestern University. As ventriloquist and magician, he appeared on Chautauqua circuits in summers 1922-25. He next appeared in vaudeville in American and European circuits before supper clubs.

On December 17, 1936, he made his first radio appearance. Next, he created the radio feature, "Charles McCarthy." He is a member of the Society of Cinematographers, the Screen Actors Guild, the Actors Equity, and of Delta Upsilon club. He belongs to the Lambs club, New York. Bergen is not married.

The above telegram came to Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Bope at 11 o'clock Thursday night, August 7. It was taken off the wire by the telegrapher at Dowagiac who kindly telephoned it at once to Dr. and Mrs. Bope.

That was the first official news received in Decatur, but others reported that they had seen notices of his coming in both Detroit and Chicago even-

ing papers.

Friday morning Chas. Danner of the Republican office received a letter from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Jas. C. Nielsen of Chicago, containing a notice from the Chicago Times on which she wrote, "I didn't see this in the Decatur paper."

Alas, the Decatur paper has been terribly scooped on this big story. We shall try to get on the good side of Charlie McCarthy when he visits Decatur and have him put a flea in Edgar's ear to give the old home town paper a better break the next time. If we could only see the girl Charlie is now going with we could cinch the scoops of the big news sure.

We hope Charlie does not get caught in the draft, at least not until after the 20th. of August. He must be over 21 and no examining physician would find a flaw in his make-up. Charlie will surely have to go to war if he ever is called under the dratt.

This is the item in the Chicago Times under, "Listening In With Don Foster:"

"Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy interrupt their vacation for a trip to Bergen's home town of Decatur, Mich., on August 20. They will appear at a band concert to raise money for a town library."

When Edgar Bergen returns to Decatur on Friday, the homecoming will be in fulfilment of the personal invitation made early in the year, asking him to participate in the Centennial activities that have their commencement today.

Edgar's spot in the entertainment world is tops and the fame of Charlie McCarthy has no bounds. And so Decatur holds, with justifiable pride, the role of Bergen's home town. His willingness to make this special journey, from his home in Hollywood, indicates the pleasant memories he holds for his old friends of Decatur, and the success he has earned has never lessened that "home town" affection.

In turn it is a special thrill to a community to watch, from the sidelines, the climb to success that is achieved by someone we have known "from across the street." Nothing is more glamorous than the fame of a radio and movie star and when the privilege comes to the old home town to be the host of its favorite son, it becomes an outstanding event for the village and the Centennial celebration.

So Friday has rightly been designated as Bergen Day and will provide the opportunity for Edgar to receive the warm felicitations of his host of oldtime friends, who will be eager to echo the thought that is community-wide . . . "welcome back to Decatur."

Every effort is going into the plans for the big Bergen Show to be presented at the Athletic Field Friday evening, to provide an entertainment unequalled in the first hundred years of Decatur's existence. As Edgar has indicated his goodwill to this town, it is the sincere wish that it will be a veritable sea of Charlie McCarthy fans that will meet his eyes as he appears on the stage of this great Bergen Show on the evening of the 10th.

WEDNESDAY, THE BIG BERGEN DAY IN DECATUR

Wednesday the village was moving fast, the seats were placed, fences and public address system installed. All the detail was completed by 5 o'clock, and the crowd had started to go to the show. Chief Woolfe had checked up and everything was ready for the party. Miss Mary Hanrahan, Mr. Bergen's manager, helped arrange the program by telephone at about 6:30. It was to be on schedule time so that Mr. Bergen could leave at once for Chicago.

At 7 o'clock the High School Band, all in uniforms, came marching down from the village, took their places in front of the big platform and gave an hour's concert. The baton twirlers were placed on the stage as requested earlier in the day by Bergen, and the band played while the members displayed the batons very nicely. Flags were placed on the platform while the band played the National Anthem.

By this time thousands of people had arrived and the back field was full

Charlie and Mortimer Visit Shaw School With Bergen

CHARLIE AND MORTIMER get a look at the schoolroom where Bergen went through the grades (an occasion for Charlie and Mortimer to emit a few sarcastic retorts concerning their master). Bergen sits in the seat he once occupied as an obscure farm boy and entertains a few of the children who followed him to the school. Mortimer is considering taking up education, but Charlie is shown already occupying a seat. —Courtesy of South Bend Tribune.

of cars and people. At 8 p.m. the program started.

At 9 p. m. the siren was heard, the stage was cleared and the crowd was asked, "Who do you want to see?" and thousands of voices began to sing, "We want Bergen, we want Bergen." Bergen was on his way to the stage and the multitude cheered as he appeared.

He walked right to the "mike" and said, "My friends, if I am elected to the third term I don't know what I will do," and the big show was on.

As the Chief was trying to move the piano around Bergen was making a lot of motions as if to help, and each waiting for the other to do the work. They finally decided to let it alone.

The Bergen Program

Address of Welcome—Village Mayor Chas. Haefner
The Dog Act
Mr. Bergen and Charlie McCarthy
Mr. Bergen and Mortimer Snerd
Mr. Bergen and Ophelia
Presenting the Key—Dr. Bope
Blackstone, the Magician
Bergen's departure.

The Crowd of 25,000 People

The crowd of 25,000 people came from various states to Decatur and filled the parking lots and streets for blocks and every driveway was taken, some cars parked outside the village limits and the occupants walked in and cars were still coming in when the show was nearly over. The spectators were very quiet and orderly, for there was plenty of room and it was not necessary for people to be crowded and many stayed with their cars.

The Traffic

State police started coming at about 10:30 a. m. and as more help was needed it was sent for. At 5 p.m. the boys of the fire department reported for action and traffic was moving fast. At 6 p. m. Chas. Koons and the sheriff department reported for action. Officers from Mt. Clemens and Elkhart took a part and with this we had about 50 efficient men taking care of the situation. Chief Woolfe was informed that each committee was well instructed Wednesday. Eight members from the state post of Paw Paw and Niles worked with the members of the fire department on traffic and parking. The sheriff's department took charge of the crowd at the field, having men stationed around through the crowd to take care of any disorder that might arrive and to keep the people from making unnecessary noises.

The Ralston Battery shop sent Mr. Less Hammond down and loud speakers were installed over the stage and on posts set in the field and every one could hear and many compliments were given in behalf of this good work. Thanks to M. E. Leighton for assisting in the work.

Ted Merrill was visiting at the home of H. H. Creagan and saw that traffic was congested at that four corners. He took a cane and a fireman's badge that Herb. gave him and in a few minutes everything was going smoothly. Mr. Merrill worked with the boys the rest of the evening and many thanks to him for his services.

Two officers, here from Elkhart, offered their services and Chief Woolfe said if at any time they could see anything to do it would be appreciated. They surely were kept busy. Officers and members of the fire department from other towns called the Chief and offered their services, and if needed they would have been called.

Fred McWilliams had charge of the seat arrangements, and with the help of our town marshal, Lou Taylor, and assistant, Jess Kelsey, they were busy every minute. The Becker Company big truck was sent to Kalamazoo for seats.

Traffic was a big problem and Therald Oatman, chairman of this committee, did an outstanding job, and the boys were highly complimented for the way the traffic was handled. There was not a single accident or a complaint of any kind. Congratulations from many of the surrounding cities and villages have been received by the Chief for the home coming of Bergen.

THE BATH IN THE WELL

This is the story as Edgar Bergen remembered it and told it at the dinner given in his honor in the Masonic lodge room Tuesday evening:

Before he told it Edgar inquired if the Southworth boys were present, but they were not there to join in the laugh.

The incident took place when Edgar was seven or eight years old. The family lived on the Valley road on the farm the father had bought of Reuben Calbetzor. Just east of the Bergren farm was the Dewey farm, later known as the Latham farm.

Springs of clear cold water come to the surface on that farm. One of them made a pool several feet in diameter and a well house had been built over it. No one was living in the house at the time.

One warm summer day Edgar and three other boys, we think two of them were Harold and John Sherburn, stripped and went into the pool. They were having a great time when the other boys began to sense danger and one by one gathered up their clothes and got away.

Edgar proceeded to enjoy himself alone, until finally he looked out and there were Mr. and Mrs. Leo Southworth, then bride and groom, taking in the situation. They were coming there to make their home.

Edgar skinned out of the pool and into the nearby corn field in a hurry, not taking time to get his clothes. He found the other boys and tried to get them to go for his clothes, but they refused.

Leo called to him, and told him if he wanted his clothes he would have to come and get them, and he was compelled to do it.

The next day John Bergren sent his son over to apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Southworth for going in swimming in their drinking water. Edgar said he never would forget that day.

Mrs. Leo Southworth said later that she was not present. It was Leo and Maynard Southworth who caught the boys in the pool. They were working the farm together. But the story as remembered was very near correct.

Charlie McCarthy To Be Courtmartialed

Riverside, Calif.—The U. S. Army Air Corps will courtmartial its most prominent wooden soldier, Master Sergeant Charlie McCarthy, for two-faced conduct in accepting a sergeant-major's warrant from the U. S. Marines.

An order has been issued by Colonel Benjamin G. Weir, March Field commandant, instructing the saucy NBC dummy to put his affairs in order and report to the Riverside air base within 30 days for disciplinary action.

Col. Weir indicated that Sergt. McCarthy will be suspended from his rank and possibly placed in the March Field guardhouse until an air corps courtmartial determines his motives in joining another branch of the service.

"We have every reason to suspect Sergt. McCarthy of double-dealing and horse-trading in accepting a marine uniform and rank from Maj. Gen. William P. Upshur at the San Diego marine base on June 29," said Colonel Weir.

"We need key officers like McCarthy badly for the training of our recruit personnel here at March Field, but I'm afraid we'll have to sacrifice expediency for principle and order him to stand trial by courtmartial.

"We cannot tolerate air corps officers who place self interest above the interest of the air service, as Sergt. McCarthy obviously did. A soldier cannot salute two generals nor talk a fight on two fronts, even if he has a mouthpiece like Edgar Bergen to help him."

McCarthy received his master sergeant's warrant from Col. Weir at March Field last October after flying there from Hollywood with Edgar Bergen.

"I'm innocent, so help me marines, I'm innocent," was Charlie McCarthy's answer to air corps charges of two-faced conduct, made by Col. Benjamin G. Weir, Air Base Commander at March Field.

"I've had to beat bum raps before," said Charlie. "I'll beat this one too, single-handed, even if I have to get the whole marine corps to help me.

"Didn't anybody ever tell Colonel Weir that we marines ain't never lost a fight?"

"We'll declare war against the air corps, that's what we'll do."

Major Gen. William P. Upshur, commanding general of the U. S. Marine Corps Base in San Diego, Calif., said today that if Sergt. Maj. Charles McCarthy wants to fight the army air corps over charge of duplicity, he'll have to do it without the marines.

"We're too busy training for national defense," said General Upshur.

The general added, however, that he is launching an immediate investigation of McCarthy's motives in accepting a marine warrant, and if the facts warrant such action a marine officer will be appointed as counsel

to defend Charlie at the air corps courtmartial.

FOURTEEN—BUT A PRECOCIOUS FOURTEEN —THAT'S CHARLIE

Charlie McCarthy will insist that he is the star of the NBC Chase & Sanborn program, and millions of Americans will agree with him. The most popular "boy" in America, Edgar Bergen's redwood protege, is Hollywood's "greatest lover" and one of radio's finest wits—but men behind the scenes, in spite of their fondness for the precocious Irish red-head, give the bows to Edgar Bergen for the creation of the comedy team.

Edgar Bergen's uncanny aptitude for ventriloquism dates back to his childhood in Chicago, where he was born on February 16, 1903, of Swedish parents. He first learned to mimic people, and then one day startled himself as well as his mother by "throwing" his voice into the oven in which his mother was baking an apple pie.

By the time Bergen entered Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., he had developed his ventriloquism to such a degree that he was able to earn his way through school by working in chautauquas and in vaudeville, aided and abetted always by his constant companion, Charlie McCarthy, whom he had fashioned after a tough little Irish newsboy.

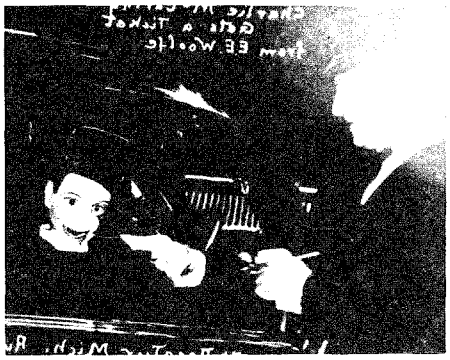
It was Rudy Vallee who introduced Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy to the air audience on December 16, 1936, and started them on the road to the fame they enjoy today. Bergen and his alter ego had given command performances before European royalty and toured the world in vaudeville before this, but following a second appearance on the Vallee show, the two were signed for the Chase & Sanborn program and almost overnight became international figures.

Once in Hollywood, film companies crowded in on Bergen and the impish McCarthy, and they were in demand left and right for feature parts in major productions.

Bergen keeps Charlie's mental age at 14, but it's a precocious 14 and a worthy match for any wit on the popular NBC variety show. Unlike most others of his genre, Charlie does not sit on his master's knee, but on a high, four-legged stool, so that his head is on a level with Bergen's. All of the dialogue between Bergen, McCarthy, Snerd and those with whom they exchange banter is written by Bergen.

A bachelor, Edgar Bergen (born Bergren) is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has fair coloring of his Swedish forebears. His favorite sports are tennis and riding, and his hobbies are motion picture photography, carving and inventing useful gadgets.

Bergen Entertainment To Be Held on New Decatur Athletic Field



Late Monday evening the committee on arrangements drove to the Decatur Athletic Field on North Phelps and Cedar streets, went over the field and decided to change the location of the Bergen-McCarthy program to that place.

There is ample space there for the great crowd that is expected, and also parking space for a thousand or more cars.

A platform is in course of erection. The reserved seats will be placed on the diamond and ample lighting will be provided.

Considerable objection had developed to the putting on the program from the band stand because of the lack of room for the audience on Main street. On the Athletic Field there will be plenty of space for all who come.

The Incredible Stooge

EDGAR BERGEN HAS GIVEN AMERICANS A DUMMY FOR A NATIONAL IDOL AND MADE THEM LIKE IT—TREMENDOUSLY.

(Taken from a story by James Street in the Radio Guide of February 18, 1939. Loaned the Republican by Mrs. W. P. Bope.)

Mrs. Nellie Bergren, the farmer's wife, needed strawberries for the shortcake she was making to please her big Viking husband and their two sons, Clarence and Eddie. The farmer was busy in the cattle-barn, stripping his cows, for milk must be delivered, come sundown, to his customers, the staid, solid folk of Decatur, Mich.

He couldn't gather the berries from the little patch near the stable. He had more important things to do and, too, stooping for berries was beneath his Swedish dignity when he had two boys to do the task.

Clarence was splitting wood. He was nine then, back in those dear, dead days of 1910. Clarence was a good boy. Steady. But he couldn't pick berries for Mother Bergren, because when he finished his wood he must help his father in the barn.

So there was none left for the chore but Eddie, who was seven and a master architect, mason and glazier for castles in Spain, palaces built on daydreams with spires in the clouds. Eddie liked many things muchly, and many things not at all, and the foremost of his dislikes was work.

Mrs. Bergren sighed, as all mothers sigh, and decided it would be better to pick berries herself than to try to get Eddie to put in a few licks of labor. But being a resolute woman, also Swedish, she changed her mind and called Eddie. After all, why shouldn't the boy do a little work? Work was good for a boy. If a boy didn't work, he'd probably grow up to be a loafer and wind up on the

poor-farm. The world didn't owe anybody a living. It was writ that a man must live by the sweat of his brow. Remember, that was 1910! Mrs. Bergren thought it out and called Eddie —"You, Eddie!"—like that.

She handed him a little wooden basket and told him to make tracks to that berry-patch and hurry back before her sponge-cake burned. Eddie lit out. He knew his mother meant business. But the cake burned and the supper beans got wrinkled and soggy. There were no berries for the cake, for there was no Eddie.

Mother Bergren snatched off her apron, jammed on her bonnet and swished out to the berry-patch. Her son was just sitting there, staring at the sky.

"What are you doing now?" demanded the mother.

"Nothing. Just sitting here thinking."

"Thinking?"

"Yes'm," the boy said. "Thinking about inventing a machine that will pick strawberries."

Mrs. Bergren restrained herself. "Great land of Goshen, Eddie! You are lazy. Some day you will try to invent a machine to do your thinking and talking."

Last year Eddie Bergen earned about $400,000 on a machine that does his talking — suave, conceited Charlie McCarthy, the great of radio, an American phenomenon whose hands are the hands of McCarthy but whose voice is the voice of his master and stooge: For McCarthy's animation is in Bergen's fingers and his life is in his stooge's stomach.

Edgar Bergen was born Bergren in Chicago on February 16, 1903. Somewhere along the trail he has followed, talking to himself, he lost one r in his name. His parents were Swedish and taught him the mother tongue. His father was a dairy farmer in Chicago and perhaps milked some of the descendants of Mrs. O'Leary's.

His folks and his friends called the slight, serious boy Eddie, and when he was five his father put mother Nellie, brother Clarence and little Eddie and all the family's possessions on a train and moved to Decatur, Mich., where they settled on a dairy farm.

He was a mimic even at five, and a practical joker. The first inkling that he could do strange things with his voice came when he was eight. He was sitting one afternoon at the kitchen table, watching his mother bake pies and prattling about a pie-making machine he wanted to invent.

Then, just because he was a hellion, he murmured "Hello, hello, in there," and knocked on the bottom of his chair, and stared at the kitchen door. He had muffled his words and they seemed to come from no particular place. His mother did the obvious thing: she went to the door.

" I was sure I heard somebody," she muttered.

"So did I," said Eddie, and when his mother returned to the stove he said, "Hello, hello," and looked at the oven. Mrs. Bergren snatched open the oven door.

He laughed at her confusion and confessed. " I did it, Mother, I played a joke on you."

"You'll be the death of me, Eddie," moaned Mrs. Bergren. "You'll drive me mad." (She lives with him now.)

He didn't know what had caused his voice to go haywire and he still doesn't. But he knew he had some strange gift. He never had heard of ventriloquism and couldn't have pronounced or spelled the word if he had. He reasoned, however, that he could have a lot of fun with his gift and practiced it in his spare time, of which he had plenty, for Master Bergren would plot for an hour on how to get out of ten minutes' manual work.

He wearied of the effort of practicing and turned his attention to inventions. He tried to invent a lot of gadgets, but he wouldn't stick to them. One day, however, he actually worked three hours without stopping and made a waterproof shoe-polish. He put a little bit of almost everything he could find in it, blackened his shoes and ruined his mother's rug.

His father was a just man and didn't punish him. "That boy will come around," he told his wife.

Eddie persuaded his father to buy him a camera in 1917, and the boy took pictures of soldiers leaving Decatur for camps and France. Then he sold the pictures to the soldiers' loved ones. It wasn't hard work and Eddie loved it. He bought better equipment and saved his earnings. It was the first money Eddie had ever made of his own.

His father died when he was fourteen and Mrs. Bergren took Clarence and Eddie back to Chicago.

EDGAR SHOWED IN MARCELLUS

Edgar Bergen turned naturally toward the LaPearl theatre, now the Cozy. Mrs. Gertrude Metzger was the original proprietor, owner and manager of the movie house in those days, and she named it the LaPearl, after her sister Pearl who died.

Edgar worked about the theatre, swept it out and did odd jobs assisting Mrs. Metzger. The latter recognized the undeveloped genius in the boy and encouraged and helped him as she could.

He put on some entertainments here and on at least one occasion she put on a show in another town with Edgar as the chief entertainer.

Postmaster Herbert Creagan recalls that one night she put on a show in Marcellus. That was back in about the year 1914. He played the snare drum in those days and was engaged to play with the orchestra. Mrs. Metzger took Edgar and Herbert over in her tin Lizzie and they put on a great show.

Sorry we are unable to contact Mrs. Metzger for a story of her recollections of our visitor.

BERGEN OWNS AIRPORT

Edgar Bergen, amateur flier also known as an NBC comedian and partner of Charlie McCarthy, has just made his debut in the new role of airport owner. Bergen has purchased the field, located at Montebello, Cal., to establish an instrument flying school for worthy young pilots who lack the funds to finance their own training. Many such pilots trained by the Bergen Aviation Foundation are already flying for the commercial air lines and in military service.

Tells Story of Visit to Bergen's Palatial Home

While in Los Angeles last March the Copleys and Rudzinskis decided to visit the movie colony. Earl procured the map and acted as guide while Rud steered the party up the very steep mountain where we encountered landslides.

When we reached a very pretentious home to the right we decided we were uncertain as to directions, so drew over to the side to relax and view the beautiful valley and suburbs far below us. Lucille decided to travel the flagstone drive-way and learn our whereabouts. After much persuasion to come back to the car she approached the back door and rang the bell. Not receiving any answer, she proceeded thru the patio to the front door where a sweet voice from above asked who's down there?

Lucille answered a party from Michigan trying to locate Edgar Bergen's home in the mountains. Upon that admission Jack Whitney's secretary appeared on the scene and invited the party in.

This was John Gilbert's old home but after his death, Miriam Hopkins purchased it and changed the interior to suit her tastes. After relaxing around the swimming pool we decided to climb the remainder of the mountain. After passing John Barrymore's home we observed a very attractive home, typical California style, and as it was the highest point we drew up to the gate, telephoned in and the maid ushered us into the living room.

Soon after we were seated Edgar arrived and graciously welcomed us. He showed us through his home which was exquisitely furnished and in excellent taste for a batch, and around the perfectly landscaped grounds overlooking Hollywood and vicinity.

Then we made the acquaintance of Charley and Mortimer and saw charley's elaborate wardrobe and the complete studio where private performances are given.

Mrs. Bergren had just returned from the hospital and the nurse informed us that she was ready to see us so we had a nice visit with her. She remembered Earl best because he settled Mr. Bergren's estate and sold them their first Ford which Edgar insisted on watching the first night napping on the couch.

Then Edgar who is a renouned photographer from early childhood, invited us to have our pictures taken with

him in the patio. He kindly mailed us the prints after we returned home, and they were splendid and greatly appreciated.

While at his home he invited us to attend his performance with Charley, Mortimer and Ophelia at San Diego the following Saturday evening. We were delighted as San Diego was the high spot of our trip. Edgar played to a packed house, perhaps 5000 people at the Russ Auditorium and by the hearty applause, you could readily realise that he is a favorite there as well as over the entire U. S. and his home town.

EDGAR BERGEN HAS BUSY DAYS IN DECATUR

When Edgar Bergen finished his work on the stage Wednesday night and before the great crowd began to move he went over to Dr. Bope who was with him on the platform and said, "Well, doctor, good bye, I'm leaving now."

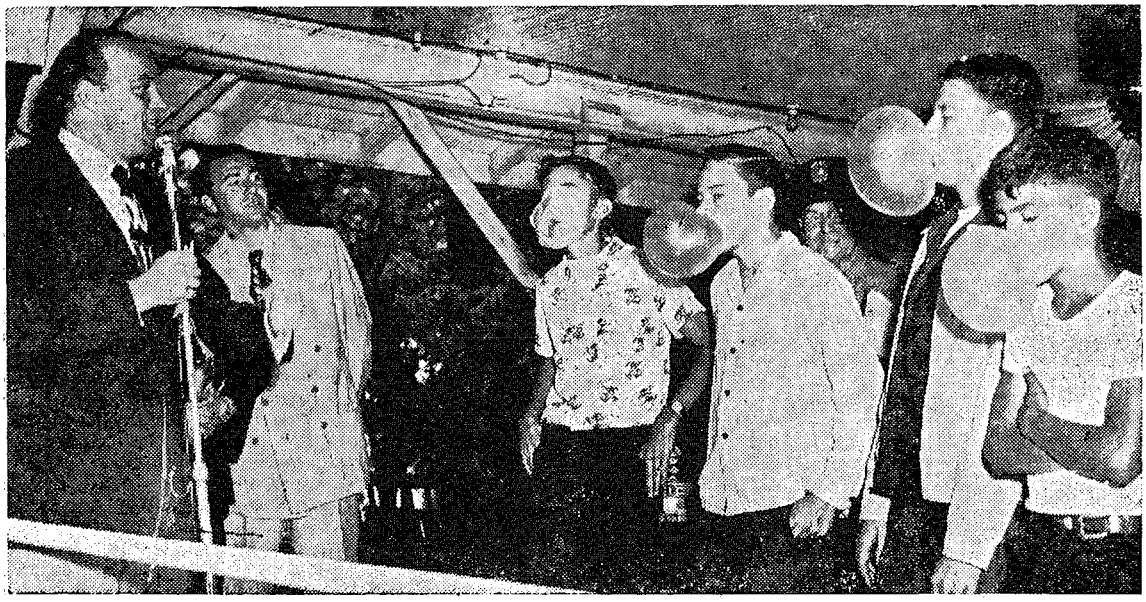
The family had a night luncheon prepared for him and his party but he said he could not wait. He had to be in Chicago the next morning and by going at once he would get ahead of the traffic.

They drove to South Bend, the old home city of his press agent, Joe Alvin where they caught a night train for Chicago.

At the close of his part of the program Mr. Bergen introduced Mr. Blackstone, whom he said is considered the greatest magician of the United States and perhaps the world. While Mr. Blackstone was doing some wonderful tricks with the playing cards the Bergen party left. The crowd is still wondering what became of those 13 cards that were in the handkerchief

Edgar Bergen's Arrival

Edgar Bergen, noted radio and screen star, was greeted by Dr. W. P. Bope, an old acquaintance, as he alighted from the New York Central "Wolverine" at the Kalamazoo station. W. B. Cudlip, Detroit, the doctor's son-in-law, motored from Kalamazoo to Decatur, behind a state police escort. —Kalamazoo Gazette photo.



Four rapt kids do their darndest in the bubble gum contest sponsored by Edgar Bergen at 11 o'clock Saturday morning. Winners for the boys and girls contests were Keith Kammeraad and Harriet Sandburg, each of whom received from Bergen a year's supply of bubble gum. Left to right in the picture: Bergen, Ercel Twing, Jim McWilliams, Jim Hirst, Bing Bates, Frank Kraak.

(Photo by Hahn, Hartford.)

held by Dr. Bope.

Bergen arrived in Kalamazoo on the Wolverine at 10:23 Tuesday morning, August 19, and was met at the train by Dr. Bope and family. Kalamazoo Gazette photographers were on hand and took pictures of the meeting with his host, and from then on it was one grand event for everyone.

At ten forty-five the Republican received a telephone message that the party had arrived in Paw Paw where a short stop was made, and by a few minutes after eleven Mr. Bergen and party arrived in Decatur.

The Decatur band and many citizens came out to welcome him and a crowd awaited him at the Bope residence on west St. Mary's street. There were many children in the crowd and Edgar entertained them by giving a chat with his latest invention, Ophelia.

It was a great day for the kids. When Edgar came down town in the afternoon they followed him around and wherever he stopped they stopped. In front of the printing office he was surrounded and spent 10 or 15 minutes writing his name for them.

As he was leaving the office Lena Van Meter got a nice picture of him.

On his return to the residence of Dr. Bope he tried to get some rest but was constantly interrupted. While an amateur photographer was taking his picture he was notified of a telephone call from Portland, Oregon. He let the photographer finish the job before answering the call. Mr. Bergen went from here to Minneapolis where he puts on his show at the Minnesota State Fair, and we understand that from there he will go to Portland.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND OF OLD PEWTER

By Bessie Fuhrman

Although there have been many real Alices in the wonderland of old pewter, judging from the many collectors of it represented in museums, any one can become a "just pretend Alice" and share the joy of discovering fine pieces of the now rare reminders of an antique art and craftmanship. And here's how, you too, can chase the white hare of your curiosity and have a real treat of the imagination in a real world of old pewter.

The first thing you do, if you're going to be another "Alice in Wonderland" is to ask questions, for you know that was how the other Alice got her start. Then some friendly librarian may bring you a big book on "The History of Pewter Making" as well as several other books concerning the collecting of old pewter. As you leaf through the maze of interesting pictures and unusual facts about the once world-extent industry, you will feel as bewildered and entertained as ever Alice did when she began her wonderful adventures in the realm of childhood.

In the first place, you, now Alice, will suddenly appear in the Orient—back 2000 or more years ago for no one knows exactly when pewter making began, and no one is sure just who discovered the idea of combining tin with certain alloys to produce pewter—but China is credited with the honor since the Chinese are known to have originated so many other useful as well as ornamental products such as paper, silk, gunpowder and porcelain or chinaware.

Having recalled these facts, Alice was interested to know if the Chinese added any further discoveries to that of pewter-making and then she found that they had, indeed, experimented further—one instance was that of adding copper and brass in different patterns to their pewter vessels.

Then, having made this brief introduction to the mysteries of the earliest making of pewter and its adaptation to various uses, Alice opened a little door into Old Japan and there she found that the Japanese, not having learned the Chinese' secret of pewter composition, had devised a combination of their own, that they called pewter. It was so very strange in its appearance that Alice could hardly believe that it was pewter. It had a delicate green bloom or rust over it in two tints—a lighter ground with a darker shade in irregular spots and patches which Alice thought was pretty for ornamental vases, but she'd hardly care to have her dishes that she ate from look so queer. But for all the secrecy that had once prevailed about the formulas for pewter making Alice now, could find out whatever she cared to know about how this very useful metal was made. She asked why the Japanese old pewter was so different from the Chinese old pewter, and she learned that the people of Japan made it with more lead in one case, and therefore it was more workable than that made in China. In the second case (for they had discovered two ways of making pewter) they put in antimony. That made it hard and adaptable for castings or stamping when intricate and fine lines were desired. Besides these two experiments in pewter making that were successful, Alice saw that the Japanese had tried to plate their pewter by adding a coating of some other metal, but had failed in the attempt, as the coat flaked off in many cases. Then, as Alice left Japan and visited other countries, she found that pewter varied in its composition in the different nations and also according to the purposes for which they were to use the metal. The best quality of plate pewter, Alice discovered, had no lead at all, but 100 parts tin, 8 of antimony and 4 of copper. Common pewter from which "trifles" such as salt cellars, were made, was composed of 82% tin and 18% of antimony. "Better" pewter was 56 parts tin, 8 of lead and 6 of copper. Pipe metal was 60 parts tin and 40 of lead, while metal for dishes was 96 parts tin and 24 of lead. Ley metal, the poorest of all was four-fifths tin and one-fifth lead.

When Alice had noted these differences in the compositions of pewter—once secrets that had been treasures many generations ago, Alice began to comprehend the fact that pewter had been the means of awakening the scientific spirit of investigation to a very great extent. And then she wondered just how great a debt does the world owe China and an unknown Chinese for his discovery of pewter making in just the part it has played in scientific experimentation, not to say anything about the benefits it had bestowed on civilization by raising the standard of living conditions from wooden dishes and cooking utensils to a better and more artistic table and kitchen ware.

And speaking of the other nations that benefitted from the discovery and later began making pewter of their own, Alice found herself rambling around in England. There she learned that the Cornish tin mines being conveniently near lead mines, that England had become famous as the "classic land of tin and lead."

Then Alice started right off on a wild goose chase to find out how people connected the idea of the English tin and lead mines with the making of pewter, and she learned that the Romans had used pewter seals of office and as Phoenicians had heard of the English mines, they set out for Britain and after that the Romans went there, too, to find the materials for pewter. Old Roman office seals were found sometime ago in large quantities in England. And as they made good solder, they were used for that purpose. So the Roman office seals of Westmoreland Co., England that were left there by the Roman legions hundreds of years ago, were at least one chapter in the history of England's old pewter, said Alice, as she rambled on.

Cornwall, England she soon learned, became the source of pewter materials for the Romans at home and tin was carried from there to Italy by ship and across country. Ingots were made of the ore and then later mixed with the different alloys as they made the different grades of pewter.

France and Holland also manufactured pewter and French women had fine pewter in their homes before England began to manufacture pewterware. Thus Alice concluded that France set the style for pewter dishes for England and other countries. And then Alice wanted to know who really set the pace for artistic pewter table ware in Europe, and she learned that Francois Briot was the earliest and most celebrated craftsman in pewter. He had originally been a worker in metals, having made dies and moulds. That man, having seen the possibilities of making pictures in relief on the soft metal, produced many specimens of great beauty as indicated by the numerous collections of his pewter in European museums. His most noted production was a flagon and salver depicting Temperance.

Briot's successor was a French sculptor named Jules Brateau. His best known piece in this country now in the Chicago museum is an ewer and salver depicting Fame as a winged globe. About the boss Cupids are seen holding a ribbon carrying the name of celebrated artists in music, painting, sculptor and architecture. Other decorations are also seen, representing the tools of the various arts and crafts. Thus, thought Alice, Brateau portrayed the idea that pewter

art and craftsmanship belong with the other fine arts, although he was not the originator of the idea.

Then Alice wondered where the idea of pewter toys originated and soon she was in Germany. There she found that Nuremberg was the first city in history to start a real toy industry and away back in the 16th century.

Why, that was since Columbus discovered America, thought Alice. "I wonder if Columbus had any toys when he was a little fellow, and then she recided that of course he hadn't had very many since the first real toy factory did not begin its work until he was long past the time for playthings.

Alice learned that Frederick the Great had provided his soldiers with attractive uniforms and the idea of making toy soldiers in such uniforms was thought of, for it provided the suggestion for turning out many toys of pewter at once. Thus, the subconscious suggestion for warfare was planted in the minds of babies through out the world, and now we are seeing the outcome of that influence of instilling the admiration for soldiers and warfare into children's minds. So, that's one thing I don't like about old pewter making, sighed Alice, for who knows just how large a part pewter has played in modern warfare through its pewter toy soldiers making the initial step toward war-mindedness?

Then Alice learned that the foremost of the many Nuremberg artists in pewter was A. C. Enderlein. That made her wonder if he were the real Kriss Kringle. If so, thought Alice, the world has much to be grateful for to that old German city and that old German artist for providing toys and the foundation for further developments in manufacturing the means for childhood happiness.

Then Alice thought she would like to know a little more about the extent of old pewter manufacturing. So she turned to "The History of Old Pewter Making," and found that there had been many corporations or guilds in different countries. One map that Alice saw was about covered with the pictures of the pewter ware made in the various places. In England and France the different guilds had marks which distinguished one manufacturer's wares from another and also indicated if he were honest in his business. Every so often, they had to re-establish their marks and the letter "f" was sometimes placed on a mark if the owner had been dishonest in his dealings. Turning over the pages of the great book, Alice found hundreds of pictures of those marks reminding her of postage stamps. And, then she realized that the making of old pewter had had an enormous industrial importance for centuries throughout the world, but that it passed away when superseded by better products, such as porcelain, stone ware, aluminum and plated wares.

When Alice had finished her reading she decided to set out to look up some of the splendid specimens of old pewter right at home—in the Art museum of Kalamazoo. And there she found some 600 pieces of old pewter, a part of a very large collection made by Mr. and Mrs. Stark of Kalamazoo. She learned that while Mr. Stark, who owned the pottery shop of Kalamazoo started the hobby, Mrs. Susan Stebbins Stark followed it up and spent eight years in Europe making her collection that she gave later to several cities—among which is Kalamazoo. So Alice went to the museum and after looking over the entire assortment she went back another day and concentrated her attention on several of the most outstanding specimens. Some of these were flagons, chalices, loving cups, beakers, various shaped spoons, measuring cups of many sizes, hot water bottles, bed warmers, platters, urns, and coffee and tea pots. In the farthest room she found the very lovely engraved Chinese serving dish made with four compartments and lid for keeping food hot until served. In the Holland case was another such dish but smaller and more simple in its lines and with no attempt at being artistic.

The French pewter in the showcase in the hall was lovelier than some of those specimens in the American collection and may have been of a better grade of pewter. However, Alice found a rich source of materials for comparison and study of an old time means of livelihood for many people for many generations, and as such, Alice realized that she had seen far into the history of the world's past through these ancient remainders of a civilization that his passed away.

Alice in Wonderland of Old Luster Ware.

Then Alice went to the other Art Museum of Kalamazoo that stands between the city library and the one that houses the Old Pewter and found a perfect fairyland of beautiful Old Luster ware. One case of silver luster ware attracted her attention for quite a while. Then she turned to another case where a turquoise and silver goblet stood with pink and gold luster ware and a few white ones with silver and with gold adornments.

In another room were seen old gold luster jugs or pitchers and old copper specimens also. Some lilac and old gold pieces were lovely although the lilac is not as highly prized as the pink or rose or ruby luster ware. Blue and old gold pieces were among the very handsomest specimens in the collections.

Some of the various groups of old luster ware were marked 'resist luster' and this Alice learned was named so because of the method used in producing a white or colored pattern on a silver or copper ground. If a white pattern is desired, a white surface is laid on the clay body of the sugar bowl or whatever the dish is, and the outline is painted or stenciled on with some substance such as glycerine or some other preparation that does not resist water. Then the whole pattern is "lustered" over with the luster ware solution and allowed to stand until partly dry. Then the glycerine covering the outline of the pattern is washed off. The metallic solution used to luster over the pattern "resists" the water and the ware is fired to complete the work. Thus Alice learned how old resist luster ware gets its name and its distinctive stencil-like patterns.

Then as Alice stood and gazed upon the beautiful old pieces of gold and blue luster ware she saw that this entire collection was also the gift of Mrs. Susan Stebbins Stark to the Kalamazoo Art Museum. Desiring to learn more and more about this, also an antique reminder of past artists and craftsmen, Alice went to the library and found a very instructive little book entitled "Collecting Old Luster Ware" by W. Basanko. In the editors preface, the editor of this little volume says that he believes it to be the first book on old English luster ware ever published.

Thus Alice combined her acquaintance of old luster ware as seen in the museum with the information contained in the guide mentioned above and found a very lovely and instructive hobby could be built upon the acquisition of vases and dishes of this as yet not too rare luster ware.

Alice in the Wonderland of Old Bottles

Well, Alice kept rambling on and on and finally she came to a little room with two large windows filled with little bottles and big bottles of various sizes, shapes and colors so arranged as to provide beautiful color contrasts of brown and white, blue and white, green and white, and in this little room were two show cases also filled with glass bottles and even a pink striped glass rolling pin. Some old ruby glass was seen and a pair of German tankards silver mounted on rich blue, were outstanding in every respect—shape, color and decoration. And here again Alice saw how the collector must have thrilled on finding so many unusual shaped bottles as well as so many different uses for bottles that she had hardly thought of.

Then as Alice turned away from the wonderland of old bottles and the thought of the times when those relics were devised and manufactured, she knew that with an enquiring mind a number of good specimens and a few books, that anyone can have a wonderful time just pretending you are living in the long ago of a people that have made their contribution to the ladder of civilization, just as you and many others are trying to do in your ways, today.

And just then Alice thought about the wonderland of 600 years of famous paintings that have been on exhibit at the Kalamazoo Art Museum and wondered if one ever could cease to be an Alice in Wonderland after one really becomes one.

WALTER BROWN SEZ-

Why didn't you put it in the paper that you like good music too? (That is what we intended to do but overlooked it. Like Walter we love good music. "Music hath charm to soothe the savage beast," and it hath charm to soothe us. Turning on the radio recently we heard a lady from the Grand Opera Company sing most charmingly one of those beautiful classic songs with an unpronounceable name. It was well worth listening to. Then some funny man followed it with small talk and spoiled the effect of the song.)

There was a girl last week who sung over the radio, "God Bless America," and it seemed just as though I was floating up to the sky. There is nothing on earth equal to good singing and I guess it is the happy road to heaven.

Speaking about that Indian fight down by Lake of the Woods. That was interesting. I guess it is true, too, for there were lots of evidences of Indians being around here. You could pick up arrow heads by the bushel, almost, when this country was new. I have picked up arrow heads on the old Higgins place where I used to take the cow to pasture. The Higgins farm is better known now as the Vowell farm. I heard that at one time a Chicago man gave $15,000 for that farm, but it twant worth it.

When we first went onto the Lee place where we lived so many years there were water holes on it that stayed there the year around and they say that Lake of the Woods extended clear over to the railroad. Draining the lake has made a vast difference with the country here. Maybe it was for the best but I have my doubts about it. I think they have overdone this draining business.

Say, if you want to see a fine building, just jump into your car and go and see the barn that Chicago lawyer is putting up. (Allen Hoben.) My, but it's a fine building. It's 36x50 feet on the ground and I don't know how high it is. It's the biggest barn in this town, it sure is. I never see one here any bigger. You ought to go and look at it. Decatur is a good town. I tell you it certainly is. It has improved wonderfully during the last few years. One thing that makes the town look nice is the well kept streets.

Martz is manager for Allen Hoben, that's his name. Martz is milking five cows for him. He says it takes him about an hour. Martz is right there on the job all the time. I haven't seen him in the market for quite a while,—not since they have been building that barn.

I tell you that attorney is spending a lot of money here. He is a good man for this town. We haint got none better. He bought the old Mark Thomas farm just out of town. The Reverend Robert Queel lived there too in an early day.

Did you ever see how huckleberries have come up in price since we were boys. My sakes, fifty years ago they wan't worth nothing. Father and I once picked a bushel basket full along the swamp down near Will Congdon's.

The old brick yard was right west of where the Congdon house stands. I wouldn't wonder if the old clay holes are there yet, but I haven't been by there for years. It was all swamp in there when I first knew the place. You've no idea what a change has been made there. Why, years ago you could no more have built a house in there than you could on Lake of the Woods.

Old man O'Rourke lived in that Congdon house when I came here back in 1870. He and George Bennett made the brick. Old man O'Rourke put up a sign for huckleberry pickers to stay out, but nobody paid any attention to it. Lord, if everybody in town had gone out there to pick they couldn't have picked them all. I guess they couldn't. But look at huckleberries now, they're away out of sight in price. My wife priced them last week but didn't buy, they were too high. (The price was 30 cents per quart.)

Well, I don't know as you ought to print this, but my father at one time was a great Spiritualist. He was one of the kind that was always investigating. He said he believed in thinking as he was a mind to and of letting other folks do the same. It was none of his business what they believed in. Father was a Baptist first. The whole family went to the Baptist church back in Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Dr. Kinney and his wife were great Spiritualists too, They lived on the corner of Delaware and George streets where Charlie Brigham lives now. My, but they had great seances there.

One time father came home and said there was going to be a seance at Dr. Kinney's and he wanted me to go to it and play the organ, just run over the keys while the seance was going on.

I never had been to a seance and wasn't very sure that I wanted to go but decided that I had better do what father wanted me to.

When we got there we found a lot of people. The room was full and they sat right in front of a sort of improvised platform with a curtain in front of it, near as I can describe it. I don't remember who all was there but I know particularly that your father and Thede Trowbridge were there.

The medium sat over in a corner of the room, not near anybody. He kept his head bowed down and his hands in his lap. He never said a word and acted as if he was in a stupor.

I went to playing chords on the organ and while I was playing somebody called my name. I didn't know anymore than you do who it was and I didn't make a move.

I looked at the strange person who called me and I could see him just as plain as I can see you. He looked like a real man, was dressed like one, too. But he didn't look at me, he looked straight ahead. You wait too long and they disappear. I waited too long and this one disappeared, just seemed to sink right down through the floor right at my feet and disappear out of sight.

Dr. Kinney called me the second time and when I looked around the apparition, or whatever you're a mind to call it, was there again. This time I got my wits about me and I got up and asked him, "Is this my grandfather Dimoc?" The man was short and had sandy whiskers, just like my Grandfather Dimoc. Now I had never seen my grandfather Dimoc, but had heard mother tell about him and how he looked. It just popped into my head that if it was any of my folks it was him. But the spirit said in a whisper, "No."

I went back and took my seat and don't remember anything more that happened there that night.

I have since come to find out that there are more people who are mediumistic than you have any idea. I could tell you several instances that have come under my observation but won't take the time to do it now.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE SEEN

Neither David Deuel of Glenwood nor his wife are followers of Spiritualism, but they have had some queer experiences. A day or two after John Tompkins of Decatur was buried some 20 years ago, there were 8 or 10 relatives sitting around in the parlor and everyone of them heard John's voice. They did not understand what he said but they recognized his voice.

I went once to a seance at Frank Chamberlin's over by Gravel Lake. Fred Forbes, Del McKee and Ira Langdon were with us that night. People were brought back from their graves, but I didn't see anybody I knew.

My wife's mother told her that "If it is at all possible to come back to you I'm coming back." Mrs. Deuel said she afterward saw in a shadow the form of her mother just as plain as could be. Their daughter saw it too and said, "Why, that's grandma."

Thelma Rice, 18, was sick of a lingering sickness. One day she told her parents, "I am going to die at 4 o'clock tomorrow." She died at the striking of the clock as she said. That was in Hillsdale about ten years ago. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Rice, once residents of Volinia. —From a visit with David Deuel last week.

I didn't find but one mistake in what you put in about the Hopkins and Ackley mills last week. The doctor they sent for when Wilson got caught in the belt was Dr. Ross and not Dr. Rose. Dr. Rose had not located in Decatur yet.

Dr. Ross was the most active doctor in town. He was a busy man. You bet he was, but he would take too much liquor at times. The way they drove over the rough roads night and day it wasn't much wonder that he took a little too much stimulant to keep himself going.

One time I heard tell he was called out to East Valley to see one of Frank Andrus' three daughters. She was in great pain and doc knew he must give her some powerful medicine and be particular about it.

When he got out there he said he would have to lay down and sleep an hour before he would give her a par-

ticle of medicine. He did it while the little girl suffered, and then he gave her the dose and she came out all right.

The Decatur directory of 1869 gives Ross and McKelvy as partners in the doctoring business here, but I don't remember anything about McKelvy.

Doc. Ross moved away from here, as near as I can remember about the time Dillon came, in the early seventies.

Dillon and Rose came here about the same time and were partners at first, and then they fell out and separated.

Keables and Baker were also doctors here in the early days. Remember them, I guess I do. I could tell you some great stories about things that went on then but I guess I won't.

There was another startling incident in connection with the Hopkins and Ackley feed and saw mill south of town. You remember last week I told you how Sam Wilson got wound around a belt and killed.

Well, a little while after that, I can't say as to just how long it was, but it was after Sam was killed, four women were at Josiar Hopkins' house visiting. Josiar lived right there on the 4 corners across the road from where the South Side store is now. The women went down to the mill to look around and see things as women will, and going back up into the front of the mill they had to step over a line shaft that was boxed in.

It was a step of about a foot and a half from the floor to step over it, and it was the same line shaft that Wilson got caught on.

The first three women stepped over it all right, despite the fact that their dresses were considerably longer than the women wear in this day and age.

When the last woman stepped over her dress caught on that line shaft. She gave a yell and Lute Hopkins, Josiar's boy, grabbed her quicker than lightning. He saved the woman's life but the line shaft stripped the clothes off her.

She wasn't hurt but was awfully shocked. The other women crowded around her and they got her home some way. I was right there, but I didn't see the accident and didn't pay any attention to how she got out of the predicament.

In the fall of 1875 I took a vacation from the work in the mill and went to Fenton to see my folks, and while I was gone both the feed mill and the saw mill burned up.

I want to tell you a story of what happened one day when I was working at the saw mill. They took in an awful pile of logs from all around the country.

One time Pat Kelly from over north of town came there with a load of logs just as I was going to dinner.

Pat had a good farm team, a black matched team, and they were chuck full of life. He had unloaded his logs and was getting ready to come back to town when the mill whistle blew for noon, and that scared the team. They headed down the road on a dead run with the big sleighs slipping over the ice without making any resistance at all.

Ida Rawson was going home from school and they were coming right at her. She ran to the fence like a house afire and jumped it just as fast, and then got back onto the walk when the team passed her.

I guess I'm getting old. I was coming down town and the sidewalk was covered with snow and I was floundering around like I could hardly stand up, and Garsh, one of the nicest high school girls I about ever see came up to me and asked if she could help me.

You bet your life that was a nice thing for her to do. I wish I knew her name. She told me what it was but I couldn't remember it till I got to the post office.

I see you got some reader who remembers the old Decatur Silver Cornet Band. Remember it? Well I guess I do. I played in it, played a silver cornet right next to Sela.

We had good uniforms, you bet we did. They were made in Cincinatti and I don't remember what they cost apiece. It was all of $20.

It was back in the nineties when I played with them. We had some great times.. I should say we did. Yes, sir. We went to Paw Paw to play. We played in Sister Lakes one Fourth and we played around on the streets here. We would get up in front of a store and play and the store keeper would come out and set up the cigars. That's the way we got the smokes. I never smoked, so I gave my cigars to my father-in-law, Frank Mott. Nobody ever thought of smoking cigarets then.

One time we had a Fourth of July celebration and we played all day. Willard Van Antwerp can tell you all about it. He was a mighty fine bass drummer, Willard was. Yes, sir, he was.

You want to know what became of that old melodian we used to have in our house. I don't know what did become of it. Think I gave it away to somebody when we broke up and went to Kalamazoo. I didn't want it any more, wouldn't have taken it to Kalamazoo for it.

I got a second hand piano of Charlie Grinnel. It was a good one, too, you bet your life it was. It was made in New York City by a German firm and cost $600 when it was new. I used to like to play it. My fingers got so stiff I could not play any more and I sold it before we came back here.

Speaking about Charlie Rawson being 83 December 13, and Friday at that, I'll be 81 the 22nd of January. That's old enough.

I was in the electric shop the other day and we got to talking about how this town was lit up fifty years ago. There ain't much difference in the way the men get lit up, but there's a great improvement in how the village does it.

Decatur, I tell you, is a pretty good town. I never see the street look any beautifuller than it does today.

After the Civil War there were thousands of Civil War muskets stored all over the North. They were sold in Decatur for a dollar and a half apiece. I bought one. It was a muzzle loader and had a bore as big as a penny,—about as big—it might have been a little smaller. I always used number 8 shot. Got pigeons with it. Ran across Charlie Pritchard one day. He was hunting same as I was and he got 'em too.

The pigeons were thick then. My Lord, you have no idea how thick they were. Thousands of them, millions. Sometimes they would fly over the country and there would be so many of them they would shut off the sun and make it dark.

The stave factory boys used to bring their shot guns to work with them and stand on the railroad crossing and shoot down a mess when they flew over.

Now the wild pigeons are all gone. Nobody knows where they are anymore. It's too bad they were allowed to be exterminated.

You can't remember when the pigeons were in their prime. It was back in the early seventies and you were too small a boy.

When I was a boy I worked several seasons for Lyman Hinckley on the south side of Eagle lake. He had an eighty there, and I guess he had more than that later on. Yes, I think he did.

It was a great country around Eagle lake in those days back in the seventies. That country was practically all timber to start with and there was plenty of it then.

I remember their telling about an extra big tree on the north side of the lake where an eagle built its nest, and that is what gave the lake its name.

John Lyle had a lot of land on the north side of Eagle lake. He cleared some of it and built his house there and it is still standing. His grandson, Jay Lyle, owns the farm now and I guess the old house is his tenant house.

John Lyle and his brother William were great cattle men. They spent a good deal of their time driving about the country buying up calves. They took the calves to their farms and raised them into big fat cattle and sold them on the market. They made it pay, I guess they did.

I've seen them go by my home at the bend in the road here in the village many times every spring driving a bunch of cattle to the Decatur stock yard to ship them on to Chicago or Buffalo. They didn't bring them into town in trucks like they do now. I guess they didn't. Things wasn't so easy in those days.

As I remmber it old John Lyle

drove along in his horse and buggy behind the herd, and besides he had a man on horseback to keep them from straying off the road.

The road was sandy and when the weather was dry they kicked up some dust, I'm telling you. Cattle have a way of dragging their feet after they have gone a ways, and that's about the best way there is to kick up a dust. I don't suppose people could endure so much dust now. It was so thick you could cut it with a knife, as they used to say. But folks didn't seem to mind it so much then. They didn't expect anything else. It was something that couldn't be cured and had to be endured, and was taken as a matter of course. It was said when I was a boy that everybody had to eat a peck of dirt before he died, and I guess some folks ate a good deal more than that.

Dan Cordner used to work for John Lyle back in the time I was working for Hinckley. He was a good worker, Dan Cordner was. There wasn't any better man in these parts with a team. John knew how to pick good men, and he got the work out of them because he was a worker himself. A hired man will do a lot better for a man who will work well of himself, instead of just standing around and bossing.

The men liked Mrs. Lyle, too, and that counts a whole lot. She was a big hearted, generous woman and looked out for the men's welfare. Dan told me one time that when he would go to the house to get a drink of water Mrs. Lyle would come out and ask him if he was hungry and would like something to eat. Things like that please the men. Mrs. Lyle was a good old soul and the help would do anything for her.

So much for old John Lyle and his wife. They certainly was a good couple.

Talk about the gay nineties, I can tell you something that actually happened in Lawton during those years. In the summer of '95 they had a great Fourth of July celebration there and the Decatur band went over there and played.

It was a hot day—the days last week weren't any hotter—and us band boys had new suits. The boys had just got them in Cincinnati. They were dark blue or black, I don't know which, one or the other. Willard Van Antwerp can tell you all about it, he played the bass drum and Sela and I played the cornet, lead.

Those suits we wore were nice ones. The coats were heavy woolen and I tell you they were hot. We marched around all day in the sun with those heavy coats on, and gosh-a-mighty how we roasted. We unbuttoned the coats after we got through marching, but we didn't take 'em off, no sir, that wouldn't have done.

They had a big time at the celebration, near as I can remember. All I can sure remember is the way we marched around in the hot sun wearing those heavy suits.

I can't remember all the players in that band but some of them were Dan Carney, he played solo alto and played it well, yes he did. That is a good part to play. I would pick that part out to play if I was going to play in the band again.

Roe and Paul Warner both played in that band, but I couldn't tell you what they played, some of the different horns. Roe Warner was a pretty good player. He had a good lip.

Nick Huff and Will Clark also played. They were both good players too. They had the lung power and they took right hold of it. I tell you that counts a good deal. I can't remember what Nick played, but he was a good player. Will Clark played baritone. That's a good solo horn and he played some nice ones on it.

Billie Sutton I think played the snare drum, and he was a good one too. I don't know what ever became of that fellow. I don't know whether he is still on earth or not.

Ed. Carney played the tuba and the two were pretty well matched, one was as big as the tother. Ed. played it all right.

There were others in that band, of course there were, but I can't remember who they were.

We played over to Sister Lakes once, but I don't remember much about it. That was a long time ago.

We played on the street here in Decatur too. We would huddle up in front of a store and play, and after we got through the store keeper would bring out a box of cigars. I didn't smoke but I took one just the same. Took 'em home and father-in-law Frank Mott would come down and I'd let him have them.

I've been reading the war talk in the Republican this week and it reminded me of an old book that has been in our library ever since I can remember. It was handed down to me by father and I don't know where he got it.

It is a collection of "Letters from Ireland," by Charlotte Elizabeth, printed in 1856, the year I was born.

Here are two verses copied out of the book that struck my eye as being pretty good:

The power that nerved the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The power that led great William, Boyne's red'ning torrent through,
In his protecting aid confide and every foe defy,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emit its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief, it glimmers through the haze;
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succor high,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

A TRIBUTE TO MONTY JACK

Kalamazoo, Mich.
December 8, 1940.

To the Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.
Gentlemen:

Having read Monty Jack's letter to the Republican before, as well as the one of November 26, I had intended to show my appreciation of them and at last I have started to do so. I do not know that Monty Jack will know who I am as he was only four or five years old when I saw him last. However, that doesn't matter as my aim is to tell the Republican readers who may not know Monty Jack, just who he is.

He is John Ball, the son of Ace Ball and the daughter of Mrs. Grimes. That is to say he is a Ball, a descendent of the same Balls from whom the Father of His Country descended. If that isn't something to boast about along with being an American! Besides, he is the grandson of Mrs. Grimes, an incarnation of the widow who gave all that she had, for she was not only a widow who had to work in her old age to support herself, but she helped to support others.

She lost her daughter and her son just when she seemed to need them most, and then she took her infant grandson to raise, and her aged brother who had had a stroke had no home but her's. And besides her work of taking care of those two dependents on her, and her garden work and washings, she took the teacher of the district to room and board.

This was the woman who brought up John Ball, a woman so kind, honest, hardworking and brave that to be her descendent is an honor deserving to be placed alongside that of being a distant relative of George Washington.

When John's sweet young mother died, he was too young to understand his great loss. He could not know that when he cried "Mama, mama," that his mama lay in her casket and could never again answer her baby's cries nor see her precious little boy grow up to manhood.

John was only three or four years old when I boarded with Mrs. Grimes in the Bond district and afterward when she moved to the West Valley district where I taught the following year, so I remember John (Monty Jack) as the little boy whom I used to cuddle on my lap years ago.

Knowing now of his lonely life as a single man trying to "prove up" on a claim in a cold, bleak country, a modern pioneer but without the companionship as had the old time pioneers who usually had parents, friends or families, I am pleased to send him greetings and praise for his courage and manliness in taking his part in the world's work of pioneering alone, far from home and friends, out where the coyotes bark and where the weather is far too cold for comfort for a long time each year.

As to his old friends and relatives still here or not too far away to see

him when he returns, there are Basil Ewald, Johns cousin Pansy and her mother, his aunt; his aunt Lyde and uncle Jack Goble; his cousin Freida Bowers and her family; his cousin Ethel Goble Brown and her family; his Aunt Deal and her daughters; his cousin Robert Ball, his aunt Susie and cousin Lytle Watson and others.

His kind hearted uncle Clem and Aunt Lucy, as he knows, will not be there to welcome him on his return to his old home town, but he knows "what fer hospitable folks them thar Balls, aire." So I'm sure he'll have a most happy time in old Decatur next year.

And just to have him know that I wish him a merry Christmas, one that will be warm and glad with happy memories, in spite of the cold outside, I for one, am sending him a little package and I feel sure that his relatives and friends, "while on the Red Cross they are smiling" will not pass him by, for John Ball whom I still remember as little John Ball, is an American pioneer, a Christian, a good citizen and a Decatur boy of whom his friends and relatives are proud, I know.

Sincerely,
Bessie Fuhrman.

Days of Long Ago

Remembrances of Ed. Plopper.

Christmas has gone. The New Year of 1941 is here. Now looking backward.

Who can remember the winter of 1884? I was talking with Tom Bass. He says he can. It was his first winter in Michigan. He says there was more snow than he had ever seen up until that time. Well it was a long cold winter. They said there was 100 days of sleighing. I built fires all winter at the school house for $1.00.

One day in March Bert Lyle, Almond Hope, Horace Loveland, Castal Roberts and myself went over to George Greenman's sugar bush, where they were boiling sap. He filled our little pails with syrup for 25 cents each.

I think Charley Bellus can remember it, for he was working for Mr. Greenman at that time.

We could of had some of that snow six years later, in 1890. That was the winter I got out a barn frame, it snowed about 6 inches on Thanksgiving day. The next day the sun came out bright and I took the sleighs and went back in the lot to get a load of stones, for the barn wall. The sleigh cut through and I got stuck and had to unload them. I afterwards hauled them on a wagon. Hauled the timbers home on a sliding boat, the ground froze, but no snow until the first of April which was Wednesday. Then it snowed again, went off in a day or so. We used to like snow, to haul logs. Most every farmer would cut and haul logs most all winter. Carl Willison bought a piece of timber in our neighborhood that winter and Emory Place, a teamster in Decatur, hauled the timber the next summer on a wagon. It took him all summer.

And now as I first remember the village of Decatur. Some of the business men were Lyman Rawson and Newton Chamberlin bought wheat; S. N. Thomas and W. D. Scott, hardware; Joe Cohn, clothing store; Schuster, Chadwick, Arnold, dry goods; Jim Potts, Roberts and Stewart, Nebitt & Bagley, groceries and meat; T. Browning & Son, drugs; John Shaad, Sam Ellis,, boots and shoes; Keables, Dillon and Baker, doctors; Jim, Aldri h, Thead Harlan, Walter Russell, Neal and Mort Rasmusson, wagon shop and blacksmith; A. L. Moulton, Bill Tucker, lawyers; Charley Tase, hotel and livery; "The Old Duncombe Hotel that burned"; Carl Willison, saw mill; Hinkley stave mill; George McOmber, watches and clocks, in the old post office, which was where the town hall now stands.

In speaking of the old musket that Walter Brown spoke of, yes, I had one of them,—bought it of S. M. Thomas. I hunted squirrels and rabbits with it. The guns were mostly muzzle loaders. Powder, 40c a lb.; shot, 3 lbs. for 25c; caps, 10c a hundred. It was 1 cent a shot and then you could hunt the year around; no law against it. That was in 1883. Will say to my friends in Decatur and vicinity there are no trespass signs on my farm. Hunt all you please, and if you get hungry and there are any apples, help yourself to some. E. W. Plopper.

The War Department has issued an order to beware of wearing a uniform of the United States Army without specific authorization. It is contrary to law and will bring trouble to the wearer.

JONT SAYS - -

If His Friends Could Hear Him Now They Know He Would Say, "All Is Well With Me."

The death of Jonathan E. Goble brought to the service held for him last week Thursday the oldest living settlers of Volinia and Decatur. They assembled at the Newell funeral home to listen to the helpful message of the Methodist pastor, Rev. O. W. Carr, and followed the body to the burial place under the trees in beautiful Lakeside cemetery.

It was a perfect afternoon, the warm October sun blending delightfully with the wealth of flowers brought by relatives, neighbors and friends. The minister read the lines from Tennyson, Crossing the Bar,—

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

When the minister closed his service the people seemed loath to leave, it was such a peaceful, restful place to stay. Jont's friends, some of them going back to close onto eighty years, talked over the old times and admitted that for some of them the time on earth is short. There was no fear of the future among them, but a willingness to answer the final summons when it comes.

Jont was born on a farm south of Decatur 80 years ago last December. His father was Isaac Goble and his mother was the oldest sister of our townsman, Andrew J. (Jack) Goble. Jack was a year and one half older than his nephew.

Jont's father died when he was two years old and his mother later married Henry High. He was married first to Gladys Zimmerman who lived but a few months, and on February 7, 1907, he was married to Ellen Shockley Hathaway, who, with her daughter, Irel Hathaway Heap, survives.

Jont's grandfather was Elijah Goble who was born near Cincinnati in 1805 and located on the northwest corner of Little Prairie Ronde in Cass county in 1829. He was married to Eliza Tittle in 1834.

Elijah Goble kept hotel at Charleston for over 20 years, ten years of which it was a stage station.

Now all there is to Charleston is the cemetery and the name. In the years before the Civil War it was an enterprising hamlet with promise of becoming an important city.

Before the village of Decatur had been thought of there were plans to build the Michigan Central through Charleston, but when the railroad officials decided to go north of the big swamp all future prospects of the ambitious little village vanished.

Now and then Jont Goble would write reminiscences for the Republican and they would be published under the heading, "Jont Says—." The old timers looked for those quaint comments and when they came less frequently, his friends sought to know the reason. But Jont's hand trembled so that he could no longer write. If word could come from him now it would be, Jont Says—that all is well with him.

WORKED ON THE REPUBLICAN IN '68

Fred D. Rosenquest, "devil" in the office of the Decatur Republican under Blackman in 1868, died in Terra Bella, California June 27, at the age of 85.

This is interesting news to the Republican of the present day. Had it been known here that one connected with the office so many years ago was still in the land of the living and pursuing the world's best trade, there surely would have been letters passing between us and Republican readers would have been reading them.

Earl R. Clemens is editor and publisher of the Terra Bella News on which the aged printer had been employed the past ten years. Earl Clemens began his newspaper career in Lawton or Marcellus and finally went west as so many good editors do. He is a brother-in-law of Congressman

Hoffman and rather likes the excuse to come back here election years to do a little "campaigning for Clare." Incidentally it is a source of much pleasure to his old time newspaper friends when he drops in for a chat.

But to go back to Fred Rosenquest, we would like to know if any reader of the Republican of the present time remembers him. The first issue of this paper was printed June 5, 1867, 74 years ago, and the first editors were Prof. Bellows, superintendent of the Decatur school, and A. E. Blackman. The office was on the second floor of the 3 story building last occupied by W. T. Beek.

Rosenquest was born in Brooklyn in 1855. His father was a Pennsylvania Dutchman and his mother an English-Irishman. Such a combination could not last for long and when the boy was 12 both parents had passed away. He was placed in an orphanage which bound him out to a farmer near Niles, Michigan, in 1867.

The farmer refused to send him to school and the boy ran away. He walked to Dowagiac where he met a printer who brought him to Decatur. Here he put in an apprenticeship of 3 years, receiving only his board and clothes.

The paper then was called the Van Buren County Republican. It was a 4 page paper of which two pages were printed at home on a Washington hand press.

When the 3 years were up Rosenquest took his first pay job on the Paw Paw Courier, now the Courier-Northerner. So adept had the young man become as a printer that the Paw Paw editor offered to wager big money that he could beat any boy of his age in Michigan at the case.

After two years with the Courier the young printer got a job in Lansing and from there began the career of a roving printer which finally brought him up in Editor Clemens' office in Terra Bella, California.

We thank Mr. Clemens for the interesting sketch of the Republican's first apprentice, which he printed in the News.

30 Years In East Decatur School

Mable Schuneman opened the East Decatur school for the thirtieth year last Tuesday. During all this time she has not only been an educational factor in East Decatur but she has taken a keen interest in the spiritual, social and moral welfare of the community.

We haven't the correct figures at hand, but applying an average we find that during the past 30 years some 150 children have passed the 8th grade, and the greater part of them have gone on to high school.

Miss Schuneman seldom has had to resort to force to maintain order and shall we say discipline? No, because the scholars are actuated to obedience through love and respect for their teacher.

Mable taught school in the Lyle East Valley and White Oak schools before coming to East Decatur. She does not drive a car, but owns part interest in one and prefers to ride at a safe rate of speed. If all the miles that she has traveled going to and from school were placed end to end they would reach more than one-third around the earth.

Miss Schuneman is an expert pianist and during vacations sometimes teaches music on the piano. She never boasts of her accomplishments and is an inspiration for good to all who come in contact with her.

NATIVE SON OF DECATUR RECEIVES SIGNAL HONOR

Norman E. Webster Elected Member of Governing Body of American Institute of Accountants.

(Special) Memphis, Tenn., Oct 18. —Norman E. Webster, native son of Decatur and now chairman of the New York State Board of Certified Public Accountant Examiners, was elected this morning a member of the council or governing body of the American Institute of Accountants at the closing general session of its fifty-third annual meeting here. He will serve a term of three years.

The high honor paid to Mr. Webster honors his many years of service to the profession of accountancy, not only as a practitioner but as a pioneer in the development of educational standards for the profession. In his position as chairman of the New York State Board, he is at the head of the state agency which examines hundreds of candidates yearly for the certificate of certified public accountant.

The American Institute of Accountants is the national professional society of certified public accountants and has a membership of close to 5500 in all of the states and in Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska, the Argentine, Australia, England, Cuba, China, France, Mexico, Scotland and the Philippine Islands.

Mr. Webster was born in Decatur in 1869, the son of Norman E. and Jennie L. Chavileer Webster. He attended the Decatur graded schools and later graduated at Union College in Schenectady, N. Y. That institution of learning has conferred upon him the degree of master of arts and the National Law School, of which he is also an alumnus, has given him the degrees of bachelor and master of laws.

Mr. Webster, who is a partner in the New York accounting firm of Webster, Horne and Blanchard, has been a member of the American Institute of Accountants since 1906. In that year he became a certified public accountant in his native state of Michigan and in that same year was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He became a certified public accountant of New York State in 1910 and of Connecticut in 1929.

The Livery Business Forty Years Ago

(This story from the Lawton Leader will interest the 'old folks' and maybe some of the young ones. It is the story of a once flourishing business now extinct. The Robinson livery was noted throughout this section of the state, but not more noted than were the liveries of Bert Hinckley and Henry Creagan of Decatur and Henry Hinckley of Paw Paw. Sometime we will write a story of the Decatur liveries.)

In an interview with Miss Jennie Robinson, one time owner of the Robinson livery stables of Lawton, a number of interesting things were revealed about horse and buggy days.

The Robinson Livery was started in 1865 by Miss Robinson's father, "Eck" Robinson and a brother-in-law, Lew Morgan. In 1866, Morgan sold out to Robinson, who continued to run the business until his death in 1896. From then on his son, Frank, and daughter, Jennie, operated it until after the advent of the automobile.

Besides the Robinson livery, Lawton had two others, one owned by a Mr. Hessel and one by the Gidings hotel. Miss Robinson estimates that about 40 horses were used in the combined stables.

All incoming trains were met, which included eight on the "Yellow Streak" and ten to twelve on the Michigan Central and at times rivalry was keen among the drivers to see who could get their customer first.

Miss Robinson said she has driven as much as 90 miles a day and often made the trip to Paw Paw and back six times. Decatur, Marcellus, Nicholsville and Schoolcraft were other places included in their drives. Salesmen with lots of luggage would hire a livery rig to make the rounds of the towns rather than to take the train.

Good roads were unknown in those days. Sand in summer, snow in winter and mud in spring. Miss Robinson recalled taking Lynn Free of Paw Paw to Marcellus one winter when they had to drive out in the fields 14 times. She said the winter of 1918 was the worst.

Four drivers were used in the Robinson livery, during the 90's. Mr. Robinson, Sr., Frank Jennie and a hired man. After the death of the father, Frank and Jennie continued until Frank passed away and then Jennie continued alone with the assistance of Earl Huston, who came in 1912 and has since made his home with the Robinsons. This was no easy undertaking for one of the "weaker sex," but Miss Robinson remarked that when so many told her she couldn't ever make a go of it alone, she was determined to do it just to show them she could. After the horse and buggy were passe' Miss Robinson drove a model 'T' and met the trains as usual until she retired a few years ago.

EARLY VAN BUREN COUNTY DAYS

By Nellie Truesdell
916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Nov. 8, 1941.

Dear Editor,—

In Van Buren county about the year 1893 there lived a little boy named Sidney (or "Siddie" to his adoring big brothers and sisters), and to them Siddie could do no wrong.

One day his mother had churned, and left the buttermilk in the churn. She was busy sewing and Siddie seemed to be having a good time in the kitchen, judging from the fact that she heard him laughing. When she finally went out she found he had been dunking the kitten in the buttermilk and then letting it walk away, making a trail of buttermilk every way from the churn. In those days buttermilk had butter in it, so of course it was a greasy little kitten, and had not improved the kitchen floor. Those days we had not even heard of linoleum. Well, that little boy was my brother, and he only staid with us for 35 years, but he left a couple of nice boys, and one of his boys is now in the service of Uncle Sam.

My brother Sidney composed a poem about his boys when they were young and he once told me it was his favorite of all he ever composed. I am enclosing a copy of it.

I notice there is a Decatur boy the same place my nephew is, and that his grandmother has had the Decatur Republican sent to him. Mrs. Cotton is the grandmother and her grandson's name is Pvt. Elbert E. Sweat. My nephew's name is Pvt. Richard B. Johnson. Co. I, 2nd Reg., I.M.R.C., Bldg. 351, Ft. Warren, Wyoming.

I hope the boys will meet. It would please Aunt Nellie, and Grandma Cotton too, I feel sure. Our soldier "Dick's" birthday is November 15.

(Birthday congratulations, Dick, and hope you receive this paper.)

LITTLE DROWSY HEADS

In the twilight, before the lamp-light,
after the day has sped;
By the half light, of the fire light,
comes to me a drowsy head.
Little feet that have grown weary
through the long, long hours of
day;—
Little face that morn found merry,
now has a look far away.

So full of play, the live-long day, tireless, flying feet—
Forgetfully stomping, after romping,
in yard and street.
Football "plumping," small heart
thumping boyish shouts of joy:—
Comes to meet me—scare and greet
me;—rough and tumble boy!

Comes the day-break, He's the first
awake, like the robin bird;
Lazy yawning—after dawning, he
holds absurd.
He's a the sunshine—at the one time,
sunshine's not preferred—
Little outlaw, worst we ever saw—got
to be seen and heard!

Up and prancing, impishly dancing—
into mysterious clothes;
Sink or swim and a job for him, for
ma and the Lord only knows.
Got a shoe on the wrong foot too,. in
his eager haste;
Three holes too low—the buttons
y'know—on such a doggoned
waist!

916 Hays Park,
Kalamazoo, Mich.,
June 12, 1941.

Mr. A. N. Moulton,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Editor,—

I shall be happy to write something of early days. As I first saw the light of day in a log house in Waverly township November 1, 1878, there is something of a change in ways of living.

Perhaps I can borrow a little from a family history I wrote a few years ago. So I might say with the poet,—

"Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory
forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's
blaze."

In the year 1881 we moved to a farm in Geneva township. Black river was our boundary line on the west. Years before there had been a tannery there, but of that I will speak later.

My earliest memory is of standing on the river bank where it was high, in the spring of this year, and seeing rafts of logs floated down to Pennell's saw mill which stood just across the river from our place. I was old enough to thrill to the sight of seeing the men riding on these rafts, and jumping from one to the other of the logs. I believe it was quite a feat to be able to keep right side up.

That year there was a new iron bridge put there, taking the place of a long rickety wooden bridge. The year 1881 was on the iron railing. Today that bridge has been replaced by a modern concrete bridge. I think I sighed a little when I first saw it, and remembered that the wooden rail at the end of the old bridge had so many initials carved on it,—N. J. and H. A.; also E. U. and A. J. Some day maybe I can write a poem about it, and so preserve the memory.

Perhaps this is long enough for this first letter of reminiscences. It is easy and very pleasant to write. I like this stirring of old memories, the echo of voices, many of them now stilled.

"Thus memory brightens o'er our
past,
As when the sun, concealed behind
some cloud,
That near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field."

Sincerely,
Nellie Truesdell.

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916 Hays Park,
Kalamazoo, Mich.,

Dear Editor,—

Again I am back in Van Buren county in the early eighties. In early days there had been a stage coach running parallel with the river on my father's farm, and there were several old houses showing that it had been a busy place at one time. We could locate the site of the old tannery which had been run by a man named Hanna. It seemed he wanted to call this locality "Hunter," but the workman insisted on calling it "Jericho," and that is the name it is called to this day. I am sure most of the readers know where Jericho school house is on the road between Bangor and South Haven.

The tannery was moved to South Haven and one of my early memories is seeing and smelling the pungent tan bark as loads of it went by our house. This was bark stripped from hemlock trees, later to be ground by machinery and used in a solution needed for dressing skins. This industry, however was on the wane when we came, due to the exhaustion of trees to supply this bark, and gradually loads of tan bark faded from the picture.

Small bands of Indians were quite common. They often camped near the river and made baskets. I remember of going to their camp with my mother. She asked the price of a basket, and the Indian woman replied in her soft drawling voice, "Two shinin," meaning "two shilling," or as we would say today, " a quarter."

Celebrating the Fourth

And now that it is near July 4th, I must speak of the celebrations of those days. We nearly always went to Bangor, and usually in a lumber wagon. My mother would pack a dinner, and we would eat it in the grove just west of town. There was a speech, but we young folks never listened to it, we were more interested in the lemonade stands along the sidewalk, and the fireworks at night. What a long, hard day for the grown-ups it must have been, with all the chores to do after getting home, but then they had good visits with the neighbors they met there.

My little cotton challis dress that looked so nice in the morning when I started out was sadly rumpled by the time we arrived home, but it had been a great day, and how I had loved to hear the band play "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." It had filled me with more patriotic fervor than many speeches could. I still love to hear it, don't you, Mr. Editor?

(Yes, mam.)

---

916 Hays Park,
Kalamazoo, Mich.
July 2, 1941.

Dear Editor,

Van Buren county in the "gay 90's." I was walking nearly two miles to the Lafler school, where so many young Bangor graduates taught their first term. How I loved to sing the songs in the little "Knapasck" a songbook most schools used. I wish I had one today, but I remember many of the songs. Here is one we used to like to sing.

"When the golden hued October
Tells us we have time to spare
We'll just yoke up Buck and Brindle
And whoa, haw, gee, to the fair."

Would someone want all the words of it, I think I remember all of it, although I may not be able to spell the words in the chorus which were "cocoa ka chelunk, chelunk" etc.

Noons and recess we played in the

school yard, crack-the-whip, drop the hankerchief, sheep in the pen, and duck on a rock, and in season went to a near by woods for wild flowers and paw paw apples. I believe this is the only section of the state where paw paws grow. I love to see them growing—a sort of tropical tree they seem, and in the fall they are such a bright yellow. The fruit is a little too sweet to eat much of it. It is something like the papaya we find in Florida.

The last day of school we spoke pieces, and had some dialogs as we called them, and some songs. Our mothers usually came, and we were so proud to walk down to the front of the room and make a stiff little bow and speak our piece without a mistake.

My sister had a pocket on one side of her skirt, and while speaking her piece she put both hands in the one pocket. The teacher would give us a pretty card which might have "Reward of Merit" written on it. We had what we called copybooks in school and at the top of the page would be written some saying like this:

"All is not gold that glitters".

All down the page we copied it. I sometimes look at my carelessly written letters, and remember those perfectly crossed t's and all the other letters in the old copy book.

Spelling lessons always seemed to be the last class of the day, and now and then we would have what we called a spell down. How proud the last one would be until some simple little word would be mis-spelled by them, such as "acre" which made me sit down once, after that I remembered it was not spelled "acer."

I did not mean to make this quite so long but as the old song goes,

"Meadow and orchard and brooklet,
Schoolhouse that stands in the lane,
Come while sweet memory is roaming
Back to the old home again."

Nellie Truesdell.

Dexter Brigham Is Paid $100 for Lb. of Onion Seed

East Lansing.—The Michigan Onion Growers Association voted last week to pay Dexter E. Brigham of Decatur, 72-year-old internationally known onion breeder and master muck farmer, an all-time record price of $100 for one pound of seed of his special Long-Keeping Yellow Globe onion variety.

The growers directed Brigham, famed the world over for onion varieties bearing his name, to deliver the precious seed to Dr. Paul M. Harmer, Michigan State College muck crops specialist for use in his research work at the Michigan Agricultural experiment station. Dr. Harmer was requested to preserve the purity of the seed and assist the breeder in further improving the variety.

Besides being a long-keeping variety, Brigham's special onion was reported to be exceptionally blight resistant.

Retain Two Directors

Owing to unfavorable weather developments during the past two weeks, the association requested the federal surplus marketing administration to extend its onion purchase program another two weeks and buy 200 cars additonal for welfare distribution.

With factional difference over compulsory state inspection unappeased following the farmers week meeting, the growers ousted the old guard in the election and named almost a complete set of new officers and directors.

To Revise Rules

Admitting that the anti-compulsory state inspection faction was in complete control, Nelson Velliquette of Plainwell, retiring president expressed the hope the organization would do nothing to permit the return of cull onions to trade channels. He explained the association was formed two years ago for the expressed purpose of outlawing culls.

Death of Sela N. Eckenberger

1871-1940

Sela Eckenberger is dead.

That seems very strange, almost unbelievable.

Four weeks ago Sunday we drove the pretty Chevy over to the shore of Lake Michigan, pointed it toward the place where the sky and water meet, and watched the storm.

The rain came down from the black clouds in torrents, the wind piled mighty waves upon the level of the water and crowned their peaks with white caps.

It was a glorious sight. We saw in it the vastness of the universe of the Almighty, and the measureless grandeur of His power. It seemed for the moment as though we were lifted out of our small environment into a world without end, without limitation and beyond the reach of human frailty.

Sela sat there in silence and his mind apparently was traveling over oceans and mountains and far away beyond the clouds to where the sun was shining, and sorrow and loneliness were alike unknown. We drove back in the rain, but there was no discomfort in the warm October air of the twilight.

That was to him one of the best Sunday drives we ever took together. Several times afterward he asked if I had not written of the trip for the Republican, but the spirit had not moved me, and it was plain that he was disappointed.

The Chevy was his most cherished plaything. He kept it spotless and shining as though it had just come out of the sales room, and his alert ears caught the slightest sound of imperfection in its running.

He knew automobiles well. In fact he knew many things well. He was a woodsman and the fall was his favorite season. The coloring of the leaves when they turned from green to the various shades of red, yellow, orange and brown, was to him nature's most beautiful picture. He once said that the colors of nature never clash. No matter what the combinations that are brought together in the forest they always harmonize. No human artist can accomplish such a result.

He was a hunter, a trapper and a photographer. Of late years he did not hunt to kill, but never lost interest in shooting striking scenes or old time friends, with his camera.

He was a carpenter, a painter, a cabinet maker, a farmer. In his earlier years he built several substantial houses in this village, and he raised muck land crops for the market.

He was a musician, having played for many years in Decatur bands and orchestras.

He clerked in Decatur stores,—furniture, hardware and drygoods stores for upwards of thirty years, and for a number of years was head of a department of the Clayton clothing store of Detroit.

Sela Nelson Eckenberger was descended from the earliest pioneer families of Cass and Van Buren counties.

Both Charleston and Nicholsville were named for his ancestors, and his father, John Eckenberger, Jr., was born on the Charles farm in Volinia, in 1832, in a log house which has long since disappeared.

Sela was born in this village August 6, 1871, the only son of John Jr. and Delphyne Copley Eckenberger. He was married July 31, 1895, to Ella M. Scudder of Galesburg, Illinois, a school teacher of strong character whose influence for good is still felt by many men and women of Decatur and elsewhere, who were once her pupils. She passed away September 16, 1936, in the same room in the Lincoln home in which our fellow townsman breathed his last on Friday, the first day of November, 1940, at three minutes past the hour of noon.

He is survived by a half sister, Mrs. Linnie Brell of Bridgeport, a half sister, Mrs. Nellie Ashley, of Ellister, Montana; a niece, Mrs. Myrtle Taylor, of Montana, and several cousins.

He had been a salesman in the Mosier drygoods store where he stayed till the business was sold out and the key turned in the door for the last time one Saturday night in June.

He thought then he would be forced to retire, but at least three lucrative jobs were offered him and he began work in the Gale hardware store the next Monday morning. He had the delightful two weeks trip to Vermont in July and then he returned to his job. After working the first week in October his health gave out and he was forced to retire and Saturday, October 26, he suffered the paralytic stroke which took him away.

He had lived in the easterly apartment of the Lincoln home six years and received there the best of care during his last sickness.

Funeral services were held at Newell and Son's chapel Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. T. W. Chisholm officiated and burial was in Lakeside cemetery. The Odd Fellows lodge, of which he had been a member for many years, had charge of the service.

THE GOFORTH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Goforth Missionary Society of the Decatur Bible Church enjoyed an all day meeting at the home of Brother and Sister DeBruin in Kalamazoo Thursday, October 30th.

A co-operative dinner was served by the hostess at noon. Covers were laid for 22. A favor marked the place of each guest at the dinner table. The tables were centered with a colorful bouquet of flowers. Devotionals were in charge of Mrs. Dexter Brigham.

Following the business meeting, the meeting was turned over to the program chairman who in turn presented the guest speaker of the day, Miss Hattie Smith. She is a missionary from China on furlough in this country until such time as the government sees fit to let her return. She has spent several years working among the Chinese with the South China Boat Mission. Her work was among an outcast class of people who live on the rivers in boats and are called "egg people." She too lived on a gospel boat, whereby they might move up and down the rivers and proclaim the gospel to those heathen people despised by all. During the Japanese bombings her duties became multiplied and she being a nurse went ashore and worked with the Salvation army lassies in relieving suffering and bringing souls to Christ.

Isn't is grand to have men and women who are willing to go forth and proclaim the message of salvation to the heathen? And to tell them "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," Rom. 3:22, and that they cannot save themselves, as "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me," John 14:6 and that salvation has already been provided for them. John 3:16, "That God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish but have everlasting life;" and that salvation is an individual experience, "Ye must be born again."

The meeting was brought to a close by group singing of choruses, followed by prayer. It indeed was a day of blessing to each person present as Miss Smith's talk again brought to our minds that God is able and does provide our every need through the riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Sec'y Marguerite Dow.

Memorial Day

Written for the Republican by Fred W. Green.

DECATUR

Memorial day services were held at Lakeside cemetery, Friday, May 30. Weather was not all that one could wish, but the outpouring of visitors was not diminished on this account. This year the impressive services of the Legion were held at the Upfield grave. They were conducted by Commander H. H. Creagan assisted by Leo Helmer.

A firing squad gave the usual three salutes, after which taps were sounded at the grave, while off in the distance the echo was heard coming slowly, but so impressively, as it trickled through thick foliage of trees and shrubs, back to the Legion who were standing at attention until the last strains of the echo died away.

The visitors were invited to listen to an address by Rev. T. W. Chisholm who was standing on a platform, from where he gave an eloquent talk about Memorial Day Services. His address was full of meaning to fit the occasion. The salient point was a caution to those who at this time are careless about all that is going on around them. Carelessness is a sad mistake at any time he stated, but when there is so much at stake all should make every effort to learn everything, and form their own opinions. Some may not be right, and again some may be correct, but with giving attention to every day things and throwing off the carelessness now going on around us, a whole lot could be learned which would not have been dreamed of otherwise. Rev. Chisholm had in spite of threatening rain a very attentive audience. They came to listen to an eloquent address and were not disappointed.

The parade to the cemetery was led by the American Legion with flags and banners afloat. Then came our own high school band in full uniform. It was a proud day for parents who had some member of their family in the band, and for the members. Their fond hopes had been realized,—to march through the streets of their home town, a full uniformed band playing their marches like true veterans.

No band is complete without the Majorette and her escort of twirlers. Evelyn Dow was selected as the Majorette and Joan Hulton, Dorothy Eckard and Peggy Wiles were the twirlers. They performed their parts well. Evelyn led that band just as if she had been doing so for a long time, one must have a level head to guide a band so they do not get all twisted up,

but she saw that that did not happen. Her eyes were both in front and behind and saw all that was going on every step.

Following the band came the color bearers carrying the band flag. The six were assigned to this duty,—Helen Kroeg, Marjory Blake, Adelle McAllister, Loris Jane Bennett, Barbara Huff and Jeanette Van Voorst. They all threw grace and ryhthm into this important assignment. It was not hard to see the import of the flag, especially at this time, when all is not as peaceful as the world would wish. Evelyn led the band through the walks of the cemetery, both before and after the exercises, and back to the high school.

HAMILTON

Hamilton Memorial Day services were held Sunday, June 1. Never was there so many who attended the services as this year. It was estimated at least 1500 persons were present during the exercises and many more from far off departed before the exercises commenced.

The day was perfect, enough seats to go around but none to spare and the program was entertaining and patriotic. Florence Watson, teacher of the Barber school, must have taken lots of pains to prepare the pupils for the parts, they so spendidly performed.

The drill by the scholars must not be overlooked, the marching, counter marching and forming twos and fours in such a small space was wonderfully done by those little tots, led of course by some of the older pupils to the music by pianist Frances Toof. Katherine Howland sang "America" and "God Bless America," which was joined in by the assembly also by Miss Howland, introducing her to Hamilton as a sweet singer and a born artist.

The American Legion, under Commander H. H. Creagan, went through their Memorial Day ritual, firing a salute over the graves of World War veterans, then taps were sounded, followed by the echo, while the members stood at attention.

It is doubtful if the High School band will ever again have the same setting they had Sunday, June 1, to

show their skill both in playing and maneuvering. They paraded through the cemetery, finally coming to rest while the Legion read their ritual. Then they took up their part of the program on the lawn, which the town board had specially prepared for them. The grass had been cut, and the rain during the night had brightened it to the point where it showed up the bright new uniforms of the band, making a very pretty picture.

The band was led by Majorette Evelyn Dow and her three assistant twirlers,—Joan Hulton, Dorothy Eckard and Peggy Wiles. This activity brought smiles of satisfaction from the visitors, the twirlers and the bandsmen themselves. It was spectacular to see those young girls and boys go through their marches led by their Majorette. The day was just fit for such a demonstration and everyone was happy to see their band perform so well in so short a time.

The graceful manner in which the flag bearers carried their band flag was commented on by many, the flag caused considerable talk. Something out of the usual generally does, and it was through the manner these young girls followed the band that drew admiration from the spectators. They certainly are a real part of the band.

Following were the flag bearers,—Helen Kroes, Marilyn Blake, Adelle McAllister, Loris Jane Bennett, Barbara Hulf, Jeanette Van Voorst.

The speaker of the day was Leonard Ormerod, World War veteran. After being introduced by Guy Collins he traced the activities of the World War, the annoyances they encountered until President Wilson approved of the action taken by General Pershing, who insisted that the Americans act as a unit and not as a filler for European armies. There was a feeling the speaker stated that the American army were not fighters. They did not know us, so had no confidence in us as fighters. After General Pershing was upheld all went well and it was but a short time before the American army was thrown into the fray. Well, it is not necessary to go over that again as it happened long ago, but now the Europeans have a different feeling toward any troops the United States may if necessary throw into any war.

He made reference to the present controversy which brought from the assembly a vociferous round of applause. It was well brought out, warming up to the subject he stated that under our form of government the President was the Commander in Chief and the people should follow him. We may differ with him and it is the people's right to free press and free speech, to give utterances to our thoughts.

He referred to the Civil War when an attempt was made to split the country which brought about terrible loss of life, destruction of property, misery and want for many years, which he prayed would never happen again. Just at present the country is being aroused as never before since the Civil war. The country had not been made a military country, an army is under course of construction, while all this criticism is going on, men are being sent to camp, as a protection and a demonstration to the world that we, like other countries, are preparing to protect our country both on land and sea at any cost. If it is necessary to call on our armed forces now or at any other time it would be a calamity to make our men feel the country is divided on the issue. The assembly caught the implication and showed they felt the same way as the speaker.

The graves were all decorated, the committee saw to that. No one was forgotten, there were plenty of flowers to go around, and as usual a flag was left at each veteran's grave. Hamilton lived up to tradition to turn out at all times for any real occasion. Many reunions took place, neighbors from far and near greeted each other and enjoyed each other's company for a short time. So after all a cemetery is a common meeting place, where joy and sorrow often join hands.

Appreciation of Ira D. Sankey's Stories of The "Gospel Hymns"

By Bessie B. Fuhrman, 813 Washington Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Perhaps it is trite to say that we too often take many of our greatest blessings for granted, but the other day, on discovering the little volume of stories of the gospel hymns by Ira D. Sankey, I realized how little I had appreciated the value of some of the world's greatest treasures in the way of song, and this in spite of the fact that I had enjoyed singing and playing hymns for many years. But after having read Ira D. Sankey's rich store of information concerning these hymns, I realized what I had lacked in my chance of appreciation of them. And as I thought the matter over, it occurred to me that many of those beautiful poems were like pictures without backgrounds. They had needed something to set them off and make their true worth more apparent. Besides, they had needed a proper introduction—and most of those with which I had been acquainted were just lovely poems set to music—no more, no less.

Then recalling my student teacher days when I was taking my training in teaching reading, I remembered how much more Lowell's 'Dandelions' meant when I was taught how to present the subject, for I was instructed to make special preparation by procuring materials such as pictures, facts, anecdotes, etc., and create an appreciation of the author whose work was to be studied; also something interesting and instructive concerning the writing as well as about the locality of the poem or story. Thus the pupil was to receive an "apperceiving basis" or a seed plot well prepared for the planting of the following lessons.

So, when I read Ira D. Sankey's stories of the gospel hymns and the brief but very interesting autobiography of Mr. Sankey, I felt that I had at last stumbled upon the right pedagogy of hymns. And as it was such a rich find it seemed that it would be a selfish disregard for others, not to pass on a glimpse into that splendid treasure store of stories about some of the world's greatest and best loved hymns. But not only a little insight into the stories of those songs is important, but a tiny peep into the life of the great but modest hymn writer and singer is almost as necessary.

Moody and Sankey.

The name of Ira D. Sankey was so closely associated with the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, that for many years the two were spoken of together almost as if they were twins, Moody and Sankey. And such a gospel team as those two men made—the one a singer of the gospel and the other a preacher of the gospel. But before they met, both men were achievers in their chosen lines. Sankey, only 27 years old had raised over $40,000 on the sale of Gospel Hymns, and his singing and had with that money paid for a new Y. M. C. A. building for the city of Newcastle, Penn. He had also purchased a lot for a church building and assisted in raising funds so that when the edifice was dedicated there was no debt.

Thus, as a very young man Ira D. Sankey showed a talent for business. He was no poor fisherman. He had a government position when Moody called him to come with him, but like the poor fishermen of old, when the call came to "follow me," he answered the call, and today the world has still a good many people who have directly or indirectly been benefitted by that man's rallying to the call for gospel singing, for he sacrificed his position, to go as a singing evangelist with Moody.

The Great Chicago Fire

This, in itself should set him apart as honored as an apostle of old, but when we behold his singing career against the background of the tragedy of the Great Chicago Fire, we have something as moving as a mighty drama in its fire and force of spiritual victories over evil forces in the lives of people that the team of Sankey and Moody faced.

The beginning of the great Chicago fire as described by Ira D. Sankey: "Sunday evening, Oct. 8, 1871, we were holding a meeting in Farwell Hall, which was crowded to the doors. At the close of the address Mr. Moody asked me to sing a solo, and standing by the great organ at the rear of the platform I began the old familiar hymn, "Today the Savior Calls." By the time I had reached the third verse,

"Today the Savior calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh."

my voice was drowned by the loud noise of the fire engines rushing past the hall and the tolling of bells, among which we could hear, ever and

anon, the deep, sullen tones of the great city bell, in the steeple of the old court house close at hand, ringing out a general alarm."

"On reaching the scene of the fire I found a whole block of small frame buildings burning fiercely, and with others I assisted in tearing down some board fences, to try to keep the fire from spreading to the adjoining territory. While thus engaged the wind from the southwest had risen almost to a hurricane, and the flying embers from the falling buildings were quickly caught up and carried high upon the roofs of the houses adjoining, which were soon in flames. Thus the fire spread from building to building and from block to block, until it was evident that the city was doomed."

"By this time the people were fully awake, rushing about the street or anxiously looking out of their windows and from the tops of their houses in the direction of the fire. I could not help thinking of the Bible story of the destruction of the cities of the Plain in the long ago, as many still made light of those who said the city would be destroyed. The air was filled with flying sparks of fire, resembling a spring snowstorm, when the sky is filled with huge, falling flakes."

"After seeing something of the fearful destruction wrought by the conflagration, I made my way through the heated streets to the railway, and took an outgoing train to my home in Pennsylvania. As we left the city it seemed as though the whole country was on fire; in all directions we could see huge banks of flame sweeping across the prairies, and the air was filled to suffocation with smoke."

Thus, as Shakespeare opens his great play, "The Tempest," with a scene of a tempest and shipwreck, the career of Sankey and Moody as gospel messengers opened with an even mightier and more terrible scene, the burning of a city.

Sang for Spurgeon

One part of this notable teamwork of Moody and Sankey was carried on for two years in the largest cities of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland and later in Switzerland. One time when Sankey was stopping in London for a rest, he attended the morning service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, a great building with balconies like a theatre, where the great Spurgeon gave an address and at its conclusion, one of the deacons in charge was sent to Mr. Sankey by Mr. Spurgeon.

On Mr. Sankey's response to the call to come to Mr. Spurgeon, the latter explained that he was to preach a sermon on a bill in Parliament and that he was going to deliver his address that night and then he asked Mr. Sankey to sing "Hold the Fort."

Mr. Sankey complied with the great man's request, but knowing Spurgeon did not approve of an organ at public worship, he wondered what he would do without it. But when the time came for the song, the organ was provided, and "that evening," said Mr. Sankey, "he announced that I was present and would sing 'Hold the Fort', and he asked them to join heartily in the chorus. When the chorus was sung it was heard two blocks away. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Spurgeon exclaimed: "There now, I think our roof will stay on after that."

Historic Incident Upon Which "Hold The Fort" Was Based.

One of the stories in Mr. Sankey's book "Stories of the Gospel Hymns" is a description of how a fort was held during the Civil War. It was just before Sherman's famous march to the sea in 1864. A million and a half rations were stored at a certain fort on a hill and General Corse was stationed there with 1500 men. Hood sent Gen. French with 600 men to take the place, and they had already surrounded Gen. Corse and his men and had summoned the latter to surrender. All seemed lost, when an officer caught sight of a white flag far across the valley twenty miles distant, on the top of Kennesaw Mountain. The signal was answered and soon the message was waved across from mountain to mountain: "Hold the fort; I am coming; W. T. Sherman."

More than half the 1500 men were killed or wounded as they fought for three hours but they held the fort, and Gen. French surrendered instead with his 6000 men, or all he had left of them.

Major Whittle told this war story at a Sunday school gathering where P. P. Bliss was present. The next day Whittle and Bliss held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago. Bliss went on the platform and wrote the chorus of the hymn on the blackboard. Then he sang the verses and the audience joined in the chorus. That was the first public singing of "Hold the Fort," and now on the Bliss monument there are these words: "P. P. Bliss, Author of 'Hold the Fort'." Thus "Hold the Fort", of all P. P. Bliss's many songs is the one on which his fame depends.

But perhaps Ira D. Sankey's great singing of that hymn has something to do with the emphasis which that song received, for Mr. Sankey says: "'Hold the Fort' was used frequently in our meetings in Great Britain during 1873-74. Lord Shaftesbury said at our farewell meeting in London: 'If Mr. Sankey has done no more than teach the people to sing 'Hold the Fort', he has conferred an inestimable blessing on the British Empire'."

And now I may say, if you liked this story, you should read the whole book.

Postmasters of Decatur Since the Inauguration of Postal Service in 1848

The Republican is indebted to Postmaster Creagan for some accurate and interesting history of the village of Decatur. The authentic history of this village has never been written, unless it may in time appear that Henry Houseman has written it in qualifying for his Master's or Doctor's degree.

It is quite evident that the authors of the Van Buren county Gazetteer made a mistake in stating that it "sprang into existence in response to the first scream of the locomotive in 1849." The first scream of the locomotive in Decatur was in the fall of 1848, ninety two years ago, and the proof of this statement is in the record that follows.

At the request of the Republican Mr. Creagan wrote to the First Assistant Postmaster General for a list of the postmasters of Decatur and received this reply:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Washington
October 23, 1940.

Mr. H. H. Creagan, Postmaster,
Decatur, Michigan.

My dear Mr. Creagan:

In accordance with your request of October 12, 1940, there is enclosed herewith a list containing the date of establishment of the post office of Decatur, Van Buren County, Michigan, together with the names and terms of service of the postmasters appointed to serve at that office.

The Decatur post office was advanced to the third class on July 1, 1868, and to the second class on July 1, 1923. On July 1, 1933, the office was relegated to the third class, and it was advanced again to the second class on July 1, 1936.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose O'Connell,
First Assistant.

rate in its record. It says, "The site of the village of Decatur was originally obtained of the U. S. government by Messrs Beers and Sherwood of New York City, in a grant to them of 5,000 acres. These gentlemen, though never residents of the place, seemed to have left their impress upon it and to have, to some extent, given character to its institutions."

When reading what follows we wonder what sort of a character Decatur started out with. The Gazetteer continues, "In 1850 they built a steam saw mill in the southwestern part of the village. This saw mill was afterwards converted into a distillery, which in its turn, has happily disappeared, leaving only rank grass to mark the spot it once defiled."

The Washington record shows that George Sherwood was the first postmaster, holding the office about two years. It might have been possible then for the postmaster of Decatur to have lived in New York City. They had the New York and Michigan Central railroads to travel over, although it is doubtful if in 1848 the round trip could have been made in a week.

William Beers and George Sherwood stamped their marks indelibly on Decatur when they named four streets after themselves. They evidently expected the village to develop on the south side of the track, for the street paralleling the south line of the land grant to the railroad company was named after the surname of the senior member of the firm of Beers and Sherwood, and the street paralleling the north line of the grant was named for the surname of the junior member.

The north and south street a block west of Main street was named Williams for Beers, and the north and south street a block east of Main street was named George for Sherwood.

Evidently the post office remained in the depot for a year, and then according to our best information it was moved into a small building on Sherwood street just west of the Charles Brigham building. Sometime during the seventies it was moved into the old town hall. It was moved into the building now occupied by Dine's while Theo. Trowbridge was postmaster and into its present location during the term of W. H. White. Postmaster Creagan says the next move will be into a building of its own to be built by the federal government. However there are no plans yet for such a building.

Early Postmasters

Theodore Phelps was the second postmaster. Main street was named for him. He was twice appointed. If we remember local history correctly he died in office and his widow was appointed to fill out the unexpired term. Their son Charles Phelps, later lived in Colorado, and some forty years ago spent a summer in this community. His special friends here were the Charles Rosevelt family of Keeler.

The third postmaster of Decatur was Wiliam N. Pardee, one of the prominent founders of the village, and we regret that his name has not been perpetuated in a way that it would be familiar to the present generation. Some village street should have been named for him. Mr. Pardee has no namesake here of the present generation, but Mrs. Frank Curtis of Volinia was his grand daughter, and Homer Curtis, his great grandson, was a graduate of the Decatur high school, class of 1930.

William N. Pardee lived in this county twelve years. He was a Decatur attorney and served as land agent, surveyor, postmaster, merchant, justice of the peace, and overseer of the poor. He was appointed prosecuting attorney of the county in 1857.

Charles N. Poor likewise has left no namesake in the village but Melvin Poor of Hamilton township was his great nephew. The three story buildings known as the Poor block were built by him as was also the William Wilcox residence, for many years known as the Potts house.

Hard Fought Contests

There is an old story, now almost old enough to be called a tradition, that Eri Beebe had a hard fight to win the postmastership and in his efforts to clinch the appointment he got a couple of his backers to accompany him and they went direct to headquarters at Washington, D. C.

They took the night train which stopped at the Decatur station at 1:30 and met a little early for sociability at the saloon on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets.

It was the night of the desperate fighting there in which Joe Pierson was shot and killed by Officer Aaron Sweet. As the report of the revolver that sent the bullet into Pierson's drink crazed brain rang out on the night air they rushed for the train and were soon far away from the scene of one of the worst tragedies in the history of Decatur.

This was on the night of February 25, 1869. The next terrible Decatur tragedy was the Morris murder which occurred ten years later.

Lyman A. Roberts, better known at the time as Alanson Roberts, died in office and was succeeded by May Nicholson, Decatur's second woman postmaster.

The contest between Mr. Roberts and Dr. Henry M. Brodrick was also desperately fought. It probably has not an equal in the history of the Decatur post office.

Roberts was backed by the Civil War veterans, the G. A. R.'s, who were then at the height of their power as an organization. Brodrick was backed by socially prominent people of the village who generally expected to get what they went after.

Julius Caesar Burrows was our congressman and it was his duty to name the postmaster. He was clearly between two fires. As a captain in the Civil War and a fellow member of the Grand Army of the Republic he felt in duty bound to name Roberts; as a social friend of the backers of Brodrick he was naturally inclined to name their candidate.

The campaign became so intense that the Congressman was in most uncomfortably hot water until he hit upon a plan that seemed to find favor with both candidates. He proposed that the patrons of the office hold an election and he would recommend for the appointment the candidate receiving the larger number of votes.

A day was set and the election was held in the old town hall. Roberts had from the start the solid veterans' vote of about one hundred, but Brodrick was strong in the country and with the younger village set, and was confident he could overcome it. So likewise were his backers, and bets at even money were freely offered and taken.

No election ever held in Decatur beat this one for excitement. You who remember Fundy Shoudy know that he was less than five feet tall. You who remember village officer and Veteran Henry H. Van Camp know that he was over six feet tall.

Mr. Shoudy became so incensed at Officer Van Camp, who was keeping the peace at the polls, that he shook his finger up as near as he could reach into the officer's face and in language heard above the din of the crowd challenged him to a fistic encounter in the rear of the township building, but nothing came of it.

As the record shows, Mr. Roberts won the election and the appointment. He was the father of our townsman, George Roberts.

Four Classes of Offices

The position of postmaster has always been a political appointment. Since the first Word War the candidates have been required to take an examination, and this year it has been made a civil service position.

Postmaster Creagan passed the civil service examination last spring and was given a life appointment dated June 18, 1940.

Postoffices are divided into four classes as follows:

1st. class. Gross postal receipts amount to not less than $40,000 per year. The salary of a first class postmaster is regulated according to receipts and ranges from $3,200 to $12,000.

2nd. class. Gross receipts from $8,000 to $40,000, with salary of postmaster ranging from $2,400 to $3,000.

3rd. class. Gross receipts $1,500 to $8,000, with salary of postmaster ranging from $1,000 to $2,300.

4th. class. When the gross postal receipts of a post office of the third class for each of two consecutive calendar years are less than $1,500, or when in any calendar year the gross postal receipts are less than $1,400, it shall be relegated to the fourth class.

History of Decatur Public Library

Decatur had been without a library for a number of years. Owing to the fact that books of the Ladies Library were housed in the old fire hall which was consumed by flames in March, 1934, only about 100 books which were in circulation at the time were saved. Mrs. Alma Greenman, Mrs. Myrtle Van Antwerp and Mrs. Lena Stapleton comprised the board for this library.

With these 100 books as a nucleus, Mrs. Zella Benton, county librarian, secured assistance from the state and a library was opened in the Kaplan department store, with Mrs. Marie Knoll as librarian. At one time the books were moved to the township hall, and then housed in a down town store for a short time. When the new village hall was built a fine room to house the village library was provided in the front of the building. Mrs. Bessie Lawrence was appointed librarian and has continued to serve in that position since then.

Mr. Arba Moulton is the president of the Library Board and Mrs. R. J. Huyck is secretary and treasurer; the other two members are Mrs. W. P. Bope and Superintendent of Schools Frank Dodge. These members have served since the library was organized in 1936.

Books were given the library by individuals of the community and also by former Decatur residents. Other gifts came from the churches, clubs and lodges. Two Book Clubs were or-

ganized and as a result 120 new books were purchased. When read by the clubs, they were given to the library for circulation. $184.38 remaining from a public benefit fund of world war days was given to the library.

The W. P. A. helped to organize the library and paid the librarian for a period of four years, also the N. Y. A. assistants. Now the librarian is paid by the township. The village furnishes the room, light, heat and shelving. Baked goods sales have been an annual event at the Celery Festivals for the past five years. The money obtained is used for books, files and other necessary expenses.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has donated 100 books, 33 of which have been received.

The village council gave the library $200.00 for the purchase of a set of Americana and a set of Compton Encyclopedias, also an International Webster's Dictionary.

The Kellogg Foundation has given the library 577 new books. This was our quota after discarding some of our old books which were of no value. The Foundation has also loaned us 409 juvenile and adult books, and has given the Van Buren County Library many new books, which will be loaned to this library for circulation. These books will be brought to us in the new Bookmobile and exchanged for new ones as needed.

Recently $500.00 was given to the library through the sale of tickets for the Edgar Bergen entertainment this summer.

The Study Club which was organized two years ago is an outgrowth of adult education work of the library.

Our average circulation per month for adults is 1,158 and 379 juveniles, total 1,537. The accumulated circulation since 1938 is 43,465. Total number of registered patrons is 1,824. The population of the village is 1,599 and the township is 2,618. Number of permanent volumes to date is 3,003.

The library is open from 1:00 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. except Sundays and holidays which totals 48 hours each week.

Many activities have been sponsored by the library to further the use of books. For the observance of "Book Week" the village and rural schools co-operated, as a result 95 posters, each representing a book which the children had read, were made, These posters were judged and books for prizes were given.

As a stimulus for summer reading a Reading Club was organized with a membership of 80 school children.

The Book Exhibit of the new books given by the Kellogg Foundation was recently held in the library room. Short book reviews were given by local teachers, ministers, business men, and members of various clubs. Community singing and music by the High school girls' sextette constituted the program. The Garden Club co-operated with beautiful flower arrangements. Mrs. Zoe Wright, Kellogg Foundation Librarian from Battle Creek attended.

First State Bank of Decatur Observes 70th Anniversary

Friday, September 20, is the seventieth anniversary of the organization of the First National Bank of Decatur, which for the past fifty years has been the First State Bank of Decatur.

The bank has an outstanding record, it has always been known as a conservative, sound institution and on its completion of seventy years in the service of the people of this community it is known as one of the best banks in southwestern Michigan.

The First National Bank was organized September 20, 1870, with a capital of $75,000. The stockholders as shown by the original subscription list, were E. P. Hill, O. S. Abbott, A. S. Hathaway, A. B. Copley, R. J. Huyck, Samuel Morris, J. H. Wallace, H. A. Northrup, Chas. Duncombe, Tobias Byers, Elias Morris, L. B. Lawrence, Don S. Rogers, E. J. Sherman, J. S. Dowd, O. W. Fisk, William Anderson, T. Brownbridge, Henry Brown, Amos Morris, Jesse B. Ames, Thomas Browning and M. DeHart Matteson.

A. B. Copley was president, E. P. Hill, cashier and other directors elected were C. W. Fisk, Charles Duncombe, L. B. Lawrence, O. S. Abbott and A. S. Hathaway.

September 20, 1890, the First National bank charter expired. The bank then took out a charter from the State of Michigan and the capital of the bank was reduced to $30,000. At this time A. B. Copley was again the president and A. H. Huyck was cashier. The stockholders were A. B. Copley, Tobias Byers, E. B. Copley, A. H. Huyck and Thomas Browning.

In the published statement of December 19, 1890, deposits were $68,000.

In the early morning of March 23, 1895, the bank building burned, along with the Duncombe Hotel and other buildings. A notation on the minutes of the directors' meeting of that day says that "banking operations were resumed at 2 p. m. in the Browning Drug store."

In 1897 the bank limited the payment of interest on accounts of up to $200 to any one person or family, and only took such accounts upon personal application.

A. B. Copley, the president, died in 1899 and was succeeded by Edwin B. Copley, and after the death of the cashier, A. H. Huyck in 1900, L. D. Hill was made cashier. He continued as cashier until 1913 when he was succeeded by L. E. VanAntwerp. Edwin B. Copley died in 1916. Earl E. Copley was elected president the same year and has continued from that time. L. E. VanAntwerp resigned from the bank in February, 1939, after a service of thirty-three years.

The present officers are Earl Copley, president and cashier, Belle A. Baker, vice-president, J. K. Shanahan and H. L. Hutchins, assistant cashiers. The directors are E. E. Copley, Margaret Copley, Belle A. Baker, D. J. Fox and Robert Rudzinski.

Humble Tribute to the Late Harry D. Lee

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ONE OF MICHIGAN'S BEST CITIZENS

Harry D. Lee was born in Hamilton township July 15, 1878. He graduated from the Decatur high school in 1897, and obtained a life certificate to teach from the State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

He was principal of the high schools at Frankfort, Shelby, Holland and St. Joseph in the lower peninsula. From St. Joseph he went to Lake Linden in the northern part of the northern peninsula as superintendent, from there he went to Hancock and in 1917 was elected superintendent of schools at Waterloo, Iowa. He remained there until taking the position of superintendent of training in the Northern Michigan State Teachers College, which position he held 18 years until the time of his death December 17, 1940.

He had received degrees from the University of Michigan, Northwestern, The University of Chicago and from Columbia University, New York.

Harry Lee was a classmate of Harry Lurkins in the Decatur high school and they have since been close friends, although as the latter writes, their paths had not crossed for some years.

In response to our invitation Mr. Lurkins wrote the following letter:

St. Joseph, Michigan
December 23, 1940.

Mr. Arba N. Moulton,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Arba: Received your card this morning. I do not know as I can give you any information about Harry Lee that you do not already know.

It is too bad that we on the average cannot say some of these things that we should say about people before they pass on. I think it is due to my notion of these things that I'm likely to tell people how I like them, if I do, and I do. I'm not like Bill Rogers, he said he loved everybody. I can not say that and tell the truth, but I do like people, old or young, rich or poor, white or any other color, and there isn't any one on earth that I hate.

Well, Harry Lee will always be alive to me. I know nothing of his last journey except what I may read or what I may hear someone say.

I'll always have a clear mental concept of him from school days, as we all knew him and from the last time I saw him about 15 years ago.

Harry Lee was a fellow anyone could depend upon, because he always did as he promised to do. He was an honest, industrious lad and grew to be that kind of man.

He was a man of good habits and high ideals. He set a good example for all youth, boys and girls alike. And he not only asked youth to be good, but urged them to be good for something. He never asked anyone to be or do something he would not be or do himself. I know we shall all miss him and those who were the nearest to him will miss him the most. It seems to be the way of life. I'm sure that all of us are better that we have known him. No doubt he has done more good in his short life than some of us can do even though we may live many more years.

Personally I regret that Harry had to pass on so soon, but it seems to be the will of the Divine Creator, so we must accept it. I'm glad I have pleasant memories that I can retain as long as I live. To me it is good night Harry.

H. J. Lurkins.

THE STUDENTS LOVED HIM

(By Manthei Howe)

The Daily Mining Journal, Marquette, Michigan.—December 19, 1940.

Northern State Teachers college faculty and students have been shocked and grieved by the death of Harry D. Lee, who, for the past 18 years, has been director of training at the college.

The students feel especially bereft for Mr. Lee, better than any one else at Northern, was, because of his work and his interest in his prospective teachers, more than ordinarily in touch with the students.

He knew their problems, and on his shoulders devolved the task of placing the students in teaching positions.

Is Personal Loss

As one youngster remarked forlornly: "I've lost my best friend on the faculty at Northern."

Another commented: "What will we do without him?" for the young men and women at Northern, when death took Mr. Lee, became fully aware of the part he has played in the life of the institution. The more than 1,500 students whose training he has watched and who have been placed by him in various schools, will feel that they have lost a real friend.

One can well believe that his death was in no small degree due to the worry he carried about his boys and girls. For the mere fact that he had placed a student in a position did not end his interest.

He wanted to know how they were progressing. Though he aimed to give the superintendents the best possible teaching material, he also wanted to be sure that his teachers were getting a square deal. He made it his business to find out whether they were.

Took Pride in Them.

When June arrived he was always concerned to the exclusion of every other interest, in placing his graduates. Every time a young man or woman was engaged for a teaching position and did fine work Mr. Lee was as jubilant as though he had received a valuable personal gift; was inordinately proud of the teacher's record.

Though he had definite convictions, often tending to be conservative in his judgment, he was, too, tolerant and understanding, and quick to resent any injustice done a student or teacher.

Often members of the college faculty have little social intercourse with the townsfolk, but that was not true of Mr. Lee. He was a resident of Marquette, keenly interested in what went on in the community and in the peninsula. He gave of his time, generously, to respond to requests to speak to young people's groups, and to help in community activities.

Liked People.

For some years he has been keenly interested in the work of the Marquette Family Welfare society and it was as the result of his efforts that last year the organization put out a booklet explaining the objectives and operation of the society, which received commendation from the national organization. This interest was entirely unconnected with the college or its work, and is cited as indicative of his community spirit and participation; and his interest in and liking for people.

As far as townsfolk and residents of the peninsula are concerned, Mr. Lee was probably one of the best known of the college faculty group.

He had an active sense of humor, and only last week he telephoned to tell me a good joke on one of the folk at Northern, a joke so good he thought it should make Chitter-chatter. His delight in a joke was never evidenced with a quiet grin, but with a good robust laugh, the sound of which most students and faculty recognized even if they did not happen to see him.

Had Sense of Humor

He adored teasing and did that teasing with a perfectly straight face, but an eloquent glint in the eye.

Mr. Lee was in no doubt about the possibility of a sudden death. He knew that he was not a good risk and said frankly that he might have only a few months or two or three years, but his attitude toward the students was little changed. He still twitted them about their oddities, and listened with closest attention to their problems.

When a few weeks ago a friend died from a heart attack, Mr. Lee, in commenting on it in critic meeting, said to his students: "Well, it's a fine way to go." Some of those students, taking practice teaching, recalled the comment when news of his death reached them Tuesday afternoon. They remembered too that he had seemed tired at critic meeting Monday afternoon, but had not complained or made mention of his weariness.

Didn't Count Cost

Those who knew him best were well aware that, for some weeks, he had been working harder than was good for him, since he had been warned about the necessity of caring for his health, but work was Mr. Lee's middle name, and he was so desirous of Northern State Teachers college always giving a good account of itself; of its students making a creditable appearance in public; of their conducting themselves to reflect with honor upon themselves and the college, that he gave little thought to the toll his work was taking of him.

And yet, he went as he would have chosen to go, at his office in the interim between the work of the morning and the afternoon.

In Mr. Lee's death, Northern State Teachers college has lost a loyal and conscientious worker, and the city has lost a splendid citizen. His place will not be easily filled, neither in his professional capacity, nor in the affections of Northern's alumni.

HONOR MEMORY OF W. H. PEARCE AND HARRY D. LEE

This evening at 8 you will hear the chimes of the First Methodist church played in memory of the late Webster H. Pearce, former president of Northern State Teachers college, who died a few weeks ago, and of Harry D. Lee, director of training at Northern, whose funeral will be held this afternoon.

The college is an institution of such import not only in Marquette, but in the whole peninsula, that the loss of two of the faculty in such a short space of time affects the community profoundly.

It is fitting that the chimes this evening should be played in memory of those two men who held the interest of the young folk and of the peninsula so close to their hearts and tried so hard to serve to the best of their ability and to the limit of their strength.

The chimes will be played from 8 to 8:30. That will be followed by five minutes of silence, after which the usual Christmas carols will be played.

THE CLASS OF 1897

Following are the members of the Decatur high school class of 1897 and their present locations as far as known by the Republican:

Solomon Fay Beach, Fenton, Mich.
William W. Bradley, deceased.
James R. Carpenter, Marshall, Mich.
Elizabeth Dewey Rice, Lodi, Calif.
Letitia Gosling Quaife, Detroit.
Maybel Griffin Stuart, Schoolcraft.
Harry D. Lee, deceased.
Chas. H. Lindsley, Lawrence, Mich.
Bess Lindsley Stickney, Decatur.
Harry J. Lurkins, St. Joseph, Mich.
Edward D. Sage, M. D., Kalamazoo.
Mamie Sherrod Warner, Paw Paw.
Delton I. Styles, deceased.
Ethel VanDuzer Traynor, N. Dakota.
H. Claire White, deceased.
Leona Youells Vroegindewey, Decatur.

Benjamin Hathaway Farm In Volinia Township Sold

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME WHICH HAS BEEN IN THE FAMILY MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF S. G. WRIGHT, DETROIT.

It Once Took a Prize from the State Board of Agriculture as the Handsomest Small Farm in Michigan.

The report has come to us direct from the daughter, Miss Helen Hathaway, the recent owner, that the Benjamin Hathaway farm in Volinia township, Cass County, has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Wright, of Detroit. Mrs. Wright is a sister of Mr. Freeman Cross, who, not long ago, acquired the William Morlan farm that lies just west of the Elmer Morris farm, which adjoins the Hathaway farm on the west.

This is the farm that was in its prime from about 1850 or 1860 to 1890, under the able management of Benjamin Hathaway himself, aided by his younger brother, to whose untiring efforts the executive ability of their mother, Mrs. Naomi Hathaway contributed largely. Their family of eight children was one of the pioneer families which removed from Cayuga county, New York, to Michigan in 1836, coming part of the way in covered wagons, and part of the way by Erie Canal, settling in Little Prairie Ronde, Cass county, Michigan, on the farm which has from then until now continued in the family name.

A Poet Farmer

Benjamin Hathaway was widely known as the "Poet Farmer of Michigan," whose three published volumes were, "Art Life," "The League of the Iroquois," and "The Finished Creation."

It was while Mr. Hathaway was spending some time at the library of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in preparation for the writing of his Indian Epic, "The League of the Iriquois" in about 1872, that he met the talented Amalia John, who later became his wife. She shared with him the labors and the joys of the rural life on the farm, while she also prepared the lectures in speculative philosophy, which she delivered before the Philosophical Society of Chicago. Mrs. Amalia John Hathaway passed on in December, 1881, shortly after the birth of her daughter, Helen.

The unique manner in which the "poet farmer" worked out the ideas which were embodied in his poems, has been described by the late Frank Kern in one of his articles in the Republican covering "Prominent Prairie Pioneers," as follows: * * * "Hoeing at his side, I have seen Mr. Hathaway pause and jot down some notes on a scrap of paper or a shingle to be worked out at night into beautiful figures of imagery and lofty aspirations."

Nor was writing of poetry Mr. Hathaway's sole contribution to the literature of his day. Some considered his prose equal to, or better than, his poetry, as evidenced by his articles in the Michigan Farmer and the Country Gentleman, regarding tree planting, crop growing, and fruit culture.

A Pioneer Forester

A pioneer in forestry, a horticulturist and landscape gardener, Mr. Hathaway built for the future as few men of his day were able to do.

I quote Frank Kern once more: "Mr. Hathaway transformed his farm into a veritable Villa Rustica, the beauty spot of Cass county with its once rare foliage, evergreens and flowers in every nook, and in 1865 it won a cash premium from the State Board of Agriculture as the handsomest small farm in Michigan."

The following quotation from an article by Miss Jennie Buell, which appeared in "Farm and Fireside" in September, 1908, gives us an idea of the magnitude of his work along the line of Forestry:

"Your committee would direct attention to the planting of trees found upon Mr. Hathaway's farm. On portions of his woodlands which had been cut off he had set out in rows, like the trees in an orchard, eight hundred and ten hard maples, two hundred and fifty white and blue ash trees, two hundred and fifty black walnut, one hundred and fifty butternut, 180 soft maples, one hundred and eighty white pines, thirty Austrian pines and ninety Norway spruces, which, added to the one hundred and seventy hard maples and eighty white pines planted by the roadsides, make a total of 2,190 trees, a portion of which show a vigorous growth and form an experience in tree planting the equal of which we do not have in the state."

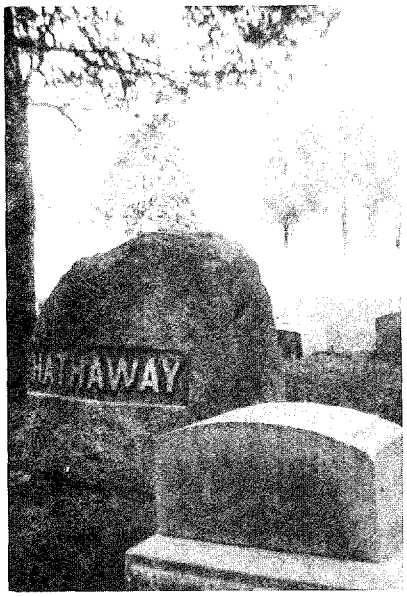
Another paragraph furnishes equally interesting reading:

A Second Burbank

"While this ardent lover and student of Nature found personal reward in the perfecting of fruits, commercialism was not neglected. At first his thriving cooper shop supplied fruit packages mostly out of timber from the place; later, for a number of years, an evaporator preserved his own and the surplus fruit of the neighborhood; his splendid chestnut orchard sent shipments of barreled nuts to the cities; the maples of his own setting furnished an active sugar bush each spring, and the sale of nursery and garden stock of all kinds added not a little to the resources common to all farms."

One of Mr. Hathaway's outstanding accomplishments in his experimental work was the propagation of the "Hathaway Yellow Dent" corn, which was for quite a period of years the standard variety of seed corn grown in Michigan, and it is reported to have been a favorite in a number of other states. His "Hathaway No. 5 Strawberry" was well known for its unusually sweet flavor. He also originated a grape, which he named for his mother, "Naomi," and the Naomi grape vine furnished the luxuriant growth that adorned the trellis over the front porch of the old colonial home that was burned in May, 1921.

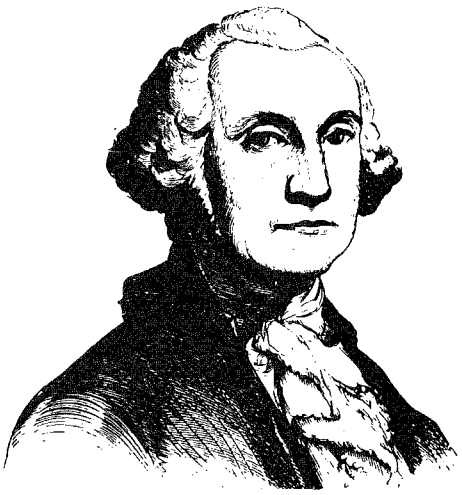
The original farm, which was rather large, was divided between the brothers, Benjamin and Judson, Judson taking the north half and a portion off the south half, while the homestead with the smaller acreage (110 acres) went to Benjamin. The Judson Hathaway farm is the one on which Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hathaway (Judson's son) resided for many years, and on which Roy Hathaway (Ernest's son) and family now reside.



Mrs. Hathaway Carries On

Not only under the hand of Mr. Hathaway himself, did the farm teem with prosperity and beauty, but it continued to flourish under the capable direction of the late widow, the well known contributor to the Republican, Mrs. Catherine L. Hathaway, who passed on in May, 1939. Too much cannot be said of her devotion to the farm, her sorrow over the loss of the old home, and her tireless efforts to keep up, against all odds, not only the fertility of the soil, but the beauty of the home. Her fine Jersey-Guernsey herd of cattle was well known, as were her many varieties of lovely flowers, and the trees and hedges were maintained with care while she remained at the farm even for a portion of the year.

It has been the dream of the daughter, Helen, to sell the farm to some one who would make more of it than the average tenant farmer would do; and as the old farm, with its remarkable background, goes into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, she feels that this dream is in a fair way to be fulfilled.



THIS WEEK

The late Albert M. Todd of Kalamazoo had a hobby. He was a collector of valuable paintings and books. He once went to the Art Institute in Chicago, picked out three small paintings in an exhibit and wrote a check for $30,000 for them.

His collection of books was sold at auction in New York last week and it brought a total of $36,875. A set of five volumes of Gould's "Humming Birds", published in 1861 was sold to a private collector for $1,775.

It reminds us of the time we were looking over a fine collection of books in a second hand store in Chicago. A man of prominence had died and it was his library. None of his family was enough interested in the library to preserve it, and there it was, sold in one lot to the second hand man. We remarked to another book lover standing by,—what a pity for a man to spend a life time collecting such a wonderful library of books, only to have them sold and scattered at his death. We were so impressed with his reply that we never forgot it,—"Yes, but what a wonderful time he had collecting them."

Forty to fifty years ago Albert M. Todd was a familiar figure in Decatur. He did not live here, his home was in Kalamazoo where members of his family now reside, but he owned land here, 160 acres within a couple of miles of the village. It was one of his early muck land experiments and he watched development of the peppermint industry closely here.

Mr. Todd worked and advised with our local muck land men and perhaps his closest associates were M. S. Carney and D. W. Brodhead.

It was thought at one time that Mr. Todd would concentrate his efforts on building up the muck land industry in this community. He had it in mind and had it worked out that way he would have done in the growing and distilling of peppermint what Becker and Company are now doing in the raising of celery and onions and other muck land crops.

Decatur muck land was then in its first stage of development. It had not reached the top and gone back in value. Decatur people in all walks of life were putting their savings into small acreages of muck and they had visions of its rising in value to as high as a thousand dollars an acre.

Mr. Todd saw that he could not accumulate a tract of desirable land here of sufficient size to carry out his plans and so he bought an undeveloped tract of about 2,000 acres in Allegan county, and a few years later he bought the Mentha farm nearly as large in the north part of this county.

Two other splendid Kalamazoo citizens became interested in Decatur muck land in the early days and their visits here in the growing and harvesting times were so frequent that they became as well known on the street as our own citizens. They were J. C. Parsons and J. N. McCall. They were true pioneers in the development of the Decatur muck land area and should be remembered when its history is written.

The question has been asked, how many acres are there in the Decatur muck land area, and the answer is 10,000.

The awful scourge of war comes home to our townspeople with the boys who have given their lives for their country. The last one to be brought back and buried in Lakeside cemetery was Wubbo Klaassens, last Thursday. Others before him have received the last earthly service and still others will follow. In all twenty-one from this community were sacrificed but some cannot be brought home.

This tribute to our American dead has been given wide circulation and it seems appropriate to publish it here:

America's Honored War Dead—
Among the First to Leave, and
Among the Last to Return.

Rest in your "Family-Plot," ye brave!
May thankful hearts e'er visit your grave!
Your dirge be the moaning wave
'Neath which countless "Freemen" sleep in peace!

O, there was mourning, when ye fell!
'Mongst "Comrades" and "Loved Ones" a solemn knell!
An agony, a sad, tearful farewell,
Which, true to your memory, will never cease!

Rest with your silent solemn fame!
"America" keeps record of your name.
And never can a touch of shame
Darken your buried brow!

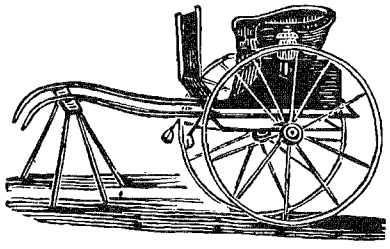
Life's parting beams were in your eye!
Life's closing accents on your tongue!
When 'round you, pealing to the sky,
The shout of "Victory" rung!

Then, 'ere your gallant spirit fled
A smile so bright illumined your face
O, never of the light it shed,
Shall memory lose a trace!

Your's was a death, whose rapture high,
Transcended all that life could yield!
Your warmest prayer was so to die!
So, "Old Glory" gallantly to shield!

And they may feel, who loved you most,
Just pride, holy and most pure!
Death Has No Power O'er Those Who Boast
Their Treasure With God Secure!

—Written by Rev. A. F. Bender, Chaplain of Jersey City Police Department.



An Unusual and Talented Family

Being an Account of the Roberts Family of Lawrence, By Bessie B. Furhman, 813 Washington Avenue, Kalamazoo.

W. G. ROBERTS
Lawrence, Michigan

Being an Account of the Roberts Family of Lawrence, By Bessie B. Furhman, 813 Washington Avenue, Kalamazoo.

The proverbial remark, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," may be paraphrased just a little now that democracy is being tested more severely than ever before, for it is the proof of democracy of which we are thinking now instead of "the pudding." But we must have evidence of its efficiency and enough of it to make it convincing. So, since the main unit on which democracy depends is the family we must look for the effect of democracy on that unit.

Many families attest the efficiency of democracy but in most cases they could have been just as creditable to any other form of government, for they had the prestige of the white race, wealth, position and education. Thus it is seen that the real test of democracy does not rest on the favored families but on those whose racial inheritance discriminated against them and whose lack of wealth and position lent no advantages comparable with those having those benefits.

Now, let us take a couple who had none of those things, but on the contrary were of mixed races—the husband mainly white but part colored, the wife mainly French but part Indian. Then place them in a pioneer community with all the deprivations of pioneer life and all the rigors of northern winter, and the aftermath of a great Civil war; give the man the trade of a barber in a tiny village with only a few clerks, a doctor or two and farmers who came to town about once a week, for patrons. Then see how the family of that couple turns out. The family I have chosen to write about is the well known Roberts family of Lawrence, Van Buren county, Michigan. That family has most ably demonstrated the efficiency of democracy. They "proved the pudding."

There were six children born to that couple and all grew up and became useful citizens. Five of them remained in Michigan and one went to Illinois and resided there for many years until his death. Of the Michigan residents of this family one became an expert mason, one an expert penman, one an able band musician and salesman, one an excellent cook and an efficient, practical nurse, while both daughters became first class homemakers. The son, who went to Illinois, became a law maker—one of the best in the state.

And now that you have had this general introduction to this record-breaking family, you will have a brief "close-up" of each member of it.

"Barber" Roberts

Although known as a colored man, Barber Roberts was not black. His complexion was rather like a good coat of tan. The picture accompanying this sketch shows the intellectual face and fine character of this man who was self-educated to a great extent, although part of his education came through his experience as a drug clerk in Indianapolis. He read much and he chose good reading along many lines including law.

As an instance of his intelligence and character which gave him his kindly, lovable personality there was his scalp tonic that he originated and attempted to place on the market. Through his acquaintance with drugs while a drug clerk and his experience as a barber Mr. Roberts worked out a new remedy for his customers. Then having found that his scalp preparation was a success he decided to advertise it and sell it, but it had no name as yet. So one day when Dr. Zell L. Baldwin dropped into the barber shop Mr. Roberts asked him to suggest a name. The doctor at once suggested the name Dandene. So Dandene became the name of the new product. Mr. Roberts then invested in materials, pictures and advertising with an eye toward selling his preparation to many people. But just then the Danderene Co. started up and Mr. Roberts was against a stone wall. He was confronted with the assertion that he was infringing on Danderene by having a name so near like it. As Barber Roberts had invested all that he could spare to launch his venture he was unable to start over under a new name for the remedy. Thus the poor barber lost the money he had invested in advertising and was headed off from a probable fortune. However, the humble barber had demonstrated his ability to make a quality product while his Christian spirit in forgiving the wrong spoke well for his character.

Barber Roberts was a Methodist and he raised his family to be Christians and after seeing his children grow up and become useful citizens and especially successful in their chosen and varied occupations his wife died. After that Barber Roberts spent his last days with his daughter Lena of Kalamazoo. At the ripe old age of 83 he passed away after having reared a family that would have made any white father very proud and happy.

Mother Roberts

The wife and companion of this remarkable colored man was born in Carthage, Ind. From there she came to Almena, Mich., when she was about 9 years old. Later her parents moved to Lawton and there she met Wm. G. Roberts, whom she married.

Unlike her husband, she received her education in large part from Michigan schools. One of her teachers was Miss Sylvia Sandborn. This little hunch-backed lady by her fine character, her determination to carry on in spite of her terrible physical handicap, undoubtedly had its effect on the character of little Parthenia Windborn, who was to become the mother of the Roberts family.

This Parthenia Roberts, who became the mother of one of the most outstanding families of Southwestern Michigan kept her home in pioneer fashion. Rag rugs and rag carpets were on her floors. A new rag carpet about every two years was made for six pairs of youngsters' feet with all the extra pairs of neighboring children's feet made new carpets necessary more often than in the smaller families' homes. Her daughter remembers still how they used to put straw under the carpets of those days.

Undoubtedly "Aunt" Libbie Jacobs, the pioneer carpet weaver of Lawrence, wove those carpets and rugs that the Roberts kids wore out, for she was the only carpet weaver for miles around Lawrence. However, we do know that Mr. Wm. G. Roberts made a wise choice when he married the little French and Indian girl, Parthenia Windborn.

WALTER ROBERTS

The oldest son of this family, 'Walt' Roberts, as he is commonly known, lives at Paw Paw, and although 81 years of age, he still works at his trade. He is a stone mason. This man became a first class stone mason many years ago, and many beautiful buildings owe their fine artistic touches of stone work to his hard labor. One of the most distinctive and beautiful office buildings was built by him for Dr. Zell L. Baldwin at Lawrence.

This office building became the property of Dr. Arthur G. Six, when Dr. Baldwin turned over his practice to the young physician and surgeon who came to Lawrence. It was later the scene of Dr. Six's tragic death.

Another beautiful stone building that Walt Roberts built was the home of Glenn and Clair Weaver of Lawrence. At Christie Lake he built the lovely home with stone porch for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Abrams. A stone chimney that he made for his sister Lena of Kalamazoo exemplifies his original ideas of placing smaller pieces of stone between the larger broken ones so that the mortar does not show. The effect is interestingly different and it is as if nature had been a little more lavish with her materials than when the more precise mason work is done.

Although these are only a few of this stone mason's achievements, it is obvious that the list of his works would be a long one, for work of his high quality would bring him many customers and as he has followed his trade for many years, we can only guess at the number of his finished buildings.

Walter Roberts married Miss Louise Shaffer, sister to his brother William's wife. He had three daughters: Rhea deceased; Nina, now Mrs. Jackson of Lansing; Margaret, now Mrs. M. Hagget of Los Angeles, California.

He had two sons Otto and Lavon. The former had an affliction of the eyes from birth. Consequently he has been nearly blind all his life and has to content himself working around home. Lavo follows his father's trade of stone mason and lives at Paw Paw.

WM. R. ROBERTS

Wm. R. Roberts received his education from the Lawrence schools. From there he went to Lansing where his talent for exceptionally fine pen work attracted state wide patronage. It was said that there was but one other man in Michigan who could do engrossing as well as he. He engrossed many diplomas (my own included) and besides that he did similar work for the State Board of Pharmacy, the State Board of Education, the Supreme Court and State Legislature. He also engrossed the names of many of the members of the state legislature on their photographs which hang on the walls of the offices of the president of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Besides working with his pen, Mr. Wm. R. Roberts, his father's namesake, was busy in other ways. He served four years as clerk in the office of Gov. Fred Warner and from 1913 until his death, he was clerk in the State Welfare department. Outside of office hours he was active in many fields in both political and fraternal affairs. He was past master of Capitol lodge No. 872 A. M., and past grand secretary and deputy grand master at Union Grand lodge.

He married a home town girl, Miss Minnie Shafer, a beautiful blond mulatto, mainly white. She, too, was unusually capable so that she was able to take a position at the State Capitol after her husband's death. This handsome couple—the husband a decided brunette with just enough racial difference to lend distinction to a fine intellectual face, and the wife a decided blond with no trace of the negro race, but withall a sweetness of expression, were the parents of one daughter—now Mrs. Cleo M. Taylor of Lansing.

ENOS ROBERTS

This son's talent was music. He played the tuba in both the Lawrence and Kalamazoo city bands. He lived in Kalamazoo for a number of years and worked for Ihling Brothers and Evarhard. Later he went to Chicago and worked for the Fuller and Fuller Company, wholesale druggists. Fifty years ago this company was considered the leading drug house west of New York.

About 15 years before his death by an automobile accident he returned to Lawrence, married and settled down there. Ene. Roberts had the respect of the entire community. His high moral standard was recognized and his ability as a musician gave him a ready welcome into the best homes where he was known.

At the time of his death his brother Adelbert was a Senator of the Illinois state legislature and the senate adjourned as a courtesy to Adelbert in his bereavement.

ELENORE ROBERTS BROWN

'Lena' as she was known to her Lawrence friends and family graduated from the Lawrence high school and sometime later met her fate at her brother's in Paw Paw. That was in the horse and buggy days.

The writer recalls that when a child she saw Lena Roberts about the time of her graduation from high school. She was a tall slender black-haired, dark-eyed girl with a white woman complexion. I thought then that she was as pretty as a colored girl could be. She is still a beautiful woman with good figure, snow white hair and dark friendly eyes that sparkle now and then with happy memories, although she had a case of what nearly approached a stroke and several attacks of arthritis have since caused her much misery.

After questioning her in regard to the rest of the family, I asked her what talent she possessed. Her quick reply was, "Oh, I'm the nit-wit of the family," which when interpreted probably is that she is the wit of the family. However, it finally leaked out that her talent is cooking although she has been very successful when she has tried her hand at nursing. But she always wanted to learn to cook so that was what she became and no ordinary one, either. But more about that later.

Lena Roberts married Joseph Brown, a native of Lebanon, Ind. He was a messenger in the court of Cincinnati under Judge Taft. This position was that of librarian to the Judge. And later he was court messenger under Judge Severns of Kalamazoo. He remained with Judge Severns for 16 years until the Judge retired from the bench. Then he became manager of the Kalamazoo men's club known as the Park Club. The club building is the large red brick mansion near the city library.

Chef of Park Club

On asking if her husband were the chef for this club, the fact came out that Mrs. Brown herself was the chef, although she called herself the cook. They remained there eighteen years, leaving in 1927.e

A menu pamphlet from the Park Club during their stay was convincing evidence that there was no common place cooking and that only a first class chef could have handled the situation. The fact that a salesman from a Chicago firm carrying the rarest foods and beverages stopped only at the Park Club, indicated the quality of the menus there, and a glance over the menu caught items such as Russian caviar, hearts of palm, baked Alaska, breasts of gulnea and many kinds of expensive beverages no longer obtainable. And the one who had charge of all that fancy and elaborate style of boarding people a nit-wit?

One instance of special orde a dinner for 40 people at $5 per Baked Alaska was to be the d Instead of making it the usu in general style, Mrs. Brown dec to use her own originality and made 40 individual Baked Alas When you realize that each serv had to have a separate plate of cream with a meringue covering and then baked just long enough slightly brown the meringue, one see how quickly and hurriedly she to work to get 40 of those dis ready for that dinner. And was tired when they were all served

Although baked Alaska was a orite dessert that she made she came an expert cake and bread ba She practiced and practiced, was a good many eggs until she bec sure of herself. After that she n failed. Her specialties were A food and Sunshine cakes. For t she won several blue ribbons at and once she won $10 for the best of bread.

After their long service at the Club they opened their own home South Westnedge to special di parties. Their patrons at the followed them so that they hardly any other than special dinner or cheon orders. The leading people Kalamazoo entertained there with sp cial dinners. Judge Weimer was o of their star patrons. Dr. McCra of the Normal entertained the me members of the faculty while his wi also entertained the women membe of the faculty at the Brown's. Orie tal rugs and many pieces of antiq furniture gave the home an air quiet comfort and quality.

But cooking and baking success were not the only causes of her su cess as a chef. Kindly consi for the happiness of others ed trait in her, as it seems been in the whole family. lowing instance of her thoug will illustrate. When Ju Grant, grand daughter of Ge Grant and niece of Mrs. Pot mer of Chicago returned to this co try after having had to flee for life from Russia during that countr revolution, Mrs. Brown sent her large full page newspaper clipp about the life and death of Gene Grant.

For this courtesy Mrs. Brown ceived a letter graciously acknowle ing the notable clipping, written the Princess' own distinctive ha writing.

So, here in America were two men of extremely different situati in life with hands across the coun exchanging courtesies to each oth The "White House baby" as the Russian Princess was called, h greatness thrust upon her where the other woman achieved her grea ness, and who shall say but that ea one in her station was as great as t other.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown have one daug ter, Maxine. She is employed at t office of investigation of Kalamazo Some of her duties are interviewi people for finger printing, typing a photography. One of her hobbies photography. Recently she won for a snap shot sent to a Detr paper. The picture was of a t neighbor child, on a step ladder, wa ing a window.

LETHA ROBERTS BURTON

The younger daughter of the R

erts family married Dr. Burton of Benton Harbor. He is a foot specialist and a man who keeps up to date in his profession by attending conventions on his subject. They were the parents of two daughters. One married Attorney Golden of Battle Creek, the other died at the age of 23. From her photograph at graduating time one could see what a lovely girl she was. Graduated from high school at Benton Harbor at 16, she attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music. There she graduated also and became a vocal teacher in a college at Atlanta, Georgia. Some time later while in a Chicago school she had an attack of pneumonia and died. The grief over her daughter's untimely passing may have had something to do with the stroke that Mrs. Burton sustained last winter. At present the stricken woman is still unable to come home to her beautiful modern house as both health and mind were afflicted.

While no special talent has been attributed to this member of the Roberts family, her two brilliant daughters speak well for her as a mother and successful home maker

HON. ADELBERT H. ROBERTS

From an enlarged portrait of Adelbert H. Roberts one can readily notice the resemblance to his father. In fact few white men have shown a nobler bearing and handsomer face than does his picture, in the possession of his sister Lena.

This one time Lawrence boy graduated from the Lawrence High school and then attended University of Michigan. Later he went to Northwestern, where he graduated from the law school. After his graduation he became interested in politics and never practiced law. Instead, he became a lawmaker. He was first clerk in the Municipal Court of Chicago. Then he became state representative for his district for several terms. During the 53rd General Assembly he passed more bills than any other member of the House.

In consideration of this splendid record and service a grateful constituency elected him to the State Senate, a position which he is said to have filled, "with credit to himself, with honor to his race and eminent satisfaction to his district and state."

"The best testimony that can be given," it is said, "comes from the words of James O'Donnell Bennett, acknowledged to have been the greatest newspaper correspondent in America."

The Chicago Tribune sent Bennett to Springfield during the 54th General Assembly to make a careful study of the work and worth of the members of both houses.

This is what he said about Senator Roberts: "I was much interested in noticing that the best diction I have heard in the course of two days senate debating was that of the colored Senator Adelbert H. Roberts, 3405 Calumet ave., Chicago, chairman of the committee on Criminal Procedure and member of a dozen other important committees. He is one of the few senators who ever quotes from anything but a public document. He has frequent recourse to the words of Charles Sumner, as he put it, and he quotes him tellingly. That great spirit who suffered much for the race from which Senator Roberts sprang would be proud if he could hear this able and distinguished legislator citing him. He secured the enactment of one law during the last session of the General Assembly that should endear him to every man and woman in Illinois. It was the Fugitive Warrant law. He secured in addition a $15,000 appropriation to the Kersy Bill for the erection of a magnificent monument in honor of the old 8th Illinois Regiment."

Another notable achievement of Senator Roberts was the law that he had passed for colored people. It was said that "The most constructive piece put upon the statute books of any state in the union by a colored man was the law providing for the creation of the 35th Street Branch of the Illinois Free Employment Office. This branch is officered by colored men and women drawing lucrative salaries. In a single year 12,000 negro men and 6,000 negro women secured positions without a cent of cost to them.

Senator John Dailey said of him: "I measure my words when I say I have been a member of the Senate for over 20 years, yet during that time it has never been my pleasure to serve with any member who equals Senator Roberts in diction, eloquence and power of speech. He is an able legislator. It is such men as he who successfully solve the so-called race problems.

Senator Harold Kessinger said: "He is the greatest orator in the Senate."

Representative Norman G. Flagg said: "You made your place in the House in a day."

Rep. Truman A. Snell said: "Your speech is the most brilliant one of the session. It is a classic. And by it you have displayed the greatest moral courage that I have seen in the House for 12 years."

Ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden said: "I congratulate you upon the honor and glory that you have won for yourself and race today."

Governor Len Small said: "Senator Roberts is a brilliant scholar, and an able legislator and a dependable friend."

Lt. Governor Fred E. Sterling said: "No particular race need try to claim Senator Roberts as its own. He has used his splendid powers in the interest of all the people whom he has made his debtor."

Mrs. Florence F. Rohrer, Senator, said: "I consider it a happy privilege and distinguished honor to have as a colleague during the session a gentleman of so many excellent qualities of mind and heart as Senator Roberts."

Chief Justice Harry Olsen said: "I feel proud of the splendid record that Senator Roberts has made as a legislator, and the high esteem in which he is held among the members of both Houses."

Favorably as Senator Roberts is known in Springfield and much as he is appreciated there, it is in his home city that he is best known and most highly appreciated. For 35 years he has moved with and among the people of Chicago doing a work here for the uplift of the people that makes him our most useful citizen.

His courage, uprightness of character, loyalty to his race and usefulness to his district make him an ideal public servant and one who should be kept where he has learned by experience and contact how to get the legislation the people need and desire."

Not only was Senator Roberts an influential man in the Illinois legislature but his words had weight elsewhere as shown by the following instance:

Two negro students had tried for two years to gain admittance to the Medical School of the University of Illinois, but when Senator Roberts wrote a letter to President Kinley of the University of Illinois in behalf of those boys he got immediate action. Each student received a telegram advising him that his application for medical school attendance had been accepted.

Possibly no one knows how many more cases of Senator Roberts' influential assistance were given out of his life, but perhaps enough has been said to show what the world would have missed had that colored boy, Adelbert H. Roberts, been a slave or the citizen of any country where democratic rights are withheld.

Adelbert H. Roberts married Lulu Wiley of Kawana, Ill., to whom he paid tribute of much of his success. It was said of his wife that she is a very gracious lady worthy of such a husband. Their homes were both 3-story stone mansions, the former in Calumet avenue, is still owned by Mrs. Roberts, but she lives in their newer stone mansion on Michigan avenue, Chicago. They were the parents of two sons, both pharmacists, but both are in defense work now for Uncle Sam.

Senator Roberts passed away January 2, 1937, and the resolutions passed by the Senate of Illinois at the time of his death bespeak the highest regard for him:

. . . . Whereas, his work in the General Assembly and especially in the Upper Branch thereof was conspicuous because of his scrupulous integrity, marked ability and untiring application to the minutest detail in matters of legislation: and, whereas A. H. Roberts was a man of clean personal life, kind and courteous to all, devoted to his family, loyal to his friends, quick to give credit and encouragement to any and all who rendered true public service. Whereas, in his every daily walk and conversation A. H. Roberts conducted himself as an exemplary American citizen and Christian gentleman. Therefore, be it resolved by the Senate that we express our deep regret at the loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to him and by the State of Illinois at the passing of this true public servant, citizen and Christian gentleman."

Now, having presented the leading facts in the lives of the Roberts family as one of the most telling pieces of evidence of the efficiency of democracy that any family can offer, I must close this sketch with the hope that this little candle lit in the window of democracy may shed its beams afar.

The Beginning of Hamilton Township

Original Records of Clerk and Justice of the Peace Discovered. Was First Covington, Then Alpena, Then Hamilton.

Did some one say, pass up the history, or will it be acceptable in good humor, and like a little nonsense now and then, be relished by the best of men?

The history at hand is in a book that came out of the attic of the home of a former townsman of Decatur. It is the clerk's record of the first proceedings of the township of Hamilton. It is also the township's first justice docket. The book is easily worth $100 and undoubtedly the Hamilton township board will readily pay that amount for it.

The first entry is seemingly unexplanable, but it gives every evidence of 'genuinity' and age. It reads:

$47.35. Decatur, Mich., May 22, 1784

On or before one year from date I promise to pay to the order of O. R. Marks the sum of forty seven dollars and 35/100, with interest at 12 percent.

George Washington.

The next entry is where its value as history comes in:

Alpena, April 1, 1839.

At a meeting legally holden at the house of Henry Coleman in Alpena agreeable to previous notice for the purpose of organizing said township and to elect the several officers for the preceding year proceeded to business as follows, towit:

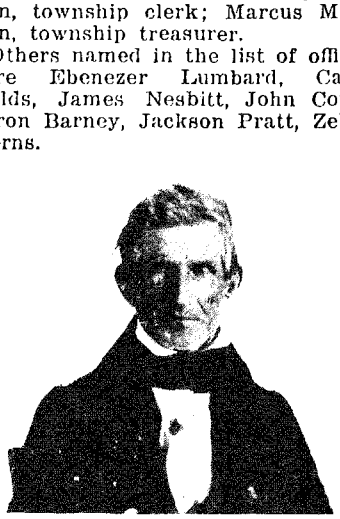
1. Elected Philotus Haydon, Moderator.

2. Elected Ralph Mason, clerk, pro tem.

3. Elected Henry Coleman, Robert Nesbitt and George A. Bentley, Board of Inspectors.

We hereby certify that the following officers were elected, viz.: George A. Bentley, supervisor; Henry Coleman, township clerk; Marcus Merriman, township treasurer.

Others named in the list of officers were Ebenezer Lumbard, Calvin Fields, James Nesbitt, John Comly, Aaron Barney, Jackson Pratt, Zebina Sterns.



Ralph Mason, clerk pro tem.

At a township meeting on the first Monday of April, 1839, voted there should be raised a tax of one hundred dollars to defray the expenses and incidental charges of said town.

Road survey in the township of Alpena, 1839. A survey of the road known as the Mason road. Beginning at the Prairie Ronde road *** and intersects Mr. Luke's road in the township of Alpena. June 20, 1839.

Surveyed by H. P. Barnum.

A survey of the Butterfield road, June 20, 1839. The town line road between Alpena and Lawrence, July 6, 1839.

Then surveyed and laid out under the direction of Wolcott Keeler and Tobias Byers, commissioners of the town of Keeler, Philotus Haydon and Jackson Pratt of Alpena, and Eaton Branch and Uriel Barnes of Lawrence, the center line of a public highway described in detail, and extending to the center line of the Territorial Road so called.

Dated at Alpena December 27, 1839.

The next entry is of the surveying of a road by Alonzo Crain, surveyor. It is dated March 19, 1840, the entry beginning as follows:

"Attraction of road running east and west on the north of road line of Mr. Field's barn in the township of Hamilton."

This is the first entry under the name of Hamilton, but there is no record of the change of name from Alpena township.

At the township meeting April 6, 1840, "The amount of tax voted to be raised to defray the incidental expenses for the coming year, $2.00.

Annual meeting in April, 1841:

Voted to raise $50 to defray the necessary expenses of said town. Resolved that we withdraw from the county and support the paupers belonging to said township independent from the county.

Annual meeting in April, 1844. Geo. Bentley still supervisor and Henry Coleman, clerk. Voted to raise $50 to defray expenses. Voted to raise $25 for library purposes.

Annual meeting April 7, 1845. Philotus Haydon elected supervisor, Henry Coleman, clerk. Voted to raise $70 to defray expenses. This is the last clerk's entry in the book.

The next is a record of early marriages. Next the book becomes a justice docket.

The first case is in assumpsit,—L. R. Barker vs. Harley Thomas. Judgment rendered plaintiff in the amount of $6.00 damages and 58 cents costs. Total $6.58. Dated July 5, 1849. Truman Foster, Justice of the peace.

In the seventies there was a bounty on woodchucks and there are pages of affidavits similar to the following:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that the 23 woodchuck scalps which I have here this day presented were captured and taken in the township of Hamilton since April 7, 1873.

Frank Sterns.

Jarvis Skinner, Justice of the Peace.

The above is a brief outline of what is contained in the book, and will leave it to Supervisor Collins if it isn't worth $100 to the township.

Capt. O. W. Rowland in his history of Van Buren county accounts for the change of name.

The county of Van Buren was organized in 1837, the year that Michigan became a state. It contained seven townships. The townships of Hamilton and Keeler were one township named Covington, with no apparent reason for the name.

The legislature of 1839 made two townships of Covington and dropped the name. One of the townships was named Keeler and the other Alpena.

The name "Alpena" did not prove satisfactory to the citizens of the township, and in 1840 the legislature, on request, enacted that, "The name of the township of Alpena in the county of Van Buren, shall hereafter be altered and changed to that of Hamilton."

EARLY VAN BUREN COUNTY DAYS

By Nellie Truesdell

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

(We would like Mrs. Truesdell to select another head for her column. The above heading was all right for the way she started out to write, but she has gone way past that now. The heading is too limited in scope and does not indicate the general interest to which her column is entitled. We are going to leave it to her to work out a new title in her own way.

Mrs. Truesdell's letter this week is in two sections, but we are putting the sections together because they just do not belong separate.

We are mailing George Kloosterhouse a copy of this Republican, and he may be interested in knowing that we are well acquainted with his Decatur relatives and see them often. We send the Republican regularly to Johnnie Kloosterhouse, whose mail is directed, c/o Postmaster, New York. That means he is overseas, perhaps in England or Ireland or possibly Iceland.

Mrs. Irving Mead is a new contributor. She will cover Celery Center and is falling naturally into our ideas of what makes an interesting newspaper.

Ed. Plopper has been busy this fall selling apples. He has had a nice crop and his big hearted way of wanting to give his customers a little better bargain than they bargained for, has enabled him to dispose of it. He said he met with good success in advertising in the Republican.

Mrs. Prudie Curtis is one of the good pioneer residents of Volinia township in Cass county. Her health is not good and it may be hard for her to write, but if she felt able to do it, an occasional letter from her would give pleasure to her many friends who read this paper. But this is Mrs. Truesdell's column, not ours. Before turning it over to her, however, we wish to say, Happy birthday to you.)

Sept. 15, 1942.

Dear Editor:

Thanks to you, Mr. Moulton, and to your paper, The Republican, for a very pleasant surprise yesterday, for it was through your paper I located my mother's cousin, Sophia Gray Combs.

My door chimes rang about one p.m. and there stood a car full of happy looking people. Four generations were represented, to be exact. The youngest, Miss Goodroad, five years old, and the eldest, but far from looking like a great grandmother, Mrs. Combs.

So many years since we have met, and such a short time to say the many things we wanted to! For this was to be a brief call. I believe there was to be a picnic dinner later, for I noticed thermos bottles, etc., in the car.

Sophia used to play with my oldest sister, Annis, and Uncle Abrom, as she calls my grandfather Lewis who lived near Lawrence. I think his farm is now known as the Deming farm. Sophia and Annis were about ten years old at that time.

I wish you had time, I said, to tell me things you did then. "Well," she said, "that would take a lot of time, but I do remember how Annis and I used to like to use big words, and one of the words was, ostentatious. I suppose it was used on every occasion possible, a new calico dress or hat, was ostentatious, and sometimes even if it did not fit the case, it was a nice big word to roll out of small mouths."

Sophia is a collector of antiques, a very good one I am sure, for she saw at a glance that my little drop-leaf walnut table which was handed down to us, was genuine. Neither did she miss seeing the decanter that I keep on a shelf by the clock with camphor in, just as my father and mother always kept it in our home. They bought camphor gum and alcohol and mixed it themselves, and there was always bits of undissolved gum in the bottom. I believe she said this decanter which was used for wine was about General Grant's time.

I am a collector too, I said, of memories, and so some day in the near future we plan a visit. Ostentatious, ostentatious, I believe my garden is ostentatious. Nellie Truesdell.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

Will Someone Suggest a Name?

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Nov. 20, 1942.

Well, as the Hackensack gossip would say, "Here I am again." And with a sad ending to my salt-rising bread story, I hate to switch over to "Paw's" side but it is all those things he said and more. I was not one in the ten thousand he spoke of that had good luck.

Mrs. Chas. Ruple of Decatur sent me the recipe from her Dr. Chase cook book. I appreciate her kindness and her good wishes that came with it. From 5 p. m. on Tuesday until 6 p.m. Wednesday I watched hopefully for a bubble or an odor. I am afraid I shall never live it down in my own family.

My one grain of comfort is from an article I read in my neighbor's Farm and Home cook book and was written by Mrs. Rorer, who was considered authority on cooking a number of years ago. She writes: "Salt rising bread emptying is made by fermenting flour, water and milk. Judging from odor produced bacteria plays a part in fermentation. Wild yeast plants of the air find an exceedingly good resting place and grow with great rapidity. Carry basin of emptyings to a room where floor is covered with carpet, especially if the carpet has not been carefully cleaned and almost immediately the emptyings begin to foam." And so I try to think my kitchen was too clean, and our mothers did not have a vacuum sweeper.

I want to thank everyone who did their best to help, especially Mrs. Marvel Berge. It was fun while it lasted, but I'm willing to drop the subject now. Yesterday I sent those three sullen-looking loaves to my nephew for his chickens or pigs. So it wasn't an entire loss.

And this is another day, it seems like spring and in my husband's rose garden there is a half opened bud. Preparations are going on next door for a church wedding Thanksgiving eve, Doug and Betty. Doug, who is our neighbor's son, will no doubt have to leave his pretty bride and help Uncle Sam. I have never seen Doug out of sorts, as one might say. He has always had a smile. And my neighbors on the other side left yesterday for Maxwell Field, Alabama, to be with their son, Pvt. Jay Hurni, over Thanksgiving and with them went Pvt. Jay's wife, Maude.

Mr. Moulton brought back more memories when he spoke of the nuralgia cure and the nubia.

"A name, a name what's in a name?" Do I quote Shakespeare correctly? Mrs. Ruple suggests, "Garden of Memory," or "Memory Garden." Mrs. Berge compliments me by suggesting, "Just Looking." Mrs. Berge, the following little verse from the pen of Dr. Frank Crane has been my prayer for many years:

"Give me not scenes more charming,
give me eyes
To see the beauty that around me
lies."

Nellie Truesdell.

P.S. Mr. Moulton, I am so glad you printed the words to "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." I, too, can sing it reverently. My husband said he heard one over the radio better than that one. I said what was the name of it; he couldn't remember. Then, I said it wasn't better you couldn't forget this one.

NEWTON WOODS CALLS TRAVELERS

Wilderness Is Intact After 100 Years

(Detroit Fee Press)

Serene autumn, a panorama such as inspired the man who named Brown October Ale, now greets the traveler who comes unexpectedly upon Newton's Woods.

Here at the intersection of the roads connecting Dowagiac and Marcellus, and Cassopolis and Decatur, in Range 5 south, 14 west, Sections 20, 29 and 30, lie 400 acres of wilderness as it appeared hundreds of years ago, and more especially, as it appeared to the first white settlers who came upon it before Paul Bunyan shaved the forest whiskers off the face of Michigan.

Thousands of hardwood trees, a solid hundred acres of oaks, a great grove of whitewoods, variously known also as tulip trees or yellow poplars, are turning brown with the advance of autumn on Newton's Woods.

Fame of Woods Spreads

Hundreds of persons visit the woods annually and its fame as a spot of unmarred nature beauty is spread farther each year.

No other such tract remains in the North Central States of the Middle West.

Approaching Newton's Woods from the south, one comes over a hill and from about a mile away sees the road disappear across a broad valley as it enters a tunnel of arching trees so dense that they shut out the sun.

At the south entrance to the half-mile avenue of trees stands an old church, long abandoned by the Dunkards who built it, and now converted into a community center. A half mile north the beautiful old home of the Newtons is found beyond the heaviest timber.

Across from the house on the north side of the road is the 100-acre block of oaks. A little farther east Dowagiac creek crosses the road and meanders southwest through the timber.

The grove of whitewoods lies to the southeast, a beautiful tract of densely set trees of great height.

Warren Reynolds, former surveyor of Cass county, has taken measurements of one of the whitewoods that was 20.6 feet in circumference, two feet from the ground, and 145.3 feet tall. There is one 150-foot elm in the tract, 24.2 feet in circumference.

Because the Newton family has owned the timber from the day it passed from the Federal Land office through a patent to Col. James Newton more than 100 years ago, the tract is in a fine state of preservation.

Forestry instructors bring students from nearby colleges and from the University of Michigan to Newton's Woods for field trips, and efforts have been made from time to time to convert it into a state park and game and fish preserve.

Commanded a Regiment

Col. Newton, the original owner, came to Michigan from Ohio, where he had acquired the military title as

commanders of a regiment of militia

Col. Newton was a member of the Commission that framed the Constitution of Michigan and was commissioned judge by Gov. Steven T. Mason, but never accepted the post. He served in the State House of Representatives in 1837, '38 and '39.

George Newton, the Colonel's son, inherited the 738-acre estate, and his daughter, Mrs. Jane Crego, fell heir to it in turn. She is said to have refused $150,000 for the timber during the World War.

The property now is in the hands of Jesse Green, administrator for nine cousins, heirs of the original family.

WELFARE RELIEF EXCEEDS LAST YEAR

The state welfare relief commission estimates that it will give aid to 225,000 families in November. This will represent an increase of 25,000 over former estimates and 23,000 over a year ago.

Every county is asked to furnish one-third of the welfare appropriation and where the administration fails to reach an agreement with the state aid will be dened it. This will make the situation in Van Buren county somewhat uncertain.

Mrs. Chas. Ruple, living south of town, picked Johny Jump Ups in the woods last week. This pretty little spring flower seldom makes its appearance in the fall.

Newton Woods Deeded to MSC

Fred Russ of Cassopolis, the Giver, Has Done a Grand Thing for the State of Michigan and This Community.

Fred Russ of Cassopolis has given the Newton farm in Volinia to the Michigan State College for the use of its forestry department for educational purposes. The deed was delivered Wednesday afternoon of last week to William H. Berkey, chairman of the Michigan State College Board and editor of the Cassopolis Vigilant, and Editor Berkey was the first to publish a complete account of the transaction.

Mr. Russ obtained the property, consisting of 580 acres, of Jesse Green, administrator of the estate of Mrs. Jane Crego, in 1935. He bought it at a cost of $40,000 to save the famous Newton woods which is a major part of the property.

Four hundred acres of the farm lie on the south side of the Dowagiac-Marcellus road and east of the Cassopois-Decatur road and 180 acres lie across the road to the north. That part of the farm not in timber or planted to timber is being farmed by Mr. Russ and his tenant, Floyd Robinson.

Col. James Newton took the land from the government in 1830 and it remained in the Newton family until the death of Jane Newton Crego, more than 100 years later.

Lost Boy Found By Bloodhound

[From Rawlins (Wyoming) Republican]

A twenty-man searching party made up of sawmill workers, county officers and Rock River residents, aided by a one-year-old bloodhound, yesterday found Harold Jackman, 16-year-old Rock River youth who was lost in the Sand Lake area, near McFadden, on Monday.

Undersheriff Frank Lemoine, who was in virtual charge of the searching party, said the boy was discovered on the banks of Carlson Creek about 12:15 p. m. yesterday. The youth had wandered more than 40 miles in search of his parents' camping site, but when found was only about 10 miles as the crow flies from camp.

Killed Squirrels

He was well and healthy, although tired from his wanderings which covered a period of two days and three nights. He had managed to feed himself by killing squirrels with a homemade slingshot and eating them raw. Only once, he said did he make a fire with his pocket knife and a piece of flint, and then it took him more than two hours to get it started. He wandered only during the daylight hours, sleeping at night in shelters which he constructed with pine-boughs.

After he was taken back to camp, while munching on sandwiches and coffee, the 16-year-old attributed his well-being to earlier Boy Scout training.

Bloodhound Found Boy

The searchers, however, made their attributions to the bloodhound, which is owned by Jack Garber. Without the dog, they said, the search would have been impossible, for not only was Jackman wearing moccasins which left no track, but he first wandered down Deep Creek, then crossed the stream divide to Stud Creek, wandering down this and finally crossed to Carlson Creek, which he strayed down and then began following up on the other side of the stream.

Lemoine said the country in which he was lost was filled with dense timber and underbrush.

Jackman had been camping with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jackman of Rock River, near Deep Creek about three miles from Sand Lake. He left the camp at 3 p.m. Monday to go to Crater Lake, a trip of about one and a half miles. His parents did not miss him until after dark. He had missed Crater Lake, wandered beyond it and had then turned back to retrace his steps but had missed the trail back to camp.

Went Opposite Direction

Tuesday he found Crater Lake. There he searched for a trail, but finally found one which led him in exactly the opposite direction. It was at this point that he began to wander aimlessly, up and down streams.

Jackman carried a .22 caliber homemade pistol, but soon shot away his ammunition and reverted to the slingshot.

Searchers left Rawlins Tuesday afternoon to begin the hunt and radioed Sheriff Glenn Penland late that night for the dog which Penland brought to to them.

At night the searchers built fires but the lad never saw them. They spent every daylight hour searching for him. At times the men thought the dog was misleading them for it sniffed along in what seemed an aimless manner, but it was following every footstep of the boy.

Before leaving camp Jackman had substituted moccasins for his shoes. Thus the searchers had a fresh scent to give the dog. Lemoine said that when the bloodhound was on the trail it took two men to hold him back.

The youth was startled when three workers from a nearby sawmill finally caught up with him as he was walking calmly beside the creek, swinging a stick which he used as a cane.

Remarkable Work of a Sutton Bloodhound

A graphic story of how one of J. G. Sutton's bloodhounds found a lost boy out in Wyoming was sent to Mr. Sutton last week. The pups were shipped from Decatur to the officer last winter and are now about a year old. The purchaser sent this letter:

Rawlins, Wyo.,
August 31, 1942.

Mr. Sutton,
Dear Sir:

Just a letter about the dogs I bought from you. I named the pup from Investigator Red Hawk, and the pup from Dr. Watson Tarzon. I have worked with these dogs ever since I got them.

I found a 16-year-old boy that had been lost for over 70 hours with Red Hawk. The trail was 40 hours old when I got there. Am sending a newspaper clipping of the search.

I have tried to trail 3 escaped convicts. We caught the last one who had been hitch hiking through the mountains on a country road. He would get a ride for 8 or 10 miles, then he would walk till another ride would pick him up. At every turn off we would let the dog out of the car to see if the man had been there, and if he had the dog would let us know. We finally overtook him at 1:30 that morning. Sometimes the dogs will go in the wrong direction just looking for the trail, but they can find any trail we have set for them except down through town.

What do you feed a dog when on a long trail of more than one day, and where can you buy dog supplies such as harness and shoes, as these rocks are very hard on a dog's feet?

When I was trailing the lost boy I trailed him 25 miles the first day, to say nothing about the many times we lost the trail and would back track and circle. The next day Red Hawk took the trail for 15 miles. He got pretty hungry but would not eat his regular dog food. He lost about 20 pounds and just about played out. Some fellow told me we were supposed to feed them nothing but beat up eggs. So please try to straighten me out on these problems.

Yours truly, Jack Garber.

Where The Old Grow Young and The Sick Get Well

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goble are supplying a real need in this community, and as the fact is more fully realized their business will grow till they will need to build onto their spacious home on the South Side.

This home is one of the outstanding places in Decatur. It was built by the late William H. Tuttle about 60 years ago, and stands in a grove of tall native oak trees on Williams street where the street merges into the New Swamp road.

Will and Annie Tuttle lived there till Annie died. Then Will, in his sorrow and discouragement, thought he never wanted to see the place again. He disposed of his furniture, sold the home to the Gobles and took a room in the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Roberts. They showed him every kindness, but his thoughts about the old home underwent a reversal and he literally died of homesickness and grief.

Albert Gantz, who has lived in Decatur about 70 years, and so far as we know never knew what it was to be sick, got that way while living alone in his house on east Delaware street. It was several days before he could attract the attention of anyone. When he did the doctor was summoned and it was determined that he was a fit subject for a hospital. He entered Lake View and then Bronson, had his operation and convalesced. The hospital became unendurable to him and he was brought to the Goble home.

He lies on his comfortable bed and looks out upon the trees and the long highway that leads on over Fifield hill, and almost forgets his physical difficulties. Albert is now on the road to recovery, and when Tommie Bass with his traveling barber shop failed to keep his appointment, Al actually shaved himself. That is a sure sign that he is recovering.

Mrs. Mary Vining Lisk also lives at the Goble home, receives the best of care and enjoys her life there. When we called last week she was ready for a good visit and we talked over old times. Mrs. Lisk was a daughter of Amos Morris. She was born on Little Prairie Ronde, we guess about 80 years ago, and was brought up there.

That was a wonderful place in the days of the early settlers. The very name is a synonym for rural elegance and refinement. Little Prairie Ronde stands in a distinctive class like the Blue Grass of Kentucky, the Gold Coast of Chicago, and the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. Some good novelist, catching the inspiration of the life there 50 to 100 years ago, could write a great story under the title of "Little Prairie Ronde." What a good assignment it would be for Iole Fuller Goodspeed who wrote The Loon Feather, and who has relatives residing on the Prairie's edge.

Mrs. Clara Abbott, whose ancestors were among the founders of the Prairie, now owns the farm on which Mrs. Lisk was born. The latter told of coming to town over the corduroy road now the paved Old Swamp road. She spoke of the bridge across the Dowagiac Creek which to this day is known as the Red Bridge because it was originally painted red. The old wooden structure has long since been replaced with cement, and Mrs. Lisk thinks that in keeping with the name it should be painted red. We second the motion.

Well. I Ain't As Young As I Used To Be

John Shaad was born in Three Rivers August 23, 1864, and the next June, the Shaad family consisting of the father and mother, Anna and Mary and little ten months old John, pulled up stakes and moved to Decatur.

They came across the country in an open wagon drawn by two horses. The trip which now takes 40 minutes, took them the entire day. They came through Marcellus to Nicholsville where they stopped at the Potter House for dinner and a needed rest.

They arrived in Decatur with the setting of the sun and put up at the Tittle Tavern on East Sherwood street. John sr. opened his boot and shoe shop on Main street in June, 1865, and continued in business here until he died.

John Shaad jr. is still here, was 78 last month and this poem, which was taken from the South Haven Tribune, is printed for him:

I had a birthday just of late,
The calendar says I'm seventy-eight.
My spirit says I'm twenty-three,
And I'm feeling as young as I used to be.

The old clock ticks in this breast of mine
As true as can be, and keeps good time.
My eyes are good, no trouble to see,
Still I hain't as young as I used to be.

My mind seems clear, and I try to think
As straight as I can with nary a kink.
I feel like laughing and joking with glee
And acting as young as I used to be.

I'm full to the brim with youth's ambish;
I like to hunt and like to fish.
But when it comes to climbing a tree,
Well! I hain't as good as I used to be.

But time is passing, and I'm going along,
Taking life with a laugh and whistle and song.
And hoping I'll live to be ninety-three
And still feel as young as I used to be.

A. J. Tozer.

DREAM HOUSE OF CIVIL WAR VETERAN REMAINS UNCHANGED NEARLY 40 YEARS

Colonial Type Home Erected East of of Paw Paw by Carpenter and Painter, Both Deaf.

(From the Kalamazoo Gazette.)

Paw Paw.—Dignity of the early years of the century is reflected in the large colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Morrison, along U. S.-12 east of Paw Paw. For much of the house has remained the same as when it was first opened in 1902—with only two rooms re-decorated in those 39 years.

The stately house was built by the Rev. and Mrs. Edward Harvey, who lived in the barn at the rear of the house during the two years of construction. They watched the day by day progress of the one carpenter and one painter—both deaf—each of whom was paid $2 a day to put his finest work in the new home.

His Dream House

The Rev. Mr. Harvey probably saw every piece of lumber that went into the house. He had been recently retired as head of a pension bureau in Detroit, and had come to Paw Paw for the building of his dream house.

The site was a four-acre tract purchased from his brother, Henry Harvey, who owned the farm nearby, and the two families lived side by side for years. Both brothers were Civil war veterans, the Rev. Mr. Harvey having lost a leg in battle.

Every morning he drove a team to Paw Paw, picked up his builders, William Simmons and John Caleb, and brought them to the farm for the day's work. They returned to the village on foot at night.

Meanwhile, the Harveys partitioned the barn into a kitchen—and slept in a box stall, awaiting the day they would move into their huge home. Their floor plans were taken from the home of Robert Wagner, a Detroit artist of the time, and the interior decoration was done by a Chicago house designer.

The entire downstairs floors and woodwork is of quarter-sawed oak, and all the windows are made of plate glass. The front entrance has a brass replica of the national emblem for a knocker, and the two-story high white columns are distinctive to make the house remembered beyond most others.

The large living room has a wide fireplace—built of red brick with an arched facing. The wall about it is handpainted, and there is a raccoon rug before the hearth, given the Morrisons by Mrs. Harvey.

Handpainted Walls

The wide, graceful stairway curves up from the living room, with a landing and small balcony directly above the fireplace. The lighting fixtures, as are all others in the house are left from the gas-lighting days, but wired for electricity.

The music room has Mexican mahogany woodwork, with hand-painted

walls of harps, violins, and other instruments.

Next to it was a guest room with the gayest imaginable wall-paper in, what was then, a modernistic design. It has a huge window seat, with blue cushions, and the brass chandelier has several prisms, added as ornaments by Mrs. Harvey herself.

Across the living room and to the south side of the house, the dining room is outstanding for its big bay alcove, where five narrow and tall windows provide plenty of sunlight. The lighting fixture is of wrought metal, with a greenish glass in the shade. Imitation leather with diamond-shaped inserts is used for wall covering below a plate rail, and above, the plaster has been painted with oil colors in blended reds, greens and browns.

Japanese Cloth

The butler's pantry seems to have enough oak lumber in it to floor a huge room. The floor, ceiling-high cupboards, and a 300-pound ice box are made of the highly polished wood.The icebox also opens to the rear entrance hallway, and here too is a dumb waiter to the basement.

The kitchen is decorated in oak as well, and adjoining is a bath, linen closet, and rear entrance to the porte-cochere at the back of the house. The hall wall-covering upstairs and down, is a Japanese cloth, something like a linen weave.

The upstairs front bedroom—the one with double doors opening to the little balcony on the house front—was formerly a library, with corners filled with oak bookcases, now converted into space for clothes storage. The walls are covered in a heavy green paper, with white stencil design, and there are two window seats in the room. One of the doors has a cut glass door knob. From the library, Mrs. Harvey later gave 2,000 volumes to start the Paw Paw public library.

Adjoining is a smaller bedroom, finished in ash woodwork.

Another bedroom, once the master suite, has a Japanese grass cloth, much like today's reed rugs, on all walls. A large hall way, linen closet and clothes closet are next to the room, with a white tiled bath at the rear. The maid's room, across the hall, was finished in Georgia pine.

A rear deck, which is reached from the upstairs hall, overlooks a particularly scenic expanse of fields and woods to the west.

The Rev. Mr. Harvey died in 1916, and Mrs. Harvey lived alone in the house until May, 1941, when it was sold to the Morrisons. She, at 81 years of age, has moved to Paw Paw to spend the remainder of her life in a smaller home. She is very active, and often drives her car the four miles to her former home for visits.

Civil War Tales

Eli Street near the grade school in Decatur was named after an old Civil War Veteran by the name of Eli Hincher. He lived there many years after his return from the War.

Probably the high light of his declining years was the yearly ride of the old soldiers in the Memorial Day parade, and the honor shown him by the G. A. R. on that day.

He was an inveterate story teller, and his favorite pastime was "reeling off by the yard" incidents and happenings of the Civil War.

His stories were greatly exaggerated and he never failed to make himself the hero of every yarn. It was his delight to tell his tales to the old timers who sat on the sidewalk benches along Main Street.

One of his best and most exaggerated stories was about a famous march he took with his comrades. His company had been maneuvering near the East Coast, and he swelled with pride as he told of his accomplishments. He climaxed his story with this statement, "Why, I walked the full length of Hampton Roads," (Hampton Roads being a strip of water in the Atlantic Ocean.)

GALE HARDWARE STARTED BUSINESS 15 YEARS AGO

This month of February is the fifteenth anniversary of the entry of G. R. Gale into the hardware and implement business in Decatur.

J. E. Renne had established the business, dealing principally in farm implements, and it was with the idea of expansion that he formed the partnership with Mr. Gale. They moved into the 3 story Clark building which has since been destroyed by fire, and in November of the same year Mr. Gale bought the interest of his partner.

In 1930 Mr. Gale moved into the Stewart building where he is still located. He has gradually built up a big trade in hardware and International Harvester Company implements and repairs.

The store has become almost indispensible to the farmers of the surrounding country. When old machinery wears out or they need repairs and the help of an expert mechanic, they go to Gale's and their troubles are overcome.

The proprietor and his assistants, James Hall and Max Graham, have gained a wide circle of friends for their competency, their courtesy, the time they give and the effort they make to meet the needs of their customers. They have the reputation of being accommodating and that in their business is worth much to a community.

D. G. Locke, agricultural teacher at the high school and leader of the Future Farmers of America, desires to extend the best wishes of his organization to Mr. Gale. He said, "We realize the value of the implement service he is rendering to the farmers of the community and wish him much success in the future."

R. M. Roop of Kalamazoo, IHC blockman for this territory, expresses the good wishes of the Company in the following letter received last week:

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER Co.
February 18, 1942.

Mr. A. N. Moulton,
Dear sir,—

We wish to congratulate G. R. Gale on the fifteenth anniversary of our business relationship. Also we want to thank our many customers that have developed through this dealer's efforts. His contacts have brought an ever increasing volume of business at this point.

Mr. Gale has always conducted his business on a fair and honorable basis which cannot help but spell success.

Very truly yours,
R. M. Roop,
International Harvester Co.

Curiously enough, while we were considering the writing of these few lines as a surprise for Raymond, the little journal, "The Live Wire," published away out in Seattle, Washington, by our brother, Will C. Moulton, arrived, and in it we discovered this comment:

A Wise Advertiser

For many years G. R. Gale, hardware merchant at Decatur, Mich., has made his 4x6 space in The Decatur Republican look like a tiny two-column newspaper.

He heads it in heavy, black type —"Town and Country," Vol. 13, No 12—and there's an address and date line underneath the heading.

There are little snatches here and there which tell ever so briefly about his goods; new shipments of plowpoints, harrows, garden tools and paints.

Each snatch is followed by a joke or bit of wisdom, the items that are usually read first in any publication.

The ad occupies the same position in every issue and we find ourselves looking for it when the old hometown paper arrives every Saturday.

No doubt other readers look for it too, even though they are hundreds of miles away from Decatur—and never buy any hardware.

In any event, what an ad for the town and farmer folks, who live on the spot, and need the goods.

WALTER BROWN SEZ

(Walter Brown came in Saturday morning wearing his overcoat. If there was ever a man who does not like to wear an overcoat it is Walter.)

You got to have a permit to buy a gallon of kerosene now. Bime by you will have to have a permit to buy a loaf of bread, but I see in the paper this morning that the president is going to look out to see that there don't anybody go hungry.

Say, but I remember a lot about the old crowd of fellows that used to keep things lively in Decatur back in

the seventies. Tom Brownbridge was one of the leaders of that crowd. He was an Englishman, came over here from England, direct I guess. He was a mighty good fellow, Tom Brownbridge was, but full of the old Harry.

Tom Burke told me that one time back in the seventies Tom Brownbridge was going to have a big Christmas dinner and he had a turkey for it that filled the oven. Those Chadwick boys got next to it and slipped into the kitchen when there wasn't anybody around and stole the turkey out of the oven.

J. S. Dowd was one of the good citizens of Decatur back in the seventies. He kept a grocery store just north of Henry Rosenberg's clothing store. He sold out and moved to Missouri, but I don't remember who he sold to. He had a boy, Shep. Dowd, about my age, and I got a letter from him occasionally, but that was many years ago. I've completely lost track of them now.

Well, I must be getting home now, the Kalamazoo folks are coming this afternoon.

Well, Guy and Clara McGowan of Lawrence were up here to see us Sunday and said their son Kenneth is going to move to Kalamazoo. Kenneth works in a machine shop in Kalamazoo and has lived on a farm near his folks. He and three others have been driving back and forth, but they're not going to do it any more. Rationing gasoline and saving tires is going to make it impossible to do much driving, and the men have got to be near their work.

You want to know if I remember Tom Lyon? Why of course I do. He was a good fellow, sure he was. He had a brother Dick who was a good singer, I guess he was, but I didn't know him so well.

There were a number of pretty good fellows around here when we first came to Decatur in April, 1870. I can remember some of them and you probably remember them, too. There was Harry and Walter Hodges, two boys, brothers, William Hodges' boys, and there was Harry and Millard Russell. They were two good boys, too, they sure were. There were some more of them, but it takes quite a little thinking to bring them all back in your memory.

Yes, my father came here in '69. His name was Henry Brown. He was born in 1818 in the town of Plainfield, 11 miles the other side of Rochester, New York, and Tom Burke was born in the same place, so he said. There was a pretty smart fellow, too.

My father's family moved onto a farm near Chagrin Falls and father got married there. Father started out on a prospecting trip all by himself. He went down through Missouri and all around, and when he came back he stopped here, and stayed.

He bought 5 acres of Ben Lee right at the bend in the road northeast of town. He paid Ben $500 for it, and there wasn't a building on it. He got Frobenius, who lived north of town, to build the house, and old man McCormick who came from old Virginia, did the mason work.

I had 3 sisters. One of them was a musician and the other two were dress makers. They got established in the town of Fenton and mother decided to stay there with them, so I came out here alone to live with father. That was in April, 1870, and I lived here till I went to Kalamazoo in 1910. We were there 27 years, and then the old home town looked so good to us that he decided to come back.

Father was always doing unusual things, and he cut two big lions out of plank, painted them and fastened them to the fence on either side of the gate. Then he made an eagle and put it over the gate. That made our house a marked place in town.

Well, I guess I'll go now.

MEMORIES OF A CHILDHOOD HOME

From Rev. LeRoy L. Dewey

Sturgis, Michigan,
December 10, 1942.

My dear Arba,

The news of the burning of our old farm home and my birthplace as recorded in this week's issue of your splendid paper came to me as a severe and saddening shock.

It was in no sense a pretentious house but around it clustered many happy memories of our joyous early home life. There I was born. That was no great event of course. In fact, I guess it was evidently not a great event even in the home circle for, in father's diary, there is the simple, unemotional and unenthusiastic statement "boy born to-day." But anyway I am glad I was born and I am not at all ashamed to have been born in a humble place such as that was. It was a shrine,—a shrine to no one else, of course, but a simple shrine to me, where I always went every time I have visited Decatur, and there recalled again the times that were, and the simple things that made life so full and so happy in my early boyhood days.

I well remember a Sunday of my boyhood when some man who was driving by, seeing smoke coming from the roof, rushed into the door and shouted "your house is on fire." We all jumped from the table where we were eating our Sunday dinner and out to see about it. My sister Vedith grabbed the bird cage and hurried out the door. She was going to save the bird anyway. A spark had lodged in the bell frame atop the wood shed and the frame was ablaze but father soon had it out, so we saved not only the bird in the gilded cage but the house as well.

It was there in my early childhood that I seemed to get my first inspiration to be a preacher, for I can remember preaching to my sisters out there in that, what was then glorious yard west and north of the house.

I may have made a mistake in being a preacher but evidently the idea was embryonic in my brain at rather an early age as set on the old farm which I have oftimes wished I owned.

Are we getting old when we like to think of the glorious days of yesteryear? Well perhaps, but anyway memory is a great and happy blessing. So, as my memory reaches back to those early years of my life, to the sheep washing and sheep shearing days, the threshing days, the hog butchering days, the school days with the daily lunches prepared by Mother's loving hands, the skating, the sledding, the truly "white Christmases" and the "sleigh bells in the snow" and all, without telephone or electricity or gas or automobile or radio or much of anything that modernity dictates as necessities, I am really deeply saddened at the passing of the plain and very simple center of all of that happy life some fifty and more years ago.

I was delighted to have Clare Barron and Camilla Potts, as I knew them in our school days together, in our service one Sunday last fall. It was a real reunion and a happy event. I wish some more of the Decatur friends would drift over this way as Jay and Maude Lyle did also one Sunday last summer. But I suppose gas and tire rationing will prohibit that for a while, at least.

We pray that this terrible war may soon cease and that real peace may be established in the earth, and as a permanent world possession.

Our son George is S/Sgt. in the Air Force Gunnery School at Las Vegas, Nevada, where he has been ever since his induction a year ago last July. He received his Master's degree in Journalism the June before his induction and is now in the Public Relations Office, editor of the Camp paper, "The Horned Toad," and also script writer for their weekly Camp broadcasts. He is a busy young man but likes it.

Well, forgive me for this lengthy reminiscence and treatise.

Merry Christmas to you.

Sincerely, LeRoy.

History of The First Presbyterian Church

By Danny (D. W.) Brodhead

The First Presbyterian Church was built and dedicated in 1868, Nearpass and Bray were the builders. Its ground area about 45 x 75 feet.

For many years, thirty or more, it was surmounted by a tall, tin-covered spire. Once, so the story goes, a little boy asked his mother if that was God's toothpick.

Some years ago the spire was supplanted by the present belfry.

An immense gathering of people attended the ceremony of laying the corner stone when the building was completed and they were very impressive. Rev. Toof was the pastor.

Deposited in the corner stone were several papers, two or three coins and a new testament.

Two years ago when the base-

ment was excavated the corner stone was removed, the enclosures were examined and then replaced under another stone and were inclosed in a tin can. The coins were black and coated. The papers stained, yellowed and too rotten to be unfolded. The only word made out in them was the signature "Blackman," who was the editor of the Republican.

As I remember there were three papers, a history of the village, a history of the church. The third might have been the contributors to the building fund.

I remember Robt. Nesbitt contributed $100.00. I remember that distinctly as I heard the conversation between Hon. E. P.Hill and Mr. Nesbitt. When asked by Mr. Hill for some aid Mr. Nesbitt asked why he should contribute to the church. "You know it don't represent my religious ideas, I never attend your services, and no doubt I would not be very welcome if I did." Mr. Hill assured him he would be welcomed, and he should help for the general good of the community.

"Mr. Hill, how much do you think I ought to give?"

Mr. Hill replied, "$100.00."

After a moment's reflection Mr. Nesbitt said, "All right, Mr. Hill, make it $100.00."

The church was built larger than was necessary at the time as it was not only the hope and ambition but the expectation that Decatur would soon be the largest town between Niles and Kalamazoo. Some of the leading men were optimistic that Decatur would outstrip even those towns.

Decatur was the best and largest wheat market on the line and was the market for an immense amount of timber products, wool, fruit and livestock. They could not foresee that in a few years we would be sandwiched between two lines of railroad and our trading area more than cut in two.

Many minor changes, refinements and improvements have taken place in the church during its nearly half century of usefulness. The windows were changed, some years ago a grand pipe organ was installed and just recently the basement was excavated and a banquet hall put in with all accessories, as kitchen, dishes, silverware, tables, seats, etc. An ideal heating plant was installed consisting of two large furnaces, their equipment costing over $600. The entire insurance carried on building and contents was $4,000.

And thus another landmark of pioneer days, along with the sturdy pioneers, devoted men and women, who made the church a reality, has gone into history. All that remains is a memory, precious to most of us in association and retrospect. Its history and activities are closely entwined with the thoughts and lives of many of us and it will be good to think that though the church has gone its influence still lives to all eternity. D. W. B.

Major H. H. Creagan Writes Interesting Letter To Firemen

BOYS IN SERVICE

(The Republican is indebted to the Firemen for the privilege of printing this splendid letter from Major Creagan. It was received by the Chief and read in Firemen's regular meeting last week.)

WAR DEPARTMENT
Services of Supply
Columbus Quartermaster Depot
Office Depot Quartermaster
Columbus, Ohio.

December 15, 1942.

Dear Chief and all the boys,

It has been a long time since I wrote and longer still since I answered roll call back there. I have enjoyed your letters, everyone, and hope there will be more. The letters in the Decatur paper are sure interesting and the boys are scattered to the far corners of the earth and many others are on board ship in strange waters. I was fortunate in being assigned to duty so near home as I have been able to get back quite often. Have to spend about fourteen hours on the train and car to Decatur so it breaks up a week-end leave.

A short time ago I was sent down in Kentucky on duty and then on to Evansville, Indiana. Had a good trip and enjoyed the city of Louisville. After coming back had to make a trip to Detroit and that was too close to Decatur to miss coming home so took advantage of it.

The work down here is increasing all the time. We handled over fifty-five hundred car loads of supplies last month. Lots of supplies come and go by truck in addition to railroad car loads. I am still Depot Quartermaster and operate central receiving station for supplies. All cars, trucks, cranes, tractors, and locomotives are on my accountability and I am responsible for their maintenance and operation.

A new steam locomotive of the eighty ton class is on its way in here for yard work. We got a hundred-twenty ton Diesel last summer and it has been a big help in handling all the freight. It takes a lot of coal to keep this place going. The coal is another one of my headaches. I had five thousand tons of coal in three piles last fall and the piles were bound to catch fire from spontaneous combustion. All you can do is move the coal and get at the fire and put it out. It doesn't do any good to soak the coal pile with water. Have burned up most of the coal now so no more danger.

About two weeks ago I moved from the Army Country Club to new bachelor quarters. A nice new steam heated building with small room for each officer. It is well located and a nice place to live. Sure beats those elephants iron huts that some of our officers on this post are living in. Have heard from Tom Elliott a few times and wrote to him Sunday. Had a card from Dick Schonbok this week also had a letter from Fausto, the mail carrier. He is in the Navy, a Marine Engineer and on the Western coast. Believe he is a graduate of engineer school.

When I think of all the boys from Decatur who are in the service, I am reminded of lines written by Cardinal Gibbons many years ago and which carry a message that is extremely timely today.

"You will know it is great and grand to serve your country. Yes, and if the sacrifice is asked you will realize that it is a glorious thing to die for this country. Remember, that to you belongs an honor than which there is none greater on this earth, the serving of the grandest land in all the world. Pray and put your trust in God; be obedient, for without obedience to lawful authority, to commander and other officers, victory is impossible; help your fellow soldiers in times of fighting and in times of respite from the battlefield; lead clean lives as befit men found worthy to serve such a noble cause. Be men of courage, place your faith in God and then go out and fight valiently against the foe."

I know the Decatur boys will turn in a good record wherever they are. Things look much better now and surely hope they continue to improve.

With best wishes to all, Herb.

Herbert H. Creagan
Major Q. M. C.
Depot Quartermaster

A Biblical Curiosity

Noah's Diary After the Deluge —Where Will You Find it?

By Bessie Fhurman, 813 Washington Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

(Continued from last week)

Noah's Diary After the Flood

Genesis I:1. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

That the beginning verse quoted above was a quotation from the account of creation written by the author who referred to God as "Lord God' is seen when we read Chapter II:4: "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."

Therefore that verse does not signify that the author of Chapter I is actually going to describe the creation of the world, but here is evidently a situation that reminds him of the description of creation, so he puts it down as an appropriate thought for the occasion at hand. The picture that is given in verse 2 of Chapter I is quite obviously similar to that one would imagine as having been true in "the beginning." However it does not necessarily follow that verse 2 was concerning the creation of the world, so we quote that word picture in verse 2 to bring it to mind to the

reader.

"And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Knowing that Noah had experienced a flood that overtopped the mountains, it is no assumption that "the earth was without form and void" and that darkness was upon the face of the waters" when he looked out of the ark. And that he did one may be certain for when he opened the window to let out the raven and the dove, he must have had a glimpse of just such a picture. The electrical phenomena known as St. Elmo's fire must have seemed to Noah as the Spirit of God moving on the waters.

Thus, it seems that verse 2 of Chapter I had no connection with the original creation but was a clear picture of Noah's view of the situation after the rain had ceased.

Then as light that had been missing through all those 40 days and nights of terrific downpour and surge of rising waters appeared, he attributed it to God's command just as he had done, when he received the admonitions to build the ark. And as the night also came, he credited it to God's command. But the combined unit made up of night and day, he himself called day. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

The observations concerning the firmament marked the second day as did also those of the separation of the waters into seas and the appearance of the land areas.

The third day records the appearance of grass, herb and fruit trees—all of which could have been true in Noah's case for we know there was the olive tree (a fruit tree) because the dove returned with an olive leaf in her mouth after Noah sent her out to reconnoiter. But it could not have been true at the beginning of the world, for fruit trees are highly developed plants and did not appear on the earth until just previous to the arrival of the mammals—many eras after the "beginning."

The fourth day records an event, not a mere fact as we who are accustomed to see the sun, moon and stars would think, when we see them, for as we shall find the sun, moon and stars had never been seen before the flood and certainly not during it.

And that this is true must be shown before going on with the story.

Why The Sun, Moon and Stars Appeared To Be Creations After The Flood

Turning to Chapter II:5-6, we learn that it had not rained on the earth but in verse 6 "there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the earth."

As this was a part of the account of the story of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, it is possible that that condition did not prevail until the time of Noah, but when we turn to Chapter IX and learn that God gave the rainbow then, it is certain that there had been no rain and no sun or there would have been rainbows before the flood and therefore it could not have been used as a token or promise of no more floods. For had it appeared before the flood its significance as such a promise would have been lost, for those who would have seen it before the flood could have said, "O, I saw rainbows before the deluge and now that we have had the flood, the rainbow is no sign that we'll never have another such occasion."

So it is apparent that the rainbow was a new phenomenon to Noah, when he wrote about it, and that being true the sun had never shone clearly enough to be seen as an object. And that the moon had not been seen either is seen by the fact that both sun and moon were "two great lights—the greater to rule the day and the lesser to rule the night" and one is no more novel than the other. Had he been accustomed to seeing the sun as an object giving light the sudden appearance of the moon which had not been seen before (as we shall show) would have come in for some special mention, it would seem. But it doesn't. It is just one of a pair of great light bodies that appeared on the same day as did also the stars which he seems to have added as an after thought or which may not have shown until later.

Therefore, the appearance of both sun and moon were as twin events and impressed Noah as if they had just that day come from the hand of God. So no wonder that the notation was considered important enough to mark the fourth day of that great new year of 601. The further recording of the facts that those lights were to be for signs and seasons, days and years may have been inserted later when the seasons resulted from the tipping of the earth's axis, and in making this additional notation, it is possible that the records got disarranged then. But, we know that if this is the diary of Noah, the seasons did not begin until after the flood. And if we know that the seasons caused by the inclination of the earth on its axis did not occur until after the flood, the earth had not tipped on its axis 23½ degrees before that event. From this it is apparent that something occurred that caused that change, and that sometime just previous to or during the time of the flood.

The Creation of the Moon Cause of Flood, Glacial Age, and Distribution of Coal Mines

Although a series of events took place in connection with the creation of the moon and the flood, that would fill many pages if written up in detail, a brief and comprehensive presentation of the situation can be given.

In the first place look at the shattered jig-saw puzzle appearance of the world map. Now look at the great circular bodies of water of the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson Bay as well as the Arctic ocean and see that they resemble crater-like openings into the earth's surface. Besides, notice the huge saucer-like depression that the lands around them show, thereby indicating a loss of the earth's contents beneath. Also, recall that mines of various kinds of ores are located around these centers and one must conclude that those bodies of water are now filling huge volcanic craters.

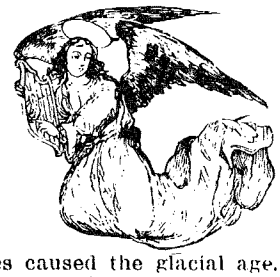
Then see how nicely the Eastern and Western Hemispheres fit together along their Atlantic sides, and it is seen that a belt of land once spanned the globe, but a part is missing now as shown by the broken edges and the great gap between North America and Asia. But we know that there is a great trough in the floor of the Pacific ocean that shows that the earth split along one side. Then we find that the earth was put to a great strain of unequal weight, or that would not have occurred.

The unequal weight of the two hemispheres is seen by the greater land mass being in the Eastern hemisphere. So it is clear that a great deal of the earth's volume was lost or the unbalancing of the earth would not have been brought about. So we conclude that great explosions— either those cited or one still greater—made the earth shift its land to new positions and locations. If it did such a gigantic task as that, it must have had to gyrate to a different position. Being a gyroscope it could do that and now let us see if it did.

To find this out we must see if the equator and poles are still in the same location. To learn this we look up all the known coal regions of the world, for we know that coal was formed from tropical forests. Therefore the coal mines should be along the equator. So we fit the sig-saw map of the world together and find that instead of the coal regions being along the present tropical belt, they were along the 90 degree meridian and extended on each side of the globe.

Thus, the world had changed its position. It had gyrated to a new angle and this in order to maintain its equilibrium. But with the unequal land mass of the two hemispheres it inclined on its axis 23½ degrees.

Since the earth had to gain or lose weight in order to gyrate to a new position, we look again at the world map and find that a large area of land belt is missing on the Pacific area. Judging the volume in proportion to the approximate area that was lost, it is seen that here was the possible cause of the gyration of the globe. But we do not know whether the weight of the lost portion was sufficient to cause that result. But we do know that if the portion missing was blown out by an explosion powerful enough to carry it beyond [illegible] of gravity to pull it back The moon is the only body large enough to correspond with the volume missing that is out there. So, the moon must be the missing part of the globe that when it left the earth caused the earth to gyrate and to incline on its axis and in turn brought about the seasons. And that being true the crater made by the moon was deep enough to reach the intensely heated interior of the earth there by providing a mighty caldron of heated water and vapor which in turn caused a mighty rain for 40 days and the over turning of the earth, and changing the tropical regions to po-



lar ones caused the glacial age. The former polar ice fields being then placed in tropical heat, moved away as icebergs until one reached Canada by way of the Pacific, another by way of the Atlantic to Labrador. Both of them were preceded by the ice sheet that formed over Canada when the polar cold began. As that ice field melted it was succeeded by the two glaciers that had moved onto Canada and had been stalled by the polar ice fields. As those two moved south ward and disappeared, the snow and ice held back by them in turn moved southward and melted away. Thus seemingly four glacial periods resulted from the creation of the moon and the flood.

So when Noah recorded the advent of the "two great lights" and that they should be for signs and seasons, days and years, he did not know that that "lesser light" had been the cause of the flood, glacial periods and well distributed coal mines.

In his notations for the fifth and sixth days he reports "great whales" in the sea and cattle on land. All the animals were mammals with the exception of the fowl and creeping things, probably lizards or serpents.

So we see that of the fifth and sixth days, were a geological period it was that of mammals, the very last of all the geological eras and therefore not the beginning of creation.

Then when he had completed his notations concerning the animals which had seemingly reminded him all along of the story of creation, he ends his sixth days notation with what seems to have been a quotation from his reading about creation for it is not only given here but also in verses 6 and 7 of Chapter IX, as if it were a favorite of his. "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

He continues this quotation as if it were a prayer or hope that God would bless him and his family as He had done the first couple.

Then in Chapter IX God did bless Noah and his sons and the verses 1-4 are almost perfect duplication of the words just cited as Noah's quotation from his reading of Creation. Thus it seems to be an answer to his hopes or prayer that he had expressed through his quotations in verses 28-30 of Chapter I.

Thus God's blessing and gift of all that the land and waters provided and the appearance of the rainbow as God's covenant with Noah that there should never be another world flood made the day a blessed and sanctified one.

Hence, it must have been the seventh day of his diary for he said, verse 3, Chapter II, "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from all his work which God had created and made.

Thus by combining Chapter IX with Chapter I and just preceding verses 2 and 3 of Chapter II we have the rest of Noah's diary of the first week of the New Year after the flood. And what a wonderful and beautiful day it must have been—that first Sabbath. Sunshine clear and bright such as they had never known before when mists prevailed, and a rainbow so lovely and mysterious and a promise from God—all in one, and God's blessing on him and his sons and that day for rest and a memorial to God.

So having re-assembled the following passages Gen. Chapter VIII: 13 to Chapter I, skip to Chapter IX, 1 to 18 then back to Chapter II: 2-3. We have what seems to me to be Noah's masterpiece—a diary of one of the greatest weeks in all history.

A WORD FROM HOME

MAIN STREET, DECATUR

Is It As It Was?

Ray Bowers tried soaking his hands at the Dairy to get the Old Base Ball Park (now garden) dirt off his hands and caught African Fever or something, so Bill has to do all the work, and with being not only a City father and raising a 7½ lb. private for future use, really is busy.

Frank Lanning has a collection of Cutters (vintage Gay 90's). Now looking for a horse.

Rusty Calbetzor was appointed by the Lions Club Sponsors of Boy Scouts as Scout Master. City Hall Headquarters, but now rediscovering the Island on Lake of the Woods for out-of-door recreation. Really is a boy's man.

Hap Haney hauling carrots, potatoes, etc., and assembling them in the Old Chevrolet building found time to bring down two deer (that might have been waiting for him) from the North.

The Kaplan family as always greeters for the general store—happy about it all.

Pennell still the original first run features at the Cozy—says he misses the pop-corn eaters of old—but enjoys the nice white snow and ice at Eagle Lake.

Bernie says the lights still burn at Dine's but the bunch is not the same.

Chief Red Woolfe, the actually busy man of the town, says he misses the midnight traffic but he and Maynard Southworth put on one with the fire truck by sliding into the ditch. Red reported nothing noticed on breaths; confirmed by the department.

Spike confidentially telling the boys to cheer up—the Island of Africa is different but interesting.

John Nutt wildly delighted to see Don and Del home on furlough, but now he is staying in for the duration on account of Tires on the Big Pontiac.

Tom Mahoney still active as a boy and serving Coast to Coast Soup and

St. Germaine still parking the car on main,—gas or no gas.

Elmer Adams, the old time Republican; now doing defense work while the Mrs. carries on.

Fred Brigham trying to do all the plumbing alone while the wife collects all of your pictures for the double window. (Some display, too.) Bud doing war work outside.

Irene Dyer, the exquisite tonsorial artist, keeps 'em happy and suggests patronizing the ladies' and kiddies' shop—all in the family.

The A & P and Kroger's still filling the windows with easy to read prices.

The Baker turning out the dough, but claims short on shortening.

Frank Hazzard trying to make out gas slips and policing the township at the same time.

Rud, Lucile and Mac at the Drug store full of information, with Christmas and New Year suggestions.

Dr. LaBarge specializing in children's teeth—now directing Boy Scout work—we believe to get help to put his fish house on the lake.

M-40 still the original stopping off place and the lights burn late.

Lester Snyder in Del's old stand making the headquarters for the old model T's and Chevy's burn with retreads.

Harvey still arguing with the bunch left that the gap left by you fellows can't be replaced.

Big Ed Buys brought Pa back for help when Roy Smith went into defense work.

Roy Slack with the store full of pretty girl clerks tries to keep Ircel's and Johnny's mind on their work.

Tommie Bass still watching Main Street as the oldest fixture there.

Bill Beek with another bunch of pretty girls trying to load the counters with "Not Made in Japan." And leading man on USO.

Levin, the original glad hand man, claims Decatur Main superior to Lawton, although they have a Defense Plant in the making at Lawton where most of our citizens expect to do Defense work (regardless of the salary.)

The Fox's Stamp and Bond headquarters still the active center, especially when BOB dashes in.

Dr's Bope and Greenman, the war horses of main street, trying to keep the population active on B cards.

Oscar Newell still doing the last RIGHTS. Quite happy about it since Weck, with his cane, does the dollar a year work in the County.

Brewer, the quiet barber, (excepting when Gale's crew lets loose) keeping the Home Guards cleaned up.

Tony, the Shoe repairer, a month behind with work, still wondering what's happening in Italy.

Gale practicing to be a sharp shooter, spent a few days in the Northern Peninsula seeing if the snow was like what we read about in Russia.

Grace Weeks still making life easier with Hallmark Cards, etc., with an occasional snap shot of the beautiful snow we now have plenty of.

Arba, the original newspaper man. (Main street, Decatur around the world with the Republican.)

The largest post office on Main functioning with Klinkers; while Major Herb Creagan helps distribute food and supplies to the service men.

Dr. Huyck still making false plates, but honest about it.

Earl Copley is busy financing Main street and wondering about the climate where Allan is.

Weaver, the ex-county sheriff, claims to be the best DRAW on Main street.

We all have smiles and laughs—but they are not so deep. We think of you, and Main street is lonesome—doing all possible to assist in reaching our goal. Charlie Dine.

DECATUR

Is It As It Was?

Chapter II

Our congenial Mayor, Charles Haefner, drifts slowly down Main Street, willing to advise you. Streets are all modernized, mostly black-topped; also street names on every corner. Road direct to Lake of the Woods pier (wonder where the Rod and Gun Club has gone.) The water works has new pump equipment. The whole is policed and ready for a quick black-out.

Charlie Ritter, ex-mayor and now Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal at the War Production Dept., Keeler may claim part of the credit for some of the above mayoralty accomplishments. (Has anyone seen a special white handled gun?)

Main street secretary, Attorney Grosvenor ready to take credit for all the Council's (what Council?) thoughtful work.

Jarious Hallock, the original land mark of Decatur and the only village water works superintendent still functioning in the old capacity.

Charlie Frye, another unforgetable land mark directing traffic at the public school.

Bob Davis of Michigan Gas and Electric Company, formerly scout master at Vandalia, now boosting Decatur.

Swihart, the politician and still doing the last rights.

Lou Taylor, the man who does the work with the new truck on our streets.

And after the old jalopies refuse to run, they bring them to Cecil Mahoney who starts them off like new.

Bessie at the library who chooses the books you should read but wonders why they don't make prompt returns.

Barker the barber, dreaming of oil wells and prosperity.

Ezra Planck of M. C. R. R. fame and Village Council knowledge with nothing to do but function as freight, baggage and ticket agent.

Schmidt, the jovial express agent with time out as part time village fireman.

Guy Curtiss, Decatur Elevator Company and friend of the farmer is so busy, he just can't get all of his bond coupons clipped or take on extra work, but can take time to tell questionable stories. With Dale holding out in the feed department.

Jim Hirst and Son wondering where all the lumber has gone. Jim watching activity at Lake of the Woods and Eagle Lake, hoping Chicago residents will take to Decatur for cover-up.

Carl Wickett with a corner on the country meat supply, but admitting sending five to ten cars of stock a week to Chicago and Buffalo. Also with Fred McWilliams rationing feed and coal.

The Schuur family and Peter Koops of celery fame, quietly cornering all of the celery this year.

The Becker company, muckland growers and sellers—and how! Still erecting warehouses for their celery, onions, etc. Increasing the population with brother Mexican and Southern help, all under the control of our pep enthusiast, Ben Weinman of Lions Club fame.

Archie McWilliams, gas station, taking a chance on how they drop and changing hundred dollar bills for our Keeler residents.

Cole Motor Sales, the change artists when it comes to getting yourself another car.

Bert Kidman, the original horse shoe artist and manufacturer of home design farm implements.

Dave Friedman, the new Osteopath, and Percy Harris the gas man holding down the corner location of Doctor Baker fame.

Frank Dodge, principal and dictator of not only the public schools, but rationing registrants at the Village school.

Old man Young of Standard Oil is

(Continued from first page)

making a come back after the retirement of Harley Smith, the original gas kid who has gone into defense work in Dowagiac.

Therald Oatman, the general Standard Oil distributor, this territory, wondering what has become of all the gas that was stored in washing machines, etc.

Baker, Kemp and Rudy, the three last chances west for gas. You know the British accent of Kemp, the only original Englishman of Decatur since Tom Culverhouse. And the two last stops east, Galehouse and Kelsey.

Herschel Morris, the original 35 mile an hour trucker.

Tom Vandergeest, the permanent dictator of village council fame.

Carl Warner, the Overland Grocery store, servicing country trade.

Archie Wiles and Andy Hinch trying to sidestep small electric and refrigeration work.

Jennie Borst, South Side Grocery and war worker.

Hubert Knoll, the Decatur Creamery—dispenser of butter.

Mrs. Helmer keeps us smiling with flowers while Leo does war work in Detroit.

Dan Gerow of Fix-It fame.

Clyde Fisher keeping them young by Chiropody.

Simmons and Graham, repairing and building. Graham, Squires and Palm painting them up.

These, with many others, such as Frank Stapleton, the man who put Decatur township on the good road program (although a slightly belligerent Democrat) still make up Decatur as is.

Chicago Pearson Pioneers

The Father and Mother of Ingeborn Pearson Olson were born in Norway in 1775, but came to Chicago in the early years of Chicago's history. When they died they were buried in what is now Lincoln Park, at North Ave., as my Uncle Iver Olson related to me in 1890. Iver Olson told me he got a letter from the Cemetery Association to come and help take up the remains of his Grand-Parents, and see where they will be buried in Graceland Cemetery. That letter he had received before our Civil War.

My father, A. S. Olson, his brothers Iver and Elias, (children) all less than 4 years, arrived in Chicago with their mother in 1841. Her name was Ingeborn Olson, a daughter of the Pearson pioneers who came here in the 30's. She was born in Norway in 1800, came here to Chicago because her parents were here with her three boys to support; their father had died in Norway. They lived at the Chicago Loop district. At times there was no water in the Chicago River and my Uncle Iver told me they played in the sand as he often recalled.

Iver, when a young man, told some friends one day he had bought some lots at Clark Street and Division. They told him it was too far out. He helped to build the first railroad out of Chicago, 10 x 12 inch timber, 16 feet long was the rail with a strap iron on top.

My father, A. S. Olson, when married worked in a chair factory.

My sister, Albertina Ayers, was born in 1861, I in 1864.

As the Civil War ended in April, 1865, father moved out of Chicago to the Prairies, 15 miles southwest of Kankakee City. No roads. Bottomland at $8.00 per acre; nearest neighborhood then was 5 miles. No roads, flocks of deer at our Prairie home, all night feeding at our haystacks, when the snow at times was 3 feet deep, and no feed for the deer.

When I war 5 or 6 years old, I well remember a neighbor plowing with 3 yoke of oxen.

Father started a colony there and year by year quite a lot of friends and relatives located on the rich soil in the Mississippi Valley.

Richard Duckworth, a slim, firm man served his country for four years in the Rebellion, bought an 80 at our corner. He built a 20 x 20 foot 2-story building—hogs, cows and horses were on the first floor; dining room and kitchen on second floor His Christian spirit was a Godsend to the neighborhood and his honesty in dealing with the farmers.

His farm soon proved to be a market center, for all kind of stock, which he bought. He built a house fitted to the plans of a lovely girl in the neighborhood whom he married. A boy was born, then later twin boys,—those boys unnamed for a long time. No name lofty enough for the occasion, so the names finally came—Peter Cooper Duckworth and Samuel Tildon Duckworth.

The father of the boys uppermost in leadership because the richest man in the county leaving a fortune of $500,- bought. He bought corn, oats, hay from the farmers—never sold a bushel or a ton. Had 100 fat cattle, ages from 3 to 4 years old, their weight 1400 to 1800 lbs., then ready for the market. As I earnestly saw them as a boy. He dominated over a great school of agriculture.

My father lived as a pioneer and broke up a wilderness fitted only to the barbarians. His colony and his roadside home still of dear memory,

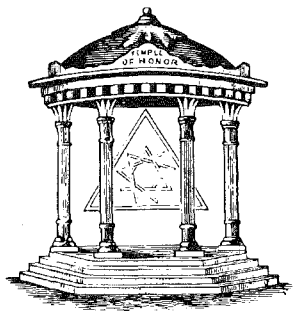
his monument just above the sweet clover tops—will rise to the memory of Albert" and wife Alice Olson, the foremost of the pioneers who settled in the wilderness in April, 1865. I, the youngest of the pioneers, one year three months old.

Ingeborn Pearson Olson, mother of A. S. Olson, now seven (7) generations, are scattered far and wide, living and dead. The 7th generation are twin girls, born in 1937, now reside in the state of Missouri. These twins have a distant relationship to Woodrow Wilson (former President) in marriage and blood.

Connecting up with the old Virginia stock of pioneers, who migrated into southwest Missouri in pioneer days, sharing in the agricultural wealth as before the coming of the transportation age, which yielded to the force and memory which made our midwest agricultural empire. A collection yet incomplete as over pioneer days in the success or failure of the adventure of mankind, will it be able to obtain in the economic life of the far-reaching question of how far our civilization will be able to march over the country-side in the struggle to strike down world autocracy.

Children of A. S. Olson and Alice Johnson Olson, are a daughter Albertina Ayers, sons are Henry E. (Elmer J., deceased), George A., and John P. Olson.

Compiled by Henry E. Olson, Chicago lawyer and historian, being the sixth generation of the Pearson pioneers.



THE ORDER OF EASTERN STAR

The Organizing of New Star Chapter No. 333, and a Few of the Happenings Since the Organization In the Old Masonic Hall Located Over the Carney Drug Store.

By Minnie C. Mosier, a Charter Member.

In the year 1904—38 years ago—a man named Ellsworth, better known as Charlie, came to Decatur to live. He was a good Mason and did love his lodge. The members of the F. and A. M. Lodge No. 99 at that time were all elderly men excepting one Charlie whose surname was Dine. He was master of the lodge and he longed for the companionship of some members of his own age. They therefore did conceive the idea of organizing an Eastern Star Chapter thereby interesting more of the younger men in Masonry, for the young ladies of Decatur wanted to be Stars, so, of course influenced their husbands and brothers to join the Masons.

The two men visited the families of the Masons and secured names enough and more than enough of those who were eligible to become members of an O. E. S. Chapter.

In the spring on the 19th day of April of 1904, the Worthy Grand Matron, Mrs. Mary Tubbs and Worthy Grand Patron, Lewis C. Goodrich, and thirty members of the Lawton Chapter came to Decatur to organize and install the officers who had been selected to fill the offices until the annual meeting. Thirty-two of those who wished to become members formed a half-circle around the altar and repeated the obligation after the Worthy Grand Patron. Then the Lawton Chapter went through the order of business and the initiation ceremony for the instruction of the new members. New Star Chapter No. 333 was declared duly organized to meet each month on the first Tuesday after the full of the moon. All retired to Stewarts Hall for a banquet. The members of Lawton Chapter returned to their home town by train about 12:30 in the morning.

In the fall of 1904 the same officers were elected to fill the stations. Sister Sherrod, W. M.; Brother Roberts, W. P. In December 1904 W. G. M. Mrs. Moore and A. G. M. Mrs. Emma Ocobock and members of the O. E. S. of Lawton and Dowagiac came to install the new officers. After the initiation of Mrs. Maude Hughes and Mrs. Fannie Thomas, refreshments were served and enjoyed by all.

During those first years there was a great deal of work to do but it was a labor of love as we were in need of many things in that old Lodge room. On the floor was an old bright red patched ingrain carpet. The pattern was of the Masonic emblems. In the southwest corner of the room was a Beckwith stove. The officers would meet in their homes for practice so as to save fuel and kerosene oil lights.

We worked to earn the money for the chairs for our Worthy Patron and points of our Star, and when it came time to entertain for our first county meeting the chairs for our officers and the Charter had to be moved from the third floor of the Carney building to our old Town Hall in order to have room for our guests. Soon after that it was decided by our Masons to hold a social meeting for the Eastern Star members and husbands, and Masons and wives. This meeting with a banquet was held in the Odd Fellows Hall for the purpose of planning the building and the furnishings of the room we occupy today.

When we had our Charter Member night about 25 years ago, it was recorded that we had about 152 members. Now some have other homes; some have withdrawn for different reasons; and others have gone to that city not made with hands, but they left a pleasant memory of their words of council and their cheerful help in every good work connected with the Chapter.

In the trying months to come our Chapter may feel quite disturbed. But our's is an Order that should stand as a light upon a nation's hill, a voice forbidding all that is ill; an inspiration in the land, a source of strength for all that's good, in Justice, Love, and Brotherhood.

THREE OLD TIMERS

Three fellow townsmen called at the Republican office at the same time last Friday morning. They were Fred Stern, 84 last July; Newell Phelps, who was 83 December 29, and Walter Brown, who will be 83 January 22. They are all old time residents of Decatur and community.

Fred Stern renewed his subscription to the Republican and said he had taken it 53 years. Andy Johnson was the editor when he began. We would like to know if the Republican has a subscriber who has taken the paper for a longer time.

Mr. Stern visited his brother in Chicago in the fall. The brother came over from Germany three years ago and he told our townsman some inside causes which led to the breaking out of this second World War which he will give to the Republican later.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Phelps gave a new Year's dinner in honor of the "Old Gang"— Hamilton township neighbors for many years. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Murl Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. Earnie Osborn, son Clayton, and son Donald and wife. It was a potluck dinner and a good one.

The Old Gang lived in the Bell district, and Mr. Phelps brought out the first school district record which he has kept for many years. He was director there three terms.

The Bell school was built in the fall of 1869 and this record was begun that same year.

Mrs. Abrams' mother, Ophelia Copley, and Mrs. Beulah Hemenway's mother, Jennie Perry, and Percy Nash, now Mrs. Seymour of Bangor, all taught there during the seventies.

May Duffin was the first teacher, in 1869, and Newell Phelps went to school to her. The ruling wage paid during the seventies was $40 a month.

Decatur's Young Orator

Olivet, Mich., March 11.—The man whose name is in everybody's mouth at Olivet today is Charles H. Mahoney, a colored student from Decatur, who Friday night delivered an oration on, "The Negro, a Man."

He is a member of the Junior class of the Adelphic Society, and his was the closing oration of the Adelphic public program.

Mahoney is a fine athlete, popular among his fellows, and one of Olivet's brightest men. His oration showed the difficulties under which the Negro labors, the injustice done him by his

white brother, and the results which must inevitably come if the present atitude is not changed.

Old professors say his speech was the finest ever given by a student here. Mahoney graduates in 1908, and although his future work is undecided, he will probably devote his life to the interests of his race.

The above dispatch and a picture of Charlie Mahoney was in the Detroit News Tuesday morning. Supt. Hungerford was present at the meeting and says the oration was one of the finest he ever heard.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Mahoney are justly proud of their son, as are his many Decatur friends.

EARLY DAYS OF M. C. R. R.

Charter Was Secured June 29, 1832, and Took 16 Years to Year Reach Dowaglac

The Michigan Investor says the Michigan Central was chartered June 29, 1832, under the name of tne Detroit & St. Joseph railroad. Six years later, February 3, 1838, the road was opened for traffic to Ypsilanti, and an excursion was run from De roit. On the return trip the engine gave out, and, as the road had but one engine, teams were procured to draw the train back to Detroit.

In 1839 the freight receip s averaged upwards of $300 per day, and it took until 1846 to complete the the road to Kalamazoo. In the latter part of that year the state, having expended $1,954,308 28, on the road, sold the road to a corporation for $2,000,000, and it required six years of further struggle to reach Chicago.

In fact, it took the road many years longer than that. The original charter called for the road to reach some point on the lake, and the state intended to go to St. Joe. When the company bought it they deflected to New Buffalo, their objective point being Chicago, but when they reached Michigan City they found the Michigan Southern strong enough with the legislature to keep them from getting a a charter from tne state of Indiana and it was years before they finally did get one. They went into Chicago upon leased lines in the meantime.

EARLY DAYS OF LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE

This is a welcome letter from Miss Laura N. Morris, daughter of Amos Morris and probably the oldest living former resident of Little Prairie Ronde. Miss Morris attained her 87th birthday the 16th of September. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Grace Vining Lisk and aunt of Mrs. Laura Vining Coleman to whom she refers.

Miss Morris' personal recollections of Little Prairie Ronde go back to the sixties and it will please the Republican as well as her many old time friends if she can spend more of her time in setting them down for the paper.

Hartford, September 21, 1942.

Kind sir,

I was much pleased with the nice writeup you had about my father's cane. I had kept track of it all these years since 1893 when he passed away.

Once when Laura was here she asked if I did not think it best to let you have it. I did not know who would care for it, and I told her yes, if she thought you would care for it. I am pleased it went to some one who will keep it.

I am going to write about someone's mistake. A lady wrote about the school house in Charleston, and said it was a church. That is where she made a mistake. The schoolhouse was often used for church services. I attended school there one summer when Miss Emma Hathaway was the teacher. She taught two summers. She was Benjamin Hathaway's youngest sister.

I think among the pupils was a little girl named Jannie. I remember Jannie as her father was poisoned when the Vigilantes were after horse-thieves on the Aunt Betsy Charles place, known then as the Greenman place.

Please overlook mistakes.

Laura N. Morris.

An Algonquin Legend

By Lowell W. Mattox

(500 years before Columbus came to America, the story goes, an Indian prophet traveled from tribe to tribe begging the warriors to cease to fight and unite against a new foe. He spoke these words, "Out of the rising sun shall come a great white monster who will devour the land. His words passed unheeded, but time has proved his prophecy true.)

This is an old, old story told to me
by the southern breeze,
As I sat on a lonely hill top and gazed
down at the scarlet trees,
And the purple maze of autumn rose
like a camp fire's breath
To tell of an Indian prophet, a lonely
Indian prophet, a tale of his life
and death.

He traveled afar in the forest and out
on the prairie so drear:
Traveled from village to village and
begged them his message to hear.
Dressed in white garments of buckskin
white was the wampum he wore,
And white were the plumes in his
headdress, the snow white plumes
in his headdress, to tell of the
message he bore.

Go bury your hatchet, my brothers,
and let all their strife be done.
A terrible white foe is coming from
out of the rising sun,
Bringing a deadly sickness and weapons
that rumble and roar,
Like the voice of the echoing thunder,
the terrible lightning and thunder,
coming in goodly number to drive
you back from the shore.

Loud they scoffed at his warning and
laughed at the camp fire side,
And his hair grew white like the snow
drifts, and he laid him down and
died.
But the Gitchi Manito spoke to him
from his throne in the sky so blue,
And he spoke in a voice of thunder, in
a voice of the rolling thunder—
and told of his judgment true.

Long have you carried my message
and suffered privation and grief;
So you shall come back in the autumn
in the moon of the falling leaf.
And the smoke from your burning
peace pipe shall descend to the
valleys low,
To carry your peaceful message thru
the vale of the Old St. Joe.

Now the Redman is broken and scattered, like a wind swept autumn
leaf,
And the war cry brings no longer its
message of terror and grief;
For Redman and Whiteman are fighting together the common foe,
Down in the tropic islands, the wind
swept tropical islands, fighting
again for freedom as he once did
long ago.

Gazing down at the winding river and
its curtain of smokey haze,
I thought I could see this prophet who
lived in the old, old days,
Smoking his red stone pipe—with his
smoking and ever hoping for the
message of love and peace,
In the month of dreamy October, in
the scarlet and golden October—
Smoking and ever hoping for the days
when wars shall cease.

Battling For Legacy In Chicago Court

Will of Muirl Klinger Howe Being Contested by Her Half Sister.

A battle of lawyers is waging in Chicago over the property of Muirl Klinger Howe, for many years a resident of Decatur.

Muirl died in Chicago in 1939 leaving a sizeable property variously estimated at from $30,000 to $50,000. She died a slow hard death of cancer, and a short time before it became necessary to remove her to a hospital, she willed her property to her landlord.

Her only near relative was a half sister, Opal Klinger Bridges, who is attempting to break the will.

Muirl's mother was Delia Howe Klinger White and her father was John Klinger. They were brought up on Little Prairie Ronde and were married in Cassopolis in 1877, when Delia was 17. John was working for Henry Morris at the time of the Mor-

ris murder in 1879.

They went north to the little village of Sand Lake in Kent county in the early eighties and a few years later Delia with her little daughter Muirl came back to Decatur.

John Klinger never came back to this community and the records show that he was married to Alice Stocking at Petoskey in 1887. Alice obtained a divorce from Klinger in 1899 and died in 1939. Opal was their only child.

Delia was married to Frank (Deacon) White at Cassopolis in 1888, and they lived contentedly together in Decatur until her death in 1936.

The attorneys can find no record of a divorce obtained by either John or Delia Klinger, and the outcome of Opal's suit depends in large part on her obtaining this record.

Two weeks ago J. B. Meyerling, representing the attorneys for the beneficiary in the will, made the trip north to Petoskey and Kent and came on to Cass and Van Buren counties, in an effort to find a record of the divorce.

His mission was not successful. He spent a day in Decatur interviewing old timers who might give him definite information, but none of them could. There are only a few left who can go back in personal recollections of Little Prairie Ronde 50 to 60 years ago, and there being no record it is quite evident that the divorce was not obtained in either Cass or Van Buren counties.

Last Friday Herbert G. Bantz, representing the attorneys for Opal, covered the territory to northern Michigan and back, and arrived in Decatur. He was seeking the same information and was likewise unsuccessful.

John Klinger, who was something of a rover, might have obtained the divorce in any county or state, and the record would be almost impossible to find.

Both investigators were deeply interested in the outcome of the search the first hoping that no divorce record existed and the second that it could be found.

The case is now up for trial the second time in a Chicago court. In the first trial the jury disagreed, 9 of the 12 jurors favoring Opal and 3 opposing her.

Perhaps when the lawyers and the courts have the case fought to a final decision the prize of the victors will not exceed the price of a good dinner.

FIRST FAMILIES OF LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE

One of the first settlers of 1829 was Samuel Morris who came from Ohio with his wife and six children. He built his home on the east side of Little Prairie Ronde on the finest land of that wonderful prairie. There were three sons and all remained on the prairie except John, who sold his farm and went to Kansas. Levi Lawrence bought this farm which later was the Pollock farm.

Elias Morris, who died a few years since, owned the former Sam Morris estate. The son Dolphin was a very energetic man and he accumulated quite a fortune. Dolphin was a devout Methodist and organized the society which met in Charleston. His farm was a mile long and consisted of 320 acres. Wheat, oats and corn were raised. Wheat brought $3.25 per bushel at that time.

Dolphin and wife were the parents of eleven children. In this family is recorded the greatest tragedy in the history of the prairie when Henry, the 4th son, with his wife were murdered at their home in the year of 1879. Henry Morris and wife were highly respected and the mystery of the object, and cause of the tragedy was never discovered.—F. B. in Marcellus News.

CAME TO HAMILTON IN 1836

H. N. Geer One of the Earliest Settlers in the Township

Henry N. Geer was born in Connecticut, May 8, 1833, and died at the home of his son near Prospect Lake in the township of Lawrence, December 29, 1907, aged 74 years, 7 months and 12 days. He was married May 8, 1861, to Calista Osborn, who died in October, 1901, since which time he has made his home with his children. Their family consisted of three sons and one daughter, all of whom are living, namely: Charles, whose home is in Decatur; Wilton, near Prospect Lake; Mrs. Addie Goble of Decatur, and Elisha of Fargo, North Dakota. He also leaves six grandchildren.

Seven years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, since which time his health has been frail. The second and fatal stroke came just one week before his death. He was an industrious citizen, a kind husband and father, and possessed a genial and pleasant disposition.

The funeral was held at the home of his son Wilton, Tuesday afternoon, December 31st, Rev. F. G Varney officiating. The Masonic lodge of Decatur, of which order Mr. Geer was an old and faithful member, attended in a body and conducted the Masonic burial service at the grave. Burial was in Hamilton cemetery.

The passing of this aged friend seems a fitting occasion for a brief backward glance into the pioneer days of the country. He was one of a family of twelve children, of whom Oliver, residing in South Dakota, is the only one living. Their father, Elisha Geer, came from Connecticut and located on section 20 in Hamilton in 1836, one year after the first land entry was made in the town by Robert Nesbitt. Eight years later he sold to Stephen Osborn and removed to section 28, where he carried on the business of coopering, and where he remained until his death.

Two brothers, Prentice and George Geer, came to Hamilton township about the same time. Thus we see that the deceased was identified with the early history of the town and community, and with the exception of a very few years his entire life has been passed in Hamilton. He bore his share of the hardships and privations that fell to the lot of the early settlers, the nature and extent of which we cannot now dwell upon.

A few more years will pass away; a few more times the death message will be sent abroad, and then, of the small number who now recall the scenes and incidents of those early times, none will be left.

LIKE AN IRISHMAN.

An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, stopped to inquire of an Irishman who lived in a certain house they were just passing.

The Irishman replied: "That is Mr. O'Hare's house, and if he had lived until tomorrow he would be one week dead."

WAITING FOR HIM.

"When are you going to fix that front fence, Hiram?" said the farmer's wife.

"Oh, next week, when Silas comes home from college."

"But what will the boy know about fixing a fence, Hiram?"

"He ought to know a heap. He wrote me that he'd been taking fencing lessons for a month!"

Christian Science War Relief Work

The Christian Science War Relief Committee of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, which was established in September, 1940, has recently released its second annual report. This shows that it now has more than 1500 branch units active in the United States of America besides many more in Great Britain, Canada, Australia and the Union of South Africa.

The Committee has assembled since Pearl Harbor over 60,000 pounds of durable clothing and bedding, in waterproof, wooden cases, at convenient locations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, ready for instant use should emergencies arise because of local enemy action.

More than 32,000 garments have been distributed, through military distribution centres, to men in the United States forces. A large British transport vessel which had arrived from tropical waters and was being repaired at Boston received 100 overcoats for officers. Folding cots have been given to overcrowded seamen's clubs. Civilians arriving in the United States suffering because of war conditions or action have been provided with clothing and other forms of relief. Among them are refugees from the Far East, who landed in California; and merchant seamen rescued from ships torpedoed along the Atlantic coast have been similarly cared for. This work is carried on by the Committee without regard to creed or race.

One of the most impressive branches of the work from the start, before America entered the war, has been the distribution of clothing and comforts to bombed-out people in Great Britain and to refugees from Holland, Norway, Russia, Poland, Belgium and other European countries. Clothing has gone direct from Boston to Russia, and knitted goods have been sent there from branches of the Committee in

England. One example is the preparation, within six weeks, of 1820 knitted garments for the Russians. Overseas workers have won the commendation and co-operation of local authorities by their prompt arrival on the scene of trouble. In cities heavily bombed, such as Plymouth, Coventry, Bristol, and Southampton, they have got there with food and clothing, ready to go to work, even before the "All Clear" sounded.

THE GYPSY'S WARNING

(Copied for Republican readers by Nellie Truesdell.)

Do not trust him gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Gently pleading at thy feet;
Now thy life is in its morning,
Cloud not this thy happy lot;
Listen to the gypsy's warning,'
Gentle lady trust him not.

Do not turn so coldly from me,
I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and withering power,
I would only tell the truth,
I would shield thee from all danger,
Save thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady shun that dark eyed stranger,
I have warned thee—now beware.

Lady once there lived a maiden,
Pure and bright and like thee fair,
But he wooed and wooed and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care;
Then he heeded not her weeping
Nor cared he her life to save.
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Keep the gold, I do not wish it,
Lady I have prayed for this,
For the hour when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss;
Gentle lady do not wonder
At my words so cold and wild,
Lady, in that green grave yonder
Lies the gypsy's only child.

ANSWER TO GYPSY'S WARNING

Lady do not listen to her,
Trust me, thou shalt find me true,
Constant as the dews of evening
I will ever be to you;
Lady I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy tender heart with woe,
Trust me lady and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
At early morn a lonely stranger
Goes and lingers many hours;
Lady, he's no heartless stranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady do not heed her warning,
Place thy soft white hand in mine,
For I ask no fairer laurels
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonbeams brighten
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

THE LADY'S REPLY

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the willows bend and weep,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
Stranger, why this vigil keep?
Why go there alone and early
Morning flowers there to strew?
Did you love in truth so dearly?
Do you mourn as others do?

Stranger I've been thinking sadly,
How she's in her cold grave sleeping,
Innocent her love, who gladly
Heard fair words, built hopes thereon;
How you promised, wooed and won
By the river's moaning wave,
How the willows now are weeping
O'er the maiden's early grave.

Stranger I will heed the warning,
Coming from that river-side:
Flowers you strew there in the morning
I'll replace at even-tide.
And we'll walk no more together;
For the gypsy tells me true,
Mourns her child in tears that smother
Every kindly thought of you.

The Passing of Mrs. Henry Byers

The last member of the family of the first couple married in Van Buren county died in Tacoma, Washington, at the age of 90 years, 2 months and 22 days.

Nancy Clarinda Byers, daughter of Elija and Eliza Goble, was born in Charleston, Little Prairie Ronde. She was named for her maternal grandmother, Nancy Morris Tittle, sister of Dolphin Morris, the first white settler in Van Buren county. Her father, Elija Goble, was credited with the discovery of Little Prairie Ronde, which later became the birthplace of all nine of the Goble family.

Clarin Goble, as she was known as a girl, was the youngest of the four Goble girls, later known as Mrs. Zerelda Warner, Mrs. Arrenah Fuhrman and Miss Isabell Goble. There was one brother younger, Lewis Cass Goble, who died at the age of 12 years.

In 1873 she married Henry A. Byers, the son of a Michigan pioneer, and that year both united with the Decatur Methodist Episcopal church.

To them were born three sons: Burton, Wilbur and Harley. Some time after marriage they went to Texas and resided there for about two years. Then they returned to Decatur and when the youngest son was about 16 years of age they moved to Washington state, where they remained for many years. There her husband died, and wishing to be near her sister she came back to Michigan where she made her home for six years with her sisters, Mrs. Arrenah Fulurman and Isabell Goble. During that time her eldest sister, Mrs. Warner, passed away and her son Burton was accidentally killed. Soon after that her health began to fail and she decided to return home to her sons, Harley and Wilbur, in Tacoma, Wash. Then, or four years later, her sister Isabell died and a few months after her son Wilbur was found dead in bed from a heart attack.

Though saddened by her several losses of her nearest relatives she still maintained a cheerful outlook and for the last sixteen years has had a comparatively happy old age at the home of her son Harley and wife and their two children, Dorothy and Glenn.

She retained her affiliations with the Methodist church as long as she was able to attend and much of her happiness of her last years was made possible by the thoughfulness of those kind friends which her church membership had made possible.

But even kind friends could not have sufficed during the long trying last months of her stay on earth. Only the love and care of a devoted son and just as devoted a daughter-in-law could fulfill that need, and they did until she no longer recognized them. Then she was removed to the hospital where she could have the care that only nurses and hospital facilities could provide. Then she passed away August 31, 1942.

Old friends who had formerly lived near Decatur who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Selby and Mrs. Byron Bradly.

She leaves one son, Harley E. Byers, two daughters-in-law, Mrs. H. E. Byers of Tacoma and Mrs. Burton Byers, Vandalia, Mich.; three granddaughters and five grandsons; one brother-in-law, Charles Byers of near Decatur, and one cousin, Mrs. Laura Powers, Detroit, Mich.

She could have said as did the Apostle Paul: "I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith. I have finished my course."

Historical significance of the two life-times of a father and daughter:

In reading this brief account of the life of one of Michigan's pioneer daughters, the achievements of those years of Van Buren county and particularly of Little Prairie Ronde stand out more forcibly than they would otherwise, for within the span of life of that one family is the entire history of Little Prairie Ronde, and almost all of that of Van Buren county. And when we go further afield for the historical significance of space of time covered by the life-times of the father of this family and the last member of it we are struck by the comparative growth of our state and nation, for when Elija Goble was born in 1805 our nation was only 29 years old. When his first child was born our state was still a territory. Thus the lives of these two people, a father and daughter, have covered all but 29 years of our country's history as a nation, and all of our state's history as a state. So, when we stop to think of the tremendous progress that has been made in the span of just two people's lives we are more than ever impressed with the power of democracy and its capacity for bringing forth a great people. The old giant story of the seven leagued boots reads like a midget story in comparison with the vast strides that have been made by both our state and nation within two life times. And that not withstanding that during that period seven wars have been waged in which our country participated—the War of 1812, the

Black Hawk War, in which Elija Goble served as a captain, the Mexican War, The Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the World War I and the present one.

Professor Goddard Of U. of M. Dies

His Wife, Who Was the Former Lillian Rosewarne of Decatur, Passed Away 3 Years Ago.

Ann Arbor.—Emeritus Professor Edwin C. Goddard, whose home was also home, at various times, to more than 100 students whom he had provided with free board and lodging during their college days died last Friday in University hospital.

He was 77 years old and had been with the faculty of the University of Michigan law school for 35 years.

Prof. Goddard first came to the university in 1885, as a student, receiving his Ph. B. degree four years later. From 1889 to 1895, when he was recalled as an instructor in mathematics, he served as a high school principal in Saginaw.

He completed his law studies in 1899 and became a member of the law school faculty in that year. The university accorded him his professorship in 1917.

He found time, apart from his academic work, for many and varied off-the-campus activities. He was a member of the original committee appointed to study proposals for the beautification of the Huron river valley and the development of its recreational resources.

He also served as a director of the Farmers' & Mechanics' bank until its merger in 1936 and as a trustee of the Board of Education.

Prof. Goddard likewise was affiliated with many clubs and organizations. He was a past president of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club, a leader in the Emeritus Club of Michigan Alumni, a member of both state and normal bar associations and of the U. of M. Club. He wore the keys to two honorary fraternities, Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Delta Phi.

Prof. Goddard married Lillian Rosewarne, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Rosewarne, one of the pioneer families of Little Prairie Ronde. The wedding took place about fifty years ago in the pleasant Rosewarne home, now the home of Vivian Rosewarne, grandson of the original owner. The couple had met when both were students of the University. Mrs. Goddard preceded her husband in death about 3 years ago. Prof. Goddard was an occasional visitor here during the many years that the older generation of relatives were in their prime. He was a splendid citizen and made lasting friends here and wherever he went.

Upon the death of her father Miss Katherine Rosewarne, sister of Mrs. Goddard, became a member of the family and still resides in the household.

Funeral services were held in Ann Arbor at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon and the Misses Kate and Lana Kern were present from Decatur.

History of Fritzburg.

In September of the year 1837 the now famous city of Fritzburg was first brought before the world, although at that early date the founder little thought that the wild place in the wilderness would some day become a popular city.

Sixty-seven years ago Henry Coleman, father of Jerome Coleman, later a Decatur attorney, came to the present site of Fritzburg and thinking it a model place to start a town erected a fine two story structure and called it a tavern.

At that time there was but one main thoroughfare across Michigan and it passed his tavern. It was the stage line from Detroit to St. Joseph and there was a large amount of travel.

He did a rushing tavern business and soon added a store and the Postoffice

The tavern and its beautiful surroundings attracted the attention of stage drivers who were stopping at Keeler. The Keeler tavern was passed by and Brown's Tavern as Mr. Coleman's hotel was known, became their regular stopping place. Business was prosperous with the tavern for a long time and then a man by the name of Chas. N. Poor added to the property and wealth of the village by building a blacksmith shop. He did a thriving business for a number of years and then sold out. The shop was later moved to the site of the shop now owned and operated by Blacksmith Ferguson.

Mr. Coleman did a good business for a number of years and then sold the combined tavern and store. It passed from one to another until the prosperous business built up by its founder went to ruin. The building was then sold to Sanky Phelps who moved it to what is now 111 Brown street, to be used as a barn.

John Brown once owned the tavern and made money in it in a way not usually followed in ordinary business. He conceived the idea of making money out of lead and conducted a successful U. S. mint until a few sharp men caught him at it and the business busted. John Brown went to Jackson for a few years and afterwards died.

From 1875 to 1890 the town could have properly been named "The Deserted Village," then Mr. Fritz came along, erected a new building and opened a department store. The village was named Fritzburg and to day there is not a more enterpersing city on the Territorial Highway

Jennie Mallory

1865-1942

Miss Jennie Mallory, daughter of he late Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mallory, as born in Brownsville, Cass coun-y, July 4th, 1865. She passed away at ie age of 76 years at her home after illness of two weeks.

When she was two years old her mily moved to Hamilton township, here she spent the most of her life.

1892 she took up a claim in the ate of Washington and lived there years, then returning to her home Michigan. Four years ago she oved to Decatur, where she and her ster Della have made their home.

Miss Jennie and her sister started the Methodist Sunday school when ey were little girls and have at-nded through the years as they were ble. Jennie was a member of the amilton Grange for years.

Miss Jennie put much into life and return received as much. Her hob-ies were a great delight to her and lso to others. She has made a num-er of very interesting books of old oems and took pleasure in drawing, eaving some fine pictures. Besides his she gave time to taking and mak-ng interesting Kodak pictures.

For the last two years she has not een well and these hobbies were a omfort and diversion to her.

She leaves to mourn their loss an nly sister, Della, and many old riends who will always treasure her nemory.

"There is in friendship something of all relations, and something above hem all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world."

Funeral services were held at Newell and Son's funeral home at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon. Rev. Earl I. Prosser officiated and burial was in Lakeside cemetery.

OF COURSE THEY KNOW MAHONEY'S SOUP

The Gem,
Decatur, Mich.
Oct. 26, 1942.

S/Sgt. Tom Brucks,
Gardner Field, Calif.,
328th Schl. Sq. Sp.

Dear Tom:

Thanks for the ad. The Irish are in there ladling—and it isn't Heinz and it isn't Campbell's — you've guessed it—MAHONEYS FAMOUS VEGETABLE SOUP with no priorities—and since that last edition of The Decatur Republican rolled off the press, they're swarming in from all corners in spite of thirty-five miles per hour and vanishing rubber.

Too bad you soldiers don't get around more. Mahoney's Soup was famous on the coast forty years ago and still going strong! Only you've got to know where to find it. If you see a place that looks like class—that's it—Mahoney's Famous Soup!

Say, Tom, when did you kiss this Blarney Stone? You have what it takes. Best to yourself, Bill and George.

Good luck, soldier. When there's a better soup on the market, T. F. will brew it. Keep 'em flying,

T. F. Mahoney.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER

C. W. Morgan brought the Republican a copy of the Republican of May 11, 1899. He is the husband of Hazel Keyes Morgan of Kalamazoo and found the paper when cleaning out the attic of Mrs. Ely Keyes' home on Pine street. They found some very old papers there. Ely Keyes came here from Colon and some of the papers had been saved from the days of his grandfather.

They found book entries where the grandfather had worked for 40 cents a day, and one of 6 days work, $2.47. Eggs were quoted at 6 cents a dozen and butter, 8 cents a pound. The elder Keyes sold a flock of 40 sheep for $62.

In the real estate transfers appears the sale of the George Keyes farm of 40 acres to Geo. W. Congdon for $2,000.00.

Jay Dodge sold his farm of 120 acres just west of the village to J. H. Teller for $3,600.

The death of Sarah Fate Botts, 43, was reported. She was survived by her husband and two sons. Her funeral was held in the Free Methodist church, Rev. C. Paige officiating, and the burial was in Lakeside cemetery.

The Once Thriving Village of Charleston

IT FLOURISHED IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES, BUT NOW ALL THAT IS LEFT OF IT IS THE CEMETERY.

(Through the kindness of Mrs. Chas. Ruple, the Republican is able to present here a brief history of the extinct village of Charleston which once threatened to outshine the village of Decatur. Mrs. Ruple was before her marriage Mary Ickes. She was a daughter of the late John Ickes and her ancestors were long time residents of this community.

Mrs. Ruple has a scrap book filled with interesting stories, items, poems and recipes. In the scrapbook is a story of Charleston dated at Dowagiac March 31, but the year is not given. It probably was a feature story written by a special reporter for a city paper.

There is at the present time no land mark to indicate that the village of Charleston ever existed. It may be that the Daughters of the Revolution of Dowagiac have the erection of a marker under consideration.)

DOWAGIAC, Mich., March 31.—(Special)—Cities rise and wane, and the forgotten city or village of Charleston, located in what is now the center of a farming section in the northern part of Cass county has disappeared with the rise of other and more substantial communities.

Charleston, in about 1845 to 1860, was a flourishing village of more than 300 inhabitants and a visit to the site of the village today would show interested chronographers only the remains of a few broken buildings and a cemetery. Near this burial ground a church and a thriving community located on the Kalamazoo-Niles stage coach line once gave much promise.

Time and the building of both railroads through other nearby communities sent Charleston, Mich., off the map. Old time maps show the village on the stage coach road but maps published after 1875 failed to carry it.

Musician Recalls Dances

John Johnson, veteran Marcellus musician, can remember when he rode out from Marcellus to play for dances at the old taproom dance hall located at Charleston.

In the summer of 1828 four pioneers, Elijah Goble, Samuel Rich, Jonathan Gard and George Toney, all settlers of Franklin county, Indiana, started north through the forests in search of an uncrowded and unhampered location for their families and a place for the furtherance of development that would satisfy their longing for new scenes.

They were all hunters and fishermen and feared little objection from the few Indians they expected to encounter.

One hot June day, when it was discovered that the camp, located several miles east of Dowagiac, was out of meat, Toney started out to replenish the depleted larder. He had not gone far from the camp when he sighted a deer and wounded it at the first shot from his muzzle-loading rifle. He followed the dying animal north until he suddenly broke through the forest into a beautiful prairie of some 200 acres.

Gard's Prairie

Delighted with his surroundings he dropped his gun and throwing both arms wide, shouted, "This is mine." This little break in the woods is now known as "Gard's prairie" and is inhabited by a few descendants of the original settlers.

Three miles to the northeast the explorers came upon another and larger prairie. Elijah Goble was in the lead of the party at that time, and to him is given the distincion of being the discoverer of the spot. This prairie became one of the most flourishing of Michigan farm lands in the years following the discovery, and is known today as Little Prairie Ronde.

Some time after the discovery, the hardy pioneers led by Goble who was but 23 at the time, took up homesteads of 160 acres each near the sections discovered by Toney and Goble. Elijah's claim was located on what is now Charleston, the forgotten city of Michigan.

Goble and his companions returned to Indiana for their families and later settled the near by land.

Taproom Popular

The Charleston hotel was built by Goble and he ran the hostelry for more than 20 years. The stage coach line from Kalamazoo and Detroit, south to Niles and Chicago ran through Charleston.

The Goble house was known along the stage line as a haven of gayety and homeliness. The taproom was popular in the territory and the homes and other stores which made the city were built nearby.

A small church and a burial ground were planned and built. The cemetery was surrounded by small evergreen trees. This fringe of trees still stands.

Other business places that were built and thrived in Charleston in the '30s, '40s and '50s were the Morris & Clifton store, the Clark Morris blacksmith shop, Daniel Fox's saloon, a cooper shop, a dry goods store handled by a Mr. Herrick, and a doctor's office.

First Physician

A Dr. Chatfield came from the east to settle at Charleston. An investigation of the stones in the Charleston graveyard this spring showed that Dr. Chatfield succumbed to one of the many cases of ague and fever that swept through the section and died on March 8, 1847.

A Dr. Hudson followed D. Chatfield as the town physician and remained at the town until he foresaw the death of the community and removed to Chicago in 1855.

The earliest death in the community recorded on a tombstone in the cemetery is that of John S. Goble, thought to be an infant son of the founder of the town, in October, 1836.

Elephants Walk In

Traveling shows frequently visited the little village, and at one time the great Van Amberg circus and menagerie were there. The long famous Forepaugh's circus stopped at Charleston and the elephants walked overland from Kalamazoo. Yankee Robinson, pioneer circus man, brought his show there and records indicate that the performances played to packed tents.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLESTON

A few months ago Dana Smith of Paw Paw sent the Republican pictures of the last two houses that formed a part of the extinct village of Charleston. A note of the gift was printed at the time and it interested the residents and former residents of that locality.

At our request Mrs. Guy Rutherford wrote the following account of the last days of Charleston:

I don't feel equal to writing about Charleston as I was a newcomer to this side of town, but will say when we moved onto the L. L. Morlan farm in 1919 there was a family by the name of Beach living on the north side of the road just east of the Charleston cemetery. One of the children is living now in Calvin township.

As to the pictures you have the one that there are two views of, was on the corner on the south side of the road nearly opposite the house occupied by the Beach family. I think it was occupied at one time by Frank Denise and family and was off the land now owned by Ezra Rutherford. He has named his farm in honor of the village, calling it Charleston

Acres.

The third picture is of the once home of the Jacob Morlans. The late Jay Morlan and his first wife lived in it at one time. The house was located south of the barn on the Ezra Rutherford farm that is near the Harold Rutherford home. About 15 years ago it was occupied by a family by the name of Whitfield. I believe that was the last family to occupy the house.

Ezra Rutherford bought the farm and later tore down what was left of the building and thus Charleston died. Mrs. Guy C. Rutherford.

When we think of Charleston we think of the poem, "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith. It is a long poem, but well worth a full reading. These few lines show the pathos and beauty of the whole:

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where wealth and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please:
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

* * * *

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn."

The Lake of the Woods Camp

Back in 1900 this was the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Youells. It is now the location of the "Lake of the Woods" and "Greenwoods" Camps, ideally located on the shore of Lake of the Woods.

By Fred W. Green

At the request of the editor a visit was made to the Lake of the Woods Camp which entertains both boys and girls. The camp has been in operation nine years.

This camp was originally the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Youells. They conceived the idea of building a camp there and began the entertainment of summer visitors on a small scale.

But it was I. Louis Greenberg, with the able assistance of Mrs. Greenberg, who converted the property into the flourishing recreation project that it is today. It has taken a vast amount of hard work but success has crowned their efforts.

Shrubbery and trees were planted around the cottages and they are now showing the vision and careful planning of that more than ordinary man who laid out the camp.

Today it is a very attractive place. It is ideally located on the west shore of the lake and from the satisfied looks of the visitors it is certain they are pleased with their selection of a summer camp.

There are really two camps, one for the boys and one for girls, but they are both under the management of Mrs. Greenberg, who since the death of her husband has had full charge and responsibility for the undertaking.

It is interesting to note how the young people residing there employ their time. Every outdoor activity imaginable is provided for their enjoyment. A stable of riding horses is at their command, archery and tennis courts, croquet, rifle ranges, and of course, swimming, provide them the recreation they desire.

All of the activities are supervised by a councilor who is a competent instructor.

The Victory garden and miniature farm are worthy of special mention. Here the boys and girls learn to make garden and to do farming. I saw the boys and girls out loading hay as though they had been at it for years. They enjoyed it, made fun out of the work and at the same time were doing something constructive and useful in helping to feed the nation.

The seriousness of the work is impressed upon the guests. They are told in a way not to scare them that something out of the ordinary is going on in our country, that it needs their help and that even in raising a garden they are making of themselves useful citizens.

The meals served at the camp are also worthy of mention. They are simple and substantial. The bases are milk, fruit, meat and bread, with dainty salads and desserts. That is about what we eat at home. Can you imagine anything better?

Mrs. Greenberg was amused when I asked her how her guests are secured. Her answer was simply this, "Mr. Green, I don't know. One tells another, and they write for particulars. When the saturation point is reached, well, it is liable to bring disappointment to those who make inquiry after that."

This year the applications were more numerous than in past years. The parents are absorbed in war activities and are glad to send their children to Lake of the Woods Camp where they know they will be contented and well cared for.

Mrs. Greenberg informed me the help problem is a big one every year, but so far this year no annoyances have cropped out. All enjoy living at the camp and are glad to stay there until the first of September when the camp closes for the year.

The work is then over for all but Mrs. Greenberg. You all know what shutting up a house is when you go away. Well, try shutting up a camp and see the many problems that come up and must be solved.

Nature studies and health are studies of major importance in the camp, and little or no persuasion is needed to interest the campers in them.

The death of her husband was a hard blow to Mrs. Greenberg, but the estate demanded her undivided attention, and she plunged unhesitatingly into the hard work ahead and it proved, as hard work generally does, to be the best thing for her. Today she is the picture of health and reasonably certain of a bright future for Lake of the Woods Camp.

This further information about the Camp was compiled by Della Mullinex, reporter for daily papers,—

In 1934 Mr. and Mrs. Louis Greenberg bought the 54 acre farm which comprises the camp. Mrs. Greenberg, who manages it now, founded the Jewish Big Sister movement in Chicago.

The camp opened June 30 with an enrollment of 57 boys and 91 girls, ranging in ages from 5 to 16 years.

There are 28 cottages, besides separate dining halls, a hospital unit and recreation parlors.

The staff consists of 40 persons, including two doctors, Dr. P. S. Neuber of Chicago and his wife, who is also a doctor and nurse, special teachers and counselors, of which there is one to every 12 children. Each group has their own separate cottage.

Directors are: Philip Chapman, instructor at Northwestern University, and Miss Rosalind Joffe, physical educational instructor at Parker High school in Chicago.

Each year has found many improvements in the cottages, various halls and playgrounds.

79th Anniversary of First Baptist Church

By C. C. Evans

The 79th anniversary of the founding of the First Baptist church of Decatur, held August 30 was a grand success.

The service began at 3 o'clock with singing by the Chain Lake choir. The prayer was by Rev. C. H. Chappell of Chicago; scripture reading by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Slaughter of East Decatur.

The address of welcome was by Mrs. Fannie Allen and the response by Rev. J. K. Earley of Kalamazoo. The guest speaker was Rev. R. A. Shaw of Elkhart. The presentation of a reconditioned Bible given many years ago by Brother D. S. Brown, was made by his daughter, Mayme Jackson, and it was received by Deacon Robert Lennox.

Many friends were present from Chicago, Benton Harbor, Kalamazoo and adjoining towns. Mrs. Dorothy Brown Elliott gave a good talk and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

Other visitors and friends of the church were present from Battle Creek, Detroit, Dowagiac and Chicago.

I am adding a bit of reminiscence to this historical institution. When these old pioneers were hewing out timber to erect the church in the year of our Lord, 1863, the Battle of Get-

tysburg was in progress. So as the ax rang out in the Michigan forest the federal siege guns were belching forth fire at this great battle which was the turning point of the Civil War.

Incidents like this come and go and are finally forgotten, but the establishing of religious institutions such as the First Baptist Church of Decatur will live after bronze and marble have crumbled away.

The Education of the German Youth Under Hitler

By Mrs. Louis Loeser

Foreword

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Loeser arrived in Decatur total strangers the first of January, 1941. They were out looking for a farm and chanced to see the sign "For Sale" on the Berchaney farm at the foot of Fifield hill. At once it seemed to them it was their farm, and they were not long in making the purchase.

They have entered into the life of the community and show in many ways their appreciation of being in America and their desire to be good representative citizens.

Knowing that they are intimately acquainted with life in Germany and the purposes of its Fuehrer, we asked Mrs. Loeser for a story of life under Hitler. She very kindly complied with the request, and every American who reads what she has written in this paper should have a greater appreciation of his great good fortune in being born a citizen of the United States.

At our further request she wrote this brief account of their coming to the United States:—

I left Germany with my husband in August, 1938, and arrived in the U. S. A. in September, 1938, after we visited with relations in France and in England.

I was born in Stuttgart, close to the Swiss border and lived there all my life except for 3 years when I learned and worked on different farms in our vicinity.

I left with my husband because of Anti-Jewish persecution, and because our lives were not safe anymore, and we didn't have any possibility of earning a living.

We had in our mind since the time the question of an emigration arose, that to the U. S. A. would be the only country we wished to go. Luckily American relations provided us with the necessary affidavits.

Since this time our both parents, friends and relations are scattered all over the world, except for my brother who is living in Boston with his family.

We didn't see our parents since the time we left Germany. Luckily my parents are in Switzerland waiting anxiously for the war coming to an end, so that they can join us over here, and we all can live a happier and more normal life.

We ourselves don't have any close relations in Germany. We too hope that towards the end of next year we will be able to get our citizenship papers, and this indeed will be then one of our happiest days we have known for a long, long time.

We love our new home country and everything that was seems to be like a black dream, from which we wake up and find ourselves in a world every human being longs for. The things that happened to us can never be forgotten and there never can be a reconciliation with the people who destroyed the vrey roots of our family and everything we hold dear.

Our greatest wish is now, to be able to show the people here, that we are worth their confidence in giving us a new chance for a life that can be so wonderful if one just takes the chance one is given in a country like the U. S. A. We are thankful for that chance and therefore put our whole strength in our work, that it might help to win this war.

The Education of the German Youth Under Hitler

The following will be pretty hard to understand for everybody who loves freedom and all what goes with it. It is hard for me to understand that things like Hitler is preaching for, ever could be made so true, that it frightens every human being, especially now, since I learned the truth of a great country and its principles. It makes it a little easier because I have the knowledge and the faith, that life can be different, if we the people, want it so.

This is the greatest difference between the people of the United States and the people of Europe. It was even before Hitler or Mussolini ever were known. Naturally not as drastic as it is now. Nevertheless there never is another country that has a government: by the people, for the people and to the people. So whatever I tell you, this fact has to be considered.

The Hitler Youth

Nowadays you read so many articles about the German youth, or better known as the Hitler youth. Things you shudder about, things you can't believe or don't want to believe because they are so utterly against humanity. And still I lived through it, I know the things you hear are true, because they happened all around me, until I finally had the luck to come over here. Now I try to forget what was and I am eager to learn from this country, and I pray that some day the whole world acknowledges what wonderful rules and principles the people of the United States are living for.

You see over there when a baby is born, his or her life is already fully lined out and it has to live up to it. Just as much as it is the duty for each mother, if rich or poor, and no matter how young or how old, just so that they can have children, they have to have them. This is the first rule each woman has to live up to, if she wants to be a good citizen and the pride of her fatherland.

These mothers have all the privileges a government can give to its people. They have the knowledge that whatever happens to their husbands, if they have any, or to themselves, there always will be a welcome room for their babies. They get all the food and clothing they need, and they don't have to worry where the money comes from for their keep, and they know that the children get all the proper training the government asks for.

The Baby Belongs to Government

The baby really belongs to the parents only until it is big enough to go to "Kindergarten". This is the only time the parents can truly say: our baby belongs to us. After it starts to kindergarden, the government already takes slowly over, increasing it year by year. Since all the teachers and nurses have to go through a very strict and tough training and schooling, it affects the children as soon as they are old enough to understand some things and can be trained.

You see all colleges and everything that has to do with education are under government control, and therefore only the best Nazis are selected to be teachers. They have to prove through many things that they are truly Nazis and faithful followers of Hitler, and only such people are allowed to teach and educate the precious Hitler youth. Once the children are under the control of teachers the parents have practically no control over their children, except if they are by heart true Nazis. The teachers are always right, no matter how you think about it, the children always have to do what the teachers say, and if you tell them different, you face a concentration camp.

As children are, they might go to their teachers and say: My mother thinks different. A few days later a secret police man comes to your home and gives you a harsh warning and tells you that you have to leave the education up to the government, who knows what's best anyway. If it should happen again, they tell you that you aren't fit to raise the children, and therefore they are forced to take them to a better place, where they can be educated to be true German men and women. Well, this would be the last you would have seen of your children, if you weren't wise enough to keep your mouth shut. And that is what most parents do, because they would rather take up with everything, than lose their children.

After kindergarden they enter grade school at 6 years. They go to grade school for 4 years and enter then the secondary school that ends after 6 years with a diploma, that opens to most any profession except the ones you need college like for doctors, lawyers a. s. o. If one wants to go to college, he goes to high school for 3 more years and then can enter any college. During the time in college he or she has to give part of the vacation to serve on a farm.

It even went so far, that each boy or girl had to serve 1 year in the country on a farm before ever being able to get any job. And that applies to everybody. After that the boys have to serve 2 years in the army before ever being able to learn any kind of a job or profession. You can figure out yourself how old a German boy must be, before he ever can think of having a real job and earn his living independent and start a family.

The Fuehrer Knows Everything

But going back once more I want to show you how the government places her hand over the entire German youth. As I told you the children go to school with 6 years of age. That's when they get their first uniform. They belong indirectly to the Hitler youth, they get some training like marching and playing with toy guns, they learn already that they are much better than any other children and that when they grow up, there will be only Germans to rule the world, and therefore they have to be proud and live up to whatever the Fuehrer tells them to do. The Fuehrer knows everything and wants only the best for them, and they should never forget, that they are all his children as long as they are good and obey.

When they are 10 years old they enter formally the Hitler youth, where they get real training by now, like long marches in any kind of weather, with or without heavy packs. They learn to shoot and swim and all the different kind of exercises to harden and steel their bodies. They learn about the German race that is prior to any other race, and it just happens that they have to tolerate some other races. But those races like the Jews, Polish, Russians a. s. o. are not wanted and that the Fuehrer will get rid of them. That all the other people left have is to obey the Fuehrer, if they want to go on living with them.

Hitler Is Their God

They learn that there is only one religion, and that the Fuehrer is their God and they believe only in him, because he knows everything and a voice is talking to him once in a while that gives him a sign which way to go.

This religious question was one of the hardest things for Hitler. You see on the one side there is by name a Catholic and a Protestant church in Germany, but they can't use the old testament. Hitler denounces Jesus too, since he says he has Jewish parents. He can't believe in the 10 commandments otherwise all his ideas would be lies. So what is there really left? That is the time when you read about so many priests and nuns being in the concentration camps. These were courageous people, who tried to save their own people even if it cost them their own lives, just to tell them the truth. But it was in vain. They had to preach Hitler's way, if only to give their people a church to go to.

The children learn too that there are girls, and the girls that there are boys. And that it is their duty to be together, and that the Fuehrer wants more and more children, because the German race will spread and spread over the whole world. They learn that they should follow their natural instinct and be not afraid what might happen, because the Fuehrer never lets a faithful follower down.

The children don't learn anything about other countries and their way of living except to mention how ridiculous other people are, and how fortunate they themselves are to live in such a great nation and be able to be a part of it.

LETTERS

AN OLD FRIEND WRITES OF SEVERAL THINGS

We present here a letter from Jimmie Chamberlain, James now. He was a friend of our boyhood years, and as well a read citizen as ever made up the Democratic minority in Van Buren county. Many years ago Jimmie went away, and a few years ago James came back on a visit. That visit so revived his interest in the village of his youth that he subscribed to the Republican. A year or two later he had found so much satisfaction in recalling early Decatur days that he subscribed also for his brother Oliver who likewise had moved in early age to the distant shores of a cheerless creek that winds through South Dakota. This not too flattering description of his home in the west may get a rise out of Oliver, and that would please a lot of us.

James Chamberlain advertises on wood in Fort Worth, Texas. He early learned there is luck in keeping his fingers crossed and a hand on wood, and he has made of this knowledge a lucrative occupation.

Now Jimmie James (who wrestled as well out of school as he recited his lessons in school) we turn the meeting over to you,—

November 1, 1942.

Dear Arba,

I recall reading an article in the Republican in which you recalled some ideas and thoughts you had when convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever. I find myself in a similar condition, gradually recovering from six weeks in bed.

My writing of course will be bad and perhaps, illegible, but there are some things I wish to tell now and hope you can read them and give space in your paper for them.

The 'Old Grim Reaper' had 2 strikes on me. Then I fouled off 3 of his high fast ones. Then he put over a wide sweeping curve which I barely ticked, but I waited patiently and got a base on balls, and now hope with proper food, gentle exercise and restful sleep to get safely home.

I want to thank Walter Brown for the way he trusted brother Oliver and me by making our mint vats with no down payment and no security when we were in another state and he had only our word as security.

Also I wish to thank George L. Roberts, if he is still among the living, for making our distillery apparatus under similar conditions.

I wonder if Walter remembers when Jarious Halleck, Tom Mahoney, Oliver and I used to come to his Novelty Works and buy our ball bats from him. In a recent item of Walter's about the old grist mill on east Beers street he seems to have forgotten the name of one of the early owners, the Balcomb brothers, who sold to John Bickhart.

The son of one of the Balcomb brothers, Lawrence Balcomb, was a playmate as well as a school mate of mine. Also another member of the Lyon family which the paper did not mention was Bessie Lyon who was my teacher in the second primary. I picked gooseberries and currants for the Lyons when they lived on East Sherwood street in the house later owned by Isaac Dewey.

Our son Milo is somewhere in Hawaii where he has been for the past 6 months. He is a sergeant and in good health, but his letters are so closely censored that we do not know much about the situation there. He was first at Camp Wolters, then at Camp Joe Robinson, next at Angel Island just outside of Alcatraz in Frisco Bay.

The war has greatly affected my business by causing many firms to discontinue advertising and by taking my best men into the army for defense jobs. While sick in bed I was helpless to assist the men in carrying on the business and thereby lost several good contracts. One of these was for Montgomery Ward and Company.

Now I am in a similar position to that in which many others find themselves. If we are not given a sufficient amount of gasoline in the rationing of November 21 we will have to quit our business.

Of course I am willing to make any sacrifice that will help win the war. I realize that we must win the war and it can be done only by team work. In the event of having to quit business by reason of failure to get sufficient gasoline we will probably sell our property here, and in that event I have in mind but one place to go, and that is back to the old home town.

Decatur has done much for me, and I feel I should do something in my small way to pay that debt of gratitude. I have in the past turned down several offers for our property, but now with our son in the army, if our business should be taken away from us through gasoline rationing neither of us would have relatives to hold us in Fort Worth.

We are both past seventy and reconciled to making the change. So some of my old time friends may meet me at the Alumni banquet in 1943.

I read the poem, "Hell in Texas" in your paper. I lived in this "Hell" six years and in the name of justice must say that the Lord was very generous in giving the Devil that tract of land in the lower Rio Grande Valley, commonly known as the Magic Valley. It has a very fertile soil and an extremely pleasant, healthful climate.

I know it gets hot down there, but during the six years I lived there I never heard of man nor beast being overcome by the heat. Because of the pleasant south east gulf breeze we always slept under cover.

The worst drawback to the country when we lived there was the large number of crooks which always infest a newly settled country.

When we moved into the valley in 1914 there was no town of Weslaco. It was founded the following year. I was chairman of the first school board in Weslaco and we built a fine high school building as well as other buildings for the lower grades. Weslaco is now a thriving city of about ten thousand inhabitants and nearly all of the crooks have been eliminated.

So I believe any one visiting the Magic Valley will agree with me that the Lord saw his mistake in giving it to his Satanic majesty and has reclaimed it for his own domains.

I promised to write a comparison of the Decatur of the eighties with the Decatur of today, but on careful consideration have concluded that I am not fit to do it.

I cannot say anything detrimental to the Decatur of the eighties, and I have been in Decatur so little in recent years that I feel about as competent to pass judgment on it as was the young man who entered a lawyer's office to study law. When he went home after the first day and was asked how he liked the law he replied, "It isn't what it is cracked up to be, I am sorry I learned it."

One thing more, perhaps you remember the money order that I reported stolen. The fact is while I was playing dominoes in a public place a drunken man evidently took my packages instead of his own. On going out on the street he was arrested and taken to the police station.

The packages he had were taken over by the police for the night and given back to him in the morning, but he failed to examine them for over a year. Then upon doing so he discovered the money order and returned it to the domino parlor and the manager returned it to me. I am in turn sending it to you to give to the post master at Decatur.

Very truly yours.
James Chamberlain.

AN ANSWER

Decatur Republican,

I have just read Mr. Gale's comment in his "corner." It was perfectly natural for Mr. Gale to ask the government man if the government would take the shot guns for home defense. It was necessary also for the man to evade an answer.

The poster in the post office means just what it says: "The enemy is listening," in the hardware store, in the biggest town and the littlest one; listening in the church and in the onion field and the answer to Mr. Gale's question is just what the enemy wants to know. Why tell him?

Frank M. Brigham.

A CAMP CONSECRATED TO GOD

(Dr. Blodgett amplifies and corrects the news story published in the Republican of April 23. He has launched a fine project for this community and we are very glad to have this further word from him explaining it. The progress he makes will be watched with interest.)

HOWARD S. BLODGETT, D. N.
Christie Lake Camp
Lawrence, Michigan
May 7, 1942.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

I certainly appreciate the fine article and compliment you gave me in the April 23rd edition of The Decatur Republican. I also appreciate the kindness of Mr. Charles Ritter in endeavoring to aid you in giving me a correct write-up. It is easy for one reporting, after an interview, in all sincerity to portray the truth, to have some errors enter into that report through misunderstanding, and therefore incorrect conclusions.

Such has been the case in the article you so kindly printed. And I thought you would like to hear from me as to correct facts.

I dedicated my life to the service of Jesus Christ many years ago. I studied for the Christian Ministry and was graduated from Union Theological College in June, 1929. Before that and during the years I was in the theological college I was engaged in camp work.

My camp work began at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, as a kitchen helper at Eleanor Camp, in 1915. I was two years at Eleanor Camp (not consecutive years), one year at the Y. M. C. A. Camp, and two years at Olivet Camp, both camps at Lake Geneva. My work at Eleanor camp was in the kitchen; at Olivet, in the kitchen the first season, and in the camp store as store keeper the second season. At the Y. M. C. A. Camp I was in the camp book store as clerk.

In 1922 I went to Camp Gray, Saugatuck, where I was employed as manager of the camp store, and as assistant to the manager of the camp one season. I was also the camp photographer for all camp literature. I was there for five seasons. The camp capacity was 800 guests.

In 1927 I was employed as camp secretary at Tower Hill Camp, Sawyer, Michigan. This was my first season employed in camp work.

As I completed my course of study at Union Theological College I was granted Licensure to preach, by the Congregational Board in Chicago. In my last year at college, I was employed as Director of Young People's Work at the Howard Community Church in Chicago. An experience there caused me to decide to become a doctor. Therefore very shortly after graduation from the theological college I entered the Chicago College of Naprapathy, from which I was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Naprapathy, in 1935. My intention was to combine the ministry and Naprapathy, to minister to the soul and the body. Naprapathy, Osteopathy and Chiropractic all manipulate the spinal column as a part of their method. The three are somewhat similar, and yet differ with each other in what each considers very essential characteristics.

I was active in the service of humanity as a Naprapath until I moved to Christie Lake in September of 1940. I am not engaged in Naprapathic work here in Michigan. I came here for one definite purpose. Years ago, when I was in the camp work, I said "someday I will have a camp of my own"; and that is why I am here at Christie Lake—to see the realization of that hope.

I am beginning in a very small way. But the complete dream is a triple camp: namely a boys' camp with guest capacity of 100 boys; a girls' camp with guest capacity of 100 girls; and a family camp (for families, individuals, mixed or segregated groups, and for all ages), with guest capacity of 200, not counting the housekeeping cottages, of which I hope in the complete camp to have at least forty. I know about 3000 people in Chicago and environs, so that I have no fear about getting the campers. And I am fully qualified in experience. My only handicap is finance. As the camp can grow financially, even so shall the camp grow in guest capacity.

Christie Lake Camp is consecrated to the Lord God, the profit from the camp, after it gets under way is to go into the Lord's work for the salvation of souls and for the Christian training of the Children of the Lord Jesus Christ. As far as the worldly possession of the camp is concerned I will be the owner, but as far as my relation to God is concerned, God is the owner and I am only His Custodian. I plan to pay myself a salary just like any other camp employee, that the profits may go into the Lord's work.

This, then, is my consecration and my dedication.

Very sincerely and thankfully yours,
Howard S. Blodgett, D. N.

FROM DAYS OF OLD

DR. ROLLIN L. THORP
Denver, Colorado.
May 4, 1942.

Friend Arbie:

Inclosed please find check for $3.00. Hope I will not be bothered with you until November 1943 but hope, in the meantime, that I may have the chance to drop in and "talk at you" for a while. Have had lots of time to visit, in the last two years but am now so that I can walk with just a cane and hope that in a few weeks more that I will be able to discard even that.

I read all the Republicans that I can find time to and save the others for some rainy day when I can't come to the shop. Sometimes when I open your paper, here in the office, and the patients, some of them, see that it is a Republican paper, they smile. I wish that we had been under a Republican Administation, during the last nine years at least, but while we are in it the present incumbent is our President and it is his administration that we have to abide by.

Yours in the faith,
R. L. Thorp.

That young man out in Denver, Colo., who used to give us cookies when he went to school here back in the seventies was the writer of the above letter. He lived then in the brick house on the border line between Little Prairie Ronde and Nich-

olsville, and was one of Prof. Upton's "foreign' pupils in the old Decatur high school, and as the poet said, "Was it long ago or yesterday?"

At any rate boys like ourself need not think we are growing old for Dr. Thorp was in the high school when we began school, and now, after breaking his hip and probably one of the Ten Commandments, he is preparing to throw his cane away and we guess will join the fat men's ball club for the season of 1942.

Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney, of Chicago, a D. H. S. contemporary with Dr. Thorp, is apparently playing that thrilling but hazardous old game, 'follow me,' with him. Dr. Mahoney is recovering from the effects of a broken leg, followed by a broken arm. We wonder if they could not be induced to form an alliance with Dr. Tom Lyon of Raton, New Mexico, who is only a year or two their senior, for a grand reunion in Decatur this summer. If Dr. Lyon needs to break anything to be eligible to membership he might break the ice and propose this celebration. As the mascot of the organization we will endeavor to furnish the meeting place and eating place for the veterans. When shall we set the date?

MEMORIES OF A CHILDHOOD HOME

From Rev. LeRoy L. Dewey

Sturgis, Michigan,
December 10, 1942.

My dear Arba,

The news of the burning of our old farm home and my birthplace as recorded in this week's issue of your splendid paper came to me as a severe and saddening shock.

It was in no sense a pretentious house but around it clustered many happy memories of our joyous early home life. There I was born. That was no great event of course. In fact, I guess it was evidently not a great event even in the home circle for, in father's diary, there is the simple, unemotional and unenthusiastic statement "boy born to-day." But anyway I am glad I was born and I am not at all ashamed to have been born in a humble place such as that was. It was a shrine,—a shrine to no one else, of course, but a simple shrine to me, where I always went every time I have visited Decatur, and there recalled again the times that were, and the simple things that made life so full and so happy in my early boyhood days.

I well remember a Sunday of my boyhood when some man who was driving by, seeing smoke coming from the roof, rushed into the door and shouted "your house is on fire." We all jumped from the table where we were eating our Sunday dinner and out to see about it. My sister Vedah grabbed the bird cage and hurried out the door. She was going to save the bird anyway. A spark had lodged in the bell frame atop the wood shed and the frame was ablaze but father soon had it out, so we saved not only the bird in the gilded cage but the house as well.

It was there in my early childhood that I seemed to get my first inspiration to be a preacher, for I can remember preaching to my sisters out there in that, what was then glorious yard west and north of the house.

I may have made a mistake in being a preacher but evidently the idea was embryonic in my brain at rather an early age out on the old farm which I have ofttimes wished I owned.

Are we getting old when we like to think of the glorious days of yesteryear? Well perhaps, but anyway memory is a great and happy blessing. So, as my memory reaches back to those early years of my life, to the sheep washing and sheep shearing days, the threshing days, the hog butchering days, the school days with the daily lunches prepared by Mother's loving hands, the skating, the sledding, the truly "white Christmases" and the "sleigh bells in the snow" and all, without telephone or electricity or gas or automobile or radio or much of anything that modernity dictates as necessities, I am really deeply saddened at the passing of the plain and very simple center of all of that happy life some fifty and more years ago.

I was delighted to have Clare Barron and Camilla Potts, as I knew them in our school days together, in our service one Sunday last fall. It was a real reunion and a happy event. I wish some more of the Decatur friends would drift over this way as Jay and Maude Lyle did also one Sunday last summer. But I suppose gas and tire rationing will prohibit that for a while, at least.

We pray that this terrible war may soon cease and that real peace may be established in the earth, and as a permanent world possession.

Our son George is S/Sgt. in the Air Force Gunnery School at Las Vegas, Nevada, where he has been ever since his induction a year ago last July. He received his Master's degree in Journalism the June before his induction and is now in the Public Relations Office, editor of the Camp paper, "The Horned Toad," and also script writer for their weekly Camp broadcasts. He is a busy young man but likes it.

Well, forgive me for this lengthy reminiscence and treatise.

Merry Christmas to you.

Sincerely, LeRoy.

I should have said in connection with my son that it was my delightful privilege to marry him to a beautiful Iowa girl last May and they are happily settled in an apartment in Las Vegas.

I am enclosing a check for my next years continuation of your unsurpassed weekly Republican. L. L.

FORMER TOWNSPEOPLE IN CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Anita Youells Gale gave us pleasant memories of old times and friends in the privilege of reading her Christmas letter from Miss Marjorie Browning.

Those of the younger generation of Decatur people know the Brownings only as they have heard of them in the history of Decatur. They must miss the personal acquaintance of one of the truly fine and genteel families who once were among the leaders of our community.

The Browning home of fifty years and more ago was the spacious and imposing residence that is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Brigham and their tenant, Mrs. D. J. Van Curen. The once popular Browning drug and book store is now the Weaver recreation parlor.

With Mrs Gale's permission we are printing here extracts from Marjorie's letter which we know it will be a pleasure to all of her friends to read:

Dearest Anita,

Your nice letter of last April and the big package of papers were a real joy. The papers gave me many items of news I was glad to have. I passed on the Republicans you sent me to Bertha Baker Akin, who lives here and to Otto and Sara Van Hise who live in Burbank, the city next to Glendale, and whom I see semi-occasionally. Each of these three enjoyed them greatly. All of us thank you.

But as for me your letter was about "worth its weight in gold," so much do I prize our friendship. You have always given me a friendship that was a joy in daily or frequent contacts, good to live with, and also that had the permanent abiding quality which could stand through years of separation at a stretch, and infrequent contact, and yet retain its affection and real interest. Such a friendship comes seldom in life, and I count myself not worthy of your giving it, but glad to hug it to my heart.

Mrs. Scripps, (with whom she lives and whose health is very poor) has periods of being better in energy, and in those times we have heard some very interesting lectures last summer and this fall through her woman's club meetings to which she may take me as a paid guest, and through the American Association of University Women of which we both have been members for many years past.

It is possible for organizations in this Los Angeles locality to get the nation's finest program talent in every line,—speakers, musicians, artists and entertainers. I so often wish you had contact with this last organization, the A. A. U. W., for you would be eligible to it.

Bertha Baker Akin is a dear woman, and I enjoy her. She and her husband, whom she married when she was teaching in the state of Washington, have lived here in Glendale 8 years. Bertha is a lovely home maker. They have 3 daughters, attractive, smart and well brought up. Lois, Jean and Marjorie. Lois is about 27 and married, Jean married last January at 22, Marjorie is 15 and in the high school.

Jack, Bertha's husband, is a fine chap, and has done reasonably well in business as manager of large food

stores for chain firms such as A. and P. They have a nice home in a very good residence section of Glendale.

Otto and Sara Van Hise live on a small one acre place just outside of Burbank where they grow a garden, have a few fruit trees and Sara raises rabbits and chickens for market. Otto clerks in a large paint store in Burbank. Their daughter, Glenna Mae has grown from frailty into a vigorous woman of about 24. She is married and has a dear baby girl of 6 months.

Sara and Otto had hard luck through the depression and suffered financially, but they have kept a fine spirit, brought up two nice children, both married, and have worked hard.

Sara has been a grand wife and help meet to Otto, and Glenna Mae's health is due to her mother's intelligent and devoted care. Sara has been blessed with excellent health.

Marjorie.

(Bertha Baker Akin, Otto Van Hise and his wife, Sarah Dodge Van Hise, are former residents of Decatur. We are glad to send the Republican to Marjorie the coming year as a Christmas gift from Mrs. Gale.)

RECALLING EARLY DAYS

(Mr. and Mrs. Robert Canning, after many years, will again keep in touch with Decatur through the Republican. It is a great pleasure to receive and print these interesting reminiscences from Mrs. Canning and we hope she will feel free to write again. We had a pleasant visit with Mr. Canning last summer and found him to be a remarkably well preserved man for his years.)

Pontiac, Mich.
March 16, 1942.

Mr. Arba Moulton,
Decatur, Mich.
Dear Mr. Moulton,

Inclosed find money order for $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Decatur Republican.

You will likely remember my husband being in your office, while on a short visit to Decatur last August.

His brother, Will Canning, is a subscriber to your paper and he has sent us an occasional copy, which we both enjoyed reading very much. So we have decided to send and get it for ourselves. If the $1.50 does not cover mailing charges, let us know and we will remit what ever is due.

My husband, Robert S. Canning says a great many changes have taken place since he first went to Decatur in 1866, at the age of 8 years.

He went north, to Cadillac, shortly after the Haynes brothers and Harry Hodges went, where he married and made his home until 1906. We then went west and took up a homestead on the Little North Fork of the Coeur d' Alene river, in Northern Idaho. We spent fourteen years there engaged in cattle raising, lumbering and general ranching.

Our son, Carroll Robert, was born there on the ranch, and went through his grammar school, graduating at the age of 12 years. Rather than send him away from home, we sold the ranch in Idaho and moved to Auburn, Washington, near a very desirable school, where he took his high school work, graduating in 1926. Since that time he has worked and travelled for different companies, which has taken him into many states. At the present time he is working for a Chicago firm, which manufactures testers for Army tanks, airplanes and automobiles. This company transferred him from Newark, N. J., to the Pacific coast with headquarters at Los Angeles.

After being at Auburn, Washington, for eight years, we sold out and came back to Pontiac, as my mother who was getting old and feeble needed me near her.

After spending twenty-three years in the west we learned to love its wide open spaces and friendly people and much prefer the western climate to that of Michigan, though there will always be a place in our hearts for dear old Michigan, too.

My husband remembers when there was only one road across the swamp and later they built the road across from Decatur to Fifield hill. He also remembers well where your grandfather Moulton lived. When his parents arrived in Decatur in 1866, there were only three brick buildings in the town and they bought their first cook stove of Thomas and Hawks.

There were six children in the Canning family of whom my husband is the oldest and William the youngest. The only other surviving member is Mary Youells of Decatur.

Last July we took a trip over to Penn Yan and Bluff Point, N. Y., to visit my husband's birthplace. We found the same house in which he and four other brothers and sisters were born. It is still in good repair and occupied by some fine people who invited us in and answered all the questions we had to ask and then took our pictures standing on the front porch.

At Penn Yan we went into the court house to see if he could get his birth certificate. The clerk informed us that births were not recorded at that early date, but he looked in the 1865 census and found his name recorded as being 7 years old. He made a certificate to that effect, and sealed with the County seal, which he said would answer every purpose of a birth certificate. He found one own cousin living there who was just a few days older than he.

I was born and raised up near Cadillac, and of course after marrying, I visited my husband's people at Decatur occasionally. On one of our trips to Decatur they needed a teacher at the Lee school, in Hamilton, and Owen Marks came to see me and asked me to take the school for that term, which I did. I never enjoyed teaching in any place any more—if as much—as I did there. Emery Foster and a Mr. Jurgensen were the other two members of the board.

They all were anxious for me to take the school for the next year, with a raise in salary, but I had to refuse as my home was at Cadillac and I was needed there. But I became attached to Decatur and that is why I enjoy reading the Republican so very much.

Leland Marks, Lena Wiles, Lura Conklin, Inez Hancock, the Upfield girls, Marie Sutfin and Leon Lee were a few of my many pupils. Once in a while I see the name of one of them in your paper. O yes, I must not forget to mention little Paul Graham. He was one of my tiny pupils. I loved them all.

We are looking forward to the weekly visits of the Republican with a great deal of pleasure as it will keep us in touch with the old home town and old friends and acquaintances. With the best of wishes, we are

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Canning,
595 Gonig st., Pontiac, Mich.

GOLDEN DAYS IN DECATUR

Every member of the Republican's large and growing family of readers holds a special interest for its editor, and it is a real pleasure when there appears in our daily mail a letter from any one of them. This paper thrives by the grace of its readers, and the column of letters is in a small way a weekly home coming for those who at one time in their lives called Decatur or the territory of which it is the center, their home.

If there is any one class of readers who holds a favored place in our esteem it is the old, old timers, the home town boys and girls of our earliest recollection who were the life of the community in the days of hoops and tiles, white vests and dragging skirts which the ladies so daintily lifted to keep them from sweeping the dust from the sidewalks.

The gay young folks of Decatur in the sixties, seventies, eighties and nineties played hard and worked hard. Was there ever such a crowd and such times, either before or since?

The picket fences, the board sidewalks, the cows grazing by the road side, the deep wells that served also as refrigerators in the hot summer time, the dirt roads, the dust in the air and the smoothly worn paths where the kids played commy keeps in the spring time! O boy, what memories!

Here are just a few of those old, old timers who are living their youthful days over again by reading the Republican,—

Mrs. Nellie Rich Betaque, South Bend; Arthur L. Shaw, Mt. Ranier, Md.; Mrs. Libbie Durkee Smith, Tacoma, Wash.; L. G. Stewart, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. R. L. Thorp, Denver, Colo.; Charles E. Warner, Niles; Albert S. Abbott, Detroit; Mrs. Mary Pritchard Denise, Lansing; Alden Knight, Detroit; Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney, Chicago; Mrs. Percie Nash Seymour of Lawrence; and Dr. T. B. Lyon of Raton, New Mexico, and our new subscriber, Robert Canning of Pontiac.

Their letters are always welcome, and if any are omitted from this comment it is their duty to register a protest and thus be properly instated, and also to keep the column sparkling with their golden recollections. These comments were started as an introduction to the interesting letter from Dr. Tom Lyon that

follows. One occasionally hears an introduction to a speech that is longer than the speech itself and the audience terminates it with groans and whistles. So we will finally close by remarking that Dr. Lyon, and the fine family of which he was a member, lived in those early days in the old square house that stood on east Sherwood street where Heuston Elliott and family now reside. After the Lyons moved away the old house was for many years the home of Isaac S. Dewey and family.

Many readers will recall the letter from Dr. Lyon, a part of which was printed in this column last December.

Raton, New Mexico,
March 20, 1942.

Dear Arba,—

I have been trying to find some explanation for the "don't publish" note I stuck into my last letter several weeks ago, but have decided to just let it go the way you fixed it up.

Am sending a year's subscription for the Republican, as it has become a real pleasure to receive it. Every issue recalls some old time memories that were forgotten in the passing years of my very busy life. The controversy about the cannon recalls the years in the 70's when there was a brass cannon on the green where the flag pole stood, and on public occasions Pat Hand fired it off. Pat worked in the tannery down across the track and lived up east of our home in what was then called Canada.

One day while Pat was ramming the powder and fillings home the old thing went off, the ramrod tore part of Pat's hand off and Dr. Baker had to fix him up. I have often wondered what was the fate of that old brass cannon.

One of my great pleasures in reading the Republican is the high moral standing of its columns, the absence of patent medicine ads and other trifling stuff.

Might I make a little correction of your note of December 25 last and say that I started working in the Hinkley stave factory when I was 11 years old, going to school winters and passing staves and shaking with ague during the spring and summer. My work continued to progress until I learned most of the different jobs about the factory in both the stave and heading branches, and when the Hinkleys started a branch at Hartford I went over there and did a full man's job at 15 years of age.

A further correction: There were 11 children in the Lyon family, not all staying in Decatur, but I have seen 8 lying in the large front room at one time shaking with ague which was prevalent in those days. I would like to interview the Elliotts and ask them if they found any old hoop skirts up in the attic where my four sisters discarded them when they were worn out. Lot's more I remember, but enough for this time. Tom Lyon.

A CHANCE FOR IMPROVEMENT

Decatur, March 31, 1942.

Dear Sir,—

You asked me to write, so here goes.

First: Can an American born citizen, whose Americanism goes back for generations, be naturalized so as to get a job? Why can he not get a job without a birth certificate when it is no fault of his own that he does not have it, the ones responsible not registering him at birth?

All a foreigner has to do is to be naturalized. That is quicker and cheaper and makes him more certain of a job. An honest to God American can't get a job without paying for it and waiting.

For instance, a man in my town with a family of 7 children and on relief has a chance at $40 a week job in Chicago. He has been trying six months to get his birth certificate from Indiana where he was born. He is met with red tape and waiting and an expense of $25 to $35, and no money to pay it.

Another case is a woman working in Kalamazoo for a company going into war production. She is having so much trouble to get her birth certificate that she is going to quit her job. There are lots of cases like these. Why not let Americans too be naturalized?

I know another man who got a $90 a week job about a year ago because he was able to borrow $75 to pay down for it. The price was $125, $75 down and a certain amount a week out of his pay for the remaining $50. This went to the gangsters who controlled the Union. Another man as good could not get a job, because being an old man of 40 and over the age limit, he could not pay the price.

Second: I see Mrs. President has put over another of her pet play things. It seems she gets everything she goes out to get, regardless of congress, and now she has set out to conscript our women and girls. What are the men fighting for? I thought it was for their homes, and their women are their homes. If both men and women are scattered what is there left? As Walter Winchell says, "Why don't some one stop her?"

Last but not least: One evening I watched 2 soldiers in uniform. They stood in the cold and rain 45 minutes before they could thumb a ride. Evidently they left Fort Custer Saturday afternoon to go home and were due back by Monday morning. These boys always line the roads before a troop movement at the Fort. They had made 50 miles by 9 o'clock and still were not home. They were trying to beg rides to get home for over Sunday, but the nice cars all sped by. Finally an old Model T picked them up.

I have watched this hard luck thumbing for over a year. Once in a while a real man or woman takes a chance that they are not wolves in Uncle Sam's clothing. They are good enough to fight for the duds who won't give them a ride. Why is not something done about that?

Their uniforms should give them passes on any train or bus, or the government should give them a pass home and back whenever they can go. It's a pity to see a soldier forced to beg a ride.

And please tell Lord Beaverbrook we don't need him here. Tell him we did it before and we will do it again.

Respectfully,
A Republican Reader.

REMINISCENCES

Mrs. Grace Chevalier Rawson was a daughter of John and Kate Morla Chevalier who were among the earliest settlers of this community. Chevalier hill was originally named for them. In later years when Mr. Fifield bought the Chevalier farm the hill became known also as Fifield hill.

Grace was born in the old farm house at the foot of this hill 76 years ago. She grew up there and when the western fever broke out here in the early eighties the family moved to Nebraska never to return as residents.

John Chevalier, a man of character and iron nerve, stopped in Decatur about 35 years ago on his way to an eastern city to attend a national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic of which he was a member. He was then about 80 years old and broken in health, but he had made up his mind to attend that reunion and not even the restraining hand of old Father Time could hold him back. He made the trip and returned to his Nebraska home, but not long after the word came back that he had passed away.

Mrs. Rawson, who resides with her sister Effie in Minneapolis, came back a few years ago and keeps up with her relatives and friends here through correspondence.

The following letter from her was written to Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Dailey:

July 13, 1942.

Dear Bess and Bruce,—

Thanks for your card and letter at my birthday time. I was getting anxious about you as you were in a "blackout" so long. Sorry to hear Bruce is not so well. We just can't realize what it means until we lose our health. While I am not so long on good sense or fortune I still am fortunate to be healthy. Of course 76 brings a few aches and pains and a grouch or so, but nothing worth complaining about.

At this time 3 years ago I was sifting about getting ready to go to Decatur. Have just received a card telling that the Morlan reunion is the 26th of July at Cable lake.. I think there are only 3 of the first cousins left to carry on. The Van Hise family never attend and the Richard girls seldom. I hear they are in very poor health. All told there are only 13 of the second generation left and Effie is the youngest. Oh, I forgot Harold Van Hise. He is now 51 but I haven't seen him since he was 2 years old. I think he lives in Northern Michigan.

Thanks for telling me about Hugh Rich. I haven't seen him since '93. Old schoolmates are very scarce now.

Am glad I sent Jack Goble a birthday card. It was rather a comic one, and Lide said it cheered him up a lot for a little while. Had a letter from Clara W. telling of his death.

Am glad you sent Gertie Morlan's as well as Fannie Judie's obituary. I didn't hear from Jennie on my birthday either, but I had 24 cards and each envelope contained a letter or

long message and I was very happy over them. The Ever Ready Club sent a joint card of 7 names which was a very pleasant surprise.

I wrote Emma Green on her birthday June 20. Kate sent me word she is poorly with heart trouble, and they tell me Kate is miserable also.

It was 92 degrees yesterday, but it rained last night and is cool again this morning, down to 68. Everything is growing fast now, but corn is very small for the middle of July.

We are all well and busy as ever. Have had oceans of flowers and still have roses and a few annuals. Hope you will write soon. With love and best wishes, Grace.

A PLEASANT TRIP TO CHAMPAIGN

27½ East Main St.,
Champaign, Ill.,
May 18, 1942.

Dear Mr. Moulton,—

I'm saying hello to you and all my Decatur friends up there. As I've been somewhat delayed in my writing about my trip from Decatur May 7th to Champaign. I've been very busy. Am pleased to say we're located now at least for a while.

I certainly enjoyed my trip. Never enjoyed one any better. As the train stopped for 15 minutes at Michigan City big Lake Michigan and the scenery and adventures were very thrilling.

The most inspiring thing was those swarms of sea-gulls flying high above the water and diving down after fishes. Then the train got to Chicago at 4 o'clock.

We laid over in Grand Central there for 1½ hours and a very exciting incident occurred there while we were waiting. We then caught a modern new Diesel electric which got us in Champaign at 9 o'clock. We had very good luck. It was only a few blocks to Ford hotel where we stayed until morning.

As I said before this trip was planned by me astrologically and I'm glad to tell you all it sure worked out, as we'd only been here four days when Mr. Brewer got a job at the Meadow Gold ice cream plant a few blocks from where we are now, which if he proves satisfactoritly, will be a permanent one of which I'm very proud, and so much for this about my removal.

Will say, Mr. Moulton, I'll try to send in some war news later as I'm very busy now. Will soon have work myself. We've had a rain each day lately since I've been here and saw a little snow Friday. Everything is prosperous here, plenty of work and each time I leave Illinois I return, as there's something magnetic about it that draws me back.

Here's wishing you and all my friends the best of everything. Will say hello to Mr. Nelson and hope he's O. K. Sincerely,

Mrs. H. M. Brewer.

P. S.—I'm enclosing 5 cents for which please send me a copy of the paper. Send to 27½ East Main St., Champaign, Ill., c/o Mrs. Dewhurst.

ANOTHER DECATUR BOY MAKES GOOD

To the Republican,—

In the land of fun, Decatur's gift to the world is of course Edgar Bergen. But in these perilous times jokes seem silly things and of little value.

What about "The King's Business"? Decatur has three outstanding men and women proclaiming the gospel in hard places. The first who comes to my mind is our brother in the Lord, Leo Lyle. He is no stranger in our midst as he comes back to Decatur from time to time, and has often spoken in various assemblies. Leo has for many years been laboring among the mountaineers in Virginia. The Lord has blessed his ministry there and a good sized work has been established. He has spent much time working in the memory verse work among school children and in the colored prison camps.

He and his family are residing in Paw Paw until such time as the Lord sends in the money for them to move into their new field. A new door has been opened by the Lord, for them, into the state of Alabama. This new work will be exclusively among the colored people and especially among the children.

Much prayer will be needed for this family as they go into this new field. Christians pray too that their physical, financial and spiritual needs may all be met. Pray too that the hearts of these people may be receptive to the greatest of all messages—John 3:16: "That God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Two other Decatur people are laboring in hard places: Frances Paul Dye and Gladys Deal. The former works among the Jews of Denver, and the latter is laboring in the Kentucky mountains with Brother and Sister Meland under their commander-and-chief, Jesus Christ.

What about your heart, is it as dark as those in the above mentioned regions? What have you done with the Christ?

"Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6:2.

—A Reader of Decatur Republican.

PLEASANT MEMORIES

This is an interesting time to receive a letter from Bessie Howland, for the reason that it is commencement time, and it takes us back to that great event in our lives when we were graduated from the grand old Decatur high school.

The class of '89 had for its motto, "Not Wise but Lovers of Wisdom." You will know by it that we were a modest class, and because of our importance will tell you that we were three boys and three girls, or more properly speaking, three men and three women.

We were Hubert O'Dell, Bessie Howland, Minnie Hawks, Albert Gantz, Arba Moulton and Jennie Simpson. Jennie, who became Mrs. Will Lyle, was the youngest of the class and the first to pass away. The others are still living and we wish they might all be here to attend the Alumni reunion Saturday evening.

The members of this class took their entire four years in the high school to Professor Pierce, and all of us have agreed that he was just about the best Professor who ever undertook to teach a "young idea how to shoot." He was often impelled to remind this particular member that if he ever found a problem in arithmetic that he could not solve it was because he did not know some simple rule he should have learned in the grades.

Prof. Pierce went from Decatur to Jackson and resided in that city until he passed away some 20 years or more ago. We were informed just last week by the Acton sisters that Mrs. Pierce is still living, that she resides with her daughter, Mrs. Jessie Pierce Rogers and husband, and is past 94 years of age.

After graduation Bessie Howland took up the work of a trained nurse, became well known as an army nurse and is now in retirement in the National Military Home, as her letter states. She has many relatives and friends here who will enjoy reading her letter and we hope she will not wait a year before writing again.

May 23, 1942.

Dear Arba,

I started to write this letter on the same day enclosed check for another year's subscription to Republican was made, but was interrupted before letter was finished, so now will try again. So glad you sent the paper regardless of me being somewhat in arrears, as I would very much miss even one copy.

I greatly enjoy the letters published, both from Decatur oldtimers and from the boys in the service. They are all very interesting, and even tho I do not know any of them (the boys in the service) I do feel they are all my young friends.

The published letters must be greatly appreciated by the boys as they serve a means of contact among those scattered far and wide throughout the armed forces and who may not meet until the war is over and they are home again.

Even tho we are engaged in another great war and there are many young soldiers quartered on the grounds of this facility, life for me moves along much "as usual."

There have been two or three black outs here and we are informed by the daily press that, from tonight, there will be dimouts all along the coast and extending inland several miles. We are located four miles from the ocean.

"This Week" seems almost like a personal chat with you, Arba. It is always filled with much friendliness and optimism. From its tone I judge that you are well and that life in general is satisfactory to you.

Shall be looking forward to the next arrival day of the Republican.

Sincerely your friend,
Bessie M. Howland.
Women's Cottage,
Nat. Mil. Home,
Los Angeles, Cal.

ENGLISH OUTLOOK MORE HOPEFUL

Mrs. George Kemp received last

week the letter printed here. It is from her brother, Harry Bull, a school teacher in Lowestoft, England. His letters have been printed before in this paper and they have been highly interesting descriptions of life in England while her existence is threatened by this World's Worst War.

10 Maldstone Road,
Lowestoft, England.
April 23rd, 1942.

Dear Lizzie and George,

It does not seem 3 weeks since I last wrote you from Hillstown. The time passes very rapidly nowadays.

Ethel and I had a pleasant time together at Easter. * * * Aunt Lucy died just before Easter at the ripe age of 95. She was certainly wonderful for she lived alone in the same house near Carlton station and did her own work.

Thank you for your letter (undated) received ten days ago. It was delightful to hear from you after so long a period. Some letters you write undoubtedly do not arrive. I wonder if you get all of mine.

So Mae is to be married in June. We are very sorry that it is impossible to send her a present, but she has our very best wishes for a happy married life. We shall always be delighted to hear from her. How far is Detroit from you?

You certainly made our mouths water when you mentioned bananas and oranges. We see oranges sometimes, but they are largely reserved for children, while bananas have not been seen for 2 years.

The last orange I had I shared with an evacuee in Peterborough station in January, 1941. But we are not at all badly hit for food, and we have very much to be thankful for. We are not short in any way.

I notice that next week you will be rationed for sugar, and have the same amount, ½ pound per person per week, as we have. We manage nicely, but the tea is not made quite as sweet as in pre-war times, although saccharin tablets are available if needed.

It has been quieter and much more peaceful here lately and we enjoy the longer hours of daylight. Owing to "double" summer time it is not quite dark at half past ten.

The spring flowers are now fully in bloom, and many gardens look very pretty with daffodils, primroses, and violets. Narcissi and tulips will soon make their appearance.

People are using their gardens in many cases for growing lettuces, onions, carrots, turnips, peas, beans and cabbages. Farmers have been very busy in their fields recently and we are hoping for bumper crops later in the year.

We are getting on at school as well as we can under the existing circumstances. Our school is a large one with a staff of 16 teachers, and the

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

35 Years Ago

June 27, 1907.

Ward Lindsley and Pearl Crane were married at the home of the bride's parents Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs Frank Stapleton returned last week from an 8 days visit to Howell. They made the trip with their automobile and just before arriving at Howell were overtaken by a severe thunder shower. The clay roads became slippery as snow and twice they were whirled sidewise into the ditch. They arrived without serious accident but as wet as a lake.

July 18, 1907.

L. S. Jones has purchased the laundry building of Mr. Rush. (The Copley building, known for years as the Chevy garage, is on this location.)

Morris Vining is revarnishing and papering the rooms of E. E. Copley's Chicago residence.

W. H. White will complete his second term as postmaster of Decatur the first of next May and has announced his candidacy for a third term. M. S. Thomas and Arba Moulton are also candidates for the office.

The school board met Friday evening and re-organized by electing Marvin Hinkley president, L. G. Stewart, director and A. E. Lawrence, treasurer. J. C. Warner was elected janitor.

John and Horace Dodge, and Police Commissioner Fred W. Smith of Detroit were visitors in Decatur Wednesday. They were driving a Ford touring car. The Dodge brothers are nephews of Mesdames Rogers and Burlingham.

E. B. Copley has purchased a residence in Oak Park, suburb of Chicago, and Mrs. Copley and children are residing there this summer. The Garfield Park Bank, of which Mr. Copley is the principal stockholdoer, is located nearby and Earl Copley has a position in the bank.

Hon. Jonathan J. Woodman died at his home in Paw Paw Saturday, aged 83. He was one of Van Buren county's leading citizens. He served five terms in the state legislature and was speaker two terms. He was once a candidate for Congress and could have been nominated. There were several candidates and the convention was deadlocked. Finally James Shepard of Cassopolis, chairman of the Cass county delegation, offered to swing the Cass county delegation to him providing Woodman would let him dictate the Cass county patronage. "No sir," replied Mr. Woodman, "If I am nominated and elected I will go to Congress beholden to nobody." Mr. Shepard switched the Cass county delegation to Dr. Thomas of Allegan and he was nominated.

July 25, 1907.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Carney are attending the races in Detroit this week.

Dorothy Jones gave a party Monday to 50 of her young friends in celebration of her 5th birthday.

Ezra Mumford of Volinia drove to Keeler Friday and engaged to teach the Keeler school the coming year. Coming home at a late hour his horse took fright at something, perhaps an automobile, and ran away. Ezra was thrown out and walked back to Keeler, 4 miles. The next day his horse and buggy were located in Dowagiac.

Frank Huyck came home from Cuba last week on a six weeks vacation.

41 guests gathered at the home of Daisy Marks the evening of July 17 to remind her that it was her 26th birthday.

Will Rush sold the laundry building to L. S. Jones for $750. Now he wants to sell the laundry and get back to farming.

August 1, 1907.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker have finished a successful theatrical season in the copper country and are in Decatur for the summer.

Miss Helen Hathaway has come from Lansing to enjoy a month's vacation with her mother on the farm in Volinia. Miss Helen is stenographer to the state librarian, Mrs. Spencer.

Congressman E. L. Hamilton with a party of automobilists drove through Decatur Wednesday.

J. C. Warner did not accept the appointment of janitor of the school and Charles Geer was given the job.

A family reunion was held at the home of I. S. Dewey the evening of July 26 in celebration of the 80th birthday of his mother, Mrs. Harriet Dewey.

50 YEARS AGO—

December 22, 1892.

M. O. Rowland, Editor.

Santa Claus at home at the one price dry goods store, Fred Stern.

A carload of holiday goods, books, bibles, mirrors, horn goods, toilet sets. M. S. Carney drug and book store.

A Merry Christmas. Candy, fruits, oysters, lunch room, ice cream, Sunny Side bakery. J. H. Haynes.

Plain, saving facts for holiday buyers. Mary Shaad's holiday emporium.

Holiday goods for all the family. Mrs. E. L. Parkhurst and Co.

Slippers make the most acceptable and useful gift. S. Ellis.

Good skating on Lake of the Woods.

The band gave a street concert Friday evening.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Church Youells December 4, a daughter.

The firemen talk of giving a dancing party in the near future.

Cash Stuyvesant has opened his auction store in the John Shaad building.

Buck and Geer's Dowagiac orchestra will play for a dance in Decatur

the evening of December 27. It will be a leap year party and the bill will be $1.

Crifield and Dewey are making a hustle for the clothing trade.

Clyde Fisher is home from Be Harbor for the holidays.

May 2, 1907.

Joseph G. Sutton, familiarly known as Jay, and Miss Gertrude Bunker were married by Rev. Geo. A. Odlum the evening of April 27. Monday evening following the wedding Mrs. Odlum's Sunday school class of which the young people are members, gave them a twentieth century charivari at which refreshments were served and every one had a good time.

Drawn on the jury are William Lindsley of Decatur and Calvin Millard of Hamilton. Calvin is trying to get off.

May 9, 1907.

The Decatur township board met Tuesday afternoon and voted to appropriate $2,500 to improve the highways.

Carl Squier, a page in the House of Representatives, was home over Sunday.

Willard Van Antwerp has rented L. S. Jones' new house on Pine street and will move next month.

Mrs. Fannie Rogers went to Ann Arbor Wednesday to attend the May festival. From there she will go to Toledo to visit at the home of her brother, Guy Collins.

Charles L. Dine has resigned his position with the Michigan Central and will enter the employ of the Beckwith estate in Dowagiac next week. Charlie has been the day operator and ticket agent at this station 11 years.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wickett are parents of a daughter born May 1.

Abram Ives was born in New York in 1828 and died in Decatur in 1907. He was a man of exemplary habits, never using tobacco or intoxicants in any form, and since the organization of the Prohibition party in Decatur has always voted that ticket. In reply to the threadworn charge of throwing away his vote he invariably replied, "I know my course is right." He was an honest, industrious, upright citizen whose strong hand and brave heart faltered at no toil or sacrifice.

Plans have been started to have a telephone exchange in Volinia township.

Now and Then About the Same

An old landmark gone. Frank White sold his barbershop building to Neal King for $25. Neal tore it down Monday and will make it over into a barn. The building was built by the late Thomas Brownbridge in the early sixties. He built it for a meat market and lived overhead. Ed. Carney was his chief assistant. After the death of Mr. Brownbridge the building was owned in succeeding times by Mrs. Wheaton, M. S. Carney and Austin E. Dwight and finally was sold to Frank White.

(Frank White built his new shop on the same location. This is where Frank Brewer does his barbering. That has always been a place to give terror to weak knees. In those early days the Chadwick brothers conducted a general store with drygoods in the forefront in the building now occupied by Gale's hardware. There was no limit to what the Chadwicks and Brownbridges and others of their crowd would do. They were all fancy dressers and one day one of the Chadwicks came out in a new silk tile. He couldn't get down the street with it. In the scuffle the hat fell off the owner's head.

January 31, 1907.

Roe P. Warner is the inventor of a machine for planting mint roots and has been granted a patent on it. It will revolutionize mint raising as soon as it comes into general use.

The Decatur Creamery Company held its annual meeting Monday. D. A. Squier was elected director to succeed himself and Milo Youells was elected to succeed N. Peterson who wished to retire. The officers are F. E. Lindsley, president; M. S. Thomas, secretary, and George Roberts, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carney, jr., are happy over the birth of a 9 pound son.

Mrs. Eleanor Wheaton died Wednesday morning. She was the mother of Mrs. M. S. Carney. The remains were taken to Chelsea for burial.

Clark Huff has made Pioneer cemetery in Volinia one of the prettiest places in the county. 80 rods of heavy iron fence has been placed around 2 sides at a cost of $300. The first person buried in this place was William Squier, uncle of Supervisor David A. Squier. That was 64 years ago this spring. (99 years ago this year of 1942. Pioneer cemetery is now known as Crane cemetery.)

Russel A. Alger, U. S. Senator died of heart failure at his home in Washington, D. C., January 2, 1907.

Girl for dining room work wanted at Hotel Paddock. A good position and good wages. E. R. Ulrich, prop.

The men's supper was a decided success. George Rogers was head waiter, and the special juvenile orchestra was composed of Leon Beals, Dana Sherrod, Myron Hinkley, Harold and Myra Lawrence.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hoyt January 28, a daughter. Weight 11 pounds.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Forbes of East Valley a son January 15. Weight 8 pounds.

A Republican caucus was held Tuesday afternoon to select 10 delegates to the county convention at Hartford next Monday at which time a county commissioner of schools will be nominated. Decatur's candidate Volney R. Hungerford, was permitted to choose the delegation and he chose A. N. Moulton, Geo. B. Rogers, Martin Knoll, W. K. Van Hise, E. H. Place, Perry M Young, Dr. N. E. Hooper, H. L. Sutton, M. S. Thomas and Chas. L. Dine.

Wade Killefer of Paw Paw has a contract to play ball with the Detroit American League team next season. He will go south with the Tigers for practice in March.

The case of George Kruse vs. M. S. Carney was heard in circuit court last week. The case was the outcome of a meeting of the Kruse Brick Company directors held about a year ago. The plaintiff claimed the defendant struck him and injured him to the extent of $3,000. The jury was out 5 hours and brought in a verdict at midnight of no cause for action. The trial furnished considerable fun for Mallie's many friends on the street.

Thirty Years Ago in Dowagiac

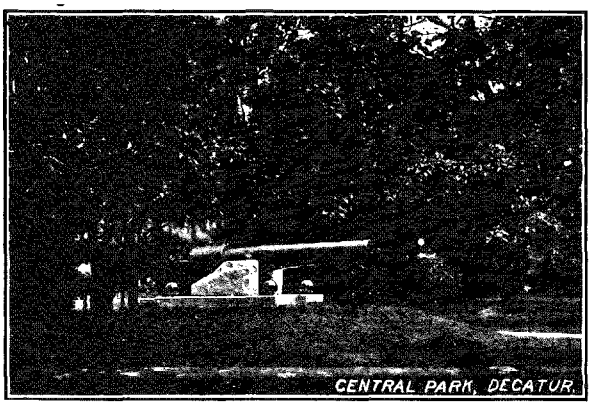
(This story was written by Hank Teeter [Charles Stewart] of Hamilton township and printed in the Dowagiac Daily News. Newell Phelps brought the clipping to the Republican. It concerns some well remembered residents of south Hamilton.)

30 Years Ago

L. B. Parmater, after making his brother, S. S., an extended visit departed Saturday for Vinton, Iowa. Mr. Parmater and his brother are old soldier boys, being 78 and 81 respectively. Cream street also has another old soldier boy, Solomon Stewart, who is 76. They are all boys of '61. Few stop to think that the boys of '61 were boys indeed and some wonder at the longevity of the pension roll. Just let us give you a few figures taken from the records at Washington which will be interesting to many News readers. A total of 2,278,588 were enlisted on the Union side in the Civil war and all but 118,000 were less than 21 years old, 307,000 were 18, 613,000 were 17. Boys were they not? 105,000 were from 14 to 15, and 30 were 13 while 225 were 12 and 38 lads were children so to speak. Still the records go down. There were 25 babies, little drummer boys, 10 years old, whose names if alive are still on the penson roll.

The war ended 46 years ago. If the average soldier was 20 at enlistment and 25 at the close of the rebellion he is only 71 years old now and his wife may be much younger. It is plain the pension roll is probably good for many years yet and we are mighty glad of it, for it's money going where it should go. Hurrah for the boys of '61.

Hank.



THE VILLAGE CANNON

Herewith is the reply to our letter asking if the government advised scrapping the village cannon in Railroad park—

WAR DEPARTMENT

The Adjutant General's Office
Washington
October 7, 1942.

Mr. Arba N. Moulton, Publisher,
The Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.
Dear Sir:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of October 2nd, relative to the salvage of a cannon in the village park of Decatur.

It is suggested that the cannon be turned over to the Commanding Officer, Fort Custer, Michigan. If it is not possible to do this, it can be sold to a dealer in scrap metals and the proceeds donated to the Government, or applied to the purchase of War Bonds. This would serve the doubly desirable purpose of making the material avaliable of use and helping to provide the funds which can be applied to further the war effort.

The patriotic motive which prompted this inquiry is greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
J. A. Uhl,
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

According to this Associated Press dispatch from Lansing scrapping of such relics meets opposition:—

The scrapping of old cannon and other metal relics of the past was labeled the work of "publicity-seekers" today by George N. Fuller, secretary of the Michigan Historical commission.

Protesting against the destruction of what he described as irreplaceable relics, he asserted that in many cases they were being junked only to gain publicity for the war salvage campaign.

"The time has not yet come to destroy our relics of the past," Fuller asserted. "If it comes to the time when there simply is no other scrap iron available, then I would be the last one to object, but as long as there are millions of tons of scrap lying on farms in backyards there is no justification for the destruction of our cultural and historical relics.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

It seems to us that as the years go by the name of Abraham Lincoln grows in greatness. We see more and more clearly that the underlying purpose of his life was to exemplify the principle which he so clearly and simply defined in his second inaugural address: "With malice toward none; with charity for all." It comes close to expressing in another way the Golden Rule.

Lincoln lived to see the Civil War through and peace declared and before the work of reconstruction began he was cruelly murdered. The murderer was known and answered for the crime with his life, as did several others implicated but the entire facts concerning the plotting to bring about his death were never entirely revealed.

The story printed here was taken from the March issue of Hobbies Magazine:

A NEW CHAPTER ON LINCOLN

(By King Hostick)

On July 26, 1947, a new chapter on the life of Abraham Lincoln will be unfolded. At that time the Emancipator will speak to a new generation of American people through the medium of his personal papers that were bequeathed to the Government of the United States and deposited for safekeeping with the Library of Congress, in Washington, D.C., in 1926, by the will of Robert Todd Lincoln, the President's son. Historians on that red-letter day will be allowed to view the papers that for these many years have silently withheld their closely guarded secrets.

The collection, comprising more than 10,000 letters from and to the War President, original drafts of his state papers, and contemporary newspaper clippings, was delivered by the President's son, Robert T. Lincoln, to the Library 5 years before his death in 1926. By a strange agreement executed between the Library and the younger Lincoln, the papers were to remain under lock and seal to be unseen for at least 21 years from the day of Robert's death.

Today they are safely lodged in four massive vaults to remain undisturbed until the 21-year time limit decree has passed. After that time and at the discretion of the Congressional Library, they may be viewed by historians and Lincoln biographers.

The death of Lincoln's son occurred July 26, 1926, thus automatically withholding these priceless documents [illegible] until July 26, 1947. It [illegible] was fully intended that the [illegible] following him was to do [illegible] in continuing something [illegible] the life of his famous father, about whom there have been more volumes written than any other single American.

Today, 77 years later, Lincoln's death is still a matter of controversy. Around the several futile attempts made against Lincoln's life appears a veil of mystery which may be cast aside with the opening of the locked papers. Lincoln's biographers are not fully certain of their convictions when facts pertaining to his death have been weighed. The sealed papers may reveal evidence that Lincoln had information relative to assassination attempts and plots against his life on which today's historians know nothing.

It is also known that several members of Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet were insanely jealous of the President, and it has been predicted by certain biographers that the impounded papers will bring forth secrets in the form of written evidence of treason on the part of a particular member of the Cabinet. According to one author it was because of this evidence Robert felt it best for all concerned that his father's papers be burned.

It is not too much absurd to believe that Lincoln may have had graphic facts of a subversive faction working within his own trusted group of advisers. Were such a thing true, it is not difficult to reason to believe that the ultimate liquidation of such a group would have been the very death of Abraham Lincoln.

So in July, 1947, the benign, human influence of Abraham Lincoln known to the people of [illegible] generations past, will again be felt by this generation, and many of the [illegible] things in connection with the life and death of this illustrious American, [illegible] his trying days in the White House may be buried forever.

Let us consider for a moment the strange circumstances which prompted Robert T. Lincoln to withdraw, literally, these valuable documents from a burning fire to which he had decided that they must be consigned, and instead deposit them with the stipulation that no person could see them for nearly a quarter of a century.

According to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, who is credited with having saved the collection from certain destruction, he had just returned from Europe in August, 1927 when urged by a mutual acquaintance, Horace G. Young, to see his friend Robert Lincoln at once.

On being rushed into Roberts' library, Butler noticed an old-fashioned trunk standing near the bookcases, and he asked Robert if he intended to do some travelling. The son of the famous American answered that the trunk contained some papers of his father and that he thought it best that they be burned. After considerable remonstration, the educator convinced the younger Lincoln that the papers, because of their historic significance, belonged not only to the people of America but also to the people of the entire world; and, therefore must not be destroyed.

Before leaving Robert's home on that day, Butler extracted a promise that the manuscripts would not be burned but would be deposited in the Library of Congress for safe-keeping where they today rest and await the day their secrets will be released to the world.

What information was contained in those papers that prompted Robert T. Lincoln to want to burn them? Will they shed a new light on the colossal figure of the Emancipator?

Assuming that the papers contained startling information which ultra-conservative Robert decided must not be divulged, at least until he had been dead for a number of years, let us imagine what facts may be sealed within those vaults.

Possibly new documentary evidence on the several attempts at assassination with which Lincoln was confronted during his terms in the White House will be exposed.

In the files of the White House an envelope was found after Lincoln's death, bearing the ominous word "assassination" written across the top in the President's well-known hand. Into this envelope the Chief Executive had carefully filed letters threatening his life.

The fact has been established that Lincoln fully accepted the probability of death at the hands of an assassin. Lincoln realized that many people in certain sections of the country regarded him as no less than a tyrant. Futile attempts had already been made against his life and he knew one of these attempts might easily materialized into a grim reality.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Harriett and Alonzo Benn.

The magic spell of Christmas eve
  Will soon be here again,
In every home where children dwell,
  In city, hamlet, glen;
And grown-ups unemotional,
  Or those most staid, austere,
Should warm the cockles of their hearts
  Dispensing Christmas cheer.

Cold hearts are like a fireplace bare
  Of [illegible]
[illegible]
  And play[illegible]
And that they ever hoped and prayed
  For Santa to appear,
With prancing reindeer, and a sleigh
  Chock full of Christmas cheer.

A teddy-bear, electric train,
  A doll, a drum, a book,
And stockings filled and neatly hung
  About the inglenook
Will make the childish hearts o'erflow
  With happiness sublime,
For Christmas should bring peace and joy
  To homes in every clime.

Let's heap the fireplace with huge logs,
  Let's fill our hearts with cheer
By making happy some poor waif
  Or kiddies we hold dear;
Forgetting not our old time friends
  With cheer and words of praise.
And make the coming Christmas seem
  Like those of childhood days.

—Alonzo Newton Benn.

We were working for a collection agency on the fourth floor of the Ashland block, Chicago, in the spring of '93 when 'Gentleman Jim Corbett' came in on some business with one of the attorneys. Somebody whispered, "There goes Corbett," and the big room full of book-keepers and clerks became alive with repressed excitement.

When he went out a hundred or more pairs of eyes were upon him and curious people had gathered along the hallway to the elevator. As one of the curious we have not forgotten his appearance. He was portly and pompous, and immaculately dressed. His black velvet collared overcoat, white silk scarf, silk tile hat and gloves on his hands stand out in our memory.

Corbett did not look up or smile, but kept on his way to the elevator, stepped into it and disappeared without apparently noticing that any other person was within a mile of him.

Corbett was a great man, of course, he had to be accepted as the greatest man in the world, for he had knocked out John L. Sullivan. But none of us liked him. We all admired Sullivan. He was still our hero, and we hoped to see him 'come back.' It just didn't seem to the boys of that time as though any man on earth could lick John L. Sullivan.

Corbett was not popular, he was stuck up and proud. Sullivan was the mighty slugger, the big, good natured, generous hearted, happy-go-lucky Irishman whom everybody liked.

It was the first time that a man in his thirties was considered an old man. Sullivan was 34 and it was regretfully acknowledged that he had had his day, that he was too old to fight. Corbett was eight years his junior, and after that September night in '92 he was rated the cleverest boxer the world had hitherto known, or perhaps will ever know.

Sullivan was the first world champion, establishing the title in 1882 when he met Paddy Ryan in a bare knuckle fight for $5,000 a side. The word "knockout" was coined to describe that fight.

Sullivan's greatest fight was with Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Mississippi, July 8, 1889. Sullivan won it in 75 rounds.

Reading in the announcement of plays at the Cozy that "Gentleman Jim" is to be shown here soon prompted these reminiscences. The Chicago papers say it is a colorful and thrilling movie.

Mae Tinee in the Tribune says:

"'Gentleman Jim' essays to be a picture biography of the suave, and dapper Corbett, and Erroll Flynn in the title role presents a flashy and sympathetic characterization which is convincing and entertaining . . . But [illegible] quered, as he presented the symbolic championship belt that had been his for so long to Corbett, the victor, on the night of September 1, 1892, after the bout in New Orleans.

"A celebration party for Corbett is being held in a big hotel. . . . Champagne corks are popping and everybody is having a high old time. . . . The exuberant, boastful Corbett is here, there and everywhere — the biggest guy in the world [for the moment] in his own and his friends' estimation. . . .

"A great, lonely figure suddenly looms in a doorway, hesitates, and comes forward. . . . Silence falls on the room. . . . John L. Sullivan walks over to where Corbett, suddenly serious, awaits him and holds out the belt, with a few honest words of tribute for his recent adversary's prowess and a good wish for his future. Corbett responds quickly and in kind. Sullivan, stiffly erect, departs—like a man walking in a daze. . . . It's little he has said or done—but you're fumbling for your handkerchief. You have seen a brave warrior go down—'head bloody but unbowed.' . . . And in your heart you fiercely honor a MAN!"

Something Warm: A Knitting Song for Great Grandmothers.

Written by Laura E. Richards, 92 years old, and printed in the 'Trade Winds' column of the Saturday Review of Literature. You will know at once from the poem that she is a wonderful old lady, seeking still to be of

service to her fellowmen:—"Serene I sit, and knit, and knit, Something warm for you."

Soldiers all and Sailors
Marines and "Eagles" too,
Here I sit,
And knit, and knit
Something warm for you.

I cannot march, I cannot shoot,
I never learned to fly,
But give me wool and needles,
And all my best I'll try.

To daughters, nieces, granddaughters,
The sterner tasks I leave,
I cannot, cannot turn a heel,
Nor cope with neck or sleeve.

Straight across and back again
Is all that I can do.
But yet 'twill form
Something warm,
Gallant boys, for you.

I never saw a submarine,
Nor yet a deadly bomb;
I'm usually sound asleep
Before the black-outs come.

I cannot hear the siren,
Nor yet the fire alarm;
You see there's really nothing
Can do me any harm.

So, soldiers all and sailors,
Marines and "Eagles" too,
Serene I sit,
And knit, and knit,
Something warm for you.

It was 11:15 p. m. last week Wednesday. We were sitting in a warm room writing out some letters from the boys in the service, when that dreaded alarm of fire sounded out above the storm.

The sound of the Chief's auto siren followed and firemen from different parts of the village sent their cars through drifting snow to the fire station.

There is always an uneasy feeling in the mind of some individuals at the alarm of fire, until its location is learned and then the uneasiness turns to regret for the unfortunate ones.

This uneasiness is lessened somewhat by the confidence imposed in our voluntary fire department of which Decatur has one of the best.

The loyalty of our firemen to their home town can hardly be expressed in words. They receive no salary. They do not always receive a thank you. But whenever that siren is sounded, be it day or night, in fair weather or storm, they drop their work or arise from a comfortable bed to rush into a fight with the elements that may hold them to hard dangerous work and severe exposure for hours.

All praise to the home town volunteer firemen and when we, their fellow citizens, can see a way to express to them our appreciation for their services, let us never hold back from doing it. It may be our home or our business that they will next be called upon to save, and we may rest assured that to save it they will put forth their best effort.

Emeline Childs died June 25, 1907, at the age of 80. That was 35 years ago. Her maiden name was White and her maternal grandmother was Anna Hull, daughter of Commodore Isaac Hull.

Mrs. Childs possessed something of the forceful character of her illustrious great grandfather. He was a cabin boy at 14 and rose to the command of a ship in the West Indian trade. In 1798 he entered the newly established American Navy as a lieutenant. He was appointed to the frigate Constitution which he commanded as captain from 1806.

Hull was an expert seaman and in 1812 his skill enabled him to escape from an English squadron after being pursued three days and nights. The same year he captured the British frigate Guerriere after a battle of 30 minutes.

The Guerriere was so badly damaged that she had to be burned, while Hull's frigate escaped with such slight damage as to gain for her the name of "Old Ironsides." Hull received a medal from congress and swords of honor.

Mrs. Childs, the great granddaughter of the great naval hero, came with her young husband to this new country of which our village was the center in 1854 when Decatur was but six years old, and she lived here until her death.

The Republican of June 27, 1907, contains a sketch of her life from which is taken the following:—

Mr. Childs was a carriage and wagon maker and had a shop on west Delaware street which became later the Theodore Harlan property and now is the site upon which the handsome residence of Marion E. Chadwick is located. (This is the present home of Mrs. Jennie Borst.)

In 1857 the family moved into the house which has been Mrs. Child's home to the time of her death, and Mr. Childs died in the same house in 1860, before the upright was completed.

In those early days Mrs. Childs suffered hardships which only a brave and successful woman could surmount. Left a widow with four small children and no property from which she could obtain an income, she was compelled to meet conditions which would discourage one less determined.

Mrs. Childs worked at anything she could get to do and kept her family together until they grew up and could do for themselves. She did dressmaking and fancy needle work, painted signs for the merchants and pictures for the home and made beautiful artificial flowers.

She puttied all the glass into the windows of the Methodist church when it was built, and there were but few nights in those early years that her lamp was not burning until midnight.

To her there was no place like the old home in Decatur. She found a warm welcome with her children but was not contented until she was back to the little house between the churches and there she lived a quiet and peaceful life to its close.

There are so many interesting things to write about that one need never want for something to do to keep himself busy, and the way one thing leads on to another it becomes a natural conclusion that life is one never ending continuous story.

From coming across the above account of the death of one of Decatur's pioneer residents we are led on to write about one of the most famous vessels of the United States Navy, the Constitution, commanded by Commodore Isaac Hull, her great grandfather.

In the battle with the Guerriere, the history states, the English vessel was left a total wreck and 79 of her crew were lost, to 14 of the American crew.

The Guerriere was sinking and could not be towed into port. She was therefore blown up. Hull sailed into Boston with his prisoners, to such an ovation as few men have ever earned in so short a time. In less than 25 minutes of actual fighting he had lifted the despised American Navy and nation to an equality with the proudest in the world; and drew from Great Britain such an explosion of rage and humiliation as she has never known before or since.

The Constitution saw much active service and won other notable victories after brilliant fighting.

Finally, in 1830 she was reported unseaworthy and condemned to be broken up, but Oliver Wendell Holmes published in the Boston Advertiser his thrilling poem, "Old Ironsides," and the public clamor excited by it saved the noble vessel.

She was rebuilt and again put into service in 1833. In 1877 she was again rebuilt and took her last trip across the Atlantic the next year. In 1897 she was roofed in at the Boston Navy Yard and was used as a barrack ship until 1925. She was restored by popular subscription and in 1931 visited several ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

Most Republican readers are familiar with the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, but as they may not have read it of late years we are printing it here:

OLD IRONSIDES

(September 14, 1830.)

Ay, tear her shattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the waves;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Because of this poem, written in 1830, we were able to see and traverse the deck of the Constitution two years ago last summer.

LIEUT. COLONEL LEO F. KELLY

LEO F. KELLY LIEUT. COLONEL

Leo F. Kelly, former assistant cashier of the American National Bank of Kalamazoo, who was called into active service with a commission as major Dec. 27, 1940, has been commissioned lieutenant colonel in the quartermaster corps, and assigned as quartermaster of the 11th armored division. His division is now stationed at Camp Polk, La.

Col. Kelly entered military service when he was 17, enlisting Nov. 19, 1917, in the air corps. He received training at Kelly Field, Tex., and also at Ellington and Gerstner fields. At the close of World War I he entered the banking business.

His continuing interest in military affairs led to active participation when the officers reserve corps was established in the early twenties. His steady work won him advancement through the grades from his entering commission, in the quartermaster corps, that of second lieutenant.

He has taken his summer vacations since 1926 for active duty with the regular army, his last such tour of duty having been with the 338th Infantry, 85th division.

Further Information About Indians Reveals Treachery of Shavehead

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Vandalia, Michigan,
April 8, 1942.

Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Arbie:—

Pursuant to our visit a couple of weeks ago and the topic of "Shavehead," which we discussed, I have checked on different histories of Cass and St. Joseph counties in Michigan, and of St. Joseph and Elkhart counties in Indiana, and there seems to be but very little authentic information in any of them relative to his band. It appears he was never regarded as an appointed Chief, but rather as a leader or the renegade head of a miscellaneous group of ill savored savages that roamed the eastern part of Cass county, western St. Joseph county and adjacent territory in Northern Indiana in the early part of the 19th century.

It was not until 1825 that Cass county began to be settled by white people coming in from the east, west and south, for prior to this time, Michigan had been regarded as worthless for agricultural purposes, it being a vast expanse of swamps, sand-dunes and timber.

Three Bands of Indians

When these settlers arrived they found this section inhabited by three bands of the Pottowattomie tribe comprising in all, from 500 to 1000, according to the different histories. In the west and Berrien was the Pokagon band or family. In the north east on Little Prairie Ronde and extending to the Schoolcraft Prairie was Weesaw's band, and in the south east was Chief Pokamin and his band, also Shavehead and his band of 75 to 100.

The Pottowattomies were considered very friendly to the white settlers, except Shavehead and his small band. He was an ugly, ornery cuss, one of the most notorious characters among the Indians of this section, and many anecdotes and traditions have been handed down to the generations. He was a sullen, treacherous, vindictive savage, the meanest Indian of them all, according to almost universal testimony.

His appearance was in accordance with his evil nature. He had naturally a vicious and cruel look which was set off by a peculiar device—that of shaving nearly all the hair from his head. Only a lock on the top and a strip down the back was left.

A Treacherous Indian

Shavehead never ceased to regard the white man as an enemy and an intruder upon the Western soil. He boasted of, and it is very probable that he enacted a bloody role in the Fort Dearborn massacre and took an active part in all the hostilities against the settlers and warring tribes of Indians from other sections in which his tribe was engaged.

He maintained his hatred for the whites, in particular, when all the rest of the Pottowattomies were living among them in peace. His feeling may perhaps be accounted for by the fact he never signed any treaties and consequently received no annuities. He was always suspected of evil designs.

The Hon. George Meachum is authority for the statement that during the Sauk war scare Gen. Joseph Brown ordered Chief Pokagon to "take care of Shavehead," meaning that he should be watched or guarded so that he could not join the enemy, should they penetrate the country.

Shavehead and his comparatively small band lived for the most part in the vicinity of Shavehead Lake and adjacent prairie to the east, which likewise bears his name and around what is now Mottville, for it is there where settlers had to cross the St. Joseph river. He exacted as exorbitant tolls from them as he could, until, it is said one settler pounced upon him and all but killed the old Chief. He committed many petty depredations and was very insolent whenever and wherever he dared to be.

Shavehead's Death

Concerning the death of troublesome old Shavehead, there has always been some mystery. There are several stories but I will give two that agree in essentials at least. Both belong in the shadowy borderland of history where it emerges in the broad, uncertain domain of tradition.

One is in connection with an old frontiersman who lived near Shavehead Prairie by hunting and trapping. He was supposed to have been the only white man Shavehead really cared for and they were great friends of long standing.

It seems that they were at some gathering or pow wow and Shavehead, "well oiled with fire water," became talkative, ugly and wild. He complained that "deer gettum scarce. White man gettum—me gettum white man." Shavehead and his white friend later departed for home and that was the last ever seen of Shave-

head.

The other story, and generally considered more authentic, was in connection with one Job Wright, hermit of Diamond Lake Island. Wright was one of the very few who escaped the Fort Dearborn Massacre in 1812. Wright's wife and children were killed there.

Wright and Shavehead were avowed enemies. Wright's cabin was burned and Shavehead was suspected of doing it by practically all the white settlers.

In September, 1840 there was a gathering of Indians and whites at what is Stone lake at the edge of Cassopolis. Shavehead was there, drunk and troublesome. He boasted of his bravery and made many threats, mentioning the Fort Dearborn Massacre and the scalps he obtained there, and stating there was one more scalp he was going to get. Wright was heard to say, "Yes, it is him. We fought by the wagons. He burned my cabin."

Wright was seen later in the day, loading his rifle and was also seen following the trail Shavehead took when he departed, though it was in the direction of Wright's cabin.

Shavehead was never seen after that day and it appears no one ever investigated, for he was universally disliked by Indians and whites, alike.

Apparently I was mistaken about Shavehead being buried near White Pigeon, for in this, my recent search, I find no mention of his death other than I have written.

This is no story of mine, Arbie, save piecing together from notes I took from the various histories aforementioned, but maybe you can use some of it in connection with other stories of Shavehead that may come to your desk, should you care to.

Thanking you, I remain,

Sincerely,

Roy C. Beardslee.

Miss Frances Toof, now engaged in orchestra work in Grand Rapids, did not come home for the past week end, but instead entertained her friend Miss Naida Foster of Detroit, at her Grand Rapids room.

Peeka, The Potawatamie

By Harry Garrett

Shavehead

Shavehead was tramping noiselessly through the soft, light snow along the shore of Diamond Lake. He was on the track of a wild turkey, and his well trained eye told him that the bird was not far away. Suddenly there was a flapping of wings, and, looking up, he saw it gracefully sail into a tree. A little way from the tree lay a large log, if he could get behind this, he would have a good shot. Unstrapping his snowshoes, dodging carefully from tree to tree, he at last reached the log, and was about to fire, when the turkey, with a loud gobble, spread its wings and flew far out into the forest. With a grunt of disgust Shavehead was about to arise when something else caught his eye.

Out in the lake, a few rods from the shore lay a little island of about eighty acres. This island was covered with forest. On the edge of the woods, close to the shore of the island, directly opposite of where Shavehead lay, was the hut of Old Jim, the Diamond lake hermit. There he lived all alone, five miles from the nearest white family. It was reported among the Indians that he had money hid somewhere, still they had never seen it. They knew that every month he would go to St. Joe with a pack of furs for which he would receive a good sum of money. From this they reasoned he must have it concealed somewhere about the island.

Old Jim

As Shavehead was about to come out from behind the log, buckle on his snowshoes and tramp on, he saw Old Jim come out of his hut and look carefully about him. There was something mysterious in his actions, so Shavehead lay still. Satisfied no one was around Old Jim took up an ax and went up to a large sycamore tree a little way out in the forest. Then he struck the tree a few blows close down by its roots, and, after prying a little, about two square feet of the side of the tree fell out. Reaching in he drew out two iron kettles, set them on the ground, and then put back the square good as before. But as he set one of the kettles down, something slid off the top and lay glittering on the ground. A ray of the setting sun fell upon it and it shone with a golden lustre. Gold, said Shavehead to himself, and his Indian eye gleamed animously. After Old Jim had entered his hut, Shavehead arose from the log, fastened on his snowshoes, and tramped far out into the forest. There he built a fire and lay down beside it to await the morning, when he would return to the Indian village.

Pokagon

Devils Lake is about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. Near its western end lay three small islands. Opposite these islands on the shore of the lake, was the Potawatamie village. This was the largest and most important of their villages in the southern part of Michigan, for it was the home of the great Potawatamie chief, Pokagon. Pokagon was getting old, though yet he could tramp many a mile without fatigue. He was loved by all his tribe. Though brave and strong, he ruled his people by love, not fear. He allowed the missionaries from the east to build their little church a few miles to the south of Devil's Lake, then he and his beautiful daughter Peeka were among the first converts. Since that time the mighty chief and his daughter could be seen every Sunday morning at the church. Peeka was a typical Potawatamie. At the age of nineteen she could run as swift, shoot as straight, or paddle a canoe as good as any one in the village. Her voice was soft and musical. She was kind to everyone. Around her lips a smile was always hovering.

Wanee

One night Peeka sat alone in her wigwam, humming a little song the missionaries had taught her. The flap parted and Wanee strode in. Wanee, though the youngest, was the greatest warrior of the tribe. He stood next to Pokagon in importance. He was loving and kind. No one could bring in more game than he; no one could paddle a canoe any swifter; no one could endure more hardships. For this he was looked up to and respected. Wanee's especial friend was Shavehead. They could nearly always be seen together, although Shavehead was the opposite in character. He was only a little behind Wanee in those qualities that make an Indian great. He was rash and impetuous. He was respected through fear. He hesitated at nothing which would be the means of obtaining his ends. Wanee could see these things less plainly than others of the tribe, for he and Shavehead had been friends since their childhood.

"How," said Wanee, as he entered Peeka's wigwam.

"How," returned Peeka.

Love

Then Wanee crossed over and sat down on the bearskin beside her. The fire at the doorway blazed up and threw a red glow over the interior. The bronze features of Peeka trembled. Her eyes shown like stars. She sat beside the warrior she loved. For a few moments they sat in the dull red glow in silence. She felt the clasp of his great brown hand about hers. She thought of the awful power at its command. It could strangle a young wolf with greatest of ease. Now its touch was soft and gentle. Thus for a few moments these children of nature conversed in that silent language, then Peeka spoke:

"Wanee, when does Shavehead return?"

"In the morning," answered Wanee.

"You and Shavehead are the best of friends," went on Peeka, " but you must watch him, for I'm afraid he will harm you some time."

"Nonsense, Peeka, what makes you think that?"

"He knows that you are the greatest warrior in the tribe," replied Peeka. "He knows he is next. He is becoming jealous. He would stop at nothing to obtain that first place. But he is becoming jealous of you in another way. He loves me!"

Wanee started. Could it be that Shavehead did love Peeka? He never had thought it. Still he trusted his friend, he felt no harm. "But does he know that you do not love him," he at length replied.

"No I have never told him, fearing to arouse his anger. But I must do something soon, it can't go on much longer."

The fire was dying low. They heard the footsteps of Pokagon, so Wanee arose to go. At the door he met the chief.

"How," said Pokagon.

"How," returned Wanee, passed on, and soon was slumbering in his wigwam.

Mystery

Shortly after sunrise next morning Shavehead came into camp. He went about more overbearing than ever.

Near one of the islands is a place the Indians call Devil's Hole. There is a mystery about this place. A few years before a squaw was crossing over to this island on the ice, and when nearly there, she was seen to go down, and has never been seen since. The next winter a deer was crossing the ice and disappeared in the same place. The Indians began to look upon it in superstitious awe.

The afternoon of Shavehead's return he and Wanee were out fishing. Just before dark they saw a little girl making straight towards Devil's Hole. They called, and waved their hands, but all in vain, she neither saw nor heard them. On she sped until all at once she gave a cry, and sank before their eyes.

For a week after this incident the camp was quiet. Then one day Pokagon and Wanee went on a hunting trip. Shavehead remained in camp. After they had gone he went to the wigwam of Peeka. She was alone. He strode noisily in and grunted a greeting.

What a contrast, thought Peeka, to Wanee, who came in soft and still, whose voice was low and kind, and whose touch was light and caressing. After a brief silence Shavehead spoke.

"Peeka, I love you, I think I have told you that before. To-day I ask you to be my wife."

This took Peeka unawares. But her mind worked fast. She did not want to tell him that she did not love him. She did not want to tell him that she was promised to Wanee, for she feared for Wanee's life.

"Shavehead," she finally answered, "when you can come into my wigwam and pour into my lap more gold than any warrior in the village, then, perhaps, I'll be your wife."

"Will you? Then you're mine," he answered and left her.

"Never," she said after he had gone, and her black eyes snapped.

Treachery

One night about a week later, when all the village was wrapped in slumber, Shavehead arose, buckled on his snowshoes, threw his gun over his shoulder, and departed toward the southeast. After about three hours' journey he found himself again on the shore of Diamond Lake. Before him was the hut of Old Jim. Near it was the coveted gold. He crossed over to the island and pounded on the door of the hut.

"Who's there?" shouted Old Jim.

Shavehead gave a shove and the door fell in. A bright moon was shining, and he saw Old Jim sitting up in bed on the opposite side of the room. He threw his gun to his shoulder, a deafening crash rang out upon the still night air, and when the smoke cleared away, Old Jim lay upon the floor with a bullet in his head. Shavehead then went to the sycamore tree, took out the gold, and was soon striding towards home. By the time the rest were astir in the Indian village, he was in his wigwam with the gold safely buried.

The winter wore slowly on. Spring was near at hand. Shavehead and Wanee decided to have one more hunt that winter. The next week they would start, and would not return for many moons.

At last the night before their departure arrived. Peeka had been with Wanee all day, and had cautioned him again and again to beware of Shavehead. She was sitting all alone in her wigwam, when suddenly the flap was lifted and Shavehead strode in. Going directly over to where she sat, he emptied a hand full of gold in her lap.

"Now my reward," he said.

For a moment Peeka could not speak. She never thought for a moment that he could obtain the gold. She decided to tell him all.

"Shavehead, I can never marry you. I do not love you."

"No, but you love Wanee," Shavehead thundered.

"Yes," replied Peeka. "Here, take your gold," and she threw it on the bearskin at his feet.

Shavehead gathered it up and departed.

Wanee and Shavehead had been hunting nearly two weeks. They were on the banks of the St. Joe. It was growing dark and time to camp, but they could find no suitable place. Finally they decided to cross. Wanee took the paddle and Shavehead sat in the stern. When they had reached the center of the river, Shavehead reached down at his feet and picked up his tomahawk. He drew back his arm, and then with all his mighty strength, it flew from his hand. His aim had been true. Striking Wanee in the head, it went crashing through the skull, and buried itself deep in the brain. With never a cry he threw up his hands and fell into the dark waters. In a moment all was quiet. The peaceful waters of the St. Joe rolled over the body of Wanee.

Shavehead hunted a few days alone, then returned to Devils Lake. There he told how Wanee, after killing a deer, and loading it into a boat, had tried to cross the river, but when about half way across, was capsized and drowned.

All believed this except one broken hearted maiden, and that was Peeka. Not for one moment did she doubt but that Shavehead was the cause of Wanee's death.

Revenge

A week rolled by and again Shavehead stood in the wigwam alone with Peeka. But before he could say a word, Peeka arose and stood before him. She drew herself to her full height; her proud head was thrown back; her eyes flashed in anger. Her long brown arm was pointed directly at Shavehead, who stood cowering before this haughty Princess of the Woods. At length she spoke.

"I know why you came here. I know what you want. But you may as well go out into yonder forest and talk to the senseless oak. Never shall I become the wife of Shavehead. You it was who murdered the hermit or Diamond Lake that you might throw his gold at my feet; you it was who closed in death the eyes of my lost Wanee. Go, and never address Peeka again."

For once Shavehead was defeated. Before him stood Peeka motionless as a statue. He fell under the power of her eyes, and obeyed them. Without uttering a word he wheeled and went out.

The next Sunday Pokagon and Peeka went to the little church as usual. No smile played round her lips now. Her face was sad and thoughtful. She sang the simple songs as never before. They lingered a long time after the sermon before they returned to the village.

That night just at sunset, someone saw a figure out on the lake, going straight toward Devil's Hole. The alarm was spread, but too late, she was on its very brink. It was Peeka. She kept saying over and over a little prayer she had been taught. She knew she was very near, she shut her eyes. All at once she felt herself going down. She felt the cold water about her. It seemed an age, but at last it closed over her and she knew no more.

There was one who stood on the shore who could not bear to see the sight. Shavehead had turned his back.

Presbyterian Church Celebrates 90th Anniversary

(History of the Presbyterian church—condensed from a history written by John F. Brigham, and printed in the Republican on February 1 and 8, 1940.)

The First Presbyterian church of Decatur was organized by the Rev. Marcus Harrison on February 1, 1852, and consisted of the following members, Mrs. Lydia House Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich, and Joseph McClintock. At the time Joseph McClintoch was elected and ordained a ruling elder.

Early in 1855 the Rev. M. Harrison, a missionary under the American Home Mission Society, was obliged to resign because of ill health, and he was followed by the Rev. Samuel Fleming.

Work on the first house of worship erected in Decatur was started under the direction of Mr. Harrison, and brought to completion during the pastorate of Mr. Fleming. The building, costing about $1,000, was dedicated on September 18, 1856.

This first building was used for services until 1868, when it became necessary to make plans for a larger church. The building was sold to Jack Tuttle who moved it over onto St Mary's street where it was used for a time as an Universalist church, and later sold to the Catholics and used by them as a church for many years.

The second building was erected by the Presbyterians in 1869 and dedicated on September 1 of that year, at

tthe cost of $7,000.

Encouraged by the success of the Ladies' bazaar in December, 1887, those who had long desired repairs and redecoration of the church came forward. Over four hundred dollars was obtained by subscription. The audience room was shortened, rooms with sliding doors added above and below, and a new entrance, vestibule and stair case installed. The Ladies' Society decorated the whole interior and covered the entire auditorium with new carpet at a total of over $250.00.

About the year 1903 a new Estey pipe organ was purchased and installed at the approximate cost of $1,100.

In 1917 the second building was destroyed by fire, with most of the contents. The pulpit, some of the pews, a piano, and several articles of small furniture were saved, but the rest, including the organ, went up in smoke.

A new building was soon started, and was dedicated on May 4, 1919. This building, erected at the cost of $30,000, is now the [illegible] of the Presbyterian [illegible] lot of the [illegible] and [illegible] over 85 [illegible] of God [illegible] one place in the [illegible]

1942 CLASS C STATE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Left to right: Arthur Slager, Marvin Overley, Carl Southworth, Eugene Notzon, Coach Kenneth Higgins, John Cerven, Richard Vanderveen, Oscar Newell, Ward Klinkers, Edward Klinkers.

Tall Dutch Boys Star On Decatur's Unbeaten Team

School Has Scored 928 Points This Season; Ended Schedule Friday By Defeating Watervliet 46 to 20.

By JERRY HAGAN
in Kalamazoo Gazette

This town is all excited about its high school basketball team. And it has reason to be.

Decatur has won 17 straight games this year and already has scored 928 points while the opposition has collected only 286. The season ended Friday night when Watervliet, a Little Eight conference team, fell before the locals by a score of 46 to 20. Decatur is looking ahead now to the district and regional tournaments.

Coach Ken Higgins is the power behind Decatur's strong team. Ken is a little fellow with a bundle of energy. But his team isn't little. Six of the first seven players are tall Dutch boys. Slager is six feet four. The Klinkers cousins both are six feet two and Overley is another six footer. Three more squad members are only one inch under six feet in stature.

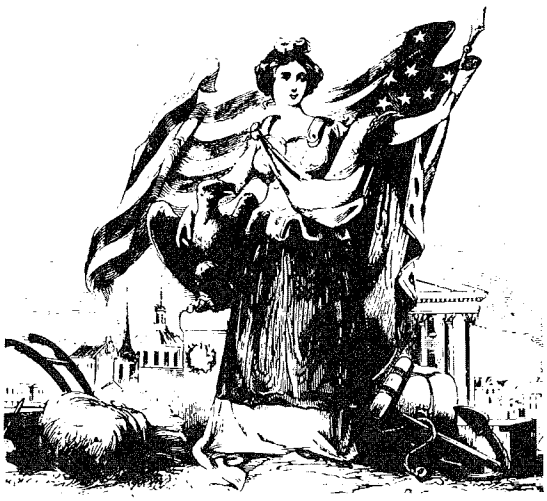
Decatur has scoring power—an average of 55 points per game. But Decatur does all right on defense, too, holding the opposition to an average of 16 points per game this year.

The only thing about Decatur's team that rubs the wrong way: The squad is so strong that the games haven't been interesting. In 17 contests, only one was the least bit close. That was against the Dowagiac Chieftains of the Big Seven Class B conference. Decatur won that game, 28 to 21. Since, Decatur has scored 60 points a game and has been over 70 twice, including a 71-11 victory over Paw Paw which earlier in the season had held Decatur to 42 points.

Decatur's 1940-1941 season record was almost as good but an overconfident team was upset in the district tournament competition. Decatur has waited a year to make up for that mistake. Right now, W. Klinkers and Nash both have knee injuries. But they expect to be back in stride again by the time of the tournaments.

This season's record:

Decatur	52;	Lawton	18
Decatur	59;	Gobles	9
Decatur	59;	Watervliet	15
Decatur	53;	Lawrence	21
Decatur	38;	Alumni	21
Decatur	28;	Dowagiac	21
Decatur	61;	Lawton	15
Decatur	61;	Hartford	17
Decatur	42;	Paw Paw	25
Decatur	77;	Covert	9
Decatur	61;	Coloma	20
Decatur	46;	Bangor	11
Decatur	71;	Paw Paw	11
Decatur	41;	Bangor	10
Decatur	67;	Covert	19
Decatur	66;	Coloma	24
Decatur	46;	Watervliet	20
	928		286



GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF THE PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

The Governors of many states and the Mayors of many cities issued proclamations urging the schools, patriotic societies and citizens generally to suitably observe the Golden Anniversary of the Pledge to the Flag under the sponsorship of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. William H. Pouch, New York City, is President General, and under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Malott Barnes, Washington, D. C., National Chairman, and Mrs. Alonzo Newton Benn, Chicago, General National Vice Chairman Committee on Correct Use of the Flag, who were splendidly assisted by State Regents and other officers and members.

Of the many, many public observances throughout the length and breadth of the United States, that held Sunday, October 18, 1942, in Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., will undoubtedly longer be remembered due to having been addressed by Dr. William Tyler Page, President General of The United States Flag Association, minority clerk emeritus of the House, author of "The American's Creed" and long recognized as an outstanding authority on Congress.

As a lad Dr. Page served as a page in the House in 1881 and continued unbroken service in the House from that far off time until his sudden death Monday night, October 19, 1942, the second night following his Golden Anniversary address, at the age of 74, at his home in Friendship Heights, Maryland.

Inasmuch as Dr. Page's address may well be considered authoritative, it is given here in full for future historians to make use of, consisting as it does of his last public utterances.

The History of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag

(Address by Dr. William Tyler Page, President General of the United States Flag Association, given upon the commemoration of the Golden Anniversary of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag under the auspices of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution at Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., October 18, 1942.)

Our country is now engaged in a war to preserve the liberties of which the Flag of the United States is the glorious symbol. It is particularly appropriate, therefore, that we observe the 50th—the golden—anniversary of the Pledge of Allegiance to our National Emblem, and the Daughters of the American Revolution are to be highly commended for bringing this momentous anniversary to the attention of the American people, at the same time calling upon all to reaffirm our pledge to Old Glory.

Looking back 50 years, to 1892 when the Pledge was given to our Nation, we find the United States at peace—we find Americans engrossed in a period of prosperity and big business. Even as in war there is need for stirring patriotic fervour, so in those peaceful days educators, patriotic leaders and a few men in the public eye sensed a definite need for a revival of the spirit of American patriotism. The opinion existed that if the adults of the time were calloused and difficult to arouse, the hope for the future lay in the youthful oncoming generation.

In line with this thinking, Mr. James B. Upham, junior partner of The Youth's Companion, a well-known magazine of the day, saw a great opportunity to inculcate love of Country on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America—October 12, 1892, when the Chicago Columbian Exposition would be dedicated. He knew this would attract the attention of the entire Nation. Why not make the outstanding feature the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day—a day which would mark a re-consecration to patriotism . . . a day when school children in every Community throughout the Nation would pledge allegiance to the Flag?

Mr. Upham gained the confidence of the officials of the Exposition in this extensive plan; enlisted the co-operation of the United States Commissioner of Education and obtained the consent of The Youth's Companion to place its machinery and resources behind it.

To aid him in securing the hearty cooperation of the entire educational personnel of the Country, the newspapers and other organized influences, Mr. Francis Bellamy, a recently appointed member on the staff of the magazine, was selected; and as an initial step he presented the plan to the State Superintendents of Education, in annual meeting in Brooklyn, New York, February 17, 1892. The idea received their approval and a committee of five was appointed to start the project and provide an official program of exercises for use in all localities. Mr. Bellamy was chosen chairman of the committee, and in this capacity enlisted the support of educators, Congressmen, Senators and Grover Cleveland, who at that time was planning to run again for the Presidency. He gained an interview with President Harrison, who promised to endorse the movement. Mr. Bellamy went even further. Through his efforts, a joint resolution was passed by Congress, enabling the President to issue a proclamation making October 21 (which corresponds to October 12 of Columbus' Old Style calendar) a National holiday with suitable exercises in the schools. A part of the proclamation read, "Let the National Flag float over every schoolhouse in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of citizenship."

When it came time to prepare the official program, it was recognized that its most important feature was to be the raising of the Flag, with a salute to the Flag recited by the pupils in unison. But the current salute, written by Colonel T. Balch of New York, was not considered forceful enough. It ran, "I give my head and my heart to God and my Country— one Country, one Language, one Flag." Therefore, Mr. Bellamy wrote a new salute. (Parenthetically, it may be mentioned that much evidence has been offered to prove that Mr. Upham wrote the pledge with the aid of a little rounding out by members of The Youth's Companion staff, but, in 1939 a committee of historians appointed by The United States Flag Association, gave the credit to Mr. Bellamy after thorough and exhaustive research.)

The Pledge was just twenty-three words—"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Of the 13,000,000 pupils then in schools, it was estimated that three-fourths of them stood at salute before their school-house Flags and repeated this Pledge of Allegiance on October 21, 1892—The National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day.

The original wording of the Pledge was used until June 14-15, 1923, when representatives of the principal patriotic, fraternal, civic and educational organizations assembled at the National Flag Code Conference in this City, substituted "the Flag of the United States' for "my Flag", on the ground that some foreign-born chil-

dren might have in mind the flag of their native land when they said "my Flag."

At the Second National Flag Code Conference, held in Washington, D. C., June 14, 1924, still further change was made in the wording of the Pledge. For the sake of greater definition, the words "of America" were added after "the Flag of the United States," so that the Pledge then read as it stands today. At this Conference gestures were prescribed, and the instructions issued were reproduced from that time on in Flag Code publications issued by the Army, the Navy, patriotic societies and others. These instructions were, in full—

"In pledging allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, the approved practice in schools, which is suitable also for civilian adults, is as follows:

Standing with the right hand over the heart, all repeat together the following pledge:

'I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the Unted States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.'

At the words 'to the Flag', the right hand is extended, palm upward, toward the Flag and this position is held until the end, when the hand, after the words, 'justce for all', drops to the side.

"However, civilian adults will always show full respect to the Flag, when the pledge is being given, by merely standing at attention, men removing the headdress. Persons in uniform render the right hand salute."

This year the Pledge of Allegiance and its accompanying gestures, as prescribed at the Second National Flag Conference, received Government sanction, for on June 16, the Flag Code was adopted in its entirety by the Congress of the United States. The Resolution introduced by the Honorable Sam Hobbs of Alabama, at the instance of the American Legion, together with amendments suggested by The United States Flag Association, indorsed by the Daughters of the American Revolution, was approved June 22. The Pledge of Allegiance appears in Section 7.

The evolution of the Pledge takes us back to 1892 when it was first read and received popular acceptance. It brings us to 1942—exactly 50 years later—the year of its Golden Anniversary—when it received official recognition by the Government of the United States.

Looking toward the future, may the Pledge of Allegiance always be in the hearts of Americans an expression of devotion to the Flag and faith in the ideals and institutions it represents. May it stir in the souls of all Americans the sentiment expressed in these memorable words of our great patriot, Daniel Webster:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once Glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?' Nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable'."

LETTERS

LEFT DECATUR IN '87

Norman E. Webster, jr., of New York City is one of the Decatur young men of the seventies and eighties who stand out for the good record they have made. He is one of the Country's best known public accountants, and is at the head of the firm of Webster, Horne and Blanchard, 50 Broadway.

Mr. Webster was a visitor to Decatur a few weeks ago. He had been to a national convention of certified public accountants in Chicago and stopped here between trains on his return trip.

On his return to New York he mailed the Republican a check for a year's subscription and we hope the old home paper will increase his interest in the time he lived here to the extent that he will become an occasional contributor.

He writes, "I left Decatur in April, 1887, over 55 years ago, and my parents remained there less than two years more. Amanda and Rose Debolt, Harley Welcher and his sister, Gladys Lincoln and you are perhaps the only ones I know there. If you can locate a loose copy of the Van Buren County Gazetteer by Hill and Leavens I should like to get it."

Has any reader of the Republican a copy of this book that he will be willing to part with?

WILL LIVE WITH SON...

Paw Paw, October 22, 1942.

Decatur Republican.

Dears sirs,

Some years ago Abner Moon handed me the following item which I thought would be of interest to Decatur people. As I understand it Mr. Moon used to publish a paper at Marcellus and at one time in Dowagiac.

Big Tree In Volinia

In the fall of 1874 J. S. Draper purchased a farm in Volinia township on which was a large walnut tree, which measured ten feet across the stumps and the rings numbered more than four hundred. The tree scaled more than 12,000 board feet and the logs were so large they had to be split into sections for hauling. The tree was sold for $12.00 per M on the stump. It cost $10.00 to cut the tree and $75.00 to get it hauled to Decatur.

Yours truly,

Dana Smith.

Retired MC Engineer Dies

George Francis Howland, 73, retired Michigan Central railroad engineer and a veteran of 48 years service with the railroad, died Wednesday morning, September 8, at his home, 1015 Homewild Avenue, Jackson, after a short illness.

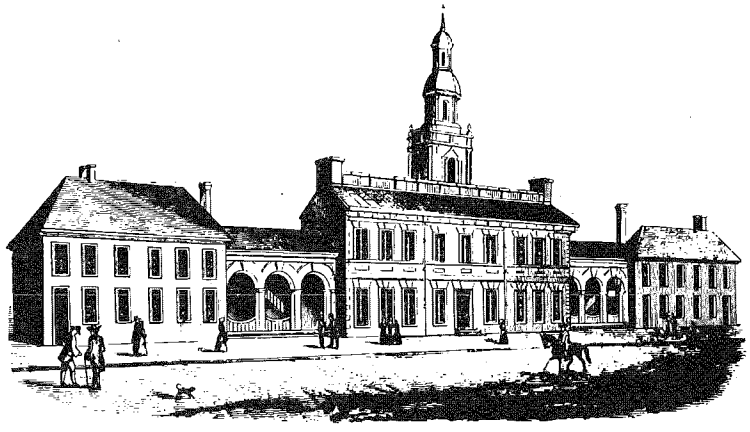
Mr. Howland entered the employ of the Michigan Central Oct. 16, 1891, retiring Sept. 30, 1939.

Survivors include two daughters, Mrs. Claire Shehan, of the Homewild Ave, address, and Mrs. H.F. Parks, of 806 Oakridge Dr.; two granchildren, Phyllis Marie, and George Shehan, at home, and two sisters, Miss Nell Howland, of Jackson, and Mrs. Anna Kelley of Kalamazoo.

Funeral service was held at St. John's church Friday morning at 9:30, with burial in St. Joseph's cemetery, Dexter.

George Howland was a son of Mr. and Mrs. James Howland. He was born in East Decatur September 6, 1869, and lived in Decatur until 1891, when he located in Jackson. He was a brother of the late William H. Howland, also a retired Michigan Central engineer.

Sept. 17, 1942



Old Idea Meets Modern Need

Carrying her son, Billy, in a papoose basket made by a Paw Paw Indian woman, Mrs. Roy Cronkhite, 824 Franklin street, has her arms free to fill her shopping basket in an Oakwood grocery
—Courtesy Kalamazoo Gazettte.

Revives Original American Idea, Using Papoose Basket For Child

(Mrs. Cronkhite was formerly Anna Congdon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Congdon of Decatur. Her husband works for the Parchment Company and she has another son, Walter ten years old. The story was printed in the Kalamazoo Gazette of March 5.)

They can ration gasoline, tires, bicycles and even baby carriages and Mrs. Roy Cronkhite, 824 Franklin street, Kalamazoo, can still take her seven-months-old son, Billy, across town to do her shopping with the greatest unconcern.

With an Indian papoose basket, she has revived an original American custom for carrying the young that she insists surpasses carriage pushing or the arm carrying method.

Nor does William John object. Yoked snugly to [illegible] on the back of his mother shopping trips now are the big moments of his very young life.

The basket was fashioned by a Paw Paw Indian woman, Mrs. Sarah Sturgeon, from the memories she had of her grandmother weaving papoose baskets generations ago. While she and her son make their living weaving baskets, this is the first order of this kind they have had. Her son cut the willow strips and did the staining that gives the carrier its pattern while she did the weaving.

The Indian woman's artistry is well known in Oakwood where her baskets of various types are sold in a grocery store.

Ideas for the papoose basket were not inspired by rationing but an incident that happened at Mackinaw City several seasons ago. Mrs. Cronkhite and her friend, Mrs. Frank Beattie, who were vacationing there were sitting on a porch of their cabin near an Indian settlement and overheard some children arguing whether Mrs. Cronkhite who is dark and has long, black hair, was a real Indian. The incident was remembered by Mrs. Beattie who ordered the papoose basket as a special gift for Billy.

The basket solves a number of problems, says the mother. With its substantial base it will rest on the floor of a store or on a bus where she could not take a stroller or baby carriage on a bus. Even though the baby weighs 26 pounds and the basket is built sturdily, Mrs. Cronkhite feels this is an easy way to carry this much weight without becoming tired. It leaves her arms free to fill her shopping basket and to carry her parcels home.

The Indian woman must have fashioned the basket for comfort for Billy will stay happy for hours in his new carrier and sometimes even goes to sleep as Indian children often did when they were carried on their mothers' backs.

M. Haney Leases Copley Building

Marlin Haney has leased the Copley building for 3 years with the privilege of buying it, and has converted it into a produce depot. This building is located on the southeast corner of Main and St. Mary's streets.

Away back in the sixties the big 3 story Duncombe House stood there. This building was moved two blocks south to the Sherwood street corner and during the moving the landlord continued business as usual. The guests would sit in the doorway or in the windows of their rooms and watch the panorama of business on the street as they slowly moved along.

The moving took place some time during the seventies. In 1869, according to the directory of that year, the hotel was located on the St. Mary's street corner. H. Galloway was the proprietor, and the Duncombe House barn was on the north side of St. Mary's street 3 doors west of Phelps (Main) street.

The Duncombe House advertisement in the directory of '69 reads,—"This House is conveniently located to the business center of the town, and has spacious sample rooms and well ventilated sleeping apartments. It has been newly furnished throughout, and presents to the traveling public the best accommodations of any House in town.

"Free hack to and from the cars and baggage carried free. Charges moderate. Persons stopping at this House can rely on gentlemanly and courteous treatment. Good stables and billiard rooms connected with the House.

"Stages leave this House daily for South Haven, Lawrence, Breedsville, Bangor and Hartford; tri-weekly for Keeler, Millburgh, Benton Harbor and St. Joseph."

After the Hotel moved south this was a vacant corner for a number of years and then the Sweet Brothers, Willard and Gilbert, built a roller skating rink there. It flourished during the eighties, and what fun the young people had there. The times created professional trick skaters and racers and they would pack the big

building with spectators. They were the days of the elegant eighties of which even now it is pleasant to read.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

April 9, 1943.

Cleaning the attic. Does anyone ever clean an attic without sitting down and looking over old letters and looking at dozens of things that remind us of people and places? Each spring I do the same thing. I realize many things are useless but I dust them off and put them back in their place.

Yesterday my sister was here and we went up to the attic and among the things we looked at was an old log cabin quilt. We remembered dresses we had, and some of our mother's, and some bright colored calico with horse shoes in which was a waist our little brother Sidney wore. And one dress I loved which my mother made had red roses in. "Do you remember the red dress with oak leaves, which Mary Burger gave me?" said my sister. "Mother made it with a polonaise. I thought it was so pretty."

THE LOG CABIN QUILT

As I gaze at this quilt of the log cabin pattern,
The dresses we wore I can see once again;
This rose colored lawn was for wee dimpled Anna,
And this gingham strip was an apron all plain.

The cool dainty muslin was grandmother's wrapper,
The seersucker waist Lulu wore a long time;
The dotted percale was a quaint Mother Hubbard—
At first it was auntie's and then it was mine.

This blue checkered gingham, how well I remember
A sunbonnet pattern for Anna and me;
The neck-cape, the ties, and the wide ruffled sunshade,
The full gathered crown most distinctly I see.

And here's my red calico, gay as a gypsy,
Carefully plaited and trimmed with white braid;
That orchid flowered crepe was my mother's kimono,
The very first garment that Bess ever made.

As I gaze at this quilt of the log cabin pattern,
Fashioned and stitched in the days long ago;
Again the loved faces smile out of the shadows,
The firelight is soft, and the kettle sings low.

Nellie Truesdell.

May 28, 1943.

"It isn't the things you did, my dear,
It's the things you haven't done
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun."

The letter of Ralph J. McGowan reminded me of this verse. He has taken time to say a word of appreciation. I am so glad he found an uplift of thought in the little verse I sent.

I, too, enjoy the Republican. Everything in it is good. I am especially interested in "Early Pioneers of Van Buren county." My grandfather Lewis was one of them. He was born in New York State in 1817 and came to Michigan as a young man. He married Nancy Althouse, whose mother is buried in Colburn cemetery near Lawrence.

What a lovely tribute Alonzo Newton Benn pays his wife in the poem, "Because Of You." Many of us feel that way but could not put it into beautiful words as he has.

Dr. Jones of Detroit whom we called our Column Chaplain, gave us the following poem, but did not know the author. I am sure everyone will love it as I do.

"Should you go first and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known,
In spring I'll wait for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue;
In early fall when brown leaves fall
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

"Should you go first and I remain
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
Though blindly I may grope;
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

"Should you go first and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do;
Walk slowly down the path of death,
For soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take
That I may walk the same,
For some day down that lonely road
You'll hear me call your name."

Nellie Truesdell.

June 11, 1943.

Some of my friends have asked me to write about juvenille delinquency. I admit that I rather not; like the sundial I prefer to record only the sunny hours, and I would like to think all children are good. Most of the children I know are, or seem to be, but the papers especially of late seem to be full of the misdemeanors of children.

How important it is that these citizens of tomorrow be trained right. I wonder sometimes if mothers would think it is old fashioned to hear a little good night prayer.

Floyd Starr of the Starr Commonwealth says there is no such thing as a bad boy, and insists that he himself be punished for wrong doings of his boys, thus showing them that he feels he has not given them the right advice. I heard a lecture one time about children and he said the time to start training them is the day they are born. A six weeks old baby can rule the household, especially if there is a grandmother in the family, the lecturer said.

As I reread what I have written, it seems I have placed all the blame on the parents. I am not trying to place the blame anywhere, for I do not profess to know, but I do know something is wrong somewhere.

I just now talked to an elderly man, a stranger to me. He was admiring the sedum we have planted by the rocks in our front yard. "Now if children don't come along and destroy it like they have so many things along the street. When I was young I was taught to let other people's property alone." What he said seemed to fit in with what I am trying to write about.

Maybe parents have failed to impress children with another old-fashioned admonition—to respect other people's property. Maybe it would do us good, and our children too if we would read the following verses from the pen of Charles Kingsley:

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Nellie Truesdell.

BASIL HARRISON'S GRANDDAUGHTER

July 22, 1943.

Last Saturday I called on Mrs. Emma Longwell, a granddaughter of Basil Harrison, and hope I can give half as good an account of my visit as it deserves and that it will please Mr. Moulton.

I found her doing some washing which, she said, could wait, and so she took me to her sitting room where pictures of some of her renowned relatives are hung on the walls. By the side of Basil Harrison's picture is an enlarged picture of him, there is one of Sellick and Nancy Longwell, also an enlarged picture. They are grandparents of Mrs. Longwell's husband.

The little lace cap Nancy wears is most becoming. We talked for a time about dates and ancestors, which I tried to remember but all the time I was thinking about Mrs. Longwell's bright blue eyes and how good her memory is.

She told me she was born in 1861 on the farm where her grandfather first settled in 1827 and that it is still owned by one of the Harrison family. I think she said Clair Harrison. In 1859 she was married to Loren Longwell and they started housekeeping on the farm where she now lives. In all the years she said she had never been away from the place more than six months altogether, and that remind-

ed me of something a friend said to me recently,—"Change is a cheap sedative but it takes character to stay in one place and carry on."

Two sons were born to them: Delos Sellick, who still lives with her, and Owen Harrison, who was killed in an automobile accident in 1930.

I was thinking of the unfinished washing and also of my husband waiting in the car, and as I arose to go I remarked that it was a large house for her to care for, and in the last few minutes I was there I think I saw more of the real Emma Longwell, and possibly something of the characteristics of her sturdy grandfather, than in all our previous talk.

"You need not hurry," she said. "I am glad to talk with you, and I feel glad to think I have lived here so many years and know all the people around here, and when my years are done I know there will be a happy reunion of loved ones.

As for my work, I milk 5 cows, feed 10 calves, keep 200 chickens, rent out ten boats for Sugar Loaf lake and care for a cottage at the lake."

I wonder if I shall ever dare say, "I haven't time to do this or that."

On our way home we stopped at the site of her birth place, and I read again the inscription on the boulder—

"Basil Harrison, first permanent settler, arrived in Kalamazoo county November 5, 1827, and was guided to this site by Pottawattami, Chief Saganaw and braves. He traveled through trackless wilderness with loaded wagons drawn by horses and one yoke of oxen. Was commissioned by Gov. Cass, 'Associate Judge of County Court.' Immortalized by Cooper as 'Bee Hunter,' in Oak Openings. Died 1874. A centenarian. Placed by Lucinda Hinsdale Stone Chapter, 1928."

Nellie Truesdell.

Aug. 6, 1943.

Early pioneers of Van Buren county are coming near home. In chapter 14 it speaks of Clark Pierce. His home was about a mile south of our place. His son Irving had his home there too. His daughter, Myrtle, who is now Mrs. Hammond of Hartford, taught my Sunday school class in Jericho school house, and I went to school with Ella who is now Mrs. Willis and her brother Clifton. I think they both live in West Bangor.

Clark Pierce's second wife was Mrs. Benton; she had a son living and a pretty little daughter Maude. Irving is dead but Maude is still a pretty woman and lives in Flagstaff, Arizona. I now and then hear from her.

And about the tanery on Black River, built by Hannahs in 1847. Black river was the western boundary of my father's farm, and many times I have been among the ruins of that old tannery. We moved there in 1881, and there were several old houses around there, some about falling to pieces.

I found this in an article by Chas. A. Weissert: "Westward within a few miles of South Haven were Geneva Mills, and a tiny settlement on the river where Marvin Hannas in 1847 established a saw mill and tannery. Hannas tried to call the place 'Hunter,' but his workmen dubbed it Jericho, a puzzling name which still clings to the neighborhood."

I found this also in Mr. Weissert's article: "It is related that a pious pioneer from The Netherlands bought a yoke of oxen educated in the lumber woods and that while plowing he had difficulty in guiding them with the customary "gee" and "haw" he had heard his neighbor use. He finally stopped a man passing his farm and explained the difficulty, whereupon the stranger shouted at the docile beasts and then turned loose a torrent of profanity. Communication with the animals was immediately established and they obeyed. The good Hollander, greatly pleased, and failing to understand the shocking tirade, enthusiastically exclaimed to his son,

"Gerritt, schrijf dat neer!"

("Gerritt, write that down.")

Nellie Truesdell.

Oct. 29, 1943.

Buttermilk pop! Who knows about that delectable dish? I suppose the recipe was handed down to our family by some Dutch ancestor on my father's side of the family.

About this time each year my thoughts are of a place in Waverly township, where on a frosty November morning my father bundled up the four children and took them over to Grandma Johnson's, who lived near the Carr cemetery. "Be good children," said my mother, "and grandma will make buttermilk pop for your dinner." My father's young brother "Bub," was sent muleback to Paw Paw for a doctor.

I suppose my brother Alex wore his new knitted stockings, as my mother sat up until near midnight the night before to finish them.

All this I have heard them tell, for it was on that day I arrived. My father used to say a home was not complete without a baby and some playful kittens. By the way I think the doctor who was sent for that day was Dr. Charles S. Maynard.

I was only two years old when we left Waverly, so Geneva township is home to me. It is said that the place we spend the first ten years of our life will always be home to us.

My brother Fred was about nine when we left there, and last September we had the pleasure of driving with him through this place.

For several miles there were incidents which he remembered. At the school house he remembered how he spelled a word correctly and went ahead of a little girl, and she cried until the teacher let her stand at the head again, and of course here and there he had had a fight with some boy, and here he went home cross lots so the boy's big brother wouldn't get him. And here lived Hungerfords and Shaws, and Crapows and many others, he remembered them all, and some of the houses were gone, but he remembered the location.

Oh, yes, buttermilk pop again. I think my mother fried bread in butter and poured the milk over it and cooked it slowly until it was sort of a jellied mixture; we put sugar on it when we ate it. To tell the truth I have never been able to make it look or taste just as hers did. Does anyone know how to make it?

Nellie Truesdell.

November 12, 1943.

I disagree with our Editor, and now I may lose my job of writing. Be that as it may, I like the name of Paw Paw and think it prettier and more appropriate than LaFayette, and just consider all the ink we have saved in not having to write that long name.

The origin of words have always interested me, and in my scrap-book I have a clipping from the Detroit News written by Albert Stoll, Jr., in which he says, "Does the paw paw tree grow in Michigan? This is a query from one of our readers. It does and is a native tree of long standing. I believe that the city of Paw Paw, judicial seat of Van Buren county, was so named because of the many paw paws found in the vicinity by the pioneers. While many look on the paw paw, with its semi-tropical foliage and fruit, as a tree of more southern range, it is listed as being native to this state in most botanies. At present it is far from being common and no doubt eventually will disappear from Michigan."

I do hope it never becomes extinct. I am sure we would all miss its beautiful yellow foliage in the fall as much as we would the bright red of the sumac. On a hillside where each of these are found would be a place where—

"A poet here might find a theme,
An artist see a color scheme."

Mr. Stoll also said: "The flowers of the paw paw are about one inch wide and are green at first, turning reddish later. The fertile buds later develop a stubby banana-like fruit from three to five inches long, which, when fully matured, is dark brown. The soft pulp is filled with seeds and the fruit is edible, although not generally gathered for table use. One must acquire a taste for the paw paw before enjoying its wild flavor."

Although I have gathered paw paw apples as we called them I never acquired a taste for them. There is a considerable growth of paw paws on Black river just north of Johnstown schoolhouse. Should it ever become extinct there will always be the city of Paw Paw to remind one of the paw paw trees.

—Nellie Truesdell.

MASONIC LODGE ELECTS OFFICERS

The regular meeting of Decatur Lodge No. 99, F. and A. M., was held on Thursday evening. The annual election of officers was held and the following officers were elected to

serve through 1943:
W. M.—Lynn Stickney
S. W.—Therald Oatman
J. W. Marvin McWilliams
Treas.—Elwood Scott
Sec.—Rolland Haefner.
S. D.—Frank Barber
J. D.—Chas. Dino
Tyler—A. J. Clark
Chaplain—Dr. Bope.

With the exception of the newly elected Worshipful Master, the Junior Warden, Marvin McWilliams, and Tyler Clark, all of the above officers are Past Masters. This means that Lynn Stickney will have all the advice and help his office may need from those who have preceded him in that capacity, and is something unusual.

Following the election, the above officers were duly installed. Decatur lodge has an active membership of over one hundred members, including five local men who have been honored by life memberships. From this membership are five who are in the U. S. service and one with the government FBI.

Masonic lodges are actively participating in the establishing of Masonic centers in various military posts throughout the nation, for the use of the men in service. These are recreational centers and are maintained by the Masonic organization, a project in which the Decatur lodge participates.

The next regular meeting of Decatur lodge will be held Thursday evening, January 7, 1943.

Our 47th State

Raton, New Mexico.
January 7, 1943.

Dear Friend Arba:

So many have written so muc about other states of our gloriou union that as the only Decatur res dent of New Mexico it becomes my du ty to give some data regarding it.

New Mexico was the 47th state t be admitted into the union. In size is the 4th largest; in population it i the 3rd smallest.

Santa Fe, its capital, is the olde state capital and the only one tha has no railroad connection. One o the largest railroad systems i named for it, but does not enter th city by 21 miles. In the northwester corner is the meeting of four diffe ent states, the only one in the U. S.

The state was first settled in th 15th century by Spanish coming i from Mexico and now is composed the major population with Texans t ing next.

New Mexico has over two millio Indians, largely of the Navajo tribe living in the northwestern part of th state. Pueblos live along the R Grande valley.

The climate is governed large by the altitude, which is from 2500 14,000 in the highest mountains. Raton, with 6,500 feet the altitude about like Decatur, only we alway have cold nights. The isothermic lin runs through Raton and Muskego Mich.

Physically the state is largly gra ing. 2,000,000 acres of state owne land is devoted to it. A million white faced steers go to market every yea and about the same number of sheep

The southwest corner has a vast o deposit. The southwest has a great d posit of copper. The mountains around Raton, coal, coal, coal. Th The northwestern is a wonderful fru section.

Later diggings in the central pa of the state have proved that mo lived here five thousand years ag but who they were has not been r vealed, and this is only part of th vast resources the state has. For i stance, the potash deposits in the sout eastern part of the state are of u known quality. One mine puts o 1,000 tons a day. See last week's Sa urday Evening Post.

The Rio Grande river runs clo across the state, rising in the Roc mountains of Colorado and furnis ing irrigation for thousands of acres

The Pecos river rises in the nort ern part of the state and runs in southeasterly direction and waters ar drains all that region. The rivers i the western part of the state flow int the Pacific.

Have you heard of Naiti Phillip the oil man? He got rich in the c game. Came out here and bought ha a million acres in this county (Co fax), erected a $250,000 residenc with all the beautiful surrounding and turned this with a 14-story offic building in Tulsa, Oklahoma, over t the Boy Scouts of America for a play ground and handed them a check fo $200,000 to start out with.

I am enclosing check for this year' subscription as I do not want to b dropped. Will try to [illegible] some o the questions Walter Brown has propounded. That beautiful lady men tioned in the suicide article I think answered that question herself.

The tannery was there as long as I can remember and Pat Hans was the tanner. He lived east of our house and had a daughter Annie who was a companion of my sister Anne and they were school girls together.

Yes, Dowd had a grocery and tool in a partner by the name of Clark—Clark and Dowd. Delia Dowd was a student in the same class as myself.

I wonder if Walter remembers the brewery out beyond the cemetery? My mother used to send me out there after yeast when she did not make salt rising bread for the tribe o young Lyons, 10 or more of us.

The letter from Lucy Upton wit publication of petition for equal su frage recalls to mind so many ol time scenes that I keep reading an enjoying the Decatur of the 70's tha I was once a part of. Prof. Upton wa a great friend of mine and helped m when I needed help.

And this recalls the White Ribbon movement when the faithful wen from one saloon to another and held religious services in them, and we go prohibition in the town and county and all the saloons closed but one Tom Conway up beyond Pete Par donet's harness shop. We young folks called there and found out Tom was getting his beer off the night train. A man met that train with a wheel bar row and we met the man on a back street and dumped out his beer. How ever that did not stop Tom. He went on with his filthy outfit, so we collected some of the older fellows Dell Kurtz, my brother George an others collected bricks, iron pipes an smashed in the front of the saloo and destroyed the bar and that ende the Tom Conway's saloon. I don' know, but suspect that Walter Brow was one of that gang. Tom Lyon.

P. S.—I don't know if you can rea this writing but as an excuse will sa that I fell and injured my hand. M usual penmanship is bad enough.

Tom.

MEMORIES OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

(This is a letter from Arthur Shaw, one of the oldest living former residents of Decatur. His boyhood home was in the Shaw district which was named for his father. It is a great pleasure to hear from him, and especially to note at the close of his letter that he will write again.)

Mt. Ranier, Maryland,
February 20, 1943.

Arba N. Moulton,
Publisher of Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Mich.

Dear Friend Arba:

I just received a copy of the Decatur Republican and I enjoy reading it more than any paper sent me. I am glad to note what Sister Glennie wrote to you.

Already I have read "The Education of the German Youth Under Hitler," "Our Boys in the Service," "Decatur P. T. A. Welcomes New Citizens," etc., etc. I'll enclose $2 for subscription to the Decatur Republican for 1943. On April 30, 1857, I was born on the John A. Shaw farm, 4½ miles southeast of Decatur. I remember that my father went to Decatur one day expecting to have to enlist in the Civil war. I remember watching with my two older brothers to see our father come home with soldier clothes. But when he came he was not dressed in soldier clothes. He was told that a man with his size family should not be asked to enlist in the army.

Mother and children were glad he did not have to enlist. A young man and neighbor to us who refused to enlist, was drafted and had to pay $300 to get another man to go in his place.

I remember I had two uncles who lost their lives in the Civil War. I remember our whole family going to the Belle school in Porter township to a meeting the Sunday after Lincoln's assassination. A few expressed themselves glad that Lincoln had been gotten out of the way. The minister stepped off the platform and went to help other men stop that kind of talk. The women massed themselves together and got between the two groups of men who wanted to fight. There was no church service.

After that the teachers in the Belle school and the Shaw school had their pupils commit a memory gem that I have not forgotten. We memorized the following:

"Revenge is a cruel sword,
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would thou wield this brand of the Lord?
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

But the firmer the grasp of the blade
The deeper the wound in thy hand is made.
And when the blade from thy hand has flown
Instead of finding it bathed in the heart of a foe
Thou wilt find it sheathed in thine own."

On November 10, 1863, Lincoln spoke at the dedication of the National cemetery at Gettysburg. Lincoln wrote his three minute speech on an envelope. It is one of the [illegible] gems in the English language.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

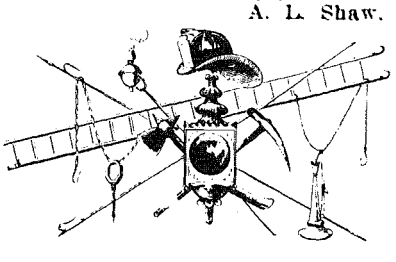
It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The Gettysburg Address by Abraham Lincoln consisted of 10 sentences, 267 words and was delivered in less than three minutes.

Edward Everett, who has been Governor of Massachusetts, U.S. Senator, Secretary of State, Minister of Great Britain, and President of Harvard College, spoke for 2 hours.

Arba, I regret that I am compelled to stop right here, but I'll write you again soon. Gratefully yours,

A. L. Shaw.



LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

57 Years Ago In Decatur. From the Files of the Republican of December 26, 1885.

THE MAD FLAMES PLAY HAVOC IN DECATUR

Six Business Houses Swept Away. The Old Wooden Row at Last Succumbs to the Devouring Element.

We doubt if there are a dozen people now living in this village who can remember Decatur at it was in 1885. John Shaad and the writer are two of them. Are there any others?

It is quite probable that John Shaad is the oldest continuous resident of the village. He was 3 months old when, in the summer of '65, John Shaad sr. packed his family and stock of boots and shoes on a democrat wagon and drove across the country from Three Rivers to establish a home and business in Decatur. The elder Shaad saw great promise of future prosperity in store for this lively settlement, which had been incorporated as a village but four years before.

Perhaps Decatur did not grow to become the city of his dreams, but the senior Shaad stayed by it to the end of his days and it paid him good returns for his time and energy.

The Shaad family had been here 20 years, and were classed among the old settlers, when the cry of fire awakened them from their slumbers on that wild Sunday night in December.

That the present day reader may visualize the scene of the fire, will state that the Coleman building, in which was located Lee's drug store, stood where Buys' clothing store is now located. The Schuster drygoods store, that stood out like a lone sentinel on the morning of December 27, 1885, is the present Kroger store.

The fire was stopped at the Shaad building where ended the wooden row. This is where the Grace Weeks Photo and Gift Shop is now located.

John Shaad jr., still in good health and spirits, walks about the village at times and enjoys recalling the scenes of his youth. One day recently he walked out to the home of Grove Ickes near the Red Bridge. Grove is an invalid and it gives him pleasure to be able to greet his old time friends.

Grove and John had a good visit and Grove gave John the story of the fire which follows. It was among the keep sakes of the late Henry High, an honored veteran of the Civil War who introduced the threshing machine to the cradling farmers of Little Prairie Ronde and adjacent territory.

But we had better begin the story:

At about 11 o'clock Sunday night the dreadful cry of fire rang out through our slumbering village and the ever ready people sprang from their beds to find one of the most disastrous fires which has visited Decatur in many years just beginning its destructive work. The building owned by the Coleman estate and occupied by D. W. Lee, druggist, and E. G. Johnson, shoemaker, was the starting point and there is still much difference of opinion among those first at the scene as to which of these places the fire started in. The flames spread very rapidly and nothing whatever was saved from Lee's drug store and only two benches with their tools and a sewing machine were saved from Johnson's shop. Lee was quite well insured while Johnson carried none.

The next was the building owned by Charles Duncombe and occupied by S. Kurtz as a restaurant and small stock of notions. A great many of his goods were saved in a more or less injured condition, but his loss is probably the most severe of the lot as he had no insurance, is unable to stand much loss and lived in the upper rooms where much was destroyed including about $50 cash which was hidden in a bed.

In an adjoining room of this building was S. Mielke's tailer shop from which most of the contents were removed, but with no insurance to help reepair what was lost.

A. B. Knights' saloon was the next building in the row and was one of the best in the lot. Nothing was saved from his place and on a loss of something like $1,500 on building and goods there was but $350 insurance on stock.

Geo. Riley's restaurant and Geo. Hopkins' barber shop were in the next building owned by some lady not a resident here. All of Hopkins' outfit was removed as was much of Riley's, but an attempt to tear the building down prevented the saving of considerable. He was not insured and will lose something like $300.

The building used by Geo. Arnold as a meat market and owned by his brother Edward was destroyed, but the greater part of the utensils of the market were saved, including the meat and Mr. Arnold's books.

Dr. Keables' building was the last of those consumed and was pretty well demolished by an attempt to tear it away also. In this was Frank Gibbs' pool tables and his loss is but little with no insurance.

All these buildings were of wood and most of them two stories high but not very substantial or valuable, and therefore the loss to the town will not prove a very serious one, especially if new and substantial bricks are erected in their stead. But those of the occupants who did not keep insured on account of the high rates charged for such hazardous risks are deserving of sympathy in their unfortunate circumstances. The fire lasted only about an hour and the little wind which prevailed was fortunately

in a very favorable direction--to the southeast. Much good work was done by the fire company and citizens generally, but it seemed that the expectations of the people so often expressed in years past that "the whole row will go some day," was to be fully realized and in less than an hour everything between the store occupied by Charles Schuster on the north and John Shaad's old store on the south was in ruins. These two buildings were of brick veneer and stood the test well, and it is to be hoped that none but brick structures will be erected on the vacant lots, that we may not in future live in dread of just such a conflagration as was witnessed Sunday night.

THE LOSSES

Coleman bldg.,	loss	$ 800	ins.	$ 400
D. W. Lee, drugs	"	1200	"	400
E. G. Johnson, shoe shop	"	300	no ins.	
Duncombe bldg.,	"	500	no ins.	
S. Kurtz, res.	"	300	no ins.	
F. Mielke, tailor	"	100	no ins.	
A. Knights bldg.	"	1000	no ins.	
Saloon stock	"	700	ins.	[illegible]0
Mrs. H. Doty bldg	"	300	no ins.	
Geo. Riley, bil.	"	300	no ins.	
Geo. Hopkins, barber shop	"	25	no ins.	
Ed. Arnold bldg.	"	800	no ins.	
G. Arnold, mkt.	"	100	no ins.	
Dr. Keables bldg.	"	800	no ins.	
Gibbs, billiards	"	...	no ins.	
Dr. Browning bldg.	dam.	100	insured	
C. Schuster, dry goods	dam.	250	insured	
John Shaad bldg.	dam.	50	insured	

Roberts & Stewart, glass front damaged, fully insured.

John Shaad, glass front damaged, fully insured.

H. C. Teed, front damaged, fully insured.

H. A. Northrup, front damaged, fully insured.

Jo. Cohn, front damaged, fully insured.

M. P. Merwin, household goods damaged, no insurance.

NOTES OF THE FIRE

The origin of the fire is unknown.

The large plate glass fronts of Shaad's and Roberts & Stewart's stores were completely ruined by being cracked from the heat.

A strange co-incidence is this—the three large fires occurring in Decatur in the past twenty years have all been upon Sunday nights.

Charlie Cole, who was on his way to Paw Paw and over half way there, saw the fire and drove back in time to lend a helping hand.

Seeing the light in this direction Sig Desenberg and a friend took a livery team and drove from Lawton, arriving here about 1 o'clock.

In anticipation of the fire spreading M. P. Merwin's house around on Delaware street, was completely gutted and his goods considerably damaged.

J. L. Harrison, with his usual caution, took all the mail from the post-office boxes and placed it in pouches, in order that it might be easily removed in case of need.

A telegram was sent to Niles and their excellent fire company was just ready to pull out with an engine and hose cart when notified that the flames were under control.

The south wall of the Red Star store became so hot that the wood frame inside burned for several hours and broke out anew at seven o'clock in the morning, but was soon extinguished.

S. R. Slocum, A. B. Morse, Dr. Hooper and several others living on the western terminus of Delaware avenue, were not aware of what had happened until they came down town next morning.

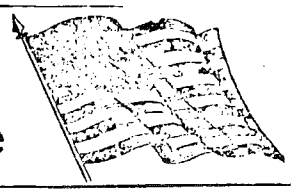
The Tase House caught fire two or three times, R. Nutt's [illegible] house once, S. J. Rawson's [illegible] shops at the stave factory twice and several other places in that direction were endangered from flying embers.

Fred Beach, first assistant foreman of the Hook and Ladder Co., rooms at Mrs. A. D. Scott's, on Sherwood street, and came down Monday morning to open the Arnold market when he found nothing but the foundation walls remaining.

No definite arrangements have as yet been made for re-building, but it is quite certain that the sound of the saw and hammer will be heard before many days, as there is great demand for store room and this must soon be supplied. Dr. Keables will erect a substantial brick unless he disposes of his lot, for which he has already had several customers, and some parties who were not located in that row are negotiating with a view to erecting brick buildings. In fact none but brick should be built, inasmuch as they do not cost very much more than of wood, and are so much better and safer when completed.

(Andy Johnson was then editor of the Republican and wrote this story.)

Our Boys in the Service



A WORD FROM HOME

9 a.m., Sat. morning after Xmas.

It's raining hard and is still so dark out we can scarcely see the garage, and cars need their bright lights. There is still about six inches of snow left.

We spent Christmas day at home but at night we went out to Lloyd Dillenbeck's to show some of our movies to Mrs. Dillenbeck of our trip to Roth's and Evelyn's last September and of our deer hunting trip last year and this year. My hunting season wasn't so good this year. No ducks, no pheasants, no deer. On our way home from Dillenbeck's we stopped at Dine's; and boys, what do you think! Dine actually carried some water to his customers and picked up a few dirty dishes. May be if this war lasts long enough we will yet see Dine working. Dine says he wishes the war was over. So do all of us but not for the same reason Dine does!

Frank hasn't bothered Max and Jim much lately. He's been busy gathering in the quarters. Once in a while Jim gets hold of Frank's tie and draws it up good and tight, and a time or two he has had to use a pair of shears to get the tie off. Frank is getting short of ties now that those girls don't come around selling them any more. Oscar comes in once in a while. He generally goes out faster than he comes in.

We won't have very many farm tools or much hardware this year to sell. Our war job is to keep the tools on the farms producing. We have rearranged our repair bins so we can keep a better assortment of parts. We have some new Service Equipment and Jim's and Max's jobs will be to "keep them rolling." I am going to try to keep the government regulations and questionnaires emptied out of the waste basket and keep the repair parts coming in. Food is going to be as important as guns in this war.

There is one thing you boys in service must not do nor let any one else and that is to think that the boys of your age who are home on the farms are not just as patriotic as you are. Their job in this war is just as big as yours. Their job is not 40 hours a week. Their uniforms are pairs of overalls and an old blue shirt. Their shoes have cow stable polish on them. They keep the fork handle shining. Their bugle sounds in the morning just as early as yours. There are no smokes, gifts nor U.S.O. They will have no government bonus, no pensions, no brass bands nor bars.

As our food surplus dwindles and we feed the starving world all of us will have a cheer in our hearts for these "Soldiers at Home," that some of us are pointing our finger at now.

Jim Dillenbeck sends me a Christmas card and on it he wrote, "I hope to be with you next year in deer hunt. camp."

"That's my hope, too, Jim, and the hope for all the rest of you in service. If I could shake hands with each of you all over the world I would wish you the best of luck and here's hoping that my wish brings you back to your family and friends.

Raymond Gale.

A WORD FROM HOME

'Twas the day before Christmas and all through this town
The natives were scurrying to find gifts to go aroun'.
Our barbers were clipping a year's growth of hair . . .
The gals a choosin' the gown they should wear.

The children no longer slip off to their bed,
But hike o'er to Dine's for a "coke" instead.
This matter of settling for a long winter's nap
Has gone with new tires, right off

the map!

Out on the highway one hears quite a clatter,
And curiosity moves you to see what's the matter,
You'll likely behold Frank Athey and cart
Hauling gifts from the dump for a New Year's start.

Tho the moon still shines on two feet of snow
We'll soon use reindeer for the power to go!
Yet when we can't travel it won't be so bad,
For we'll listen to tales of Beek as a lad.

And those he unravels, with gesture and trick,
Proves he was a feller plumb full of ol' Nick.
More rapid than choosy, each yarn brings a grin
And usually winds up with some native "roped in,"

Now Curtiss! Now Moulton! Now LaBarge, or Dine . . .
It's Gale's crazy trio or Abie Levine!
To the ribbing of Buys and his avoirdupois,
Or love-lorn advice to the rest of the boys,

As long as there's life and room for a smile . . .
Bill's in there pitching (?) all of the while!
So on down the street to Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe
Where hungrier folks are accustomed to stop.

And John fills them up in just a short while
With a Democrat lecture served Southern style,
As I pause on the corner and a turning aroun'

There's a lot that is missing in this little town.

For I see the corner where Mosier held sway,
Now a star's in a window while he is away.
John Nutt has a flag in his window too,
With a field of white and two stars of blue!

At the bank where there's bonds for me and for you
There is a snapshot of Allan petting a kangaroo,
The kangaroo reminds in a symbolic way
Of far away places these boys are today. . .

Though the holiday season brings you nearer it seems,
And your return is surely our fondest of dreams,
We at home intend to fulfill our role
That you may more quickly attain your goal.

For we're a-missing Tom Brucks and his hearty laugh,
The Klinkers, and Vlieks, and Gerrit DeGraaff;
There's Capt. Roth Morris with a Flight Command,
Plus a wife and child on the other hand!

Our memory holds you as plain as you please,
From the Adams in A's to the Zerbies in Z's.
So over the seas or wherever you are,
Your friends are following your shining star.

We send you this message, yes all of of us do,
A message sincere, steadfast, and and true. . . .
"We're so proud of you fellows, God grant you all cheer,
On this hopeful dawn of another New Year!"

—Ever best wishes and
with certain apologies,
Rolland Haefner.

DECATUR
Is It As it Was?
Chapter II

Our congenial Mayor, Charles Haefner, drifts slowly down Main Street, willing to advise you. Streets are all modernized, mostly black-topped; also street names on every corner. Road direct to Lake of the Woods pier (wonder where the Rod and Gun Club has gone.) The water works has new pump equipment. The whole is policed and ready for a quick black-out.

Charlie Ritter, ex-mayor and now Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal at the War Production Dept., Keeler may claim part of the credit for some of the above mayoralty accomplishments. (Has anyone seen a special white handled gun?)

Main street secretary, Attorney Grosvenor ready to take credit for all the Council's (what Council?) thoughtful work.

Jarious Hallock, the original land mark of Decatur and the only village water works superintendent still functioning in the old capacity.

Charlie Frye, another unforgetable land mark directing traffic at the public school.

Bob Davis of Michigan Gas and Electric Company, formerly scout master at Vandalia, now boosting Decatur.

Swihart, the politician and still doing the last rights.

Lou Taylor, the man who does the work with the new truck on our streets.

And after the old jalopies refuse to run, they bring them to Cecil Mahoney who starts them off like new.

Bessie at the library who chooses the books you should read but wonders why they don't make prompt returns.

Barker the barber, dreaming of oil wells and prosperity.

Ezra Planck of M. C. R. R. fame and Village Council knowledge with nothing to do but function as freight, baggage and ticket agent.

Schmidt, the jovial express agent with time out as part time village fireman.

Guy Curtiss, Decatur Elevator Company and friend of the farmer is so busy, he just can't get all of his bond coupons clipped or take on extra work, but can take time to tell questionable stories. With Dale holding out in the feed department.

Jim Hirst and Son wondering where all the lumber has gone. Jim watching activity at Lake of the Woods and Eagle Lake, hoping Chicago residents will take to Decatur for cover-up.

Carl Wickett with a corner on the country meat supply, but admitting sending five to ten cars of stock a week to Chicago and Buffalo. Also with Fred McWilliams rationing feed and coal.

The Schuur family and Peter Koops of celery fame, quietly cornering all of the celery this year.

The Becker company, muckland growers and sellers—and how! Still erecting warehouses for their celery, onions, etc. Increasing the population with brother Mexican and Southern help, all under the control of our pep enthusiast, Ben Weinman of Lions Club fame.

Archie McWilliams, gas station, taking a chance on how they drop and changing hundred dollar bills for our Keeler residents.

Cole Motor Sales, the change artists when it comes to getting yourself another car.

Bert Kidman, the original horse shoe artist and manufacturer of home design farm implements.

Dave Friedman, the new Osteopath, and Percy Harris the gas man holding down the corner location of Doctor Baker fame.

Frank Dodge, principal and dictator of not only the public schools, but rationing registrants at the Village school.

B-25 Bomber Flies Low Over Decatur

A mighty airplane flew low over the main street of the village while most of the inhabitants were dining last Friday noon. It came from the south, made a loop and returned in the same direction. It flew so low that it almost clipped the top brick off the Poor block and the roar of the engine was so loud that people in the stores ducked to save themselves from possible decapitation.

"Must be the enemy is on us," said one. "Bet it's Carl Squier, or maybe Roth Morris," said another. "Maybe some pilot is lost," said still another.

A few minutes later a telephone call explained it all. The call came from Mrs. Churchill of Volinia. She asked if we saw a plane flying low over the village and our reply was that we certainly heard it. Then she explained.

Her son, Lieut. Winston Churchill of a North Carolina field had flown a B-25 bomber to South Bend last Thursday, left his plane there and had driven to the home of his parents to spend the night. Friday morning he returned to his plane but said on his return to his Southern field he would fly over the farm and Decatur. Sure enough he did and we are glad to know that the pilot of the flying bomber was a Decatur boy sending a greeting to his home town.

By Frances Margaret Fox

(A recent caller was Mrs. Guy McGowan of Lawrence township, she who once was Clara Goble of Decatur. She brought the Republican this story of Old Glory which she had clipped from a magazine and carefully backed on heavy paper for better preservation. Some ten years or more ago she read it at an entertainment at the Corwin school and now it finds another avenue of publicity through the Republican. From this printing it should find its way to many scrapbooks to be handed down to generations yet to come. Such a good story of the Stars and Stripes should never be lost to the American people. "Old Glory" must always fly above them. If it should dip and fail to rise again earth's brightest star would fall and that which makes life worth living would disappear.)

We are now so used to speaking of our American flag as "Old Glory" that we might believe that Betsy Ross herself suggested the name when she made the first flag for our nation that long-ago time in Philadelphia. The original "Old Glory," however, was made and christened in Salem, Massachusetts, away back in 1824, and is now in a glass case of its own in our National Museum at Washington. To President Harding was given the honor of presenting the flag to our country.

Those who made the flag, and the wonderful boy who named it, have long since left this world, but their flag is owned and tenderly cherished by Uncle Sam, and the story that is its heritage must never be forgotten.

Brave sea-faring men lived in Salem in the long ago, and it was natural for the boys of Old Salem to become mariners. One of these boys was William Driver. He not only went to sea when he was a mere lad, but he was soon a famous sailor. This boy was twenty-one years old on Mar. 17, 1824. His family had reason to be proud of him because, on this birthday, he became a master mariner. This was the highest rank possible in the profession he had chosen, and never before, so far as known, had so young a man reached the topmost place as master mariner at the age of twenty-one.

No wonder the family and friends celebrated William Driver's birthday with a party in the year 1824 at Salem. Probably the fortunate boy had been given birthday parties all his life, but never before had such a wonderful surprise been prepared for him. He must have known that his mother and his girl friends were making a gift for him. They worked in secret for weeks at something they didn't let him see. Their faces must have wreathed in smiles whenever they passed him at his own front door, or sat to chat with him in his mother's old-fashioned parlor while waiting to be admitted to the mysterious work-room where the great surprise required more patient stitches.

At last came the joyful occasion when William Driver's friends were invited in to help celebrate his twenty-first birthday, and the doors of the secret room were opened wide.

When William Driver walked into the room he was amazed by the beautiful gift his mother and the girls of Salem had made for him. Before his astonished eyes was a big, beautiful new American flag, the flag he loved with all his patriotic heart. The flag is made of red, white, and blue bunting, and must have been one of the most perfect flags ever flown in Salem. Of course, it is worn almost threadbare now, and is carefully mounted on a strong backing of cotton or linen material, as all old flags are mounted for preservation, but the loving stitches are still perfect. These stitches are so even and exact, it scarcely seems possible that they were made by hand.

No wonder that the boy of Salem couldn't speak for a minute when he first beheld his birthday gift. When he did speak, when he reverently took the folds of this beautiful flag in his hands, he exclaimed, "Old Glory!" and thus gave the Stars and Stripes a perfect name forever.

The Driver family and their friends were quick to appreciate the new title, and the American flag has been "Old Glory" ever since that joyful day in Salem.

When Captain Driver sailed away on his first voyage as commander of his ship, his flag went with him, and for many long years it sailed the seas and floated in the breezes of every foreign port visited by the voyagers of Uncle Sam. "Old Glory" from Salem made at least two trips straight around the world and saw many thrilling adventures.

When Captain Driver returned from the sea and went to live at Nashville, Tennessee, he took his flag with him; and how he must have loved "Old Glory." Only on great occasions was the treasured flag displayed after it left the high seas. When Lincoln was elected President of the United States was a great occasion, and then out sailed "Old Glory" on the breezes: but when Tennessee seceded from the Union, "Old Glory" was hidden away. We are told that the beloved old flag was sewed inside a quilt for safety.

Three days after Washington's birthday, though, in 1863, when Union soldiers took possession of Nashville, "Old Glory" again appeared and floated serenely from the State House dome.

They tell us that it was Captain Driver's daughter who gave the priceless flag to the National Museum that we may all share in the possession and triumphs of our original "Old Glory."

A Pioneer Sketch of Dr. George Bartholomew

By Mrs. Erastus Osborn

(This sketch of Dr. Bartholomew was written for the Republican by the late Mrs. Osborn some 30 years ago. The doctor was the father of E. W. Bartholomew, who with his wife, the former Lydia Harris, is enjoying the summer among his old time friends of Decatur, Hamilton and Keeler. We are indebted to him for this copy and the privilege of reprinting the sketch.)

Among the settlers who arrived in Keeler township in the late forties I think there is no more note-worthy figure than Dr. George Bartholomew.

He was born in Jefferson county, New York, in 1821, made all the advancement possible in the district schools and began teaching after he was 18. At the age of 20 he began the study of medicine with a small town doctor.

A number of different schools, different doctor's offices and courses of lectures, interspersed with district school teaching, occupied the next five years. During this time also he married Miss Minerva Kieth, in all ways a most admirable woman.

He graduated from Willoughby college in Vermont and in 1846 came with his bride to Keeler, Michigan, and began the independent practice of his profession. Before he finished his studies he had practiced under the supervision of Professor Trowbridge of Watertown, New York. This is a strong contrast to the present day requirement. When the young man now steps from the high school to the university, with the expectaion of taking the medical course, he has still eight or nine years of work before he can begin practice for himself.

It is to be supposed that these young men learn many things Dr. Bartholomew did not know but it is a fact that only a few of them will bring to their practice the wonderful perception that was his by nature.

Dr. Andrews of Paw Paw, who, in the fifties and sixties was the leading medical authority in this section, used to say that he would give anything possible for the keen insight possessed by Dr. Bartholomew. Many years later Dr. Rose, so well known and esteemed in all this section, said of him—"He is an educated gentleman and a capable physician."

I think his first practice was mostly on foot through the woods, and I have heard of his being lost and unable to reach the patient whom he started to visit. After two years of woods life he changed to Paw Paw, where he remained three years. He then located in Decatur, built the third house in the village and opened a drug store.

In the early fifties, moved by the spirit of adventure or the hope of gain, he sailed to Central America, then misrepresented as the Promised Land. History says he went by appointment from the Panama R. R. Co., but I am very certain he went before receiving the appointment.

A Visit in '61

I well remember the first time I saw him, in 1861. My father, Ralph Lascelle, had removed from New York to Michigan, and bought land adjoining that of my brother-in-law, Mr. Eli Adams. He also attached his house to Mr. Adams' house, where Newell Phelps later lived, so they were very near neighbors.

Mrs. Bartholomew was a cousin to Mr. Adams, and one day when the Bartholomews came there to visit, my parents and myself were invited to meet them. The younger of the two boys they brought with them was a babe, and the other, it seems to me, was about six years old.

The first time he came into the room his father said, "Where's your penny?" The boy began to search his pockets, but failed to find it. "Now," said the Doctor, "What are you going to do, away from home and no money? Go out and look where you have been and see if you can find it." After the boy had gone out he said, "I am beginning right now to train that boy that he must never be away from home without money in his pocket. I hope he will never suffer as I have, from being among strangers with no money."

I do not think the Doctor ever dissipated in any way, but knew he was considered improvident, not a good financier, but he outgrew that failing.

In that visit Dr. Bartholomew told me of his arrival in Panama about 1853, I think, at the city of Aspinwell. He was in the line of laborers who had gone with the expectation of high wages on the railroad then being built to save the trip around Cape Horn in order to reach the Pacific ocean and California.

A man stood on the dock with a book and pencil checking off each one as he stepped from the long plank. He asked the same question to all, "Your name, your occupation," and told each one in accordance with his answers where to go, often scarcely looking up. Dr. Bartholomew gave the man his name, and in answer to the second question said, "Physician." Then the man looked up. His occupation was one to develop his gift of observation of character, and his one look at the Doctor no doubt told him he had found a man. He said, "Step right over there till I finish this checkup, I want to talk with you."

After asking the Doctor a few general questions he said, "We are on the verge of a panic. Dysentery has broken out among the men. There are many deaths, our hospital is full. Do you think you can do anything to stem the tide and restore confidence to these laborers?"

The Doctor said he could try, and the superintendent or whatever he was took him to a man in the hospital who was supposed to be dying and certainly looked like it. The Doctor asked for brandy, which was quickly provided, and sat down by the cot and began to feed it to the man. He rallied and sunk away again, and when it seemed as if he was really going the Doctor would increase the dose. Finally he brought him back from what was certainly almost death. It was after this success, no doubt followed by others, that he received the appointment of surgeon for the Panama R.R. Co., and was given charge of the hospital.

He remained on the Isthmus until the railroad was completed, and came home broken in health, but with a fund of experience as well as a convenient amount of money. In partnership with his brother he bought a tract of wild land in Berrien county at the "Bend of the River," and made it what was then the largest fruit farm in Berrien township. The change of climate and working in the soil restored his health, so that he was able to resume his practice, which he did in the village of Keeler, where he remained until his death.

Mr. Adams once asked the Doctor why he did not continue in partnership with his brother, and he replied promptly and characteristically, "Because Egbert was not willing to do all the work." Although plain spoken and often blunt he had a personality that commanded respect and inspired confidence.

Another of our almost self-made physicians and also one of unusual discernment, was Dr. Shirer, who lived many years on the Territorial road in Hamilton. By some of the better dressed and possibly better read doctors he was treated with disdain, either real or affected, though they lacked the quick insight that was his gift. His practice was large and he lost comparatively few cases, and over a wide extent of country he was held in grateful esteem .

HARRY LURKINS

Twenty-seven years ago, Harry admits, county agricultural extension work involved pioneering, but principally along lines of production of crops and livestock. Now, he says, such service has expanded like that of a drugstore into multiple duties of priorities, crop controls, price ceilings, manpower and war production.

Except for weekends, the Lurkins operate at a distance a farm in Van Buren county. That farm contributes to Berrien county agriculture since County Agent Lurkins maintains a policy of never advising farmers to do what he has not done or would not do on his own farm.

Since 1916 Berrien county has progressed steadily into more and more fruit and vegetable production, estimated at an average increase of 3 per cent per year. From the north end of the county, fruit production has swept down through the Berrien Springs fruit area to make the county leader in the state in fruit.

Changes have come, many of them

participated in by the county agent. Peach production once was primarily the Elbertas, the Kalamazoo, the Gold Drop and the Prolific varieties. Now peaches bear the newer names of Halehaven, South Haven, Kalhaven, Amber Gem, Fertile Hale, the Rochester and the Oriole. Some of the best of these have come from Michigan State College agricultural experiment station efforts.

Russets and Tolman sweet apples have been left behind. The apple crop now features the McIntosh, Rhode Island Greening, Jonathan, Red Delicious and the Stayman Winesap.

A quarter-century ago a "mosquito fleet" carried much of the fruit crop across Lake Michigan to Chicago, Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee on western shores. Railroads took the balance. Now, or at least in recent years when travel was normal, trucks carry 95 per cent of the produce out of the Benton Harbor market and the Berrien county area.

So many questioners hail Lurkins when he visits the Benton Harbor fruit market, the county agent often finds he covers only 100 feet of the huge place in an hour. On the street, in numerous meetings, telephone calls received even when most persons would be eating meals, the county agent is answering questions.

New methods which have come into the county, partly through the extension service, include developments in sprays and sprayers. Trashy cultivation, card notices on when to spray and why, weather and emergency notices are of long standing within the county.

A belief in the value of educating youth is involved in something new in extension work in Berrien county. This winter 108 district schools in the county will use school bulletin boards to display current information on modern farming and soil conservation. Tear sheets from newspaper farm pages will be posted, with other

The Decatur Fire Department

The Decatur Fire Department is doing a nice act in keeping in touch with its members in the service. The letters the boys write in reply show that the efforts are appreciated.

The receipt of the three letters printed in this paper recalls to mind that we have said but little about the Decatur firemen lately when there is always something good about them that can be said.

They are fighters, every one of them, and such good fighters that they keep fires away from this community before they get started. It is worthy of comment that very few fires have occurred in this community this year. We say this with fingers crossed, for fires may break out any where and at any time.

We would like the readers to meet again the members of the Decatur fire department. There are 26 active members ready to answer a call at the sounding of the alarm. For a purely voluntary department this is a fine representation.

There are 9 who were active members when the call came to them to leave home and friends and jobs and associations and go away to war. Then there are 13 who for various reasons have been voted onto an honorary list.

The officers are E. E. Woolfe, chief; Leo Southworth, asst. chief; Max Graham, secretary and treasurer; Maynard Southworth, captain; Fred McWilliams, Lieut.

The Active Members

Chief Woolfe, L. Southworth, M. Southworth, F. McWilliams, L. Lundy, T. W. Oatman, J. L. Flagg, A. Wiles, C. Elliott, T. Vandergeest, F. Kirk, S. C. Simmons, R. A. Bowers, Charles Ritter, H. Schmidt, A. McWilliams, Wm. Bowers, E. C. Planck, Max Graham, B. Southworth, Ivan Ives, 'Hap.' Vliek, Lynn Stickney, H. Haefner, H. Taylor and M. Lundy.

Members In the Service

H. H. Creagan, Donald Southworth, Donald Nutt, Delbert Nutt, William Klinkers, Orville Barnhart, Robt. McWilliams, Thomas Elliott and Myron Southworth.

Honorary Members

Dr. W. P. Bope, Rudy Macek, Lou Graham, Wesley Newell, Graham Haefner, Percy Harris, Clyde Reep, Clark McWilliams, Art Clark, Arba Moulton, Charley Haefner, Rex Harris, Elmer Adams.

TWO OF VAN BUREN COUNTY'S BEST RURAL SCHOOL TEACHERS

By Bessie Fuhrman

To Our Rural Schools:

One of the best characteristics of our democratic way of life is its public rural school system—a means of greatest importance in the preparation for good citizenship and high morality. And since the rural schools of our nation play so large a part as they do in our patriotic endeavor to carry forward the traditions of our country, we must recognize the fact that the district school teachers make up a vast army, mostly WAAC's if you pelase, but with none of the notariety of the latter, blessed though they be.

Without that army of women school teachers our people could hardly live or progress, let alone fight a war of any magnitude, for practically all our farmers, as well as many of our professionals and tradesmen would lack the educational foundation necessary for their work and higher training. We are vaguely aware of these facts and hardly realize that progress has been made in the district and rural schools, as in every other place of our national life.

It may be that we are not appreciative of just how far we have come in respect to public rural school teaching. But what could help us to more fully comprehend the progress of the rural school than a view in perspective of some of our schools of the past and present? And who are better qualified to present such vista of educational progress than some or our rural teachers of both past and present?

In keeping with this idea, it seems to me that two of our best Van Buren county teachers of the 80's and 90's could start the ball rolling to good advantage and then let others follow up with papers of a similar nature on the later times of our rural schools.

Two of our best country teachers of the 80's and 90's were Mrs. Blanche Mollitt Prullinger and Mrs. Ella Howard Maxwell. Both were school girls as well as school teachers in the Bray brooks school of Lawrence township, although both taught other schools within this county. Consequently, their knowledge of Michigan rural schools, particularly those of their own county, should prove a treasure store of interesting facts and sidelights on rural schools, of three generations ago. Glimpses of their experiences as teachers, their equipment and lack of modern equipment, their devices for helping their pupils to like school, and learn to study; their entertainments and observances of various holidays, would make interesting stories for the old and young of today.

Young teachers, who are now experiencing their first attempts to train little children and bigger boys and girls may glean helpful suggestions from the experiences of teachers who had to learn to teach by teaching instead of by modern normal college methods and critics.

SIXTY YEARS

Mr. and Mrs. William Wright of Volinia Celebrate Their Diamond Wedding

Marriage Licenses

Issued by the county clerk of Cass county: William Wright, 23, Volinia township, Cass county, and Clara Warner, 21, same.

Perhaps they did not need a license from the county clerk to get married 60 years ago, but the above would be the official record required had the marriage taken place within the last two generations.

However, the marriage of Will Wright and Clara Warner, and the vows they made,—"Until death do us part," were as binding and have been kept as sacredly as have any which have been made since, and few marriages have lasted as long.

It was on the thirty-first of October, 1883, that these two lively young people of our adjoining township drove up to the home of Rev. Robert E. Queel at the north limit of School street and were by him united in the holy bond of matrimony. Mr. Queel was pastor of the then prosperous Universalist church and one of the grand old men of Decatur.

They took a wedding trip on the train to Kalamazoo and Will put his horse and buggy up at the livery barn. He said he knew that crowd of Volinia young people would be waiting at the station to have some fun with them when they returned on the accommodation, so they fooled them by coming on the train that reached Decatur at two o'clock in the

morning. They escaped the crowd that time, but the 'fun' was only delayed.

That wedding day was sixty years ago and last Sunday the grand anniversary, their diamond wedding, was celebrated.

During all of these years they have resided in Volinia township and for forty-two years in the pleasant home where they now reside.

The notice that they would welcome their friends from two to five o'clock in the afternoon was all that was needed to bring them out. Fifty or more were there, old time friends, many of them well into their eighties, all of them happy to greet and congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Wright, who have given a fine illustration of how to grow old and stay young.

Their cousin, Charles E. Warner, of Niles, wrote a poem for the occasion which several referred to as one of his best, and upon promise to return it Mrs. Wright let us take it to publish here:

Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary
William N. Wright-Clara M. Warner
1883-1943

SIXTY YEARS

Sixty years is a long, long time
To travel life's road together;
There's many a hill you've had to climb,
And have faced some stormy weather.
There were times you had to shift your gears,
And travel a little slow—
But even the best of engineers
Have trials to undergo.
There's some who find the road too rough—
Too many hills to climb—
And quit when the going gets too rough,
And their path has some grit and grime.

The test is not on the even road,
Where life is a cheerful song,
It comes when they both must fear the load—
When all their plans go wrong.
It is times when they have an overload
That tells of what stuff they're made—
It is easy to travel an even road,
But it's hard to make a grade.
You've made the grade for sixty years,
And we pray in unison:
"Don't quit this Vale of Smiles and and Tears
'Til you've made it sixty-one."

And then we'll pray for sixtytwo,
And sixty-three and four—
And that you then will not be through,
But more, and More, and MORE.

Chas. E. Warner.

Six Wolves Seen in Hamilton Woods

The wolves of Hamilton are out again. The first sight of them was about two weeks ago. They chased Charlie Bolles' dog out of the woods and right up to his house. Charlie went into the woods to see what had scared the dog and met two of the wolves. He got a good sight of them, and is sure they are wolves.

The next heard of them was last week Wednesday morning when Norman Goodrich found two dead sheep on the Will Young farm.

Thursday George Goodrich discovered one dead sheep and another badly mangled on his farm. The next day two others were found, one of them by Doyle Wilder. Frank Hazzard, Francis Nichols and Doyle were called to the farm to investigate the case and on Saturday afternoon went over the ground again.

Monday morning about 8 o'clock Ward Cady's helper distinctly saw 3 wolves and Bobbie Kidd saw 3 while plowing.

About ten men from the sheriff and police departments were sent out. They formed a posse and a half dozen farmers joined them. They went over the territory to try to locate them but abandoned the search in the afternoon.

Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock the officers and farmers met at the Weeks farm. There were 25 or more in the party and they took along a fox hound owned in Hartford. They combed the woods till 2:30 in the afternoon.

Some of the boys heard things in going through the brush but nobody saw any animal that looked like a wolf. Indications are that they became scared and left the wood, probably for the Hare swamp.

The men were unable to locate their den but are sure it is there. It is a big swampy woodland, nearly half of it under water. The moquitoes were something terrible, Doyle said, and the men had anything but an easy time of it. The officer says it would be advisable for the farmers in that vicinihy to keep a watch out for animals that have the appearance of wolves and if seen to notify the sheriff's department immediately.

61 Years In Decatur

In the year 1882, sixty one years ago the thirteenth of August, J. P. Jurgensen left his native home near Flansburg, Germany, to make his home in America. He arrived at Hamburg August 14. The next morning he left by boat for Havre, France. That was a full day's trip.

On the morning of August 16 he left Havre on a Hamburg-American line steamer for New York, and was 11 days on the ocean. The steamer arrived at the port in New York on the 28th and Mr. Jurgensen's 27th birthday was August 31.

He stayed in New York only long enough to take the next train for Detroit. There he worked four months, and came on to Decatur the first of January, 1883.

He could talk three languages, but English was not one of them, so he found it difficult to obtain work in the city. He was told of an advertisement in a Detroit paper that men were wanted to cut timber at Decatur, and he came here for that work.

The advertiser was Neils Peterson who had bought a large tract of land just west of this village which is now the Iodent farm. He worked for Mr. Peterson ten years during which time they cleared over 500 acres of heavy timber land.

Then Mr. Jurgensen bought the Lombard farm, which is now owned by his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Dine. The farm was owned then by the Lombard daughters, Mrs. Marvin Hinkley and Mrs. Satie Schmit, and the sale was made by Marvin Hinkley.

79th Anniversary of First Baptist Church

By C. C. Evans

The 79th anniversary of the founding of the First Baptist church of Decatur, held August 30 was a grand success.

The service began at 3 o'clock with singing by the Chain Lake choir. The prayer was by Rev. C. H. Chappell of Chicago; scripture reading by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Slaughter of East Decatur.

The address of welcome was by Mrs. Fannie Allen and the response by Rev. J. K. Earley of Kalamazoo. The guest speaker was Rev. R. A. Shaw of Elkhart. The presentation of a reconditioned Bible given many years ago by Brother D. S. Brown, was made by his daughter, Mayme Jackson, and it was received by Deacon Robert Lennox.

Many friends were present from Chicago, Benton Harbor, Kalamazoo and adjoining towns. Mrs. Dorothy Brown Elliott gave a good talk and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

Other visitors and friends of the church were present from Battle Creek, Detroit, Dowagiac and Chicago.

I am adding a bit of reminiscence to this historical institution. When these old pioneers were hewing out timber to erect the church in the year of our Lord, 1863, the Battle of Gettysburg was in progress. So as the ax rang out in the Michigan forest the federal siege guns were belching forth fire at this great battle which was the turning point of the Civil War.

Incidents like this come and go and are finally forgotten, but the establishing of religious institutions such as the First Baptist Church of Decatur will live after bronze and marble have crumbled away.

REPLY TO THE GHOST OF NANCY HANKS

I remember your son
Whose bony hands
Left a plow to rest
In prairie sands
And came to town
In his Sunday suit
Wearing Tom's hat
And shirt to boot.
He got a job
In a grocer's store
Weighin' out beans
And sweepin' the floor.
Then he bought leather boots
For his awkward feet
And practiced law
In the county seat.
He studied hard
(Almost every night)
Till the pages blurred
Beneath the candle light.
You'd have smiled
In your pioneer way
To see him readin'
About Henry Clay
And hear him talk
In a low-pitched tone
To a bed and a table
In a room, all alone
When he'd think of you
Before goin' to sleep,
He'd pray the Lord
Your soul to keep.
And he'd see your face
When the rains'd drip
Through the quiet hours
Of a flatboat trip.
"Did he have fun?"
Yes, in his youth
And he'd often laugh
In a way uncouth;
But in later years
When his road was steep
He kept his laughter
Way down deep.
"Did he grow tall?"
A good six feet.
With a roomy chest
Where a stout heart beat;
With hairy hands
To grip a plow
And a blacksmith's fists
That c'd stun a cow.
"Did he get on?"—
If what you mean
Is a white frame house
In a yard of green,
Or money to buy
A bottomland farm
Or store-bought clothes
To keep him warm,
Or the extra horse
So he could ride
Along country roads
With his village bride—
Well—
Gettin' on like that
Wasn't his way.
He didn't gauge success
By the bales of hay,
Or the cords of wood
A man can buy,
Or the acres he owns
In wheat or rye.
He didn't care
For wealth in gold
But for wealth in love
That a heart could hold.
Your son Abe
Was of different clay.
He'd forget to ask
His rightful pay
As a lawyer should
When he wins a case
And the right prevails
Against the base.
He made his way
By a different road
And his shoulders carried
A heavy load
While cannon belched
And generals led
Gaunt gray troops
Of marching dead,
While fear-crazed boys
Slogged through mud
And cannisters were
Flecked with blood,
While Sherman rode
Through a southern street
And a drummer died
In a field of wheat.
Yes, Abe got on,
Though few can tell
How he ever lived through
The war's black hell
And he died at last
In a President's bed
While the nation mourned
Its departed dead.

So, if you're the ghost
Of Nancy Hanks,
You'll find Abe there
Where armor clanks
And you'll see his face
If you care to look
For his eyes will smile
With a God-like look.

SAINT PETER AT THE GATE

By Joseph Bert Smiley.

Saint Peter stood guard by the golden gate
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman, ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before Saint Peter, so great and good,
In hope the City of Peace to win,—
And asked Saint Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggly beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short and thick and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out,
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choirs in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, Saint Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.
I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak.

I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way.
I've told my neighbors,—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve, and the primal fall,
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear,—
Laid out the plan for their whole career.

I've talked and talked to them, loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.
So good Saint Peter, you'll clearly see,
The gate of heaven is open for me,
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and he swears, and grave

He never would pray with an earnest vim
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord.
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them, or not.

But Oh, Saint Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go.
I've done enough, a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?

By my grim gospel, I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must fry below,
But isn't there some way you can see,
That he may enter, who's dear to me?

It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you
So that their relation can amble through.
And say, Saint Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by the opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

And say, Saint Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed.
They're cut too wide, and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, Saint Peter, and we'll pass in."

Saint Peter sat quiet, and stroked his staff,
But spite of his office, he had to laugh,
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gateway, you, or I"
And then he arose, in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
Escort this female around to hell."

The man stood still, as a piece of stone,—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone.
A lifelong settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go,—
That if she went down to the regions dim,
There wasn't the ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, as by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
Saint Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said
'Friend, how long, may I ask, hast thou been wed?"
"Thirty years," (with a weary sigh)—
And then he thoughtfully added,—"why?"

Saint Peter was silent. With head bent down
He raised his hand and scratched his crown.
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair.
Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good.
He smoked and he swore,—I should think he would.

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?
Ho! ANGEL GABRIEL! GIVE HIM A HARP!
A jeweled harp, with a golden string,
Good Sir, pass in where the angels sing.
Gabriel, give him a seat alone,—
One with a cushion, up near the throne,
Call up some angels to play their best.
Let him enjoy the music, and rest.
See that on finest ambrosia he feeds.
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth, and the future too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
And he said, as he entered the realm of day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers, any way."
And so the scriptures had come to pass.
The last shall be first and the first shall be last.

(This clever poem, "St. Peter at the Gate," is printed in answer to a request in the Republican of June 17. Mrs. Fern H. Smiley, Galesburg, widow of the author, writes,—

"I see by the paper that you have a call for a copy of 'St. Peter at the Gate', so here it is.

Our Boys in the Service

CAPT. JACK LYLE VISITS KALAMAZOO

—Courtesy Kalamazoo Gazatte.

Captain Jack Lyle, Camp Young, Calif., spent a leave with Mrs. Lyle, the former Miss Phyllis Hudson, 411 Locust street, and relatives in Decatur, and returned to duty September 9.

Capt. Lyle was inducted in April, 1941, and received his basic training at Aberdeen, Md., after which he was transferred to Camp Stewart, Ga., and then to Fort Bragg, N. C., and Virginia Beach, Va. He attended the officer candidate school, Aberdeen, Md., where he was commissioned a second lieutenant in July, 1942. He returned to Camp Stewart, and then was transferred with the 595th Ordnance group, as company commander to Fort McClellan, Ala., where he was promoted to the rank of captain in June.

Before entering service, Capt. Lyle attended Western Michigan College.

GETTING CADET TRAINING

Sept. 2, 1943. 2100 (9 p. m.)

Dear Mother, Grandmother and Louis,

Here I am in preflight at last. I'm really starting training now.

Yesterday, Wednesday, we got up at 0400. I packed all my belongings in about 2½ hours. We wore our insignia and garrison caps and white gloves. Classy, eh what? We marched to the edge of Classification, then had a band play for us and some officers made speeches. There were about 2000 of us lined up out there. We marched by groups (400 to 600 men) over to our new barracks. Slept some, ate dinner, unpacked, had policing detail, group orientation and guard lecture, made up our beds and finished unpacking. Up at 0545, bed at 2200 (10 p. m.)

This morning we had a 3 hour orientation lecture in the Service Club. Then we drilled till we were interrupted by a hard rain. Got pretty wet, but changed. This afternoon we had P. T. lecture, military courtesy and discipline lecture and movie, and details. It has rained a good share of the day.

Our barracks (Sqd.) has a good location: near Wing Hdqtrs., 4 blocks from Service Club, 1 block from theatre, 1 block from church, 1 block from swimming pool, and ½ block from P. X.

At last I'm getting Cadet Training. I start classes tomorrow afternoon or next morning. I'll get plenty of P. T. here, that will build me up considerably more. Our officers here are good. They are plenty strict, but they are on the ball. They know what they want us to do and how to make us do it so we won't feel we are being driven to do it by fear.

We are kept pretty busy already. I guess I've told you quite a bit and most all of what I've done here so far. Oh yes, I have to have a swimming suit, so send me mine.

Hope things are going all right back home and you are feeling well mother. Say, is your birthday the 28th of October? Louis, if you get a chance, write me and answer some of the questions I've asked you in various letters. Grandma, hope you are feeling a little better. I think of you a lot.

Much love to all,
Hiram.

A/C Hiram A. Lawrence,
16167697,
882 P. T. S. Pilot Gp. N, Sqd. 224,
S. A. A. C. C.
San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. David Urick has heard from her brother indirectly, but she is assured that he is all right or was a couple of weeks ago. His name is Fay Rose and he entered the service from his home in Niles. He is now in Sicily.

HERE WE ARE IN LOUISIANA

We are indebted to Mrs. Grover Adam for the following letter from her son Robert whose address is given below. The Adam family now reside on Route 1, Hartford, but for many years were residents of this community and Robert attended the Decatur school. He has many friends here and in the country and it would probably please him to hear from some of them.

We left camp Thursday morning and camped at the fair grounds in Beaumont, Texas Thursday night.

They had a big swimming pool there and I had a nice cool swim.

We got here about 2:30. We have rifle inspection every day and if they are dirty we get fined $5 and it's double every time after that. It's the same with shaving. If we have dirty hands we don't eat.

We get one steel helmet full of water to take a bath in every day and about two canteens of water to drink. It sure is warm down here too.

We had a dandy electrical storm Friday night and lightning sure played ——— around here for a while.

We have a few snakes, not many mosquitoes, and yesterday one of the boys caught a wild hog. We had to let it go though.

The ground isn't so hard to dig in and the country looks something like Michigan. The hills do anyway. We have lots of Norway Pine.

We are moving our tents today, trying to get them straight. Will make this one short; have lots of work. Hope to see you soon.

Love, "Robin."

New addresses:

Av/C Stanley E. Stepnitz,
A. S. N. 16113547,
Aviation Cadet Detachment,
Flight L, Bks. 15, E. A. F. S.
Enid, Oklahoma.

A/C Don H. Griffis, USNR,
Battalion 15, Rm. 406,
U. S. Navy Pre-Flight,
Del Monte, California.

Pfc. Henry E. Labadie, 36183590
1070 Sig. Co., 82 Service Gp.
APO 638, c/o Postmaster,
New York City, New York.

Pvt. Ralph Bailey,
686 Engr. Equip. Co.
8th Prov. Regt.
Camp Claiborne, La.

The word comes from Mrs. Bailey of Watervliet that Ralph has been transferred from Cheyenne, Wyoming.

LETTERS FROM JOE AND LEWIS FORBES

Lewis Forbes writes from the Desert Training Center, in Southern California,—

August 20, 1943.

Dear Dad,

I am feeling fine and hope you and Sam are. Joe came in here about 4 o'clock this morning, but I didn't get up to see him. He is stationed about 20 miles from here on the desert. I saw his sergeant yesterday and found out when he was coming but was too tired to get up. We had a good shower Sunday.

Lewis W. Forbes.

A letter from Joe.

August 28, 1943.

Sam and Dad,

Just a few lines to let you know I am feeling fine and hope you folks are. We are out here where it gets plenty hot. It has been about 130 in the day time but it gets cooler at night. Most every night we sleep under a blanket.

I was in to see brother Lou a week ago today. He is coming out here tomorrow to spend the day. He is stationed about 18 miles from where we are. He is at the rail head where we draw rations and supplies.

The desert sure is a sandy place. We have lots of trouble driving trucks in the sand with the big guns on them.

We went on a motor march last night, got stuck and sure had a time getting back. We must wear our clothes out here all the time. We can't go around without a shirt. We don't have much entertainment, just a USO show to go to at night.

We have a PX here so have pop and beer to drink. Write when you can and good luck. Your son and brother, Joseph Forbes.

A line from Jim Kemp says, "I thought you might like to have a postal as a souvenir from Sicily. This is a panoramic scene of a town with Mount Aetna in the back ground. A small portion of the Mediterranean sea can be seen. Sicily is really a very pretty island."

It is a beautiful picture and we are indeed glad to own it. It is our first souvenir of Sicily. Thanks, Jim.

WILL LIVE IN CALIFORNIA

September 9, 1943.

I got a letter from David Urick's brother by air mail this morning he sent August 25th, saying he got the letter I sent him July the 12th on August 24th. He says, "You see I'm a long way from home. Sorry, I can't send any pictures or souvenirs, but would like to very much." He intends to live in California after the war is over, but will come back long enough to see us and get his family—his wife and little girl. They are living in Kalamazoo now. You will see he is Private First Class now and his address is,

Pfc Loren V. Urick,
Headquarters Company,
3rd Marine Raider Regiment,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, California.

Mrs. David Urick.

ORVILLE BARNHART IN ENGLAND

(Here are two good letters from Orville Barnhart. At last he has been able to leave Iceland and is in England. The change is a happy one for him after so long a time on that barren northern island.)

August 28, 1943.

Dear folks,

I guess you will think that I am screwy or something not hearing from me for so long and then asking for money. Well I have not received it yet but should before long. I had a few days off sooner than I expected, so borrowed some money. I had a very nice time, in fact the best time for years and think we really deserve it. I saw Nash and Hovenkamp lately, but it seems I can never get a chance to visit with them much. They both look just fine. I have never seen Conway but may some day.

I received several papers the other day. One had the letter in it from George, telling about Rex. George sure must be a fine fellow. I can understand a lot of things that he can't say.

How are the pigs getting along? I bet they are doing good if you can get enough feed for them.

I suppose Kenneth has moved by this time. I owe him a letter. Guess I must write. Well, folks, I have about run out of anything to say. Needless to say I am feeling just fine, in fact guess a bit more cheerful than for quite a while. Guess I will close for now. I have to wash out a few clothes. So-long for now. Say hello to everybody. With love,

Orville.

Professor Goddard Of U. of M. Dies

His Wife, Who Was the Former Lillian Rosewarne of Decatur, Passed Away 3 Years Ago.

Ann Arbor.—Emeritus Professor Edwin C. Goddard, whose home was also home, at various times, to more than 100 students whom he had provided with free board and lodging during their college days died last Friday in University hospital.

He was 77 years old and had been with the faculty of the University of Michigan law school for 35 years.

Prof. Goddard first came to the university in 1885, as a student, receiving his Ph. B. degree four years later. From 1889 to 1895, when he was recalled as an instructor in mathematics, he served as a high school principal in Saginaw.

He completed his law studies in 1899 and became a member of the law school faculty in that year. The university accorded him his professorship in 1917.

He found time, apart from his academic work, for many and varied off-the-campus activities. He was a member of the original committee appointed to study proposals for the beautification of the Huron river valley and the development of its recreational resources.

He also served as a director of the Farmers' & Mechanics' bank until its merger in 1936 and as a trustee of the Board of Education.

Prof. Goddard likewise was affiliated with many clubs and organizations. He was a past president of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club, a leader in the Emeritus Club of Michigan Alumni, a member of both state and normal bar associations and of the U. of M. Club. He wore the keys to two honorary fraternities, Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Delta Phi.

Prof. Goddard married Lillian Rosewarne, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Rosewarne, one of the pioneer families of Little Prairie Ronde. The wedding took place about fifty years ago in the pleasant Rosewarne home, now the home of Vivian Rosewarne, grandson of the original owner. The couple had met when both were students of the University. Mrs. Goddard preceded her husband in death about 3 years ago. Prof. Goddard was an occasional visitor here during the many years that the older generation of relatives were in their prime. He was a splendid citizen and made lasting friends here and wherev-

er he went.

Upon the death of her father Miss Katherine Rosewarne, sister of Mrs. Goddard, became a member of the family and still resides in the household.

Funeral services were held in Ann Arbor at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon and the Misses Kate and Lana Kern were present from Decatur.

NEWTON WOODS

By Frank Flagg.

I love to walk in Newton Woods;
To tramp among the trees.
I love the cool refreshing shade;
The mumur of its leaves.
I pause beside this giant trunk;
I touch it with my hand,
And, Oh, how puny I become
As by its side I stand!

I like to sit within its shade
Far from the broad highway;
Far from the hasty rushing crowd
Who haven't time to stay.
Alone in Newton Woods I find
A fairy land of dreams,
As I idle here at dusk,
My soul with visions teems.

In Newton Woods, swift Time turns back
Five hundred years or more;
This elm a youthful giant stood
As Columbus sought our shore.
That whitewood was a full grown tree
Long ere the Pilgrims came;
Here Indians chased the wild red deer
And other woodland game.

The creek that flows through Newton Woods
And races to the sea,
Chants its one time happy song—
Now changed—to you and me.
Laughing here and sobbing there,
And sighing now and then;
It tells its tale of Nature's grief
At the heartlessness of men.

The kingly souls that loved this woods
And held this sacred trust,
Have long since passed to realms more fair,—
Their earthly frames to dust.
And others scattered near or far,
Who hold this gorgeous thing,
Are prone to sell this gift of God
For whate'er price 'twould bring.

* * * *

I walk, today in Newton Woods
And all around me ring
Echoes of the squirrel's bark
And songs the wood-birds sing.
They were the same in ages gone
When all the world was young.
They speak of glories long since past;
Soon forgotten and unsung.

I walk today in Newton Woods;
I fear to look ahead,
For soon these stalwart living things
Will prostrate be, and dead,
And only rotting, blackened stumps
Where once these giants stood
Will tell in mute, inglorious way
The lost splendor of this wood.

To the Reader:

I do not wish this to be a complaint against the present heirs of Newton Woods. It is their right, and duty to dispose of the estate to their own advantage. I would be disposed to do the same if it were mine. The pitiful thing is that we of this generation will let it go to the saw mill, because we cannot find a few thousand souls that would be willing to share in its preservation. I know I shall not be the only one that will see it laid low with a heavy heart.

Yours most sincerely,

Frank Flagg.

SOIL LIKE BANK ACCOUNT SAYS BERRIEN CO. AGENT

LURKINS SERVES AS ADVISOR TO $15,000,000 INDUSTRY

By E. B. Swingle, Editor
Michigan Extension News

(The following story about Harry Lurkins was printed in the October number of the Michigan Extension News, published by the Michigan State College at East Lansing. The Republican is indebted to Lewis G. Hall of Adrian for it, and in his letter he writes,—

"The enclosed copy of the Michigan Extension News carries a lead article on our mutual friend, Harry J. Lurkins which is particularly fitting as he is a great agent.

"It has given me so much satisfaction that I have taken this opportunity to call it to your attention, thinking you would be interested.

"I confess that while Harry and I are both county agricultural agents, he is so outstanding that we have only one other thing in common, that is that we both graduated from the Decatur high school."

Yes, Harry is a great agent, perhaps the best in the whole state of Michigan, but we are also proud of two other agricultural agents who had their origin in this community.

Lewis Hall, who sent the Lurkins story, has for the past ten years or more held the position of agricultural agent of Lenawee county whose fertile soil and enterprising farmers have made it a leading farm county in the state. And John Woodman, our own efficient agent, raised in the same neighborhood with Harry Lurkins, also knows his subject thoroughly; is a tireless worker and fills his important office to the entire satisfaction of our citizens. His father, the late Jason Woodman, was the first agent of Kalamazoo county, and we believe he was the first county agricultural agent in the state. Van Buren county has good reason to be proud of its citizens who have followed this calling.)

Harry Lurkins

Advisor to a 15-million dollar industry.

Philosopher—with practical visions of running a farm like a bank account, adding fertility to soil assets as the operator withdraws crops.

Just where does a writer begin to describe how Harry Lurkins carries on as county agricultural agent in Berrien county where two-thirds of the annual 15 million dollar farm income comes from fruit and the remainder from general farming?

"Harry likes people," says Mrs .Lurkins from observations she has made sihce 1927. Harry became one of the first county agents in the state when he was appointed in 1916. He engaged in other work from 1920 to 1927 and then returned to the St. Joseph court house in that year, with Mrs. Lurkins as his office assistant.

From early days in the work, Lurkins always has coaxed, advised and even preached a more permanent agriculture. He was engaged in 1916 by the Berrien County Agricultural association, ably led by President Rolland Morrill, peach and cantaloup king of Benton Harbor, and Secretary George Friday, fruit grower of Coloma.

In his first appearance before this group which paid in voluntary contributions for the work, Lurkins before he was employed aroused the fruit growers. He asserted that a fifth of the peach trees were starving, that only good quality and good volume could repay growers, and that soil must be treated like a bank account.

Another new trend, already proved practical by fruit and produce growers within the county, involves rebuilding the soil. Several farmers have taken one-fourth of their land and placed it in a rebuilding program, eventually getting far greater yields from three-fourths of the land during the rotation. On every fourth acre, the farmer grows two cover crops. The first is plowed "in," not under. The second cover crop stays on during winter months and then is turned into increased soil fertility.

More in the idea stage is Lurkins' suggestion that certified fruit farms be developed, just as there are such farms for certified potatoes, certified grains for seed. These certified fruit farms would become sources of good fruit stock for new or replanted orchards.

Those are highlights of an extension service that reaches back 27 years, but one which still visualizes the top problems of today and numerous tomorrows. Get Harry to tell you more about them, if you can corner him between meetings, office and telephone calls. Or talk to Mrs. Lurkins, who knows the county, its farmers and fruit growers and their problems about as well as her husband.

Our Beloved Dr. Thorp Has Finished His Earthly Career

A tribute and Brief Sketch of His Life By His Cousin, Helen Hathaway.

Rollin Lester Thorp was born in the village of Nicholsville, the location of the Little Prairie Ronde postoffice, on November 2nd, 1860. He was a son of Charles W. and Amanda Richmond Thorp.

At that time, Mr. Thorp was operating a general store in Nicholsville. Not long after Rollin's birth, however, he entered the Union Army in the Civil War and became a Lieutenant in Company "K" of Berdan's Sharpshooters. This left the mother alone to care for the home and the infant child. It was during that time that the child was stricken with smallpox and Mrs. Thorp went through the trying experience of nursing him alone in a home that was quarantined. Supplies had to be brought to the house and left outside where the mother could get them.

Rollin first attended what was later known as the "Huycktown" school, although the building was then a plain wooden structure, and his education was continued in the Decatur High School. He and Finlay Huff roomed upstairs in the Moulton home, and our Editor has sweet memories of the days when he enjoyed a hand-out from the home cookie-crock in the boys' room.

Rollin's higher education began at Ypsilanti State Normal School in the days before it bore the name, "College", and he was graduated in 1882. For a time he taught school at Minooka, Illinois, where his Aunt Kittie Richmond, who later became Mrs. Benjamin Hathaway, kept house for him.

A little later Rollin took up the study of medicine and completed his first course at Rush Medical College, Chicago. At about that time in his life, he married the charming Nannie Bitely, a school teacher of Casnovia, Michigan, where he located and began the practice of medicine.

Rollin's two younger brothers, Elmer and Charlie, were also physicians. Elmer, however, developed tuberculosis early in his career. Rollin stood nobly by his brother in his illness. He accompanied and attended him in the South and the Southwest, where he tried the milder climate in an effort to recover his health, but all to no avail, and he passed on in 1892. The father followed him in the spring of 1895.

Dr. Charlie Thorp (better known as "Charlie Boy") became an army surgeon and located in the Philippine Islands, where he contracted a disease to which the natives were subject and from which he never recovered. His death occurred in the spring of 1910.

Soon after the birth of their first child, Roy Lester, Nannie Bitely Thorp was taken, leaving Rollin with the young baby, who was cared for by his mother for several years.

In the meantime, Rollin took another course in medicine and received his degree from the Bennett College of Eclectic Medicine and Surgery in 1889, after which he practiced for a time in Chicago.

On August first, 1891, he took up his residence in Denver, Colorado, where he lived and practiced the remainder of his life. He was licensed to practice medicine there on October 6, 1891. He took post-graduate work at the old Gross Medical College in Denver, from which he received his medical degree in 1895.

Rollin remarried in about the year 1900, and he and his beautiful wife, Ida, took Roy into their home. At eighteen, Roy contracted spinal meningitis and lived only a few days. Rollin was thus left childless; and while he never had another son of his own he had a remarkable experience which brought a child into his life to take, as nearly as possible, the place of his own son.

A young man who needed help to get a start in life, came to Rollin, who took him into his own office and trained him in the medical profession. His protege, however, entered the service in World War I, leaving a young wife, to whom Rollin acted as friend, counselor and physician, and attended her at the birth of her baby boy, William, better known as "Bill."

In spite of Rollin's devoted attention, the young mother was taken, leaving the infant boy in Rollin's tender care. He and his wife took Bill into their own home, where he remained as their own child, to whom they were devotedly attached,—indeed after the coming of Bill into the home, Rollin was heard to say that "there were now no rooms to let in his heart any more". In due time, however, the young father returned from the service and remarried, taking Bill into his home.

This young physician did excellent credit to his training in Rollin's office and became the noted Dr. William C. Finnoff, who ranked among the world's foremost authorities on trachoma, one of the most dreaded and unconquered diseases of the eye. However, Dr. Finnoff's career was soon cut short by his death in the early thirties; and after the passing of his father, Rollin again stood by Bill, acting virtually as his foster father; and it was while he accompanied Bill on a trip to enter Antioch College, Ohio, that Rollin visited his Aunt Kittie Hathaway at Ann Arbor in September, 1935, as well as visiting other Michigan relatives and friends.

Rollin's mother, Mrs. Amanda Thorp, whose fine personality and leadership along higher lines in the Little Prairie Ronde community may be recalled by some of our older residents, passed on in 1917; and at that time the Thorp home in Nicholsville was broken up. From then on, Rollin's Aunt Kittie took, as nearly as possible, his mother's place in his heart.

The Man and Physician

What shall we say of Rollin, the man and physician? Somewhere we have seen in the preface of a book a description of a personality that we think would just fit our Dr. Thorp. We cannot quote it verbatim, but it ran something like this:—

There is occasionally a personality, rarely found in a clergyman, more often in the physician,—one that reaches out and meets other souls in a sympathy and understanding that is most extraordinary. This would seem to fit our Dr. Thorp. His ability to reach out and extend the helping hand was almost beyond anything we can conceive of.

We have recorded the instance of his influence on the life of Dr. Finnoff and son Bill. Another case, rather unusual, was that of a young man, whom he helped become an architect, and who later represented our government in the matter of erecting government buildings in Manila. So it is evident that his interest in stimulating our youth was not confined to the medical field.

From what we can glean regarding his association with his patients, the same element of intense personal interest prevailed. We cannot classify him in his success as a physician. The effect of such souls upon his contemporaries cannot be pigeon-holed or classified. We might almost say with Shakespeare, "It is mightier than the mightiest", and "It droppeth as the gentle rain upon the place beneath."

Rollin was especially interested in, not only relatives, but old friends of past days, who chanced to visit his city; and it was quite the custom among us back home to write a letter of introduction for any one in whom we had special interest, to present to Rollin upon a visit to his city. In no case did Rollin fail to respond to this challenge to his social nature. He loved a visit with any one who could talk over old times back in the 80's and 90's; and he could lose himself completely in one of those reminiscent visits.

Our ability to understand Rollin's professional success has been greatly aided by our acquaintance and friendship with his office secretary and able assistant, Miss Grace Willetts. Through her eyes we have been able to see how his patients responded to his treatments, and we are sure that each received a stimulus that sent him on his way rejoicing and that made of the patient a loyal friend throughout the remainder of his life. We also know through our own experience of case after case that Dr. Thorp helped to recover from some ailment that no doctor in our part of the country was somehow able to help, or at least did not do so. Again and again, the eager request came, "Send to Rollin, he helped me before." We are informed that one of his outstanding accomplishments was his own formula for gastric ulcers that has worked miracles in curing that condition.

Rollin practiced for some years in close association with the late Dr. Mugrage, whose passing he greatly mourned. We believe the good old doctor's son was one of the physicians

who attended Rollin in his last sickness.

At the time of his last visit to Michigan, Rollin stated that he had practiced in Denver forty-four years; that he was six years at St. Joseph's Hospital in that city, and then started St. Anthony's Hospital, at which he practiced for twelve years.

An Active Mason

Dr. Thorp was a member of the Colorado State Medical Association, the Medical Society of the City and County of Denver, and the American Medical Association. He was also a charter member of the Physicians and Surgeons Club, one of the oldest organizations of medical men in Denver. He was at one time physician and surgeon for the old Denver Gas and Electric company, now the Public Service Company of Colorado, and he established his office in the Gas and Electric Building soon after it was completed.

Dr. Thorp was a Mason, a past Master of Highlands Lodge, a Knight Templar and a member of El Jebel shrine. Along with other workers in his Order, he sponsored a movement for the benefit of under-privileged children; and it was his special delight to accompany a group of these children on their annual picnic up at his cabin in the mountains. Some of our friends will recall the picture of Rollin sitting on the ground and holding the end of a rope, while the game was for the boys to try to pull "Dock's" three hundred odd pounds up on his feet, but they never could do it.

His Last Illness

Rollin felt deeply the loss of his beloved Aunt Kittie in 1939. He had hardly recovered from that blow when his wife, Ida, at the close of an evening's visit with him, rose to retire and dropped into a chair, never to rise again. One by one, his earlier friends and associates vanished into the unknown land, and left him to endure a loneliness from which he could not recover. Yet he kept up his good cheer and handed out what he had to give, surviving a broken hip and a severe attack of pneumonia in his last years, until he succumbed to the trouble which took him to St. Lukes Hospital in Denver during the month of April. He survived the operation and recovered sufficiently to be taken home, where his excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Batchelor, did her utmost to make him comfortable; but with her efforts, the aid of two nurses and several doctors, he still failed to recover and was taken from this world at 3:30 a. m. May 28th.

His last rites were attended by the Masonic Blue Lodge, with Knights Templar escort.

Those who most keenly felt Dr. Thorp's passing out in Denver, were Bill Finnoff and his wife, and the faithful and efficient assistant, Grace Willetts, and her mother, whose friend he had been for many years. Bill, who has married and has two fine boys, has become a successful chemist at the Arms plant. Rollin also left two cousins in Denver, Archie Himmelwright and a Mrs. Stover, besides eleven cousins in Michigan on his mother's side, and a number of cousins on the Thorp side.

"We cannot say, and we will not say, he is dead, he is just away." He has gone from our midst, it is true, but his influence lives, and we must feel that, in that fairer clime of love and light, his rich powers shall expand and his great-heartedness shall go on increasing evermore.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago; long, long ago?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,
Long, long ago; long ago?
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now;
I am degraded for rum was my foe,
Long, long ago; long ago,

Sadly my wife bow'd her beautiful head,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.
Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead,
Long, long ago; long ago.
She was an angel, my love and my guide,
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor, broken-hearted, 'twas well that she died,
Long, long ago; long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.
I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
Long, long ago; long ago.
Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day,
Oh, for the love that was purer than they;
Oh, for the hours that I squandered away,
Long, long ago; long ago.

—Author unknown.
(Contributed)

WAR STARS

(Mrs. Geo. Cook of Otsego sent the Republican another poem written by her friend, Miss Helen Burrough Miss Burroughs has a twin brother Pvt. Harold Burroughs, who is overseas in Egypt, and thoughts of him inspired her to write the touching lines that follow.)

Star in a window,
Each tells a story;
Some are dimmed with sadness,
Others shine with glory.

Star in a window,
A vacant chair there,
A loved one is missing
Somewhere over there.

Star in a window,
Orange blossoms and lace
Her dreams set aside
A star takes their place.

Star in a window,
Empty arms wait there,
A son has been lost
Somewhere over there.

Star in a window,
All whisper a loss
Each heartache a star,
Each star a cross.

Star in a window,
A loved one waits there
Take care of him, God,
Not one can we spare.

Star in a window,
A symbol of prayer;
Bring them back safely
Our boys over there.

Helen M. Burrough

WALTER BROWN SEZ-

Say, you are perfectly right about Andy Johnson being impeached. I remember it perfectly well. He was impeached. I remember it way back at the time it happened. I was quite a boy then.

And I want to thank Mrs. Truesdell for what she said last week. That was a beautiful expression.

I've brought you the letter I got from Janet Curtis of Detroit, and you can print it if you want to. It's a nice letter and I think a lot of it.

I went over to Lakeside cemetery Thursday and planted some geraniums on father's and Mabel's graves. The cemetery looks beautiful. Who do you think I saw over there? Well, I will tell you. It was Elmer Woolfe and his wife. Elmer was mowing and he mowed all around that part of the cemetery where they buried Mrs. Martz.

That Elmer Woolfe is one fine fellow, you bet your life. I remember him well when he was a little kid. He used to come over to our house and climb up into a chair and talk with Mary and tell her what he was going to do when he got to be a man. He was looking way ahead and he had big ideas, yes he had. I never forgot that. It used to please Mary.

Well, he is one man who has made good. He works for the people, always doing for somebody else. He is certainly a good man for his home town.

Janet Curtis used to come out to Myron McGowan's in Lawrence and spend her vacations when she was a little girl. That is where Mary and I first met her and we have been good friends ever since. She graduated from the Detroit high school a few years ago, I couldn't say just when, and has a job now in Detroit.

Well, Edsell Ford is gone. That is too bad. I always liked his father, for he and I used the same reader when we went to school. It was McGuffey's reader. I kept my copy till just a few years ago when I let my grandson, Melvin Brown, have it. I let him have all of my old school books, I didn't want them any longer.

Here is a poem I found among some papers that Mary had put away. She never threw away anything, I don't care what it was. I happened to run across it and thought I would like to have you see it.

It's in father's hand writing all right. I recognized that, and it must be over a hundred years old, all of that.

I think father wrote it when he was teaching school in Kentucky. He taught school there when he was a young fellow. He couldn't have been over 18 or 19. He taught school in Pleasant Hill Kentucky.

Father was born in 1818 eleven miles the other side of Rochester, New York. He went to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, in quite an early day, it must have been. I couldn't say much about his history, but it must have been while he was living on the farm 12 miles from the Falls that he taught school in Kentucky.

Father never wrote poetry so far as I know, but that is his writing all right. I recognize that. He never said much but he was quite a thinker. I've always known he was quite a thinker.

The poem.

BEAUCHAMP'S CONFESSION

O dreadful dark and dismal days
How are my glories, fled away,
My sun's gone down, my days are past
I leave this pleasant world at last.

O Lord what will become of me
I am condemn'd, you all may see,
To heaven or hell my soul must fly
As in a moment when I die.

Judge David has my sentence past,
I leave this pleasant world at last,
Nothing to cheer my drouping head
Until I'm numbered with the dead.

But O, that awful Judge I fear;
Shall I that awful sentence hear?—
Depart you cursed, down into hell,
In flames forever there to dwell.

Me thinks that frighted ghost I see
Lamenting, tottering misery;
And I must their attendants be
To murder in the first degree.

His feeble hands fell gently down,
His chattering tongue has lost it's sound;
To see his soul and body part,
It strikes a terror to my heart.

How shall I meet the murdered face
Where blood is spilt upon the place?
His flaming eyes to me will say,
Why did you take my life away.

I took his blooming days away,
Give him no time to God to pray;
And if his sins fall on his head,
Must I not bear them in his stead?

O Lord how shall I be forgiven?
Not fit for earth or yet for heaven;
But little time to pray to heaven,
And then not sure to be forgiven.

Say, has anybody told you who that fellow was that Charlie Frye visited with? I'll tell you who it is. Any old timer ought to know. It was Bert Culverhouse. I guessed it the minute I read about him.

I think he used to work for the Michigan Central railroad and when the next I heard about him he was in the coal business.

I remember when the little feller worked in Browning's drug store. He was in the cellar when the store caught fire and burned up. He would have been burned up sure if it hadn't been for that grate in front of the store. He ran up to it and somebody pulled him out through the grate. I've forgotten who it was that pulled him out, but Bert owes his life to him, yes he does.

I had gone onto the Prairie to get a load of hay when that fire started. It was about noon as near as I can remember. I got the hay of Austin Lawrence, had loaded up and had just started home. I saw the smoke going up into the sky and knew there was a big fire in town. Was pretty sure it was on Main street, but couldn't tell exactly, It was so far away.

Now you can know I was anxious to get to town and find out about it. It might have been the Novelty Works for all I knew. I kept slapping the lines over the horses to hurry them up, but it didn't do much good. You can't hurry a team of horses much when they are pulling a load of hay. I guess you can't. If the hay was in front of them and they were hungry that would be different.

When I got to town the fire was pretty well burned down and the damage, whatever it was, had been done. I drove to the barn with the hay, got the horses put away and then hurried to town to learn what had happened It was a sorry sight, I can tell you. A fire always is, especially when it is in the heart of the business district.

I've forgotten what year that fire was in, but it was a long time ago, yes it was. Well, I must be going back to the house. It takes me quite a while to get there, and night will be on again before we know it.

(That Browning fire was in June 1893. Besides the drug store three frame building were destroyed. While Walt and the Editor were framing up this column Stub Woolfe called through the open window and also identified Charlie's Frye's visitor in Kalamazoo as Bert Culverhouse. Several others had curiosities but could not guess the man, so we told them.)

I just want to show you some things I got of Ellen Goble. She has saved things from the beginning of this village, almost. You'd be surprised.

One of the things in the box was instructions about the Decatur Union School for the year 1877-8.

The school board was John L. Harrison, A. B. Copley, John G. Haynes, Lyman T. Rawson, Wm. E. Trowbridge and E. P. Hill,—six members to the school board then.

I remember all of these men, I guess I do. John Harrison's home was on School street. Lawyer Grosvenor lives in it now. John L. Harrison was a pretty fine man and prominent in his day. I think he moved here from Hamilton township, the other side of the cemetery, along there somewhere on the Keeler road. He was postmaster of Decatur along in the early eighties.

I remember A. B. Copley too. He started the First State Bank and I always liked him.

John Haynes lived on the corner by the school house on George street. There was a picket fence around his house then and they raised lots of flowers there.

Lime Rawson was one of the most prominent men in this town in his day. He was a railroad engineer on the Michigan Central I'm told when he came here away back in the sixties. He built a beautiful home over across the railroad track and on a hill next to the muck land. He told me it cost him $6,000 to build, that's what he told me. It burned up one night about the year 1920, but I did not go to the fire, I was in Kalamazoo at the time, living there.

Wm. E. Trowbridge was one of the early business men of the town and L. G. Stewart married one of his daughters, and I've heard tell that E. P. Hill was the first president of this village. He was an old settler here, that's certain.

Well, now I would like to ask you some questions and you can take your time to answering them. The first question is, who were the Seven Sleepers?

It tells about them somewhere in ancient history, but they have got out of my mind and I can't recall them. I used to like to read ancient history, I certainly did.

I used to read about Cleopatra, too. She was one great person, I guess, from what I can remember. She let an asp bite her on the arm and kill her. She kept slaves and they would stand by her and wave ostrich feather fans over her to keep her cool. It was pretty hot where she lived. That is as much as I can remember about her, you might say.

I don't know what she was queen of, but she was on board of her ship when she let the asp bite her. She let the asp get good and hungry and had one of the slaves bring it to her in a box covered with diamonds and other precious stones. Then she took the asp and put it on her arm and watched it do its deadly work.

She was enamored, you might say, and I guess her lover went back on her, or something like that. I can't remember who it was that went back on her, but it may come to me later. He might not have gone back on her, but anyway she killed herself.

Well, Walt., we are getting a long way from home, and too far into the past for reminiscences, even for us old timers. But we too like history, whether it be ancient, medieval or modern, and will try to answer some of the questions. Maybe some of our friends who also enjoy this line of entertainment, will come to our aid and make a sort of round table affair of it. Let's keep the column open for them and invite them in.

We'll take up the subject of the Seven Sleepers first. They are not so well known as Cleopatra. If we ever get the local literati woke up on the subject of Cleopatra there will just be no end to it.

All we can tell about the Seven Sleepers is what we read in a book. We set down nothing here from memory, it was too long ago.

The story about them is a christian legend dating from the times of persecution under the Roman Empire.

In the reign of Emperor Decius,

when the christians were persecuted, it is said that 7 noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a neighboring cavern, the entrance of which was closed by order of the emperor.

The persecuted youths immediately fell into a deep slumber, from which they were accidentally awakened in the reign of Theodosius II, after the lapse of about two centuries.

Pressed with hunger after their long fast, they sent one of their number to the city to purchase bread. He was astonished to see crosses erected all over the city, and his own antiquated dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an old medal in payment for bread.

Suspected of having found a secret treasure, he was carried before the judge, to whom he related his miraculous story.

The bishop of Ephesus, the magistrates and the emperor himself, hastened to the cave and found the sleepers still bearing the bloom of youth. They related their story to the multitudes, gave them their benediction and expired.

That is the story, Walter; now do you recall it?

I thought I'd tell you that the farmers around here are not altogether broke of they couldn't be in the market for the expensive farm machinery that is shipped here to sell to them.

I was down to the railroad station one day last week and saw the train men unload three big Farmall tractors onto the McWilliams platform. I saw a fellow driving one of them away and went up to him and asked him where he was going with it, and he said Cassopolis. Maybe he went to Cassopolis and maybe he didn't. I don't know. I know he headed east and that didn't look very much to me like he was going to Cassopolis.

The next day I saw the other two had disappeared but where they went I don't know. The railroad does lots of business at this station, you can take my word for that and that man Planck, the freight agent, is one in a hundred. He must do the work that two or three men used to do, and he does it easy. He seems to.

And say, Charlie Ackley and his wife came here from Kalamazoo last week. I guess they must have come out to do canning, they had a basket of fruits cans.

THE LATE MRS. BROWN

Walter Brown's wife kept things. She put things away, saved them against the day when she might want them again. When she died the house was full of keepsakes, treasured by her for the pleasant memory of the time and manner in which they were acquired.

Just then Walter came in.

When her sister, Florence Murphy, came down from Kalamazoo she said that Mary told her, "I'll be back, I'll be here at the resurrection." That's the way she expressed it. And you know that's the Bible.

She was a good Bible student Mary certainly was. This book of her's verifies it all right. It is her day book, that is what it says on the cover, but it is full of Bible verses, memory verses, addresses and recipes as well as Bible verses.

Here is what she says about burns: "Equal parts of raw linseed oil and lime water will stop the pain instantly."

Here are some more of her remedies which she must have tried out and found to be effective:

Put ½ teaspoonful of sulphur in stocking heel every other day. It will generate the system and rheumatism escapes through the pores.

Make poultice of boiled rutabaga for running sores or cancer.

For neuritis, 1 lb. salts to 1 gallon water. Apply hot.

Apply pure extract of vanila for tooth ache.

There are many more remedies, which we have not room for here but they can be had for the asking.

A few of Mary's Bible readings:

For when thy judgments are in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.

The fear of man leads us into the snare of the devil.

Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

This poem was found in the book:

Only the Obstinate.

Think you that God could have created me
To flounder in the darkness here below
Without a knowledge of my destiny
And the important truths that I should know?
He who directs the sparrow in its flight
And lifts the woodland flower from the loam
Will in His goodness guide my steps aright
And lead me thru the darkness safely home.
Only the obstinate who close their eyes
Against the saving sunshine of His grace,
Who spurn His promise of a paradise
And all the wickedness of earth embrace,
Will wander from the path that leads above
Where there is peace and happiness and love.

T. E. B.

I see by the paper that Dr. Rolin Thorp of Denver is dead. I remember him, of course I do, when he was a young man. He lived in a brick house in Nicholsville and it stands there now just as it did 60 years ago. It hasn't changed a bit as far as I could see the last time I was by there.

My father bought a windmill of his father. That was quite a long time ago. Old Mr. Thorp sold windmills, that was his business. He went all around the country selling them. Windmills were all the go in that day. Most of the farmers had them and some town people.

Father owned the flat there between the bend in the road and the railroad track. He put out a half an acre of onions and put up the windmill to water them with. I guess you couldn't give a windmill away now.

I've been going through some of the old things and keepsakes since Mary went. Mary never destroyed anything and she had saved a letter that was written to me by a good friend when Mable, my first wife, died. It was about the finest letter I ever got, and when I found it I made up my mind then and there that it ought to be printed if you care to.

Mable died May 11, 1897, and the letter was written the next day, May 12, and I treasure it to this day,—

Mr. Walter Brown,
Decatur, Mich.

It was only this noon that the news came to me, but it was not real. It is only a sad, mistaken dream, but my heart and mind are with those who are suffering and why ought I not tell you something of the thoughts that come to me? If I might give you one moment of comfort in these sad, lonely hours, I would not regret that I had attempted one last help for the sake of her who was my friend and your own, but she was God's first.

To me the word death does not exist. Just why our dear ones are called away from us when we most need them we cannot now know, but this we do know, they are called into a higher, purer, existence than we can even dream of and whatever the stage of this life's existence, it is good for them to enter the higher life. It is freedom and there comes joy.

And then, too, it is only a little journey, in the long run it is only a little while and we can go too. When we compare these sorrows with the ages of happiness that follow, they are nothing. Only a short separation from those we love and we will soon join them.

We are not able to bear these truths now and accept them, but we are given One Friend Who helps us and we are slowly reconciled to His Will.

There seems almost no more to be said, for we have all heard the truth many times and nothing new can be said.

I can surely know nothing of the care and sorrow that has come to you and I can only say, care for the little ones,—her dearest treasure to you, for her sakes and may you feel that "peace that passeth all understanding."

"In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair,—oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony and we be still."

(It is a beautiful letter. The thoughts are as helpful today as they were then. That which is good does not grow old, does not change, does not become old fashioned or out of date. For lack of opportunity to contact the writer to ask permission we are withholding the name.

Many Decatur people remember old Hoss Wheeler and one could compile enough stories about him to fill a page. Harry McWilliams recalled that he worked for his father on the farm for several years and Harry had worked with him in the fields. He was short but powerful.

Hoss told Harry something of his life history. He was born in Virginia and was about 12 years old when the Civil War broke out. A Union general by the name of Babcock ran across him and employed him to take care of his saddle horse. After the war General Babcock came to Keeler, and brought Hoss with him. Hoss worked back to Decatur and lived around here till he died.

There is a family of Babcocks living in Keeler today, and if we remember correctly John Babcock is the township treasurer. Would like to hear from members of the family regarding this story.

I tell you there's one boy in this town that ought to be noticed, and that boy is Jersey Halleck down at the water plant. He's done pretty well, I can tell you.

That boy never had much of a chance. His father was a soldier in the Civil War and when the family came here from somewhere out in the country his father had the consumption and couldn't do much of anything. He got a little pension but it wasn't enough to amount to nothing. George Hubbard got one too, and Sim Francis for that matter.

Well, that boy Jersey Halleck was a little boy when his folks came here. I never knew him to go to school at all and never heard him say that he did, either. He probably did, though, for a while.

He got a job in the stave factory, passing staves to old George Smith when he was ten years old. They worked ten hours for a day then, and he got two shilling a day.

Then later on he went out in the country to work. He asked a farmer for a job and the farmer said he did not have any money to pay him. Jerz. said, "I don't want no money." So the farmer set him to work, and when he got through the farmer gave him some potatoes and a half of a hog dressed. That just suited Jerz. What he wanted most was something to eat.

I don't know what he did next, but he got into the water works plant later on and stayed right by, till now he is getting his hundred dollars a month right along. Pretty good for a fellow that never had much of a chance, I should say. He was getting ninety, but now he is getting a hundred. They boosted him ten dollars a month. But I guess he earns it, he certainly does. He tends right to business. He's right there every day.

I was going by there the other day when he was setting in his car out in front of the plant. He said, "Get in here," and I did. We went west on the pavement till we got out in the Osborn neighborhood. Then he turned to the right and went north over a road I never was on before. There was woods on both sides of the road, young oak that had been cut over but never cleared, and come out on the Territorial road and back to the plant. It was a nice ride. It certainly was and I enjoyed it.

He was telling of an instance down to his home. He said there was some colored fellows parked in the road near his house and they stayed there so long he went out to see what was the matter. They had a dirty carburetor and didn't know it. Jerz. went at it and helped them fix it so the car went all right. I tell you they were pleased. They wanted to pay him but he wouldn't take nothing for it. But I'll bet they will always remember him. It is the little things like that that count in life.

Well, I've got rested so I'll be going home.

Sunday morning:—It was pretty cold this morning, I can tell you, 47 under my porch when I got up and that was a quarter to six. That is pretty cold for the 14th of June, yes it is.

Old man Goble, Mary's grandfather, used to tell that they had a frost every month in the year when he was a young man.

Did you know that George Crossman is in the hospital at Hartford? I didn't know it till I was coming down the street and saw his wife sitting on the steps in Brigham's doorway waiting for the drug store to open. I stopped and talked to her a minute and she said she was going over on the bus to see him. George Crossman must be very old, you can tell by the way he walks. He must be 87 or 88, but I couldn't say for sure.

He lives in what used to be the old Ben Scott house, I think he does. Ben Scott was a shoemaker for John Shaad for years. He used to go back and forth past my house every day.

That takes me back to thinking of a lot of things and I wonder whatever became of that old Indian cigar sign that George Riley had in front of his store. If anybody had that sign now he could get a lot of money for it.

(Well do we remember that old cigar sign. It was as big as a full sized Indian, was in war paint and feathers and presented a rather savage appearance. One Halloween night a crowd of young folks on mischief bent—so we heard at the time—carried that big sign over to the home of Prof. Pierce, now the Bert Kidman house, put it on the porch facing the door, rang the bell and ran.

From hiding places behind nearby trees Mrs. Pierce could be seen to open the door and quickly close it again. A few minutes passed and the door opened again. This time Mrs. Pierce carried a long poker and jabbed it at the Indian a number of times. When the Indian made no effort to defend himself she became convinced 'that b'gosh he was plaster paris' or wood, closed the door, and the incident was over for the night. The next morning the Indian was returned to his rightful habitation in front of the Riley store.

Well, Well, I see what Tom Lyon said in his letter last week and it brought up some long forgotten affairs in this village. The saloons were pretty bad and the temperance people got pretty strong in those days. The White Ribboners flourished. Don't you remember their club room up the street near Thomas's hardware?

But tell Tom I wasn't in on that beer dumping escapade. I remember the brewery, but was never down to it. I never drank any beer. No, I never did. The Westby boys, don't you remember them, they used to go to school here, Jim and Philander, they would go there and get beer. They asked me to go, but I never did.

Folks got pretty bitter over the liquor business. Father was a prohibitionist, quite a little so, and took an active part in stamping out the saloons.

One night when the fight between the wets and dries was pretty warm somebody cut down the two evergreen trees in our front yard and they did the same thing to Perry Young.

It was about that time that Ed. Campbell started out from Main street with his horse and buggy one night and the fast train hit him at the George street crossing. Sure it killed him, and the horse too. He was headed for his home in East Decatur. That tragedy was quite a shock to this community, for Ed. Campbell was a well known citizen.

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25 YEARS ON CRIFFIELD FARM

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Barnhart moved into their home on East Street in the village of Decatur last Thursday.

They had lived on the Criffield farm two miles west of Decatur on M-40, 25 years, which Clyde thinks is a record for anyone living on a rented farm. They brought up their eight children there and saw all of them grow up and leave home except Kenneth the youngest, and he is enlisting in the army this week.

The late Charles E. Criffield bought the farm of 240 acres of the A. B. Cass estate 23 years ago, while the Barnharts were there. He told Clyde that if he would stay on he would buy the place and the deal was made accordingly.

Mrs. Criffield sold the farm to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sorensen and they took possession when the Barnharts moved.

Clyde is going to take the next few months to improve his house in town and get ready to take on some kind of work in the spring. His plans are not yet definite.

Do you remember the old tannery? It was a pretty good industry for Decatur back in the early days. It was going way back in the sixties I guess, it was a lively place when I came here in 1870.

Most all towns had tanneries in them days. They had to have leather, tanneries and distilleries. They had 'em in every town. They had to have whiskey too, gosh all mighty, yes.

Old Isaac Goble, Mary's grandfather, took his corn clear over to Paw Paw and traded it for whiskey and he took corn to Niles and traded it for meal, too. What those old pioneers had to go through with in the

early days we don't know anything about.

There wasn't any tax on whiskey, I don't suppose there was. It was almost as cheap as water and it wasn't nothing like whiskey is now. The farmers always took a jug of it out in the harvest field with them to help harvest their wheat. That is some of them did. Some wouldn't drink the stuff even in them days.

I've heard say that grocery stores sold it, kept it in big barrels with a faucet in the barrel and a tin cup nearby. That is what I have heard tell. I never used any of it, nor any of my family, neither whiskey nor tobacco.

But I was mentioning the old Decatur tannery. I couldn't say who built it. It might have been Ransom Nutting. He run it before Rash Hendricks did, so they tell me. It was a pretty substantial building. Maybe you can get Tom Lyon to tell you something about it. He remembers it further back than I do.

I remember when it burned down, I guess I do. The sparks flew all over the town.

We got to talking about Clarence Lindsley. He was a mighty fine man, I want to tell you. I knew him from way back in the eighties. I used to work for him, out there on the farm, worked for him all one summer, cultivating corn and doing general farm work, and lived there with the family.

I got into a little argument about how he died. It was while I was living in Kalamazoo. It was about 20 years ago, maybe longer ago than that. I asked his daughter about it and she said he fell dead on the sidewalk here in town as he was coming out of the bank. That is the way I remembered it.

He was a good farmer, yes sir. Those Lindsleys all were good farmers.

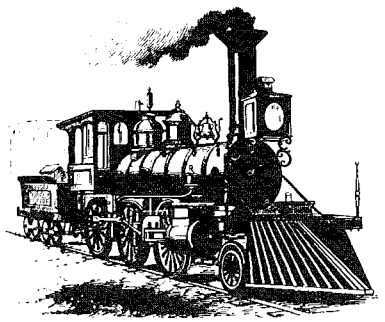
Well, I see Henry Carney was down here for Decoration. I wish I had seen him. I used to see him in Kalamazoo often. He owns a good home on the South Side in Kalamazoo. Henry Carney is a pretty good boy, I can tell you.

Henry is foreman of the switchmen in the Michigan Central yards and has been for yeaars. It's a pretty good job too.

I have to laugh every time I think of what happened down in the yards one time a long time ago. The engineer kicked his cars back too hard and the draw bar that couples the cars together slipped up over the coupling connection and punched a hole right through a tank full of molasses, and all of that car of molasses ran right on the ground.

I see it soon after and there was a great lake of molasses. It was a sight, I can tell you. I'll bet Henry remembers about it.

Art. Jackson's boy didn't fare so well as Henry on the railroad. He was a young man, not more than 18, I don't believe, and was braking right there in the Kalamazoo yards, and that was about 20 years ago too I think.



He had been warned. Older switchmen had told him never to stand in front of the draw bar to adjust the bar when coupling cars, but he would forget and do it. Those cars creep on up to each other pretty quiet like. You can't hardly hear them sometimes, they come together so quiet.

Art. Jackson's boy stepped in front of the coupling when the cars were coming together. He must of done that. Anyhow he was caught and held fast. Some bums heard him holler and they spread the alarm. The boy was got loose and taken to the hospital where he died a very short time after. It was a sad case, I can tell you.

But say, here is one on Guy McGowan, Clara told it on him. He had been to the store in Lawrence and got some weiners and when he come out he happened to think of something he had forgot. He put the weiners on that stump back of the store and went back . And then he entirely forgot the weiners.

Say, don't the bank open up Saturday afternoon? I came down on purpose to go to the bank, got 2 checks I wanted to deposit and have put on the bank book. I guess they will keep though till next week.

I've known this bank for a long while. Knew A. B. Copley, the founder of it. He was a pretty fine old man too. We were in this town before he ever started it. My father didn't help start it but he took stock in it, yes he did.

You know A. B. Copley was once a representative to the legislature. He made a good one too. And did you know he died in Cuba?

Do you remember the last factory in Decatur? I don't mean the last factory but the last factory, where they made shoe lasts. Father had stock in that too. I don't remember who all the stock holders were but old Cap. Beebe was one of them.

The last factory was started right there where the ruins of the grist mill are. Down across the railroad track.

Lasts were made out of hard maple. They were cut out of blocks a foot long, about that, maybe a little less and maybe a little more, according to the size of the lasts they were making.

You know what a last is, don't you? They made shoes and boots over them and in those days they made shoes and boots with wooden pegs.

Somebody bought the building when the last business ran out. They remodeled it and built it over into a flour mill. It was John Bickhart I think, but maybe it was Jimmie Ellis. You ought to remember that better than I do.

That last factory did quite a business for a while. The lasts they made were all shipped away. It was a good way back and I don't remember who worked in it.

Father didn't just exactly like the way things were going and he sold out, traded his stock for a house on Phelps street.

I was going down to Rogers', you know where, the clock fixer. He lives up stairs in the Roy Smith house on west Sherwood street. He is a good clock fixer and a nice fellow. He has had a tumor taken out of his stomach so he can't do hard work yet.

Well, when I passed the automobile repair shop around the corner the fellow had a auto out in front repairing one of the wheels. I stopped and talked to him and a young fellow standing there, and told them that that building was the first post-office in the village of Decatur. They looked surprised, so I said, you see that building down the street there, pointing across the railroad track—well that was the first depot in this town. They couldn't hardly believe me, but it was a fact, yes it was.

These young fellows don't know much about this town as it was the year I first come here. There has been lots of changes, I can tell you. There sure has.

Well, I went over to the cemetery Friday morning where the funeral was held. It was a Catholic funeral and a very impressive one, it sure was.

From the cemetery I come up on Phelps street and I couldn't help thinking how it looked down there when I first come to Decatur in 1870.

It was all heavy oak timber from the road clear to Lake of the Woods, all virgin timber—never had been cut. I tell you it would have been worth a lot to Decatur if it had been left standing. You've no idea what a difference there was in the town then.

All of the land to the north of Decatur was heavy timber, beach and maple mostly. Alex. and Jim McWilliams both had farms that were covered with this fine timber back there in the seventies.

I see you had something in the paper about Vanderbilt telling the public to be damned. That was true, he said it because I read it in the papers at the time. I never doubted but what he said it.

It's been a long time since Tom Burke shot that deer down west of town. He didn't kill it but it ran through town and down by the bridge that crossed the Dowagiac creek, and there it dropped dead.

Some fellers that lived across the swamp over in the Valley saw it drop, picked it up and took it home. Tom heard who got it and went over and claimed it.

Tom Burke was born right east of Rochester, New York, not a great ways from where my father was born, but they didn't know each other till they both came to Decatur. Tom Burke was a pretty well read man,

yes he was, and I've heard that he was about as stylish a man as there was in town when he was young. Everybody liked him and he never had but one fault so far as I know.

He was a stave cutter in the old Hinkley stave factory for a good many years. He married Nell Nutting, one of the lively young women of the town. The Nuttings were high toned down east people. You know, there's a difference in people, you can tell it. The Nuttings had quality.

When we came here in 1870 Tom and his young wife had just got married and were living with her folks, Lucius Nutting and his wife. The old house is still there and is known to this day as the Burke house. It is on east Delaware street well back from the road, and almost across from where I used to live.

The old man Nutting used to raise tobacco in that hollow. He had quite a high roofed building in back of the house. It was open at both ends to let the air through, and I remember seeing great long tobacco leaves hanging up there.

Tom Burke came to a quick ending right there at his home. It was in the winter time, the snow was on the ground and he was shoveling a path from the house to the road when he fell right down on the shovel. They took him into the house where I think he died in a little while. That was all of 35 years ago. It might have been longer than that. I wouldn't be surprised if it was. It's pretty hard work to keep track of the time.

I don't feel very good, didn't get down town yesterday at all. Think I'll go and see the doctor right now.

Speaking of the kindness of the late Hobart Millard, once, a long time ago, there was an old colored couple lived out by the church in the Plopper District. When the old man's wife died Hobe' took the old fellow up to his place, fixed him up in a little house, and took care of him until he died.

You know Dana Smith had a pretty good story about Isaac Willard, but he didn't tell all about him. I suppose it would be next to impossible to tell all about that man. There are lots of stories about him.

I heard tell about a man who went to him and wanted work. Willard told him to set down and wait till he got back. The man sat down and waited three or four hours, and then got tired and went away. Probably if he bad stayed till Willard got back he would have gotten work and been paid for the time he waited.

Another thing I heard tell of about Willard. They had the Michigan Central graded from Kalamazoo to within a few miles of Paw Paw. The railroad company wanted Willard to donate the land for the depot and other buildings out of the acres which he owned at the Paw Paw settlement, and Willard wouldn't do it. So the raidroad men ordered a new survey, changed the course and cut Paw Paw off the line. That was how Decatur came to be born.

It kind of seems to me I heard something about the Michigan Central going through Charleston to the south of us, but I can't say for sure. They may have found it too hard work to clear the swamp on the Charleston route. There was some reason for cutting Charleston off, for Charleston was quite a town then, and Decatur wasn't anything. The railroad killed Charleston.

Well, say, I was reading over that list of names of the scholars in that picture you told about last week, and why didn't you give some of the older ones?

I remember when John Jordan and Jim Jordan went to school here. Ed. Rawson was another, and so was Delbert Wolf, he came from out in the country. And who was that lawyer whose house burned up? I remember now, Bill Tucker, his boys, Clyde and Frank. They were both pretty clever boys. Frank got to be an actor and for a while went pretty strong. Then he went a little wild, I guess, lost a leg and finally died.

The other one, Clyde, went west and nobody ever heard of him afterwards. Bill Tucker's house burned up. Yes it did. I know it did, because I went to the fire. It caught in the back end and the fire just crept right up the back of the house.

They didn't have any fire department then. I should say they didn't. They couldn't do a thing about it, just let it burn down, they had to. What could anybody do with a few pails of water to stop a fire like that! I tell you I don't believe we half appreciate what a good fire company we have now. That fire never would have burned the house up if our boys that fight fires now could have been there with their fire equipment.

That was a long time ago. It must have been in the seventies. It was when Burked was the professor and Emma Rice was the preceptress.

Thede Trowbridge built another house on that foundation and it is standing there yet. It is the house that Fred McWilliams has just sold

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Did you see the hail storm Wednesday. It hailed some. I could hear it rattling down on the kitchen roof at my house.

But say, that hail storm wasn't nothing to compare with a hail storm that struck the muck over south of town years ago. That was the worst hail storm I ever saw or heard of. The hail was as big as my fist, ragged chunks at that. Somebody brought a ten quart pail full of them that he had picked up into town and I don't believe it took over 15 or 20 of them to fill the pail. That was back in the eighties, but I don't remember just what year.

One fellow coming to town in a lumber wagon got pelted so bad on the head that he had to go to the drug store to get fixed up, and his horses came near running away.

W. H. Clark worked a big piece of the muck land and kept his old horse hitched to the buggy grazing along the roadside while he worked. Great bunches came out on the horse where he was pelted and I expected to see him run away, but he didn't.

Clark was a good man but he had queer notions. At one time he had the best furniture store in this part of Michigan, I should say he did. Three floors and the basement packed full of furniture, and he sold lots of it, he did that. He was a good salesman. He had all of the undertaking business of the town and surrounding country too.

But he got the notion of clearing the big swamp and lost interest in everything else. You'll have to give him credit for doing a big job there, but in doing it he neglected his other business and it kind of went to pieces.

You remember that time he had a funeral and forgot to put the box in the grave and had to keep the mourners waiting while he rushed up to the store and got it?

He built a big barn on his lot at the corner of Main street and St. Mary's street. That was a big barn, the biggest barn anywhere around here, so far as I know. He raised lots of onions down there on the muck and always expected to get a big price for them, a little bigger than the market. He'd pack that barn full of onions in the fall and more than once he kept them till they rotted, and he had to haul them back onto the muck for fertilizer. I can remember when that whole part of town smelled of rotten onions.

Well, he was a good citizen, anyhow and he was one of the early settlers who helped to make Decatur the good town that it is today.

Say, don't you know better than to say that gang of men you put in the paper last week was the stave factory gang? That wasn't the old stave factory gang. There wasn't a one of them that worked in the stave factory, not as I remember it.

I'll tell you who those stave factory men were,—Tom Burke and Homer Hinkley were the stave cutters. You remember them, of course you do.

Then there was Charlie Labadie. He worked around the yard, and didn't he fire nights? I think he did, steamed the bolts.

And Scott Smith, he worked there. I don't know what he done. I can't recall all of their positions.

And Cash DeBolt, he worked there. I don't know what he did but he worked there. He lived across the railroad track.

And don't you remember that Carpenter. He was a cooper and worked for Dwight in the old cooper shop, that went with the factory.

George Smith, he worked there too. They called him Kirby and Stave Factory George, that was because there were 3 George Smiths in town then and they had to distinguish them apart.

Then there was old man Hammond. He might have drew the staves from the cutter out to the shed, but I can't remember for sure.

Let. Bashford, don't you remember him? He worked there too. He was an old timer there. He's been dead for years.

Bert and Will Young worked there too. Bert caught heading nights. It was a hard job. The heading would hit his fingers and hurt him.

Some worked there that I can't remember. Maybe Tom Lyon can remember more of them. Near as I can recollect he was one of the workers.

There's another question I want to ask you about. Did you ever hear of

the lost city of Atlantis? Why, it disappeared over night. The Peruvians or some of those South American natives have got the story of it to this day. Mr. Watts, you remember him. He was a neighbor of ours and he had some mighty fine things in his house. One of them was a bowl made of some kind of clay that was excavated from the lost city of Atlantis.

I had a book about that city once and it got lost, and I'd give anything to find it. Things like that are interesting to me.

A Relic of Old Decatur Days

The Republican is indebted to Mrs. Edna Durham for a picture of the "Old Stave Factory Gang." It was taken about sixty years ago and to old time Decatur people it is an interesting relic. There are 22 employes in the picture and we could name all but one, of them. Every one of them is dead except possibly David Hughes. If living he is about 78 years old. The last we heard of him he was residing in Cleveland, Ohio.

The names of those in the picture are Perry M. Young, John Struble, Perry Robinson, John Hughes, Fred Simpson, Will Udell, James Jewell, Ed. Scott, Sid. Claus, Oakey Van Hise, David Hughes, Philo Scott, Ellsworth Thompson, Earl Simpson, John Boudeman, Asel Scott, Hiram Stillman Slocum, Hiram Carl Scott, Bill Popendick Young.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 7, 1943

MRS. DAISETTE D. S. McKENZIE

Incoming President of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts

BOSTON, Mass., June 7.—The Christian Science Board of Directors today placed "prayer" at the top of the list of defensive and offensive weapons that free-thinking peoples are counting upon to win the global war against oppression and suppression.

In a statement to the annual meeting of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, the Directors first emphasized the word "prayer," then followed with the term "miracle of deliverance" which is to be accepted, they said, as the logical answer to righteous prayer.

Thus, deliverance from the hand of the oppressor was seen by the Directors to be no miracle at all, but rather a simple witnessing to the fact that power springs from the prayer of understanding.

"A praying people can never suffer defeat," summarized the Directors' remarks to several thousand Christian Scientists assembled in The Mother Church.

The Directors announced the election of Mrs. Daisette D. S. McKenzie of Cambridge, Massachusetts, as President of The Mother Church for the ensuing year, succeeding Mrs. Elisabeth F. Norwood, of Brookline, Massachusetts.

From the Trustees under the Will of Mary Baker Eddy came the report that since the year 1913, when the Trustees were first appointed, they have expended $6,400,000 on church work. Announcement was also made that the sales of Mrs. Eddy's works, including "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," had more than doubled in the last two years.

THE WORLD'S NEED OF CHRISTIANITY

Extracts from a written sermon by C. C. Evans.

We must not forget that Christ still offers to men of every creed and race gifts far surpassing our power of imagination.

Two things remind us constantly that our grasp of Christ's great gifts to us is faulty. We have not solved our own problems of the bearing of Christianity on social institutions and more particularly on the present war.

Christianity, properly applied, would abundantly water the roots of political and commercial sagacity.

We have said there is no christian foreign policy. There is no christian domestic policy. In my judgment as to war and peace christianity has not lost its original moral greatness. It teaches love of enemies, meakness and friendship for all humanity. It brings men toward unity in a love that is universal in its sweep.

We have learned from the Scriptures that men must lose their lives in order to save them. Therefore today make of yourself a radiating center of divine love so that all the world may receive its benediction.

When Decatur Was Young and Gay

And the Stave Factory Gang Was the Life of the Village.

Whenever we can draw out a letter of old time Decatur memories from Dr. T. B. Lyon of Raton, New Mexico, we feel that a real interesting and worthwhile result has been accomplished, and it will be read and appreciated by readers of the Republican who now or in the past have looked upon Decatur as their home town.

Tom Lyon and Charlie Rawson, Alden Knight, Albert Abbott, L. G. Stewart, and Mrs. Percie Nash Seymour are among the few now living who can recall the gay and exciting times in this lively village during the sixties.

We often refer to the Van Buren County Gazetteer and Business Directory. It was compiled and published in 1869 by Chas. Leavens, son of a Decatur druggist, and Delos Hill, son of E. P. Hill, who was then in the wholesale and retail grocery business at the corner of Phelps and Delaware streets.

This directory was printed in the Republican office when it was located on the second floor of the Poor block, and it listed the following Lyons as residents of the village:

Eli Lyon, farmer, home on north side of Sherwood, near East street.

Hobart Lyon, clerk, Rawson and Co., boards with Jeremiah Teed.

Richard H. Lyon, musical genius, boards with Eli Lyon.

Dr. Tom Lyon was about 10 years old at that time and we rather suspect that he also was a boarder, without financial consideration, at the Eli Lyon home. Through the sixties and seventies, and into the eighties he was a pretty well known resident of Decatur.

Have been expecting to see Dr. Tom out here before this. Last spring he wrote that he was planning a trip to Michigan in August or September, but both of these months are now gone and he has not appeared. This is a time when "The best laid plans o' mice and men, gang aft a-gley." And now, though we cannot see him, it is very pleasant to hear from him. His letter follows:

Raton, New Mexico,
September 21, 1942.

Dear Friend Arba:

I am enclosing some "stuff" that may be of interest to the old citizens of Decatur, but if not dump it.

Tell Walter Brown that I have a watch I bought of E. L. Hawks when I was a lad and I might trade it for his fife if he will pay the freight. It has a coin silver case with open face and weighs just one-half pound. It is a half inch thick. Eddie Webster lived on Delaware street. Their property and ours backed against each other. Eddie was a smart little fellow, always at the head of his class, he and Willis Wilmont.

Am doubtful if we can go east this year. Gas, tires and railroads too tied up. Very truly, Tom Lyon.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES

There are three outstanding events of my early life in Decatur that still linger in my memory. They are the wreck of the Cereus, the attempt at suicide and the near drowning.

The Wreck of the Cereus

The Michigan Central ran past our old home only a block away. On July 4, 1872, while a bunch of young Lyons were playing in our front yard we heard the shrill whistle of a train in the west and soon the engine appeared past the stave factory running very fast and hauling a lot of flat cars.

At the crossing the engine hit a cow which got under it, and right in front of our house the engine jumped the track and plunged into the

ditch. The tender turning toward the left, hurled up the bank, and the firemen, who was on the tender, was thrown nearly out of the right of way. He was not much hurt, but the engineer, Jack Riley, was buried under the cab. He had to be dug out but was still alive.

It might be related that all locomotive engines of those days had a name under the cab window and this one was named Cereus, Jack Riley, engineer.

The Attempt at Suicide.

Will Jones was a peculiar character. He had served his country as a soldier in the Civil War, was wounded and underwent extreme suffering in a Southern prison so that he never was considered quite right mentally. He played the guitar well with his sister Mary at the piano.

On the corner of Main and St. Mary's streets there lived a beautiful young lady whom he loved and serenaded. Along the fence on the St. Mary's side of her house there was a row of cherry trees.

One day when I was crossing this corner going to the Russell shop further west on St. Mary's, I saw Will over there under the trees. He acted rather peculiar, he reached up into the trees, then took something out of his pocket. I heard a pistol shot and saw him fall over against the fence.

Scared half to death I beat it up town and raised an alarm. Dr. Keables happened to be in the Poor block and together with others we hastened to where Will lay. As we approached he partly raised his face, which was deathly white and said to the doctor, "Well, Doc., I guess I've done it."

He was bundled off to his home and there it was found that the bullet, a .22, had hit a rib, followed around his back and emerged, doing very little damage. We found his watch in the tree where he had hung it.

Poor Bill had been jilted by the beautiful maiden who lived behind the row of cherry trees.

The Near Drowning

Charley Rawson built a boat in his front yard, using the space on the west of his house. I did a little at assisting him and others of our gang also helped.

The boat was launched on Lake of the Woods, and a house for it was built on the island.

Late in the fall Harry (Hadley) Hodges and I decided to go trolling and borrowed the boat from Charley. When we started out Hadley was in the back end and I was rowing. After going around the lake quite awhile Hadley offered to take the oars and we started to change places.

The boat was so small that in order to do this we had to crowd past each other standing, and in doing so Hadley fell over board with his feet hanging to the boat. This tipped the boat enough to fill it with water and we both went into the lake.

We tried to bail out the water but could not. We then tipped it bottom side up and tried to get it to shore a half mile away, but could not do that. Hadley tried to swim to shore but it was so cold he gave it up.

Seeing the old trapper who lived on the south shore of the lake we yelled to him that we were drowning and finally got him to come and haul us in with his dugout.

On the shore he built a rousing fire and we were soon thawed out enough to amble home. Our fish and tackle were lost in the lake, but we were thankful to be alive and were grateful to our savior, the trapper.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

I find the request in this week's Republican for a song which seems especially appropriate at this time. It was President Lincoln's favorite song and "one which he encored no less than eighteen times when sung at a Sunday school convention in Washington in 1864."

YOUR MISSION

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep
With the Savior's true disciples
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briars
Growing rank against the wall.
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do.
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

—Ellen M. H. Gates.

The call for this song was printed last week and brought two responses, the one from Mrs. Truesdell and one from Mrs. Anita Gale. Mrs. Gale brought in a copy of "Pat's Pick," which is a collection of the sweetest, sanest, jolliest folk, school and patriotic songs," compiled by Henry R. Pattengill. On the cover is written, "Grade V. Anita Youells, from class of 1916."

Henry R. Pattengill was a famous man and one of the greatest pep leaders Michigan ever produced. He was a favorite everywhere he went and his song book became as popular as he was.

T. J. BASS, 84, OLDEST ACTIVE BARBER IN STATE

Man, Who Came to Village In 1884, Has Cut Hair and Shaved Members of Five Generations.

By Caroline Johnson
In Kalamazoo Gazette

Thomas J. Bass, Decatur barber who observed his 84th birthday May 1, lays claim to being the oldest active barber in Michigan. Bass is the sole proprietor of a shop in Decatur's Main street and here he caters to patrons whose relations for five generations have been his customers. Leo Rose, Kalamazoo, who drops in at "Tom's barber shop," while in Decatur, is one of these customers. Tom has shaved Rose's grandfather, his father, Leo, and his son, and has trimmed the hair of his granddaughter. The men of the Graham family have also been steady customers through the years. Bass also recalls that he used to cut Edgar Bergen's locks when that comedian was a boy and before he brought fame to his home town of Decatur.

Tom, who continues to work 14 hours on Saturdays, remembers when Decatur had a barber's war on. At the crest of the competition, haircuts were turned out for five cents and shaves at the same figure. Twenty-six heads of hair in one day was Tom's barber war record.

The halcyon days of the barber trade, Tom relates, was when 60 shaving mugs were racked against the wall. During this period, coloring moustaches, and waxing and curling them was a lucrative business. Tom has a special recipe for coloring moustaches, but he has temporarily mislaid it. Luxuriant "side burns" used to be the delight of tonsorial artists, but these for the most part have gone the way of the decorative shaving mugs.

The veteran barber remembers the rage for the college cut in vogue when "Yale was king of the conquered East and Michigan ruled the West." The hair was left full and free with only a slight trim.

Bass has a diary in which he has jotted down the deaths of Decatur townspeople. His book contains 1,800 names and when any resident wishes to check on a death he consults Tom

who always has the correct answer.

Asked if the barber shops didn't have the reputation of being centers for masculine gossip, Tom agreed that they did, but added, "I hear plenty, but I let the customers do the talking."

Tom's hobby is his garden. His wife died seven years ago and one of his sons and his family resides with him. He is a baseball fan and his favorite team is the Chicago White Sox. Occasionally he travels to the city to see his favorites in action. He has a grandson in the service. He is Corp. H. J. Roberts, stationed at Detroit. He holds medals for marksmanship.

Tom used to be a member of the Free Methodist church and sang bass in the church choir. He was also treasurer for 15 years.

Bass was born in Raleigh, N. C. He started barbering at 21 in Richmond, Ind., and worked in several Indiana cities. He came to Decatur in 1884. He has not barbered continually but has laid off several times only to resume his trade. He started working for Aaron Burnett in 1884 and later worked in the shops of Frank Stapleton and H. B. Tompkins.

For a period he worked for "Bo" Hackley in Paw Paw in a shop located across from the courthouse. Among his clients he recalls Judge Benjamin Heckert, Circuit Judges Mills and Hilton, and Henry W. McCabe, former deputy sheriff and GAR veteran. Bass still possesses steady nerves and looks forward to many more years of barbering.

THE ESSENTIAL NEED OF FRIENDS

By C. C. Evans

In attending good will meetings in Grand Rapids I notice a great improvement in the friendly attitude of people toward each other. I attribute this to the common interest developed by the menace of our enemies in this war.

We are learning that no one is self-sufficient. Even though American resources are the most abundant in all the world, yet we have found them by no means ample to carry on and win a world conflict alone.

It takes the cementing of friendships to win a war like we are in today. We cannot expect to enjoy future liberty, peace and happiness without the friendship of other nations and of all races.

We have had too much of a tendency in the past to look upon the people of other nations and races in terms of masses of population, rather than men and women deeply concerned in world progress and security.

Many of us have had the mistaken conception that learning or education is the prerogative of the western world, but we must concede that some important discoveries and inventions come out of the East. We should bear in mind that printing and the compass, explosives and other inventions are all of eastern origin.

The fact is that in the far East are people not only ingenius and resourceful, but also highly educated. I do not speak in terms of individuals, I mean people taken collectively.

It is said there are more literate people in China than any other country except the United States. The people of this country have made great contributions toward facilitating education in China, helping to establish schools there and setting up universities, and this has helped to build up a better health situation in China. That has made her both a friend of America and a great power against the aggressors in the far East.

Another thing which should be carefully consideerd by our goverment is the post war attitude of Russia. Whatever our views may be Russia stands out today as the savior of democracy in Europe. Without Soviet assistance it is difficult to see how Nazism could be brought to its sudden defensive.

You may search through ancient and modern history and you will find no threat of world domination by Russian people, and our destiny will be much greater and more secure if we have these people as our friends.

In conclusion I want to criticize the tendency toward race prejudice. Prejudice breeds hatred and hatred is the originator of intollerance. Once this trio is permitted to go unchecked it will destroy democracy. We must not forget that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness cannot fully materialize in any society poisoned by hatred and intollerance.

I am inclined to believe the churches should be assigned a specific task in relation to peace making and the creation of international order, and form a world wide fellowship wherein differences may be settled and mutual respect established. Then we would enjoy the fruits of the spirit which would result in joy, peace and happiness.

FEELING FINE AT 83

William L. Congdon received a Christmas greeting from his brother, Charles, of Springfield, Mo., in which he said, "I hope you are feeling as fine when you are my age as I am."

Charles was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Congdon and Will the youngest. Charles was 83 December 26 and Will was 62 December 9. The Republican sends congratulations to them both.

Charles is a retired railroad man, he never resided in Decatur but has been an occasional visitor here.

Typewriter paper at. the Republican office.

The Republican is indebted to Principal Henry H. Houseman of the Decatur public schools for the brief sketch of the life and work of Prof. Eben Mumford. Mr. Houseman was his student and admirer. He knew the bright and ever helpful Mumford mind from his work in the class room, and from his writing and lectures. And even though it has been several months since he passed away our townsman thought it not inappropriate for the Republican to pay tribute to his memory.

In that thought we agree, and these few lines are indeed a beautiful tribute:

The French have a proverb: "Some men are cisterns; a few are fountains."

In every college there are to be found a few men who are not mere reservoirs of knowledge, but fountains of knowledge; sources of inspiration to their students. Dr. Eben Mumford was such a teacher.

H. H. Houseman.

Mr. Houseman also furnished the following sketch:

Professor Mumford

A pioneer in agricultural extension work in Michigan, Prof. Eben Mumford, former head of the department of sociology at Michigan State college, died at his home in East Lansing on October 17.

Dr. Mumford, retired in 1938, came to Lansing as pastor of the First Universalist church, and later left for a period of graduate study.

Mr. Mumford served as the first leader of the county agricultural agents from 1912 to 1921. He helped to organize the Michigan State Farm bureau in 1919, and later met with a group of farmers in Ithaca, New York, where he was a leader in the formation of the American Farm Bureau federation.

After completing his undergraduate studies, he attended the University of Chicago, where he studied sociology for several years. This was followed by further graduate studies in the Universities of Paris and Berlin. He completed the requirements for the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Chicago.

Before Professor Mumford came to Michigan State in 1912, he had taught in several Illinois colleges. After serving as professor of economics and sociology at M. S. C. for two years, he was appointed head of that department in 1924 and served in that capacity until retirement in 1938. He is survived by the widow, Luella Mumford.

Christian Scientists Hold Annual Meeting in Boston

Boston, Mass., June 8—The great task now confronting a liberated America, which more than three quarters of a century ago fought a four-years war to free the slaves, is to aid in working out the freedom of the whole world from slavery, The Christian Science Board of Directors told the several thousand Christian Scientists gathered in annual meeting in Boston today.

The directors also announced the election of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Norwood of Brookline, Mass., as President of The Mother Church for the ensuing year. The chief duty of the President is to preside at the Annual Meeting.

Today the Board found that the establishment of Christian Science in

some countries was being limited by the dictators, that some churches and institutions were being closed and confiscated. "But wherever multitudes of plain people in ordinary, everyday living cherish and practice the truths of their religion," the Board said, "its resurrection is assured."

The frequent reports of increasing wartime interest in religion as the streams of dependence upon material systems run low were accentuated by the announcement of the Trustees of The Christian Science Publishing Society that the sales of Bibles this year "are the largest in the history of the Publishing Society." Increased circulation of The Christian Science Journal, the Christian Science Sentinel and The Christian Science Monitor was also reported for the last 12 months. Literature of the Society was said still to be going to many parts of the world, arriving sometimes on delayed schedules, but nevertheless reaching Switzerland, Unoccupied France, Spain, Portugal, all parts of Africa, Australia, the British Isles, South America, New Zealand, India and Ceylon.

Charleston

The first weddings in the township were those of David Curry and Alexander Fulton to Sarah and Elizabeth, daughters of Josephus Gard. Both couples were married by the same ceremony in the spring of 1832. The first birth was that of John H. Rich October 31, 1832, and the midwife was Mrs. Micajah McKinney of McKinney's prairie in LaGrange, who rode an almost unbroken colt the 15 miles journey to the home.

In 1836 Charleston on Little Prairie was platted and named for Jacob Charles, on whose land much of it lay. Five men platted it, Jacob Charles, Jacob Morlan, Alexander and Samuel Fulton, and David Fenton.

Elijah Goble kept a hotel, the Brown Eagle, there for 30 years. When the Black Hawk war was impending and all the men took their guns and went to the protection of settlements that were threatened, the women at Charleston and nearby made a fort out of rails for safety in case of danger. It was a false alarm and the men soon returned. Charleston was on the stage route and a bigger town then than Niles.

In the Legislature

Col. James Newton came in 1830, and in 1835 he with James O'Dell of Penn and Baldwin Jenkins of Pokagon were delegates to the first constitutional convention, held at Detroit and while Michigan was still a territory, although then preparing for statehood by this convention. They made the trip on horseback and over blazed trails much of the way. Mrs. Jane Crego is a granddaughter of Col. James Newton who had won his military title in actual service. Later in 1840 Mr. Newton was a member of the legislature as was his son George Newton still later—Mrs. Crego's father.

Others of the township who have been elected to the legislature were Alexander B. Copley, John Struble and George Gard, and it has had one state senator Emmons Buell. Mr. Gard was also county treasurer two terms. Our popular county commissioner of schools, Edmund Schoetzow, was a student at the Pleasant Hill school, and for 27 years taught the Marcellus high school.

Others who attended school in this township were Charles Warner, now prospering in Chicago; Clyde W. Ketcham, now a successful attorney in Kalamazoo; Coy Kent, now in business in Bellview; Ray Carey, who later became a magazine writer; Hilda Carey, who became a world war nurse in France; Clifford Robinson, now a leading physician at Indiana Harbor, head surgeon of the Indiana Steel Mills and president of the park board of South Chicago; his father, Dr. C. S. Robinson, was Volinia village's first resident doctor, and a good one.

A Beautiful Country

Howard Rogers, who built Volinia's first store also wrote the county's first history, and a good one. He took a prominent part in the Volinia Farmers Club, one of the first organized in the country and the first to stage town fairs. Both the club and the fairs attracted widespread attention and did much to make the township famous.

Timber for building purposes was plentiful, and sawmills along the Dowagiac river furnished power for converting it into lumber. Teams of 10, 12, and 15 yokes of oxen were required to "break" the soil, the plows having a sharp shear and a beam as large as a barn timber. Men who

Early Builders

Dr. Henry Fowler was the nearest doctor those days, and he lived at Geneva, on the banks of Diamond lake. Folks did not have time to be sick, although the ague was common. Alexander Copley built the first saw mill in 1835, and it cost $129.07. It was built at the present Nicholsville and was started up December 20 of that year. The irons for the mill were cast at Mishawaka.

About the year 1851 Harry George built the first grist mill, now gone to decay. He sold the mill to the Nichols brothers, who put up a store there also, which burned in the winter of 1845. C. T. Wilkins, H. T. Wing, A. Goff and Charles Thorp have operated stores there, and the village now has two. The first church was the A. M. E., and the second, the Baptist. Both are well attended. The Dunkards later built a church, but the society has become so small the services are very irregular.

The Crane schoolhouse was the first one erected, and it then stood near the present Crane cemetery. It was built in 1833 and its first teacher was V. V. Crane. The first town meeting was held that year, when James Newton was elected supervisor and David Crane clerk. The town hall was built in 1875. My great-grandfather, Edwin Pierce, served in the civil war, and four brothers of my great-grandmother, the Nash boys, were soldiers during that struggle. One of them, Captain George I. Nash, is still living and is nearly 91 years old. He was with the famous Loomis Battery and now lives in Marcellus. Simeon Huff, now living in Decatur, was with the squad which captured Jefferson Davis. Three of the Nash boys died in battle. The township furnished soldiers also for the Spanish-American and world wars.

Joseph Gard named the township Volhymia, after a provice in Poland. Its present name came later.

Concerning a Former Townsman, Dr. Orr

In a pleasant Fourth of July letter from Fay Beach, editor of the Fenton Independent, he enclosed an item about Dr. John Orr. The item does not do justice to him in that it fails to state that he spent his young life on his parents' farm near Decatur and that he graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1902. The item follows:

FORMER HOWELL PASTOR WRITES SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR MAGAZINE

Dr. John Orr, Ph. D., former pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Howell, and now professor of Bible and Philosophy at Westminister college, will prepare the Sabbath school lesson page for summer quarter of the United Presbyterian magazine, the official organ of the Presbyterian church.

Dr. Orr, who was born in Ireland, was educated in America at the College of Wooster and Princeton Theological Seminary and received Ph.D. degree from the University of Pittsburgh. Previous to his Westminister college appointment, he held Presbyterian pastorates at Middleport, Ohio, and Howell. He became associate professor of Bible at Westminister in 1928 and three years later was made head of the department. Dr. Orr is the author of "English Deism and Its Roots", and "English Deism: Its Roots and Its Fruits."

LOOKING BACKWARD

36 YEARS AGO

September 12, 1907.

Miss Nellie Potts has returned to her school work in Jackson, Miss Ida Potts will teach in Boyne City and Miss Emma Bradfield has the grammar room in Dowagiac.

Joe Haynes

One of Decatur's most beloved and respected citizens is Joseph Harvey Haynes, agent for the American Express Company.

He has been a resident of Van Buren county 70 years, a resident of De-

catur 41 years and express agent 21 years. A record in years but a still better record in quality of citizenship.

He was 6 months old when his parents left the old home in Genesee county, New York, to find a home in the west and brought Joe along. They came from Detroit by team and wagon, but not over roads such as we have today. If they made ten miles a day over the ragged highway across Michigan they were doing well.

They located in Lawrence township where Joe grew to be a man. That was near the time that Mchigan became a state and that the Woodmans and others came here from New York, and these reminiscences will tie in nicely with the pioneer stories now running in the Republican.

Joe Haynes came to Decatur in 1866 to clerk for E. E. and J. L. Chadwick in the 3 story brick where G. R. Gale now sells hardware, and the old timers say he was as popular a salesman as ever stood behind a counter. He clerked for the Chadwicks 20 years and then took the express agency.

On the date above given he completed a building of his own adjoining the Chadwick building and it was dedicated with fine ceremony. His wife, Ella, and daughter Bernice, assisted him as hostesses.

The Voice of Nature

By Lowell Mallox of Decatur.

As mankind hurries on in time of peace or war intent on their own pursuits, inscrutable nature goes on as she has since the beginning of time. To those who understand her voice and moods she tells a wonderful story.

Just walk with me along the edge of a lowland woods on a moon-lit night in the late spring. The soft moon beams filtering through the haze casts a ghastly light over the countryside.. Striking the twisted limbs of the elm the moon casts grotesque shadows before you. A faint phosphoric light draws your attention and perhaps startles you. When you investigate it, however, you find it to be fox-fire.

From the woods comes a sweet unforgetable odor, the wild grape vine, and from afar comes the acrid, sickening smell of the burning muck.

You go on. A shadow blots out the moon and shortly after comes an agonized shriek. The hoot owl, nature's feathered spitfire, has struck a rabbit, a common tragedy of the wild. Muskrats splash and frolic in the ditch. Fireflies sparkle in the woods. A queer noise assails your ears. At first you take it for a screech owl but listen carefully, it is more squally, the whicker of a raccoon.The incessant piping of the frogs, the "Hyla Pickeringii," or spring peeper seems to dominate every other sound, although occasionally can be heard the mournful call of the whip-poor-will.

Sometimes you may see two beaming eyes, a marauding house cat, a constant menace to our fast vanishing wild life.

These are but a few of the little secrets that nature will reveal to you if you will but look and listen.

All these things were once common knowledge of our pioneer forefathers. But the rising tide of civilization has blinded us to the voice of nature.

A Quality Pioneer In Your Vicinity

Three quarters of a century ago Dr. T. B. Welch and his son, Dr. C. E. Welch, originated and perfected the method and control of preserving the rich juice of the Concord grape without fermentation.

After many years of experimentation of interblending of the choicest table quality grapes together with laboratory control and most sanitary equipment, they are producing a standard of quality in the grape juice industry comparable the same as the House of Sterling is to silver.

Through many years of insistance on the highest quality grapes and the uniformity of laboratory control, each bottle retains the same rich flavor and color everywhere.

It was natural that a company pursuing such ideals and standards should prosper and continue to grow and today a large percentage of all the grape juice bottled is made by the Welch Grape Juice Co., who have plants located at Westfield, N. Y., Silver Creek, N. Y., North East Pa., Lawton and Mattawan, Mich., and Springfield, Arkansas.

The unique, smooth blend of Welch grape juice is enriched with healthful quick-energy supplying dextrose to insure uniform sugar content and palatability in every bottle.

This same company processes the nationally known grapelade, a smooth jelly-like jam made from the choice Concord grapes grown in this area.

Today grape juice is recognized for its high nutritional and energy food value. It is no wonder or surprise that the government purchases a large number of cases of Welch grape juice, tomato juice and Welch quality jams and preserves.

This community can point with pride in their contribution in supplying the armed forces over the far corners of the globe with food processed from the very grapes grown and harvested here.

It will be patriotic, helpful and necessary to harvest these grapes at this time.

Will you use your spare time to help some one in picking grapes!

This is your second front.

Gordon H. Davis.

THE COURIER-NORTHERNER
Paw Paw, Michigan.
November 9, 1943.

Dear friend Arba:

I noticed in your paper two weeks ago that you desired information relative to Dexter H. Dean who died in your village in 1877. Perhaps what little I know of his family may be helpful. One of his sons, Dexter Valverd Dean was my uncle, having married my mother's sister. Our family genealogy states that the parents of my uncle were from Ellisberg, New York and that may be a clue on which to work to find out more information.

Sorry that I have nothing better to offer but thought this might help some.

Best wishes to you always,
Hal D. Spicer.

From High Chair To Electric Chair

Juvenile delinquency was reduced by a large percentage in San Juan Hill within a year. It can be reduced in any community if society and the parents want to reduce it.

Some day we shall sum up juvenile delinquency from its origins,—poverty, ignorance, disease, education in disorder on the streets and in the home, and attack the problem intelligently and systematically. Then we will see how great an economy it would be to give the children of slums the opportunity for supervised education. God speed the day when the parents of this nation will recognize their responsibilities to their children, for it is in the home that the fight against delinquency should begin, not after the boys have been corrupted by the gang and the reformatory.

If you neglect your boy today, Mr. Father, tomorrow he may take the road which heads to the penitentiary and the electric chair.

The above comments were given the Republican by Harry Baldwin, who had them copied from a clipping sent him by a friend in the South. He has been around among the delinquent children here and elsewhere and knows only too well the habits that boys fall into who grow up without guidance or discipline.

Some years ago when the 5 and 10 was in the other block 4 or 5 little boys came out of the store and saw Harry, who was one of their big boys friends. They surrounded him and said, "Look, Harry, see what we've got," and each boy pulled out of his pocket some small trinkets. "Where did you buy them?" said Harry. "We didn't buy them," said the boys, "we just took 'em."

They took Harry back to the store to show him how easy it was done, and he informed the proprietor. The boys were made to realize the seriousness of what they had done, they returned the plunder and the matter was droppd. Those boys are now grown up and most of them are married. They are good citizens and have thanked Harry for showing them their childish mistake.

WILL A. CLARK OF EARLY DECATUR DAYS

Will A. Clark was born in Decatur September 11, 1867. His father was Nathan Clark, one of the early residents of this village. Will grew up in this village and the old Clark home was on School street, opposite the school grounds.

He was a natural musician and when we first remember him he belonged to a fife and drum corps known as the Star Boys. There were a half dozen boys in it, but we can remember only two others, Frank Hawks and Will Secord, both still living, one in Virginia and the other in California.

In later years Will Clark became a bandman. He took up and held to the alto horn and became such a good player that he was signalled out for solo parts in special numbers. He played also in the then locally celebrated Decatur Symphony orchestra, led by Carl Herzfeld. Willard Van Antwerp and Nick Huff were also in that orchestra, and Grace Chadwick was the pianist. This orchestra played Sunday evening concerts in the Universalist church and they became so popular that the little church was not large enough to seat the congregations. This church is now the Catholic church and again it is found to be too small for the congregations that attend it.

When Will Clark was young the Hinkley Stave Company was a thriving concern. It gave employment to Decatur's young men and they were a hardy crowd. They kept the village on the map and the "Stave Factory Gang" was known for miles around. They were not only good workmen, but good ball players, musicians and actors.

The timber around Decatur finally became scarce, the products of the factory became more or less obsolete, the Hinkleys had served their day and died and the men were compelled to seek work elsewhere. Will Clark went to Battle Creek and held good jobs there till old age and ill health compelled him to retire, and on the 14th of March he was called to the home beyond.

They buried him in Lakeside cemetery but Mrs. Clark, who was Mae Blades, also a resident of this community for the first half century of her life, was too ill to attend the burial. He was buried on the Blades lot and there is one more grave reserved for his wife. She has ordered markers for Will and herself.

EARLY VAN BUREN COUNTY DAYS

By Nellie Truesdell
916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

A SONG

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

By Felicia D. Hemans

They grew in beauty side by side
They filled one home with glee
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the flowers of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree:
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They who with smiles lit up the hall
And cheered with song the hearth!
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O, earth!

I learned this song of my mother many years ago, and now I am thinking of the graves of her parents and brothers and sisters.

Some are in Paw Paw cemetery, some in Texas and her grave is in Monks' cemetery, Geneva. One of her brothers, William Lewis, was wounded in the Civil War and died there. His body was not brought home for I have heard my mother tell of how she and her mother watched for grand father Lewis to come home. It seems he went to see him, and how they saw him coming up the road and Willie was not with him.

How some moments in our lives stand out, and are never forgotten. This was one of hers.

And now may I write the prayer I had the honor of giving at the Soldiers' Monument last Saturday as Chaplain of W. R. C.

"Oh Thou, who in Thy greatness holds the planets on their way, and in Thy providence guides the sparrows flight, and in Thy tenderness marks the sparrows fall, may we not be blind to Thy footprints in the events of everyday but see them guiding our way and feel more and more Thy love. As we pay tribute today in memory of the countless numbers who have given their lives that we may be a free nation, let us remember not only our heroes who died, but also remember God's ways are good and He has never forsaken us.

Nellie Truesdell.

Congratulations on the Diamond anniversary of the Decatur Van Buren County Republican. Long may it continue to be "black and white and read all over."

Dr. George A. Jett

By Fred W. Green.

For the last 20 years Decatur has been accustomed to seeing a gentleman around town who had become a familiar figure to us all. Lately he has been seen more frequently, always with a gracious greeting and happy smile for any whom he happened to meet. I am referring to Dr. George A. Jett. Yes, Dr. Jett has left us for good.

He came here about the year 1918. He had always a yearn for rural life and satisfied this ambition by purchasing the Popendick farm on the West Valley road. He simply lifted that farm up out of the decay it was fast approaching. He overhauled all the buildings, repainted them and made them a credit to the neighborhood.

The Doctor was not without means when he arrived at this home where he and Mrs. Jett spent so many happy days surrounded by friendly neighbors. They fitted into the picture as naturally as if they had been there always.

His first venture was to set out a vineyard of concords, sending to New York state for his vines. So he had New York Concords growing in Michigan. And a wonderful vineyard it turned out to be. It is now in the possession of its new owner, Mr. Miller, who purchased it in 1942.

It was not long before Doctor Jett found out there was more hard work to farming than he had ever anticipated. He never expected to do the actual hard work of the farm and never was called on to do so, as when he arrived here labor was always available. But as the years went on labor became scarce and it was then the Doctor found out too late that he was not able to cope with the laborous manual labor of a farm.

He had his joys and his setbacks. About 8 years ago Mrs. Jett passed away very suddenly and that was his first real mishap, one from which he never recovered. She was his inspiration. She went at anything and everything connected with a wife's duty on the farm. But Mrs. Jett, like the Doctor, was not physically able to cope with the many duties she found herself called upon to do. She never complained but went on with a will and determination she must have inherited from her ancestors. Mrs. Jett was an admirer of Boston Bull dogs and had many prize winners.

After she passed away, the next 7 years were tiresome and lonesome for Dr. Jett. With the assistance of loyal neighbors he carried on in true form, but the load was getting heavier each year. Had it not been for his failing eyesight he would have carried on even to this day. He sold his farm and took up his residence with Mrs. High, where he enjoyed every minute of his residence there. He made arrangements to leave June first, and during that terrible rain he went to Chicago to take up his residence at the King Hotel for retired college graduates. Since leaving he has not been heard from, but am sure he is happy, and what more can any one ask. If there were more happiness in the world we all would be better off. Although this I will say, I see no one in the United States who looks as if he was in need of a square meal.

It may not be generally known that Dr. Jett worked many years ago with me in the Chicago post office, but the P.O. had no charm for him. There is a lot of studyin gto do to be be a proficient P.O. man, he was then already wed to the medical profession; medicine and post office do not mix, so he

chose medicine. He was a successful practitioner. For 30 years he occupied the same office in the Columbus Memorial building and had a large clientage.

He was physician for many of the large hotels in the loop, and surgeon to many industrial factories, besides doing a general practice. He left all this for farming which was not his calling.

I am sure he will be missed and equally sure all will wish him happiness in his newer surroundings. We shall look forward to seeing his smiling, happy face again in Decatur. He always smiled and never growled at hard luck.

The Doctor has one daughter, Grace, to whom he is devoted, but her visits here were few, owing to her work which takes her to all parts of the United States, never being able to stay long in one place.

Decatur Twp. Cemeteries

Many questions arise as to the maintenance and support of our local cemeteries. Some explanation of the appropriations and funds for the care of them might be in order.

There are four established cemeteries in the township—Anderson, about five miles southeast of the village; Harrison and Lakside in the village; and the Van Hise cemetery, located in East Valley. The last named is a private cemetery, not supported by public funds.

The three township cemeteries are maintained by the township. Funds for their care come from the general fund of the township, sale of lots, gifts, etc., from some private individuals, the latter amount being small.

Anderson cemetery, while being probably the oldest established cemetery, is very little used. It is the burial place for the earliest settlers of the township and has been a burial place for many of the former residents of Little Prairie Ronde and East Valley.

The lots in Anderson cemetery are free lots. That is any one may have a lot for burial free of charge. This cemetery excels the others in some respects. It has an excellent soil for maintaining grass and does not dry out as badly as Lakeside or Harrison.

Lakeside cemetery, familiar to all, is the largest. The former population of Decatur, buried in Lakeside probably exceeds the living inhabitants of the village.

Harrison and Lakeside lots were formerly sold to anyone for 1 dollar each, and in some instances even this amount was not forthcoming.

The township board realized that while that arrangement might have been satisfactory years ago it was not suitable to present day costs of keeping the cemeteries attractive. So years ago the price of lots was raised in the village cemeteries. At the present time the price to non-residents in Lakeside is $100 per lot.

Local residents and taxpayers may still purchase a lot in the eastern annex of Lakeside for $25, which by the way are the only lots left for sale in the cemetery. The lots in Harrison are somewhat less in price.

This cemetery has several acres left for platting. It is the area north and east of Harrison not enclosed by the fence.

The soil of Harrison being entirely sand it is almost impossible to keep grass or lawn in condition there.

The sale of a lot to any individual carries only the right for burial space and erection of suitable monuments. No resale, transfer, planting of shrubs, vines or trees is granted.

If a lot is not wanted after purchase it should be released to the township for resale. The reasons are obvious. The indiscriminate planting of trees, bushes, etc., results in a cluttered up appearance and requires many extra days of work in a year trimming, and adds considerable to the cost of upkeep.

One problem that arises out of the old system of selling lots, is the one where perhaps 60 or more years ago a lot was sold to some one for a burial place and perhaps one burial is on it. There are left five burial places and the family who bought it has left this vicinity; no markers are erected, in fact the place is forgotten, yet it was a sale, the township still spends the money to care for the lot. The individuals interested are probably dead or, if living, not interested in the care of the lot.

The cost of maintaining the cemeteries of the township averages about $1,000 per year. While this amount is not excessive considering the acreage and that it requires the services of two or more men, it does represent a greater portion of the township's income.

Decatur township operates on a tax of $1 per thousand assessed valuation. If all is collected that rate brings only about $1,850, out of which township cemeteries, township fire protection, township hall and all other township expenses, salaries, etc., must be paid. There is little likelihood that this amount will ever be increased. We operate under the 15 mill tax allocation. It simply means that if the township is to take more the schools, county, etc., would have less.

Sometime in the not too far distant future this cemetery system in order to have funds to operate adequately and have the care that most people demand will have to be assisted by the village of Decatur which has adequate funds, or a lot assessment for individual care will have to be collected.

In the meantime an attempt will be made to care for the township cemeteries with the available funds.

If you are interested in the appearance of the cemeteries please do not transplant bushes, plants, trees, or other items not wanted at home to your lot at the cemetery and leave them without attention until Memorial day. The sexton will not have the necessary time to remove them and perhaps your neighbor will not want the refuse too close to his lot.

STEPHEN DECATUR

DECATUR NAMED AFTER NAVAL HERO

LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM CHARACTERISTICS OF MAN WHO TAMED MEDITERRANEAN PIRATES

the village of Decatur received its name or of who is entitled to the credit of naming it. The village probably took definite form as a settlement in 1848, the year the Michigan Central railroad was built through to Niles, and may have been named by one of the road's officials when it became a railway station. It would be interesting, especially to our many older residents, if anyone could furnish the Republican readers with additional information on the subject.

That the village was named in honor of Commodore Stephen Decatur, who was at that time America's greatest naval hero, is beyond question of doubt. In fact his name has been given to a dozen towns and counties in the United States, among which the city of Decatur in the state of Illinois has acquired a population of 45,000.

Commodore Decatur's career was patriotic, brilliant, spectacular, tragic. Born near the city of Philadelphia but three years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, he grew up with the infant union and became one of her boldest defenders. His pride in his native country, his fearlessness, almost to the point of recklessness, in fighting her battles on the sea, won admiration for the young republic and brought her recognition and respect wherever her proud banner was unfurled.

The Mohametan states of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers, by means of pirate cruisers, had been accustomed for many years to prey upon the commerce of the Mediterranean. The profits of this nefarious traffic had been the chief source of revenue of these Barbary states, and Decatur took the leading part in an effort to drive the pirates from the sea. His daring exploits and thrilling victories form an important part of the history of our country at that period. Lord Nelson characterized one of his exploits as "the most bold and daring act of the age."

Decatur was drawn into a duel with Commodore James Barron on the morning of March 22, 1820, and fell mortally wounded, the bullet from Barron's pistol passing through the abdomen. As he lay on the ground he uttered these sad words, "I am mortally wounded, at least so I believe; and I wish I had fallen in the defense of my country.'" He was but forty-one years old.

Loyalty to his county was the very breath of life to Decatur. It is even said that he told her who afterward became his wife that he had devoted his life to his country, and that it should ever have first place in his heart. So long as patriotism inspires the hearts of men his famous sentiment alone will keep his name alive:—"My country,—may she ever be right, but, right or wrong, my country."

THE FATE OF THE INDIANS

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

And a Friendly Word From An Old Friend, Martin Ryan of Marshall.

Readers of the Republican will remember Martin F. Ryaan of Marshall. He has a railroad record of which any man might be proud, and he was a personal friend of that one time wizard of Michigan Central engineers, Lightning Bill Howland, who was brought up in East Decatur.

Martin Ryan may have once lived in Decatur, himself. We know he worked with James and Michael Mahoney on the section, but it may be that he was not anchored any closer than Mattawan. He has at least two ties here, however, one his cousin, Mrs. Maynard Southworth, and the other the filler of these columns.

Martin refers to the Republican as a literary forum, and he is right for this issue, at least, for it contains the contribution following from him.

The story is taken from Cyr's 4th reader which was common in the public schools of Northern Michigan a hundred years ago.

Our friend writes that due to its literary beauty, and its logic which is prophetic of the present time, he has tried to learn something of the author, but without success.

Charles Sprague is not listed in the libraries of Marshall, and we rather think Martin is putting it up to the Republican to get a line on him. All we can do is to turn the question over to our readers. Like Martin we never like to leave a question unanswered and shall greatly appreciate the information from whatever source it may come.

When you read this beautifully worded story, you too may be sufficiently interested to join in the search for a sketch of the author:

The Fate of the Indians

By Charles Sprague, in Cyr's Fourth Reader. July, 1825.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind

and the wild fox dug his hole unscared.

Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer, gazed on the same moon that smiles for you and wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and the daring. They dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and paddled the light canoe along these rocky shores. Here they warred. The echoing whoop, the defying death song—both were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped, and from many a dark bosom went up a prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the Universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld his God in the stars that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling; in the orb that flamed on him from its midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinions were wet in the clouds.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a Pilgrim bark bearing the seeds of life and death; the former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.

Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a peculiar people. The Indian of falcon lance and lion bearing, the hero of the pathetic tale is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where once he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land; their arrows are broken and their springs have dried up. Their cabins are in the dust, their council fire has long since gone out, and their war cry is fast dying in the untrodden west. Slowly but sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away. They must soon hear the roar of the last wave that will settle over them forever.

LETTERS

AN APPRECIATION

As has been previously stated in the Republican we are indebted to James Chamberlain of Fort Worth, Texas, for a copy of the book, Vinegaroon, the story of Roy Bean or Law West of the Pecos.

The books, "Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital," and "The Pinkerton Dynasty," which Jim has found in the Fort Worth library, we have already borrowed, one from the Dodge City, Kansas library, and the other from the Paw Paw library. Both of these books have been returned, but we are desirous of owning them.

We hardly know what to say in reply to Jim's compliments. He is a life-long friend and we expect him to be prejudiced in our behalf. We also know him to be sincere in what he writes, and we are sincere in expressing to him our deep appreciation and thanks.

We have for many years been interested in Johnny Appleseed and have read several newspaper and magazine accounts of him. Miss Bessie Fuhrman has written a poem about him which will be published in the Republican as soon as we can get to it.

It was Kit Fortain in the old picture, the spelling as it appeared was a typographical error.

We printed the poem, "St. Peter at the Gate," by Joseph Bert Smiley, sometime last summer. You remember that the author's wife, Minnie Fern Hawks Smiley, was one of our school mates. Glad to know that the poem is on file in your city library..

Thanks again, Jim for your letter and for the poetic versions of Texas which accompanied it. Your letters are always welcome and they do their fair share in making the Republican a better home town paper.

JAMES CHAMBERLAIN WRITES FROM TEXAS

Fort Worth, -3- Texas
October 31, 1943.

Dear Arba,

Replying to your very kind letter I am happy to state that I am truly glad that you like the book sent you and that you are in a position to pass some of the lessons to be derived from such a character as Roy Bean and his system of justice to your readers.

With regards to the other books that you advertised for, I have been unable to buy any copies of them. However 'Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital,' and 'the Pinkerton's Dynasty," are in the public library. I could get them for two weeks with a privilege of renewing. I will be on the lookout for copies of these books and will be glad to get them for you if I can find them.

Other authors have written the story of Judge Bean. One of these writers gives in his book an extended account of the Jersey Lily's visit to Langtry shortly after the Judge's death, also an extended account of how the Judge single-handed held up the Jay Gould special and entertained the Gould party so long that the financiers in Wall Street became alarmed about getting no news of the special's whereabouts. They feared some accident had happened to the Gould party, and a near panic in Wall Street resulted.

The book is a token of my friendship and appreciation of the service you have rendered to the Decatur community, appreciation of the aid you have given in the war effort, also for the pleasure and benefits I have derived from the reading of innumerable articles in the Republican.

Although I have not agreed with you at all times, I have admired your courage in standing for what you believed right and the frank candid way you have denounced what you deemed wrong.

Considering your ability and experience I regard you as a great asset to the Decatur community. Your loss would be keenly felt wor where could anyone be found to fill your place?

I will not bore the readers (if any) of this letter with a detailed statement of the home paper's importance in community life, but each one should ask himself how he would like to live in a town without a local news paper. If he does this he surely will give his local paper proper support for then he must realize that in aiding the paper he is aiding the community. Of this aid he will get his share for in benefitting or damaging any part of an article, we likewise affect the whole.

Arba, you publish a dandy paper and merit the patronage of all Decaturites at home and non-resident. I consider myself in view of the number of local newspapers that I have read to be a pretty fair judge of local papers.

Johnny Appleseed

If I may digress so far I would like to recommend the reading of another book of which perhaps you are familiar. It is the story of Johnny Appleseed. Doubtless you will recall Johnny went from Maine to California, from Michigan to Texas, everywhere planting apple seeds. He was far in advance of settlers and as the country was settled, thousands of families had their orchards ready for them when they arrived at their new homes.

Government by Bureaus

The founders of our glorious republic were very desirous that too much power of government should not be invested in any of the departments, so in writing the Constitution they endeavored to keep separate and distinct the powers and duties of the legislative, executive and the judicial departments. This division of powers has been quite well sustained until recently there has been a strong tendency to bestow many of the powers formerly exercised by the legislative department upon a multiplicity of bureaus. These bureaus are subject to the control of the executive department, giving that department a disproportionate share of the powers of government. This tendency if not curbed might result in case of a despot in the White House, in a form of government similar to that of Germany under Hitler, and Italy under Mussolini, who are the Judge Beans of the present day.

When peace is restored, I hope the powers of government will be restored to their former balance and the danger of despotism averted.

The "Law West of the Pecos" is such a good example of the evils of despotism that I hope you can use it in "This Week" in contrasting our democratic form of government with the one that Hitler is trying to impose upon the world. The important thing is to win the war and then to make our country truly democratic.

Tarrant county's quota for the recently completed war bond drive was $21,500,000, the issue was oversubscribed, the final figures being twenty-eight million six hundred eighteen thousand dollars.

In the picture of the school group, wasn't it Kit Fortain instead of Kit Fountain as stated in the paper?

If you desire the poem "St. Peter at the Gate," by Smiley, I can get the words from the library.

Your friend,

Jim.

Quoted by Boyce House on the Justin program "I Give You Texas and the Great Southwest," heard each Sunday 12:45 p. m.—Lone Star Chain.

"TEXAS, YOU CAN HAVE IT"

by Randolph Rookie

'Twas once that I was happy
My life was filled with cheer;
I never had seen Texas
Till the Army brought me here.

I'd heard songs of her beauty,
Pretty girls and strong men,
Rolling plains and majestic mountains,
Just heaven from end to end.

The one thing that is certain
(Of this there's no denying)
The guy that started all that noise
Did a heck of a job of lying.

Deep in the heart of Texas,
There is sand in all we eat,
The girls, they are bow-legged
The boys all have flat feet.

Why did they have to send us here
To sit in sad dejection
Out in the lonely desert
For this durned state's protection?

Down here the sun is hotter,
Down here the rain is wetter—
They think it is the very best state,
But there are forty-seven better.

An answer to the poem "Texas, You Can Have It," written by Pfc. D. V. Lloyd of Kelly Field.

Unhappy lad from another state
You feel so very sad—
Before you get back home again
You'll say Texas is not so bad.

Her mountains, plains and fields
Some day you may see their beauty;
Some day, big strong men will get back here
After they have fulfilled their duty.

You cry about the sand you eat.
About bow legs and boys' flat feet;
It takes some sand to make a man
Who can stand a battle's heat.

If you would know about the Texans
Ask Eisenhower, Nimitz and MacArthur where they are;
They'll no doubt say, "Without those men
We couldn't win this war."

For when our Uncle Sam said, "Go,
We've got a war to win, you know;"
Yes, when this call to us was sent,
Near half a million Texans went.

When you have learned to be a man—
To eat and walk and sleep on Texas sand,
Then you'll have earned the right to see
The beautiful land of the truly free.

You are now in Texas on a grim vocation
Don't expect to feel you are on vacation;
When we win this war and the world is free
We'll show you what a welcome can be.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

(Another of those interesting letters from Marry Bull, brother of Mrs. Geo. Kemp, of Lowestoft, England.)

10 Maidstone Road,
Lowestoft, Suffolk, England,
April 10, 1943.

Dear Lizzie and George:

It was pleasant yesterday to receive your letter dated March 4. It had been censored but nothing had been crossed out, so you again get full marks for avoidance of saying things you ought not.

So you have had a cold winter in the states. Ours was very much the other way. We had a little snow at the beginning of January, and that was about all that we have seen. February and March were very warm with the result that plants are forward. The hedges are quite green already.

On Wednesday we had a strong gale with the result that the roads were strewn with tile, slate, chimney pots and other debris, and a good many wooden fences were blown down. It was the strongest wind we have had for years.

We have had a peaceful time lately for which we are thankful. Now and again we get a warning, and about a (censored) ago we had a noisy night, but were very fortunate here.

Yes, much has happened lately, and we are more sure than ever of winning the war. We have never doubted that, but should like to see the end of it as soon as possible,—the sooner the better for we who are in the "front line."

We are glad to hear of the continuance of good fortune in North Africa recently, and are waiting the day when all the enemy will have been cleared out of Africa, and when we shall have complete control of the Mediterranean Sea.

The Russians are not doing at all badly, and there is plenty of activity in all parts of the world. The measures against the enemy submarines are also meeting with success. So taking all things into consideration we may confidently say that things are going well for us.

Last week-end I went to Derbyshire again, traveling all Friday night and having to wait at Petersborough station from 2 to 6 a. m. I found Ethel quite well but her mother was troubled with rheumatism. Elsie has had her operation and is in a nurses' home in Chesterfield. She was cut about a good deal but has made a splendid recovery, being quite cheerful, happy and contented, so we are all pleased.

Alice and Billy are quite well and so were all our brothers and sisters when we last heard.

May God bless you in every way and give you that peace and joy which He alone can bestow.

Love from all in England,

Your loving brother,

Harry.

EARLY DECATUR DAYS

Dr. Tom Lyon opens the way for some more stories of early Decatur days and we shall try to bring them out soon. Walter Brown our faithful friend who has been ever ready for a story on the old timers, has been having more than his share of trouble the past few weeks, but we hope that he will square away again in a little time and find his peace in thinking over and perhaps living in memory the happy times he has known. He has a wealth of friends here who will do anything they can for him. The letters from Tom Lyon always arouse his interest. "That man knows what he is talking about," is Walter's favorite expression.

Raton, N. M., May 9, 1943.

Dear Friend Arba,

I have been waiting to see some answer to the question regarding the time Dr. Rogers house was built. He was living there as long ago as 1864 for I had typhoid fever then and my father took me there for treatment (calomel and quinine) and probably he built it.

I well remember the killing of Joe Pearson for I was in the neighborhood at the time and remember how he looked lying on the saloon floor, but will leave the story for Walter Brown to relate.

Like Walter I do not remember one in the picture who worked at the stave factory and I worked there from 1869 to '85, off and in addition to Walter's list I remember John Beach, Will Taylor, Dave Callicut, Paddy Clark, Fred Minnis, Charley Prichard, Joe McDonald and the three Lyons, Bill, George and Tom. The Taylor and the Callicut families lived across the track. The elder Callicut was a blacksmith with a decided English brogue.

Does anyone remember the campaign of '72 when Grant ran and of the big celebration when they had 60 yoke of oxen hitched in a string hauling the old settlers in a wagon? My father was in that wagon.

Tom Lyon.

MEMORIES OF THE DEWEY HOUSE

(This letter is rich in early memories of Decatur. Mrs. Fisher has our sincere thanks both for the letter and for the renewal of her subscription to the Republican, which was even a little ahead of time.)

Dec. 28, 1942..

Dear Mr. Moulton:—

Just for once, I want to send my subscription to the paper really on time. Would hate to be without it..

I enjoyed Leroy Dewey's letter about the old farm very much, for I, too, was saddened on reading of the burning of the house there. When the Dewey family moved into town, my father Delsey Welcher, and my uncle, William J. King, rented the place from I. S. Dewey. There my brother Royle was born January 16, 1895. From there too, my brother Jim started going to school.

It seems that never have apples tasted so good as the big "Fall Pippins" and "Maiden Blush" which grew there. A big peach orchard was on the farm and several plum trees with such delicious big yellow plums.

I remember the cattle in the row of stanchions in the "Red" barn. There was "Belva Lockwood," "Little Belva," the little roan cow, the little red cow, old "Laura" and the white cow. I believe "Belva Lockwood" was a namesake of a woman who ran for president. (Am I right, Vedah, Fred, Lizzie, Roy?)

Just up the road lived the Calbetzors on the farm formerly owned by great grandfather Scott. Grandpa Scott was the original maker of the famous "Scott Sticking Salve," which will be remembered by Decatur old timers as the salve which grew a new tail on a dog. Some extremeists even went so far as to say that some of the salve applied to the severed tail grew a new dog. However, I never took much stock in that story.

Mother and I drove past the old Dewey place several years ago and it still looked natural in spite of the changes the years had brought. Still seemed like old "home" to me.

We have had no zero weather yet, nor as deep snow as you in Decatur.

Grace Fisher,
Montague, Mich.,
R. 1, Box 189

ADDRESSES OF SOLDIERS

Mr. Moulton:

I am sending money $2.00. Will you please send the paper to my nephew Ward Mills, whose address is below?

Pfc. Ward A. Mills, ASN 16011278,
3rd General Dispensary,
Headquarters SOS, APo 781,
c/o Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

I also have a grandson in England and if you want to print both of these addresses in the paper you may do so.

Pilot Officer J. E. Pritchard,
R. A. F. Officers Mess,
Somewhere in England.

He is from Madison, Wisconsin. A plane went over my house five times and I thought it was Everett. This fog makes me think of what they write about English fogs. Oblige.

Mrs. Charles Morlan,
307 Adams Street,
Dowagiac, Michigan.

Mrs. Morlan gave his exact address, which we would like to print, but fear it might come under the censor rule.

CHARLESTON

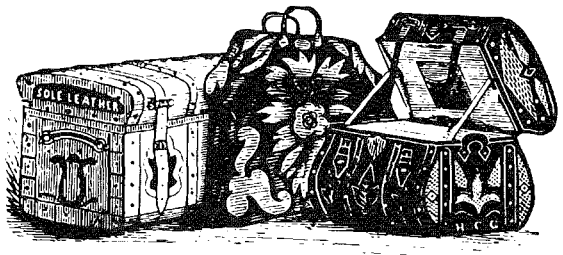
I saw Helen's writing about the village of Charleston. I might add a little more.

In the year of 1888 I came to Charleston as a bride and lived there for 2 years, the wife of Myron L. Pritchard. His father, O. M. Pritchard owned 10 acres of land with a house, barn and other small buildings, 12 trees of lovely apples. Frank Pritchard owned the hotel on the corner, selling to Frank Denise's parents. She was an invalid and I did their baking.

The next house south was Lawrence and 2 houses west Andrew Tyler lived in and had a large family of children and a pet sheep that would butt anyone.

There were 3 families of Morlans lived south and one west and all are resting in the cemetery there now.

Mrs. Chas. Morlan.



ELI KEYES' SUITCASE

Early Settlers and Their Cemetery Home

By Fred W. Green
of Hamilton Township

I can always get a story out of something old.

Recently I had an appointment with Sexton Henry Richmond at Hamilton cemetery. I got there early and seeing a tombstone that looked as though it might be ancient I walked over to examine it. On it was carved the name and date,—"Calvin D. Millard, 1838." That was two years before any known record of Hamilton cemetery, the earliest date recorded being 1840.

Just how and why this came to be the Hamilton township burying ground, I have been unable to ascertain. If it was bought or put aside like school land, history, so far as I can learn, does not record the fact. But it is a free cemetery for the burial of Hamilton's dead. Its upkeep is paid by taxation, and it takes but a glance to see why Hamilton people are proud of it.

I was sure if there was one burial in the cemetery as early as 1838 there must be others near that date, and I found them. They will take old timers back to the earliest days of the township, and bring forth memories both pleasant and sad.

Samuel Earl and Cynthia Barney were buried there in 1839, the year before the land was given over to the township for burial purposes.

I learned from Calvin Millard of Hamilton that the Calvin D. Millard buried in 1838 was his grandfather, who at the time of his death resided on a farm a little west of the cemetery, and was buried on his farm. After the cemetery was dedicated, his remains were transferred to their present resting place. I am unable to give any reason why the other two were buried there before the cemetery was established.

With the assistance of the sexton I learned that Zebina Stearns, Crumley Coleman and Catherine Holmes were buried there in 1846. Then I found the grave of Adeline Wakefield, buried in 1845, and of Thomas Geer and Charlotte M. Merriman, buried in 1844.

In 1848 Dan Fox and Silas Gromley were laid away. In 1847 Harris N. Fox and James Nesbitt. It is not my intention to record all the burials in Hamilton cemetery, but those of around the 1840's seem to me to be historically worthy of mention.

I will add here a word about the grave stones in the cemetery. It will probably be agreed that a grave stone leaning over or out of shape or weather-worn does not add to the appearance of a cemetery, and there are a number here that will topple over if not properly replaced.

It is too heavy a job for one man. Henry does the best he can and is working there every day the weather is fit. The cemetery looks the care it is having, and I think he is doing a good job.

While on the subject of old timers it might be appropriate to mention a few who were among the first arrivals in Hamilton over a century ago.

The first supervisor of the township was G. A. Bentley, in 1840, and I would not be surprised if it were he who had much to do with alloting the cemetery to the citizens of the township. If so he did a good thing and we are all proud of it.

The first known building in the township was a hunter's cabin, erected in 1833. The first known entry o land was made in 1835 by Rober

Nesbitt, section 4.

The first child born in the township was Mason Wakefield, in 1836 and the second was Mary, daughter of Robert Nesbitt, in 1837. The first marriage was that of Robert Nesbit to Maria Comley.

The first to die was Mr. Knickerbocker. This is a matter of history first, because it was such a sad death and second, because it shows how well, even then, Hamilton township took care of her dead.

It is recorded that Mr. Knickerbocker died of starvation, exhaustion overwork and lung fever. He had dreamed of a home for his family on the bank of Knickerbocker Lake The walls of his house were erected but as yet there was no roof or chimney. Huddled together in that uninhabitable place was the way Robert Nesbitt found the dead man and his family. The dead man was in one corner and his widow and family weeping in another. That was in the fall of 1835.

Zebina Stearns joined Mr. Nesbitt in doing what he could for the relief of the stricken family. He went to Paw Paw to secure a coffin, and on returning brought with him Peter Gremps, Elder Warner, Robert Nesbitt, James and John Nesbitt, and a hired man by name of Wheeler, employed by Robert Nesbitt.

It was Knickerbocker's request that he be buried on the island in the middle of the lake bearing his name, and this was done. Elder Junia Warner preached his funeral sermon. The record does not say how the body was landed on the island, but it does say he was buried there, and the remains are supposed to be there yet.

There are many stories of the trials and hardships of the first settlers of Hamilton township, now such a delightfully pleasant place in which to have a home.

In 1835 Lewis Johnson and wife were found trudging along through the woods toward what was to be their home. They each had a bundle of household goods and food, and Johnson also carried an axe and led a cow. That was the extent of their worldly possessions, but they were on their way to find a place to settle down.

They stopped that night at the home of Zebina Stearns and worked there till they had earned a supply of food, and Johnson chopped down trees enough to build a shanty.

Zebina Stearns must have been a good man. History gives him credit for doing many deeds of kindness to his neighbors. The same is said of Robert Nesbitt. There was more community spirit then than exists today, there had to be, or some of those old pioneers could not have survived.

Joseph M. Osborn seems to be next on the list of early arrivals in Hamilton and he was followed shortly by other members of the Osborn family.

John Bennett came in 1849 and his wife was a daughter of Calvin D. and Lucy Millard.

I knew I would find a Collins if I looked long enough and sure enough John H. Collins appeared on the scene in 1859. The local history gives him a very good word and his thrifty wife a very good word, and I am sure they deserved it. The families have kept up the good record to this day.

Aaron Barney located in Hamilton in 1835, and Austin D. Barney about the same date. Philotus Haydon also came in 1835, James M. Lumbard in 1836, James and Reason Comley in 1836, Caleb Bartlett and Joseph McClintock in 1836, G. G. Yeckley in 1836, and S. T. Howell in 1835.

It is not my object in giving this short letter to intrude on Nellie Truesdell's hobby, and hope she will forgive me for taking up the history of the old timers with which she is conversant.

In writing this letter one thing just brought up another, and I thought it would not be out of place to bring these old pioneers back to the notice of our present generation. They built well and laid the foundations for the wonderful farms and families that now grace the township.

Should the gravestones be left to languish and decay, or should they be straightened and given a firm foundation? Every cemetery has them, but is that any reason why they should be tolerated in Hamilton?

The Michigan Central, The Engineers and Marshall

Three hundred people gathered in Marshall on Sunday, May 23, to witness the dedication of a monument erected to commemorate the founding of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which occurred in that city 80 years ago. Engraved on the monument are the names of the 12 men, all engineers, who founded the Brotherhood, and below their names is a short history of the organization.

The chairman of the committee which planned the monument and dedication was Martin F. Ryan who passed away a few months ago, after seeing his plans through to the point of attainment. Mrs. Ryan took part in the dedication, as did her sons, Attorneys Ronald Ryan of Battle Creek and Edward Ryan of Kalamazoo.

The esteem in which Martin Ryan was held by his townspeople and the Brotherhood was shown in a silent tribute paid to his memory.

Melbourne Jenvey, instructor in music in the Marshall schools, accompanied by the band, led the assemblage in singing, "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

Harold C. Brooks of the local committee reviewed the early Michigan Central Railroad, history in Marshall and the organization of the Brotherhood there, from which we take the following:

Formative Days of the M. C. R. R.

"We are here to commemorate a great event—the founding in Marshall in 1863, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers. But for the moment let us roll back our local history to a point nearly two decades before the memorable happenings of this Civil War year.

"August 10, 1844, was a day when the people of the village of Marshall were gripped with excitement and a tense expectancy. They had watched the laying of the last rails of the Michigan Central Railroad, on its approach to Marshall from the east, and now were about to witness the long hoped for arrival of the first train.

On that Saturday afternoon, nearly a century ago, work and play were forgotten as men, women and children crowded along the tracks and waited for the sight of the thick smoke above the trees and the sound of the puffing locomotive. Many were frightened at the monster. There were hundreds of children who had never seen an engine and they ran away and hid, or clung to their parents' hands. Men cheered. The workmen hailed the oncoming engine and its four cars with shouts of triumph. The conductor, Zenos Tillotson, of Marshall, recently graduated from his stagecoach driving, tried to urge the engineer to "whip her up" as he used to do with his horses when effecting a grand entrance into the village.

A Wonderful Little Engine

"Our late and deeply lamented fellow-citizen, Martin F. Ryan, in one of his interesting articles, called this first locomotive 'a wonderful little engine with a pair of small trucks in front, with one driver on each side; and a tender that was just large enough to carry a couple of cords of wood and a few barrels of water, and no more wheels than a one-horse wagon'.

"The trip from Albion to Marshall was made in forty minutes, while the fastest stage coaches took two hours. It was a great day for Marshall. (At that time the total mileage of railroads in the entire United States was only 4,300, compared with 234,000 miles today.)

"For many years after the Central Railroad reached Marshall, this place was the principal point of railroad activity between Detroit and Chicago. The first divisional shops were built in Marshall in 1845 and continued their operations here until 1873, when, because of Marshall's failure to raise $60,000 for their retention, they were moved to Jackson.

"Before dining cars were put into service the big Marshall depot fed the travelers. As the trains approached Marshall, passengers were presented with small handbills bearing the following important message:

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
EATING HOUSE
MARSHALL

PASSENGERS are respectfully notified that the next station is
MARSHALL,
At Which This Train Will Stop
TWENTY MINUTES

FOR DINNER

Brilliant Prospects Fade

"The bustling activity of Marshall's railroad life of those days affords a picture which is quite marked in contrast with the present scene of a dreary and desolate station, where most of the trains are known only by their passing speed, and whose passengers are comfortably unaware of either the town of Marshall or its colorful early history.

"Marshall is no longer the great "halfway house" between Detroit and Chicago. A goodly portion of the western world passes through Marshall today but only a very small portion lingers, and few know that on three memorable occasions Marshall's influence was nation-wide. Three of the great political, educational and economic movements in American history originated or received impetus here. The Crosswhite Slavery Case was a determining factor in bringing about the Civil War; the Public School System of Michigan which affected all states admitted into the Union after 1837 and influenced others, was conceived and planned in Marshall by two of her pioneers; and the oldest continuous labor organization in the country was born in Marshall, the Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

Today, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers counts a membership of nearly 80,000. It owns two great office buildings and a large hotel in Cleveland, Ohio. There is an insurance department, writing every type of policy for its members, which to date has paid out in claims and benefits approximately $100,000,000. The brotherhood not only gave birth to organized labor in this country but its success has stimulated similar organizations, profoundly influencing the labor situation in many directions.

"We thus come to the end of a story of early railroad history which, perhaps, might have been better told had Providence spared to this day our old friend, Martin F. Ryan, who for so many years was connected with the Michigan Central Railroad and whose articles on the subject of pioneer railroading were so intensely interesting. His recent passing saddens this present occasion—a day which he had looked forward to with fond expectation and it is fitting at this time to pay tribute to his memory.

Martin Ryan

"Mr. Ryan was one of Marshall's outstanding citizens and a man of sterling character. In thinking of him today we recall his charming and gracious manner, his simple and unaffected dignity, his innate culture, and his charity toward all. To know Martin Ryan well was to respect and admire one of the finest of men who ever walked the streets of Marshall. We dare to hope that, although it was his Maker's will to remove him from the earthly scene, his spirit is with us today, silently participating in this event which he largely promoted, and in the planning of which he played such a prominent part."

The above story is taken from the Marshall Evening Chronicle which was sent to the Republican by former Sheriff Warren Dodge who has a store there. He wrote, "I thought you might be interested in the "doings" here Sunday. Much is said of your late friend, Mr. Ryan." Warren's thoughtfulness is greatly appreciated.

In the files of the Republican are a number of stories of early railroad days which Martin Ryan wrote for this paper and they will be prized for their historical record when generations yet to come are searching out the origin of great American enterprizes.

Martin Ryan proved his worth to us as a friend, even though our acquaintance was confined to correspondence. And when we think of him we think also of our mutual friend, one of the greatest engineers of all time, the late "Wild Bill" Howland.

Melbourne Jenvey, who led the singing at the dedication, is a former resident of Decatur and a graduate of the Decatur high school class of 1916.

The distance from Albion to Marshall is 12 miles and that first Michigan Central train made it in 40 minutes! That was on August 10, 1844. It took the Railroad Company four years to build the track to Decatur.

We wonder what sort of a city Marshall would be today had its citizens of 70 years ago been sufficiently enterprising to raise the $60,000 asked for the retention of the shops. We venture the guess that it would be the great halfway point between Detroit and Chicago, and equal in size to the combined cities of Jackson and Battle Creek, and perhaps Kalamazoo added.

And remorseless memory brings back again, those sad, sad words, "It might have been."

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

It was 11:15 p. m. last week Wednesday. We were sitting in a warm room writing out some letters from the boys in the service, when that dreaded alarm of fire sounded out above the storm.

The sound of the Chief's auto siren followed and firemen from different parts of the village sent their cars through drifting snow to the fire station.

There is always an uneasy feeling in the mind of some individuals at the alarm of fire, until its location is learned and then the uneasiness turns to regret for the unfortunate ones.

This uneasiness is lessened somewhat by the confidence imposed in our voluntary fire department of which Decatur has one of the best.

The loyalty of our firemen to their home town can hardly be expressed in words. They receive no salary. They do not always receive a thank you. But whenever that siren is sounded, be it day or night, in fair weather or storm, they drop their work or arise from a comfortable bed to rush into a fight with the elements that may hold them to hard dangerous work and severe exposure for hours.

All praise to the home town volunteer firemen and when we, their fellow citizens, can see a way to express to them our appreciation for their services, let us never hold back from doing it. It may be our home or our business that they will next be called upon to save, and we may rest assured that to save it they will put forth their best effort.

Emeline Childs died June 25, 1907, at the age of 80. That was 35 years ago. Her maiden name was White and her maternal grandmother was Anna Hull, daughter of Commodore Isaac Hull.

Mrs. Childs possessed something of the forceful character of her illustrious great grandfather. He was a cabin boy at 14 and rose to the command of a ship in the West Indian trade. In 1798 he entered the newly established American Navy as a lieutenant. He was appointed to the frigate Constitution which he commanded as captain from 1806.

Hull was an expert seaman and in 1812 his skill enabled him to escape from an English squadron after being pursued three days and nights. The same year he captured the British frigate Guerriere after a battle of 30 minutes.

The Guerriere was so badly damaged that she had to be burned, while Hull's frigate escaped with such slight damage as to gain for her the name of "Old Ironsides." Hull received a medal from congress and swords of honor.

Mrs. Childs, the great granddaughter of the great naval hero, came with her young husband to this new country of which our village was the center in 1854 when Decatur was but six years old, and she lived here until her death.

The Republican of June 27, 1907, contains a sketch of her life from which is taken the following:—

Mr. Childs was a carriage and wagon maker and had a shop on west Delaware street which became later the Theodore Harlan property and now is the site upon which the handsome residence of Marion E. Chadwick is located. (This is the present home of Mrs. Jennie Borst.)

In 1857 the family moved into the house which has been Mrs. Child's home to the time of her death, and Mr. Childs died in the same house in 1860, before the upright was completed.

In those early days Mrs. Childs suffered hardships which only a brave and successful woman could surmount. Left a widow with four small children and no property from which she could obtain an income, she was compelled to meet conditions which would discourage one less determined.

Mrs. Childs worked at anything she could get to do and kept her family together until they grew up and could do for themselves. She did dressmaking and fancy needle work, painted signs for the merchants and pictures for the home and made beautiful artificial flowers.

She puttied all the glass into the windows of the Methodist church when it was built, and there were but few nights in those early years that her lamp was not burning until midnight.

To her there was no place like the old home in Decatur. She found a warm welcome with her children but was not contented until she was back to the little house between the churches and there she lived a quiet and peaceful life to its close.

There are so many interesting things to write about that one need never want for something to do to keep himself busy, and the way one thing leads on to another it becomes a natural conclusion that life is one never ending continuous story.

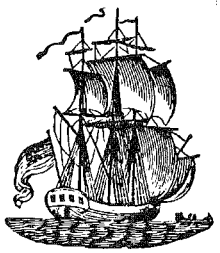
From coming across the above account of the death of one of Decatur's pioneer residents we are led on to write about one of the most famous vessels of the United States Navy, the Constitution, commanded by Commodore Isaac Hull, her great grandfather.

In the battle with the Guerriere, the history states, the English vessel was left a total wreck and 79 of her crew were lost, to 14 of the American crew.

The Guerriere was sinking and could not be towed into port. She was therefore blown up. Hull sailed into Boston with his prisoners, to such an ovation as few men have ever earned in so short a time. In less than 25 minutes of actual fighting he had lifted the despised American Navy and nation to an equality with the proudest in the world; and drew from Great Britain such an explosion of rage and humiliation as she has never known before or since.

The Constitution saw much active service and won other notable victories after brilliant fighting.

Finally, in 1830 she was reported unseaworthy and condemned to be broken up, but Oliver Wendell Holmes published in the Boston Advertiser his thrilling poem, "Old Ironsides," and the public clamor excited by it saved the noble vessel.



She was rebuilt and again put into service in 1833. In 1877 she was again rebuilt and took her last trip across the Atlantic the next year. In 1897 she was roofed in at the Boston Navy Yard and was used as a barrack ship until 1925. She was restored by popular subscription and in 1931 visited several ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

Most Republican readers are familiar with the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, but as they may not have read it of late years we are printing it here:

OLD IRONSIDES

(September 14, 1830.)

Ay, tear her shattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the waves;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

We are going back a few months to a day in August when we received from the museum of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, a picture of Commodore Decatur, the dashing Naval officer for whom the village of Decatur, Michigan, was named.

Had discovered from casual talks with our townspeople that comparatively few of them are acquainted with the life and accomplishments of this great American Naval hero, or knew that our village was named for him.

A few years ago Charles Lee Lewis, professor of English and History of the Naval Academy, wrote a biography of Decatur. It was published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, and we were fortunate to receive an editorial copy with the compliments of the publishers. This book gave us our first intimate knowlege of the man for whom our village was named.

Of course the people of this village had no part in naming it. There were no people here then. The financiers of New York City, who promoted and built the Michigan Central, laid out the line across the state on paper, obtained their right of way, put the dots along the line where they would build stations, and named them.

Commodore Decatur was listed for one of the names and it happened to be here. He was killed in a duel in 1820 and the Michigan Central was planned in the forties, so it is quite probable that among the promoters of the railroad he had in his lifetime some personal friends.

There has never, to our knowledge, been any sort of public recognition of the man for whom our village was named. There is no likeness of him in our public buildings, and nothing whatever to identify him with the town of Decatur.

We therefore decided to obtain if possible a suitable picture of him to place on a wall of the Republican office.

We first wrote to the University of Pennsylvania Press, publisher of the Lewis biography, which contained several handsome illustrations from portraits.

The reply came back that the pictures from which the illustrations were made were in the possession of the author. We then wrote to Mr. Lewis expressing our desire to purchase a suitable likeness of Commodore Decatur for the Republican office, and received this very courteous reply,—

41 Southgate avenue,
Annapolis, Maryland.

I hope you will pardon my delay in answering your recent very interesting letter, as I have just returned from my vacation, a part of which was spent in Boston and New York.

I am pleased to hear that my biography of Decatur has given you so much pleasure, and it is perfectly natural that you should desire a picture of the famous Commodore for your office.

I have arranged with the Curator of the U. S. Naval Academy to send you one, possibly two, for this purpose, and I hope you will derive pleasure therefrom.

Very sincerely yours,
Charles Lee Lewis.
Professor U. S. Naval Academy.

A few days later we received the picture and the following letter:

United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland
The Museum

Your letter addressed to Professor Charles Lee Lewis has been referred to this office for a reply.

I take pleasure in forwarding you a photograph of an oil painting of Stephen Decatur by John Wesley Jarvis with the compliments of the Naval Academy Museum.

Very truly yours,
H. A. [illegible]
Captain, U. S. Navy, (Retired)
Curator

This is the story [illegible] how we received the hand[illegible] catur. Oscar N[illegible] of framing it [illegible] ment place o[illegible]

The invitat[illegible] call and see

Because Commodore Stephen Decatur played such a prominent part in the early history of our country, because he was a Naval hero of whom the American people owe much for his accomplishments, and because our village was named for him, we conceived the idea of briefly sketching his career in this column.

We wrote again to Professor Lewis, and asked the privilege of using his book as the basis for the sketches. Another generous reply came from him, a portion of which reads as follows:

"I feel flattered that you should plan to run a sketch of Decatur's life in your paper based upon my biography, and you have my entire permission to do so. I have been looking over the copies of your excellent newspaper, and I hope the people in your community fully appreciate how much you are doing in an educational way for all its readers.

I congratulate you on being able to contribute so much to the general welfare of your town and community."

We hasten to assure Professor Lewis that the readers of the Republican do appreciate our efforts to publish a good home town newspaper, and that is what keeps up our ambition to do our best.

We hope soon to start the sketches of Commodore Decatur and if we are capable of doing justice to them, can assure our readers that they will be interesting.

Others have done it, why cannot he? Others with no better opportunity than Lowell Mattox, have made names for themselves through writing.

Lowell earns his living as a laborer. He has gone into the woods with an axe, has worked on the railroad with shovel and pick and worked on farms, but all the time his mind has been busy with other things. He has observed the beauties and wonders of nature and formed in thought beautiful sentences.

When the work day is over he goes to the library, selects books of the best writers and spends his evenings in reading and study. He is the town authority on the books of greatest merit.

A few months ago he acquired a typewriter that has seen better days; but he has it in working order and is using it.

Last week he brought to the office a short poem for which he wrote this explanation:

"It was the early belief of some tribes of Indians that when they died their spirits rode into the sunset and their pathway was swept clear of obstacles. When the Dark Angel came he blew his icy breath onto the chosen warrier who then rode west never to return."

The poem follows:

LAST ADVENTURE

I know not to what distant land I'll go
The day I ride into the blazing sunset bright,
Where there will be no sorrow, pain nor woe
Beneath the dazzling radiance of His sight.

I'll shrink not when I feel that icy breath,
From thorns of doubt my pathway will be clear;
And to that last adventure men call death
I'll go as I have lived,—without a fear.

Lowell Mattox,
Decatur, Michigan.

Mrs. Charles Morlan of Dowagiac gives some more remembrances of Charleston which are printed in the column of letters. Are there others who remember this once active little settlement? Guy Calbetzor was born there about 65 years ago.

Bottle for bottle is the new government order to govern the dairy. The new rules and regulations were printed in the Republican last week.

A greeting from Mrs. Nellie Betaque of South Bend brings up happy memories which carry back to childhood.

Her mother was Orilla Kirkland. We have heard words of praise for her father, but he died early in life and left his widow with two young daughters, Nellie and Jennie, to get on as best they could.

Mrs. Kirkland was a woman of unusual strength of character. No one doubted that she would meet any responsibility imposed upon her. We remember her first when she went to work in the Upton family. How she did the housework and helped in the bringing up of those six lively Upton children was something of a wonder. We played there a good deal in those early years and she was the one who kept the children within bounds. She had a way of doing it which made us love and respect her.

Nellie graduated in the class of 1882 and went right to work to earn her living teaching school. Then she married Frank Rich and by that name she was best known in and around Decatur where she always worked. She became one of the standbys of the Decatur school and was our teacher in the grammar room.

No one of her pupils will ever forget her. She exacted obedience, but did it in such a kindly way that we wanted to be decent; and as an instructor she made the texts so plain and interesting that it was easy to learn our lessons.

Time went on with its changes and Mrs. Rich went through the sorrows of separation and death and finally became Mrs. Betaque. South Bend has been her home now for many years, and we hope those years have all been kind to her.

She still has friends in Decatur with whom we are happy to share this cordial note:

Walter Bruce has listed for the Republ[illegible] are not pre[illegible] to be in the order of their occurrence:

Hopkins gristmill and sawmill
Wilson and Warner sawmill
Lyman Bacon residence
Willson sawmill
Old tannery
Adams grist mill
Butter tub factory
3 houses on Paw Paw street
Henry Byers' sawmill
Roberts and Stewart grocery
Geo. B. McOmber store
Browning drug store
East side of Main street
George Smith house
Sherwood street to Ransom Nutting house
John Foster house
Dan Lee house
Watts house
Presbyterian church
Universalist church
L. L. Hamilton store
Nick Huff's studio
Poor building
School house

Walter has remembered only a part of Decatur's serious fires. He did not list the stave factory fire, the fire that burned the printing office on West Delaware street. There came near to being a panic and loss of life at the time of that fire.

The Civil War veterans were holding a camp fire in the old town hall and the hall was packed with people. Editor Bob Warren was master of ceremonies and some of the veterans' daughters were taking part in the program.

The shrill cry of fire was heard out on the street and the crowd rose up as one person. Old timers will remember that the hall was on the second story of the building. Had the people ever started to rush the stairway nothing could have stopped a tragedy.

With great presence of mind Bob Warren rushed to the front of the platform and cried out in a commanding voice, "Sit still! there is no fire. Some boys are playing on the street!"

At the same time cool heads at the stairway rushed the audience out as fast as it could go with safety. We remember well getting to that stairway and being pushed along with the command to hurry.

The hall was emptied without an accident and the crowd that went to be entertained by the veterans stayed to watch a serious fire.

That was some time in the eighties. Our memory is not clear as to what buildings were burned. It may have been the corner store buildings.

Pvt. Donald Miller has been in the army long enough to see the seriousness and sadness of a state of warfare among nations, and to look for messages of hope for peace.

From his camp on the fair grounds at Springfield, Illinois, he sent home the following lines which he clipped from a paper:

"There shall be peace again at Christmas time,
When men have done with bayonet and bomb,
When Mars' grim legions vanish in the chime
Of holy bells that sing a holy calm.
The world shall see again on Christmas morn
Freedom arising from a stricken land,
Freedom again, her native strength new-born,
Her lighted torch uplifted in her hand.

Take heart, it is not ours to fear the foe,
Nor ours to waver from a steadfast trust;
Despite disaster and disarming blow,
The final victory is with the just.
Let there be vision then, and faith to see
Beyond the strife—the triumph of the free!"

—Helen Carson Janssen.

With all her faults and limitations there is something about Decatur that one does not easily forget, and the memory is a pleasant one.

We have in mind Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Slominski. They dropped into this village some seven or eight years ago like a sunbeam out of the sky. They came from Chicago. How they happened to select for their dwelling place this small settlement we cannot remember, but they bought a pleasant bungalo on Wheeler street and moved here.

Mr. Slominiski was an Old Salt with the rough side out, but a kindlier veteran of the sea never lived. One of his first acts when he settled here was to subscribe for the Republican. That meant that he intended to take an interest in his new home town, to be a part of it and to boost it. Such a man makes friends from the start and is an asset to the fortunate community with which he decides to cast his lot.

Our new townsman stayed a couple of years, maybe three. He liked our people, our business places, our climate and community, but he loved the big water. He did not realize how he would miss it when he could no longer see it every day. You can't see across Lake Michigan, but you can Lake of the Woods and all of the other lakes within walking distance of Decatur. Our lakes are more like ponds for toy sailboats.

Lake Michigan in a strong wind can work up an agitation that reminds one of the mountains and valleys of the mighty deep, and gives a thrill of inexpressible joy to one who loves the boundless expanse of Nature's handiwork.

The little home became the abundant world to Mrs. Slominski and she would gladly have stayed, but she willingly went when they found a home to their liking in St. Joe. There they can look out from their house onto the rippling water of the Great Lake and watch the sun make its shiny path to the land beyond recall, and, to get down to the prosy side of life, they can have the uninspiring job of cleaning fish.

Mr. Slominski can sit on the pier with his hook and line and have his fun while he grins defiance on the fierce commands of the rationing board.

But, as we said before, there is something about Decatur that one cannot forget and that is made clear by these good people when they continue each year to read the little home town Decatur paper.

We think it interesting to set down here what this former townsman wrote on the 28th of December from his home in St. Joe:

"Well, Arba, another year has rolled around and it's time to renew the subscription to the good old Decatur Republican, so inclosed find a money order for $1.50. I want to tell you that my wife has been more or less on the dog wagon for the last three months and as for myself I am still kicking around. Was 74 years old the 26th of December and thank God am still able to get around and go to the lake fishing when the weather is fine. Good luck to you. I. H. Slominski.

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A few months ago he acquired a typewriter that has seen better days; but he has it in working order and is using it.

Last week he brought to the office a short poem for which he wrote this explanation:

"It was the early belief of some tribes of Indians that when they died their spirits rode into the sunset and their pathway was swept clear of obstacles. When the Dark Angel came he blew his icy breath onto the chosen warrier who then rode west never to return."

The poem follows:

LAST ADVENTURE

I know not to what distant land I'll go
The day I ride into the blazing sunset bright,
Where there will be no sorrow, pain nor woe
Beneath the dazzling radiance of His sight.

I'll shrink not when I feel that icy breath,
From thorns of doubt my pathway will be clear;
And to that last adventure men call death
I'll go as I have lived,—without a fear.

Lowell Mattox,
Decatur, Michigan.

Mrs. Charles Morlan of Dowagiac gives some more remembrances of Charleston which are printed in the column of letters. Are there others who remember this once active little settlement? Guy Calbetzor was born there about 65 years ago.

The Republican takes special pride in announcing that the Commencement speaker for the class of 1943 is to be Charles H. Mahoney of Detroit, a native of our village and member of the Decatur Alumni Association. It is the first time in the history of the Decatur High school that one of its graduates has been asked to come back to perform such a service. It was a happy thought of Superintendent Dodge which may well be repeated in future years.

Charles Mahoney has given a good account of himself since his graduation from the D. H. S. under Superintendent Hungerford in 1904. Several times in the past years he has spoken at Alumni meetings and has so impressed his audience with his intelligence and natural ability as an orator that we bespeak a packed auditorium to hear his Commencement address next week Thursday evening.

Charles' young life in Decatur is well known to those who lived here when he did. He was a quiet, serious minded, likable boy, and he was good to his widowed mother. He worked and earned what money he could out of school hours and at vacation times, and returned faithful service to his employer. One man said just last week, "He worked for me occasionally on the farm and he was a dependable worker. He always wanted to earn his money"

He has been interested in politics since going to Detroit and served four years on the City Planning Commission under Mayor Cousins. The City Planning Commision has the functions of buying parks, laying out streets, placing public monuments and generally supervising the growth of the city. He then served some ten years on the Board of Supervisions for Wayne county.

In 1932, he was the Republican nominee in the First Congressional district for Congress and of course was defeated in the great land slide. He was later appointed by Governor Fitzgerald as Commissioner of Labor for the State of Michigan and after his death, served under Governor Dickinson until his defeat by Governor Van Wagoner. After the recent election of Governor Kelly, he was again ap-

pointed Commissioner of Labor and is now serving in that capacity.

Our Commencement speaker has had some interest in educational matters—being a member of the Southern Education Foundation, which is a national foundation and handles the distribution and investments of the Jeans Fund; the Slater Fund; Peabody Fund; and the Virginia Randolph Fund. There are over five hundred Jeans teachers scattered through the South and in the Islands of the Caribean Sea, who are acting as assistants to the county supervisors or the State Supervisors of Public Instruction.

The foundation helps foster and to finance colleges and universities throughout the South, and generally uses the funds to promote the cause of education wherever the need evidences itself. The Board is made up of such people as Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Snow of the Chase National Bank in New York, Mr. Page of the Telephone-Telegraph Company, Mr. Rainey, president of the University of Texas; Mr. Sands, director of the Duke Foundation, Mr. Patterson, president of Tuskegee, and other persons of the same description.

Cold Weather

By W. H. Tuttle

(This story contains an account of the cold New Year. It was written by the well remembered Will Tuttle who passed away a few years later. It was first printed in the Republican January 17, 1918, twenty-five years ago. We are indebted to Frank E. Howard of Lawrence for this copy.)

I have heard several people say lately that this is one of the coldest winters that we have ever had, but if my memory is good for anything—and I admit it isn't good for much—our present winter compares with some that we have had during the past fifty years about like a candle beside an electric light.

The Cold New Years

The first winter that I remember very distinctly was the one with the "Cold New Years" in 1864, and all that I remember of that was the two weeks that included that historical date, and anyone whose memory goes back that far is not likely to forget it.

I was fifteen years old then and had just started out on my career as a telegraph operator, and was stationed at Parma, just this side of Jackson. The day before New Year's was warm and when I went to bed in the evening it was raining, but about midnight I had to get up and go to the depot because a train had gotten into trouble, and Oh, my, what a change! It was snowing and blowing terribly and the cold was something awful, and that storm lasted almost two weeks. The thermometer stood at 35 below zero day after day, the wind blew a hurricane, and everything was buried in the drifts.

Trains were stalled all along the road, and stock froze to death by the carloads. Even passenger trains could not get through, and passengers on some trains nearly died from cold and hunger. That was in war days and in some cases soldiers froze to death in their tents in spite of all that they could do.

A big fire in Dowagiac on New Year's day burned up a good share of their main street. It was so very cold that the fire company could do very little to stop the flames, and they had to let the fire burn itself out. The "Cold New Years" was a time that was long remembered, but of course, the present generation has grown up since then and knows very little about it.

The winter of 1872-73 was a very severe winter, too. I was stationed in the telegraph office here through that winter. The snow was very deep and it was very cold, and it was nothing strange for trains to be from 10 hours to two days late. Almost every station was filled with trains on the side tracks, either because they couldn't get out, or else they were held by the dispatchers on account of stalled trains ahead of them.

Thermometers Froze in 1874-75

That was a bad winter, but I think that the one that really took the cake and all the rest of the bakery, was the winter of 1874-75. All through the month of December it was very warm and pleasant, no snow on the ground, and it seemed like May.

I was living in Manistee then, but was home on a visit, and I started back the last day of December and it was very warm and pleasant when I left Decatur, but before dark it began to snow very hard. I got into Coldwater the next morning and the snow was nearly two feet deep then, and I don't believe that it stopped snowing a moment from that time until April, and many days the thermometer was frozen all day, so it must have been lower than 39 below zero.

The ice on Lake Michigan was a sight worth seeing—thrown up in great hills and ridges. It was said that the lake was frozen over solidly from shore to shore, and several steamers from Milwaukee were frozen in out in the lake for weeks. I think that was the worst winter I ever knew, because it lasted so long, and it was said to have been just as bad down here as it was up north. There was no railroad at Manistee then, and the first boat that reached us in the spring brought five hundred barrels of beer and five barrels of flour, and then they complained because they brought so much flour. (That's awful old but I am not to blame for it.)

The next winter that was peculiar in any way that I remember, was the winter of 1881-82, and that one went just as far the other way—it wasn't any winter at all. We never had any snow nor any cold weather at all through December, January and February, and no ice formed in those months thick enough to cut for use. On the 4th day of March we had a blizzard that lasted several days and that was the first and only cold and snow we had all that winter. Then ice formed about four inches thick, and that was the only ice we got for the icehouses that winter.

In January I worked out grubbing and clearing off a piece of new land, and when I would go out to work in the morning the top of the ground would be frozen just a little, but it would be all thawed by nine o'clock. It was beautiful spring weather all the winter through until after the first of March. It was "the wind tempered for the shorn lamb" that time surely for us, for I had just finished my house south of the tracks, and we had very little to buy wood with. We didn't use coal then—cost too much. I used to hitch up the old horse to the wagon, and my wife would drive while I picked up pieces of old stumps and roots and threw them into our motor truck, and take them to the house to be used for wood, for it was all that we had all winter long.

Express Train Stalled at Glenwood

Another very hard winter was in 1884-85. I was in the telegraph office again, and some times trains were tied up here all day long because they could not push through the drifts, or else some train ahead of them couldn't. The railroad sent work trains here and hired large gangs of men to shovel snow onto the flat cars so that it could be carried away and dumped into some hollow; and some of our side tracks were not cleaned out until it thawed in the spring. It was fearfully cold all the time.

All the spare time that I had I put in digging out paths through the snow, and at our front gate the top of the snow was higher than my head, and we almost went through a tunnel. Homer Hungerford used to help me and he was good at it, for he was younger and quicker than I was, but I was younger 32 years ago than I am now, and didn't mind it so much. That was the winter that an express train got stuck in the snow near Glenwood and had to stay there all day. The passengers pretty nearly ate Glenwood all up and then some of them had to go hungry.

There was another very large express train just behind that one and they had to stay here from eight o'clock in the morning until after 4 in the afternoon when they finally got the Glenwood train dug out, thereby releasing the train here. The conductor told me that there were over two hundred and fifty passengers on the train that was held here, and they made a large dent in Decatur's stock of eatables before they got away. Men went through the cars with market baskets filled with bottles containing drinkables, and they were snapped up like hot cakes. It seemed to me as though every passenger on that train must have sent not less than half a dozen messages that day, and you may be sure that I was some tired when I went off duty at night. That was quite awhile ago, too—32 years.

One winter—I am not sure about the year, but it was about 1896 or '97—we had a very cold spell, the coldest for many a year. In those days we had to go on duty Sunday mornings just as early as any other

day. We had a train called the "Cannon Ball" going east, and every day but Sunday it would go through here sometime before daylight, but on Sunday mornings it was sure to be late and pass here anywhere between daylight and noon, and it was necessary for some one to be on duty until it had gone by, consequently I had to go to the office at the usual time to relieve the night operator. Well, on that awful cold morning I got up to light the fires, I went to the front door and glanced at the thermometer and it stood at 25 below zero. My sakes, but I almost had heart failure right there, and I made up my mind that if I ever got shut of the railroad that I would lie abed all day when it was as cold as that. But there was nothing for it only to get up and do the chores, get something to eat and then go to the office to stay all day likely.

There have been many hard winters during the past sixty years, and many of them have been very much worse than the present one; some of them have been much longer, and some of them have been a great deal colder. The lowest that I have heard of the thermometer going this winter has been 27 below, and that only in the middle of the night, while in other winters it has gone to 35 below and would not get above 25 all day long. We are always inclined to think that the present is either the worst or the best that ever happened, but it isn't, because the oldest inhabitants can always tell a bigger story than anyone else can.

History tells us that one hundred years ago—1816—there was no summer at all, and that it froze ice every month in the year. The crops were all killed in the northern states, and in many places the people were hard put to get enough to eat. There were no railroads or telegraphy at that time, and provisions could not be transported from one section of the country to another as quickly as they can now. That was called the "Year Without a Summer," and it was a time-mark for many a year afterward.

The oldest inhabitants used to tell us—they are all dead now—that in this vicinity the spring of 1832 was a very bad one. In what is now Van Buren county all of the inhabitants lived on and near Little Prairie Ronde, and that spring they had two severe frosts that killed all of two plantings of corn. They had no more seed corn to plant again and Dolphin Morris sent a man and a boy with a pack horse through the dense woods one hundred miles, to Fort Defiance, Ohio, to get seed corn. They made the trip successfully and returned Saturday evening with two bushels of seed corn. Although the next day was Sunday everyone turned out and planted that corn, and this time it grew and made a crop. That was all the corn that was raised in this county that year, but it kept many from starvation. There were no mills to grind grain then anywhere near here and they had to hollow out the top of a large stump, and pound the corn into a course meal with a wooden pestle. What would we think of living on that kind of bread?

LOOKING BACKWARD

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE REPUBLICAN

36 YEARS AGO

January 10, 1907.

THE DEATH OF DR. ROSE

This is the issue that tells of the passing of our beloved Dr. Rose, which brought deep sorrow to the people of our village and surrounding country. Few men make as deep an impression on their fellow townsmen as did he. Now after 35 years his name stands out as one that will not be forgotten so long as Decatur itself is remembered.

There was such a demand for sketches of his life and work that several hundred extra copies were printed and they can probably be found in many Decatur homes today.

Dr. Gilbert L. Rose died Saturday, January 5, 1907, at 2:15 in the afternoon, at the age of 53.

His final illness was of brief duration. Monday he seemed to be in his usual health and did his usual hard day's work. Tuesday morning he was taken with a chill, but in response to a summons, drove to the home of his nephew, Carl Rose, six miles south into Volinia township.

That was the doctor's last drive. The little team which was known on every highway for 20 miles around, had carried its last succor and good cheer to the sick and dying. The voice of their noble master was forever still.

The doctor went home after this trip with a well developed case of the grip, which took a more serious turn and which the most expert of his fellow physicians could not check.

This beautiful tribute was written for the Republican by Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney, who is still practicing his profession in Chicago, and who also stands out as one of Decatur's finest citizens of the generations past:

IN MEMORY OF DR. ROSE

By Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney

Dr. Rose is dead, but he still lives in the hearts of all who knew him as the most noble, the most generous, the most charitable, the most beloved of all men. As we pause in silence and in grief and vainly try to look forward into the days that are to come, it seems impossible that we shall never see him again.

During the thirty-two years that he practiced medicine here he was the central figure of this community. There never was a public improvement of any kind that was not championed by and worked for by Dr. Rose. He gave freely of his time, busy though he was, and opened wide his purse for everything that was for the public good. He was a man of refined and cultured taste, a lover of art, and the beauties of nature always appealed strongly to him.

Among the many things that stand out boldly in the life of Dr. Rose is that there are many men today who owe their success in both commercial and professional life to the substantial assistance as well as the encouragement and advice of this noble benefactor. It was at his earnest solicitation that I took up the study of medicine. It was due to his generosity and unselfishness that I was enabled to begin the practice of my profession the day I returned from college.

Of all the men I ever knew he was the most loyal friend. He made a friend's cause his own, and such friendship is among the rarest of God's blessings to mankind. The tribute I hold within my heart is more than I can express.

He loved truth and honor, justice and honesty, things that were noble and good. There is no place in his heart for malice or envy, but kindness, helpfulness, friendship, love and charity made up his tender nature. His cheery way and light heartedness lifted his friends above the monotony of life's daily care.

We heard his name every day and hour. It was a household word in nearly every home. We knew he worked hard; we knew he drove all day and far into the night, and often arose again before the gray of morning appeared to respond to a call at the bedside of some sufferer. The night was never too dark or stormy, or the wind never so bleak or piercing as to keep him at home when he felt his patients needed him.

He was a great student of disease a skillful diagnostician, a good surgeon. He was the ideal family physician, and he was much more. He cheered the strong on to better and nobler things. He assisted the weak in their struggle with the world; his counsel and advice were sought every day and freely given on things in and outside of his profession, and his judgment was always good.

By his genial smile and happy ways he dropped a flower in the pathway every day of every one with whom he came in contact. We who knew him best loved him most. His very presence in the sickroom was like a sunbeam pushing aside the dark and lowering clouds. The touch of his soft and gentle hand always soothed the fevered brow and his words of cheer quieted the overworked heart of his suffering patients; and when the hand of death visited a home, his words of comfort always lessened the sting of the awful messenger and the smothering grief was less terrible to bear.

He was a friend when a friend was needed. He loved his home. He was a devoted husband and an ideal father. He loved his wife and children with a tenderness that knew no bounds, and he has left to his two manly sons the greatest heritage that a father can give, the heritage of an honored name.

He wanted to live to see his sons take their places in the world of affairs, and carry that name onward and upward.

There never was a physician or a man in all this section of the country that was counseled every day by more people, high and low, rich and poor, good and bad, than Dr. Rose, and we doubt if there ever will be. And to all he gave the greatest consideration. There never was a physician in all this section of the country who visited the bedside of the sick and suffering more often with no expectation of recompense or reward except the simple gratitude of the poor than Dr. Rose, and there never will be; and he was yet only in his prime, at the zenith of his usefulness.

Oh, that he could have lived! but he has gone. That familiar figure and genial face will be seen no more, but the name of Dr. Rose and his magnificent generosity, and the remembrance of his charity will be always with us, and will go out in widening waves for the good of all, and the world is and will be better that he has lived.

The shades are drawn and the office is dark for the first time in over thirty years. The medicine case has been closed and clasped for the last time. The fever thermometer has been laid aside, and the hand has been stilled. The pines seem to sigh more deeply, and the wind to moan more dolefully than ever before.

And as in speechless grief we saw all business life in Decatur stilled, and saw the throng of people gathered from all walks of life, from all sections, paying to this man with their silence and their sobs the greatest tribute that was ever paid to anyone in this section, we turn and say in resignation, as if he could hear us—Rest, rest, our beloved friend, rest. Rest from the awful heat of summer's sun and the driving rains you have faced so often. Rest from the piercing blasts and awful storms of winter. Rest from your long and tedious drives in the dark and cheerless nights while others slept. Rest! Rest! Rest!

A Girl's History of Ancient Volinia

Written by Mildred Hollenbeck and Reprinted from the Cassopolis National Democrat of August 9, 1923.

Mrs. Ida Swan has been sorting out her keepsakes and came across this history of Volinia written by Mildred Hollenbeck twenty years ago. Mildred was a school girl then, now she is married and away, but this history, for which she won a prize, is today no less interesting. Mrs. Swan rightly thought we would like to reprint it. It takes an old timer now to remember the Cassopolis National Democrat. It was published by Chris Allison, a kindly old soul but a radical old Democrat. At that he was no more radical than his Republican contemporary, the Vigilant, or other rock-ribbed Republican weeklies. In the days following the First World War the reaction against the Democratic party was so strong that many of its followers were compelled to take to the tall timbers, and the National Democrat was one of them. It folded up. We have forgotten the year of its demise but it could not have been long after the date on which this history was published, and we are truly glad the paper lived long enough to print it.)

Volinia Township

The following sketch of Volinia township and its founders was written by Miss Mildred Hollenbeck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hollenbeck, and was awarded the prize in the historical sketch contest suggested by Edmund Schoetzow, commissioner of schools:

The first settlement made in Volinia was made March 27, 1829, on section one by Samuel Morris, later the Elias Morris farm and now owned by Henry Gish. (Now in 1943 by Mr. and Mrs. Deron Paul.) 3 days later Jonathan Gard, Samuel Rich and Elijah Goble came, the former settling on what is known as Gard's prairie, the two latter on the west side of Little Prairie Ronde. They had come under the guidance of Squire Thompson of Pokagon, who came very near being Cass County's first settler. Jacob Morlan and Jacob Charles came the same season, and in 1830 Josephus Gard, William Tietsort, John Curry and Samuel and Alexander Fulton arrived. In 1831 Obed Bunker, who gave to Bunker lake its name, and John Shaw came, and in 1832 David Crane, James Newton, Levi Lawrence and Amos Huff.

The pioneers who made their journey thitherward were men of fearless character who came to improve their condition by making homes for themselves and their families. Samuel Morris traced his ancestry back to Scotland; Elijah Goble was a descendant of Holland-Dutch and the Gards were of mixed Dutch and Irish. The remaining few were mostly of Dutch descent. The lakes and streams abounded with fish and the forests were full of game. It was a beautiful country, so beautiful that Alexander Copley in recalling it as he first saw it in the thirties said there would never be another Michigan.

Indians Friendly

The first settlers found the lands occupied by Indians. Chief Weesaw had his village on the present site of the Newton schoolhouse. He was six feet tall, a dignified, fine looking Indian and friendly to the newcomers, dividing meat with them and giving no trouble. He had three wives, his favorite being a daughter of the tribal Chief Topinabee, who with other head chiefs signed the treaty at Chicago in 1831. When the Newtons cut their way through the dense forest to the site they selected for a home, and cut a place for a building site Weesaw was there, and gave them a welcome, although on land he was occupying.

A stage coach carrying mail and drawn by four to six horses passed through from Kalamazoo to Niles, and it took two days to make the trip. Those who received a letter had to pay the postage, the amount depending upon how far it had come. There was very little stock and crops were hauled to market; now many of the farmers drive their crops to market—they feed their crops to stock.

When a farmer had a field to clear, his neighbors came and helped him, and he in turn helped others. Barns were raised the same way, and the butchering was done that way, swine being shipped dressed, as there were no plants in the cities for handling live stock. The housewife made up the spring the year's supply of soap, stirring the boiling mass with a sassafras stick to give it the pleasant odor of that shrub. Ashes were stored in a barrel, and packed hard. Water coming through the ashes became the lye which changed the fats into soft soap, a necessary article in the home. Maple trees abounded everywhere, and maple sugar was always made in early spring. The Indian chief Weesaw made sugar every spring, or his squaws did. The women held quilting bees, sometimes selling quilts for benefit of the preacher, and all the news of the neighborhood was disseminated at these gatherings.

There were spelling matches and singing schools, and every community had its champion speller. Many young couples formed their first acquaintance at the singing school, and they were a fruitful source of matrimony later on. Then there were the husking bees, followed by a barn dance, and the one who found a red ear had to kiss the handsomest girl there.

The Education of the German Youth Under Hitler

By Mrs. Louis Loeser.

Foreword

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Loeser arrived in Decatur total strangers the first of January, 1941. They were out looking for a farm and chanced to see the sign "For Sale" on the Berchaney farm at the foot of Fifield hill. At once it seemed to them it was their farm, and they were not long in making the purchase.

They have entered into the life of the community and show in many ways their appreciation of being in America and their desire to be good representative citizens.

Knowing that they are intimately acquainted with life in Germany and the purposes of its Fuehrer, we asked Mrs. Loeser for a story of life under Hitler. She very kindly complied with the request, and every American who reads what she has written in this paper should have a greater appreciation of his great good fortune in being born a citizen of the United States.

At our further request she wrote this brief account of their coming to the United States:—

I left Germany with my husband in August, 1938, and arrived in the U. S. A. in September, 1938, after we visited with relations in France and in England.

I was born in Stuttgart, close to the Swiss border and lived there all my life except for 3 years when I learned and worked on different farms in our vicinity.

I left with my husband because of Anti-Jewish persecution, and because our lives were not safe anymore, and we didn't have any possibility of earning a living.

We had in our mind since the time the question of an emigration arose, that to the U. S. A. would be the only country we wished to go. Luckily American relations provided us with the necessary affidavits.

Since this time our both parents, friends and relations are scattered all over the world, except for my brother who is living in Boston with his family.

We didn't see our parents since the time we left Germany. Luckily my parents are in Switzerland waiting anxiously for the war coming to an end, so that they can join us over here, and we all can live a happier and more normal life.

We ourselves don't have any close relations in Germany. We too hope that towards the end of next year we will be able to get our citizenship papers, and this indeed will be then one of our happiest days we have known for a long, long time.

We love our new home country and everything that was seems to be like a black dream, from which we wake up and find ourselves in a world every human being longs for. The things that happened to us can never be forgotten and there never can be a reconciliation with the people who destroyed the vrey roots of our family and everything we hold dear.

Our greatest wish is now, to be able to show the people here, that we are worth their confidence in giving us a new chance for a life that can be so wonderful if one just takes the chance one is given in a country like the U. S. A. We are thankful for that chance and therefore put our whole strength in our work, that it might help to win this war.

The Education of the German Youth Under Hitler

The following will be pretty hard to understand for everybody who loves freedom and all what goes with it. It is hard for me to understand that things like Hitler is preaching for, ever could be made so true, that it frightens every human being, especially now, since I learned the truth of a great country and its principles. It makes it a little easier because I have the knowledge and the faith, that life can be different, if we the people, want it so.

This is the greatest difference between the people of the United States and the people of Europe. It was even before Hitler or Mussolini ever were known. Naturally not as drastic as it is now. Nevertheless there never is another country that has a government: by the people, for the people and to the people. So whatever I tell you, this fact has to be considered.

The Hitler Youth

Nowadays you read so many articles about the German youth, or better known as the Hitler youth. Things you shudder about, things you can't believe or don't want to believe because they are so utterly against humanity. And still I lived through it, I know the things you hear are true, because they happened all around me, until I finally had the luck to come over here. Now I try to forget what was and I am eager to learn from this country, and I pray that some day the whole world acknowledges what wonderful rules and principles the people of the United States are living for.

You see over there when a baby is born, his or her life is already fully lined out and it has to live up to it. Just as much as it is the duty for each mother, if rich or poor, and no matter how young or how old, just so that they can have children, they have to have them. This is the first rule each woman has to live up to, if she wants to be a good citizen and the pride of her fatherland.

These mothers have all the privileges a government can give to its people. They have the knowledge that whatever happens to their husbands, if they have any, or to themselves, there always will be a welcome room for their babies. They get all the food and clothing they need, and they don't have to worry where the money comes from for their keep, and they know that the children get all the proper training the government asks for.

The Baby Belongs to Government

The baby really belongs to the parents only until it is big enough to go to "Kindergarten". This is the only time the parents can truly say: our baby belongs to us. After it starts to kindergarden, the government already takes slowly over, increasing it year by year. Since all the teachers and nurses have to go through a very strict and tough training and schooling, it affects the children as soon as they are old enough to understand some things and can be trained.

You see all colleges and everything that has to do with education are under government control, and therefore only the best Nazis are selected to be teachers. They have to prove through many things that they are truly Nazis and faithful followers of Hitler, and only such people are allowed to teach and educate the precious Hitler youth. Once the children are under the control of teachers the parents have practically no control over their children, except if they are by heart true Nazis. The teachers are always right, no matter how you think about it, the children always have to do what the teachers say, and if you tell them different, you face a concentration camp.

As children are, they might go to their teachers and say: My mother thinks different. A few days later a secret police man comes to your home and gives you a harsh warning and tells you that you have to leave the education up to the government, who knows what's best anyway. If it should happen again, they tell you that you aren't fit to raise the children, and therefore they are forced to take them to a better place, where they can be educated to be true German men and women. Well, this would be the last you would have seen of your children, if you weren't wise enough to keep your mouth shut. And that is what most parents do, because they would rather take up with everything, than lose their children.

After kindergarden they enter grade school at 6 years. They go to grade school for 4 years and enter then the secondary school that ends after 6 years with a diploma, that opens to most any profession except the ones you need college like for doctors, lawyers a. s. o. If one wants to go to college, he goes to high school for 3 more years and then can enter any college. During the time in college he or she has to give part of the vacation to serve on a farm.

It even went so far, that each boy or girl had to serve 1 year in the country on a farm before ever being able to get any job. And that applies to everybody. After that the boys have to serve 2 years in the army before ever being able to learn any kind of a job or profession. You can figure out yourself how old a German boy must be, before he ever can think of having a real job and earn

his living independent and start a family.

The Fuehrer Knows Everything

But going back once more I want to show you how the government places her hand over the entire German youth. As I told you the children go to school with 6 years of age. That's when they get their first uniform. They belong indirectly to the Hitler youth, they get some training like marching and playing with toy guns, they learn already that they are much better than any other children and that when they grow up, there will be only Germans to rule the world, and therefore they have to be proud and live up to whatever the Fuehrer tells them to do. The Fuehrer knows everything and wants only the best for them, and they should never forget, that they are all his children as long as they are good and obey.

When they are 10 years old they enter formally the Hitler youth, where they get real training by now, like long marches in any kind of weather, with or without heavy packs. They learn to shoot and swim and all the different kind of exercises to harden and steel their bodies. They learn about the German race that is prior to any other race, and it just happens that they have to tolerate some other races. But those races like the Jews, Polish, Russians a. s. o. are not wanted and that the Fuehrer will get rid of them. That all the other people left have is to obey the Fuehrer, if they want to go on living with them.

Hitler Is Their God

They learn that there is only one religion, and that the Fuehrer is their God and they believe only in him, because he knows everything and a voice is talking to him once in a while that gives him a sign which way to go.

This religious question was one of the hardest things for Hitler. You see on the one side there is by name a Catholic and a Protestant church in Germany, but they can't use the old testament. Hitler denounces Jesus too, since he says he has Jewish parents. He can't believe in the 10 commandments otherwise all his ideas would be lies. So what is there really left? That is the time when you read about so many priests and nuns being in the concentration camps. These were courageous people, who tried to save their own people even if it cost them their own lives, just to tell them the truth. But it was in vain. They had to preach Hitler's way, if only to give their people a church to go to.

The children learn too that there are girls, and the girls that there are boys. And that it is their duty to be together, and that the Fuehrer wants more and more children, because the German race will spread and spread over the whole world. They learn that they should follow their natural instinct and be not afraid what might happen, because the Fuehrer never lets a faithful follower down.

The children don't learn anything about other countries and their way of living except to mention how ridiculous other people are, and how fortunate they themselves are to live in such a great nation and be able to be a part of it.

Two Groups

The Hitler youth is divided into two groups, the HJ for the boys and the BDM for the girls. The Hitler youth has the children until they are 16 years old. During this time the leaders study the different children and determine to which further branch they will be useful. If they should become a SA Fuehrer or if they show special abilities they enter the SS, the elite group around Hitler or in some other group, where they can be most useful.

If they ever should join the SS, they will be placed in a Fuehrer-school and from there on there is only one goal to live for—to give everything to the Fuehrer and the Fatherland. There will be no private life or any kind of secrets. They dedicate their lives to the Fuehrer. On the other hand they always will be provided with things they need. They don't have to worry what will become of them.

The other children join what you call here the CCC. This is the year where boys and girls work on the farms. They don't get any wages, just room and board. In some instances they live in camps nearby some villages and just go for the day to the farmers, in other cases they live right on the farm. Boys and girls camps are separated, but close enough for exchange visits. After this year is over the boys go to the army and girls prepare for a profession or marry.

Women Not to Work

Until the war broke out, no German married woman was allowed to have any kind of a job. First it was the rule that the German woman's task is to be a mother and a mother can't have a job without neglecting her family, and besides that she is the symbol of the true German family and therefore it would be impossible for her to go to work.

But besides this noble reason there was a far more practical one. When Hitler took over the power 10 years ago, he had over 12 million unemployed people on his hands and he promised his people that within 3 years there would be not one man without a job. Well he put as many men as possible in the CCC, SA and the army, but still he had some over. That's when he became so considerate and generous to tell the German women, that they don't have to work and that their duty is to stay at home and raise a fine family.

Become Fanatics

When the boys come out of the army, they start whatever kind of profession they would like to have. By then they are between 20 and 22 years of age. What is the result of such a one sided education? These boys and girls are as fanatic as one can think of. You can't reason with them, because they know only one thing and that is what Hitler teaches. You can't show them how happy other people in other countries are, because they sneer at everything that doesn't stand for Hitler or Germany, and so strong is their faith in all that, that we who know these kids are afraid now that they will never change. And we are seriously afraid that this question will be a very very difficult problem after Germany is defeated.

If you take especially children from the age of 10 to 15 years old, they are by now between 20 and 25 years old, they make the mass of the German people. There is hardly any way to deal with them on a sensible basis, because they know nothing else, and it is so preached into them, that they are just beyond in believing something new. All they know is how to hate, how to kill, how to be brutal and take whatever they want and is good for the German Reich.

They don't know anything about justice, liberty, decency and religion. They read only controlled books, they listen to the controlled radio and read the censored newspapers. They see only German movies, they dress the German way and dance the German way, they stand for hours in the sun or rain just to cheer their Fuehrer and that is what they call fun or duty, just whatever you might call it.

This Hitler youth is the greatest problem, and before we can break their fanatic faith and spirit, there will be hardly any durable peace, because we have to keep in mind, that these will be the people we have to deal with in the future after Germany is defeated, and may God help us all, that it will be very soon.

Mrs. Louis Loeser.

LOCAL HISTORY

Arba N. Moulton made a noteworthy contribution to published history of Michigan in the publication in the Decatur Republican of a series of articles, "Early Pioneers of Van Buren County." The articles were written 50 years ago by David Woodman, one of the pioneers of Decatur and Paw Paw townships and the manuscript was copied last winter by his daughter and printed in 18 installments in the Republican. Mr. Moulton observed: "We predict that some time they will be made into book form and become a part of the standard history of Michigan which is yet to be published."

The Civil war diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon is now being published in serial form by the Republican.—Gene Alleman, Editor Michigan Publisher, Official publication of the Michigan Press Association.

The above story was read by Larry Towe, director of the University of Michigan news service and brought a letter from him in which he said:

"I called the attention of Randolph Adams, who is curator of the Clements Library, to the article. He fairly bounced. That is exactly the type of material which both he and the Michigan Historical Collections here are seeking."

We have no extra files of the Republican from which all of the numbers can be supplied, but a way may be found to obtain them for the University.

As out of a clear sky the problem of how to present to the University

the series of pioneer stories written by David Woodman fifty years ago and prepared for publication in the Republican by his daughter, Mrs. C. D. Richmond of Tampa, Florida, has been answered. Monday morning we received from Miss Laura Morris of Hartford this letter:

Hartford, Mich.

Mr. Moulton, Friend,

I noticed in one of the Republicans that some reader wished the articles that were written by Mr. David Woodman about the Pioneers of Van Buren county.

I think I have them all as they were printed along. As I cannot use them and someone cares for them, I think this is the best I can do with them. Not any of my own care for them. Many have not cared enough about them to save them, but after a while I think they will wish they had.

Take the Civil War diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon of Hamilton. I think my father knew him. I have all to July 16, 1861. I do not feel as if I need any thanks for these clippings. I have enjoyed reading them and I hope they will be of use to some one.

I have enjoyed your paper, especially about the Boys in the Service. My eyesight is poor, but I manage to read about the boys.

Sincerely,

Laura Morris.

Miss Morris's grandfather, Dolphin Morris, was the first settler of Van Buren county, and she was born in Volina township, Cass county, some 90 years ago.

We shall offer the clippings to the Historical Collections of the University with the compliments of Miss Morris.

The Civil War Diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon

Of Company E, Second Michigan Infantry.

FIRST INSTALLMENT

(Charles B. Haydon of Kalamazoo was made Second Lieutenant of the Second Michigan Infantry September 22, 1861; First Lieutenant, January, 1862; Captain, September 1, 1862. Wounded in action at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863; made Lieutnant Colonel July 30, 1863. Died at Cincinnati, Ohio, March 14, 1864, at the age of 30 years. This fine record was found in "Michigan in the War.")

April 30th, 1861

Left Kalamazoo in K. L. G. for Detroit to join the 2nd regiment Michigan Volunteers. At Merengo we threw off James McEvoy for drunkeness and insubordination.

We left Kalamazoo at 11 a. m. and got nothing to eat on the road because the boys (principally the Battle Creek Company) stole everything movable at some of the first stations. This was telegraphed in advance and all the groceries were closed against us on the rest of the road. They cleared out several groceries entirely and their officers seemed to make no effort to restrain them.

We arrived at Detroit about sundown and at the quarters about an hour after in the midst of a heavy wind and rain. Most of us were wet through. We were marched into what was once Floral Hall or more properly, shed. The mud was about two inches deep in the shed which was open at both ends. Some loose boards were all there was to keep us out of the mud.

At 9 o'clock we got a very fair supper of bread, butter, beef and tea. About 11 p. m. we got the men's quarters changed to neighboring barns where they were much more comfortable. Lieutenant Dake, Sgt. Ford and self, by the kindness of a citizen, were taken to good quarters in his own house. I never appreciated a good bed more than I did after the prospect of sleeping in the mud and wind of the shed.

While we were lodged in the shed one of the boys declared that he would never complain again when his mother did not make his bed right. We need a little hardship sometimes to make us appreciate our blessings.

May 1st, 1861

Came in with a smart snow squall which continued from time to time during the day. We did very little except to fit up our quarters with berths and straw beds. We are thickly stowed in, one above another but the quarters are warm and reasonably comfortable.

May 2nd, 1861

Weather very fine—the men still working on their quarters when off duty. The regular camp orders are given: we have to rise at 5 and drill 1 hour, then wash—breakfast. All lights are out at 9 p. m. The men are writing letters, playing cards and lounging in the sun. There was much complaint this morning about hard times and poor board. Several wanted to leave, but I believe none went.

We got part of our arms today and I bought a knife large enough to chop wood with. We had battalion drill in the afternoon. I was pleased to see Capt. Chas. May of Co. K, and Prosecuting Atty. of our county, Kalamazoo. He knew nothing about the drill and was compelled to trot up and down through the mud for two hours in great heat, vexation and confusion. His boots, at first nicely polished, soon after were loaded with as much as 15 pounds of clay mud each. I have seldom seen a man more blowed and he swore most prodigiously which I have never heard him do before. There was a German Capt. in the other Company of his Division with a most ferocious mustache who roared out to him from time to time in a manner which fairly lifted him off his feet.

May 3rd, 1861

Serg. F. and self quartered with the men last night. We had a straw bed and each a blanket and a shawl so that we were warm enough and I slept well, but F. complains considerably. Nearly all of the men have bad colds and 3 are sick.

The duties of the day commenced at 5 by washing at the pump. The day, like the latter part of yesterday, is cold and disagreeable with fair prospect of another storm which would make the parade grounds impassable.

I acted as second Sgt. this P. M. and was sharply berated by the Colonel for not knowing my business. I very soon learned it, however, and shall not be caught again on that point.

We are becoming more accustomed to camp life. Still there is some grumbling among the men. Those who are living better now than they ever lived before grumble most in many cases. Such are always first to complain when they are away from home.

May 4th, 1861

We had today the first fine day of camp life. The weather was really comfortable. We could lounge in the sun. I could laugh as heartily today to hear the Colonel blow up others as they did yesterday at my berating. I had the satisfaction of seeing Lieut. Dake on the full run several times—a rare sight. The Captain did not fare much better.

May 5th, Sunday, 1861

Corp Ball and self went up to Ft. Wayne after breakfast to see how the other regiment was faring. We had a fine ride up and back on a steamboat and saw the fort and men. We returned to a late dinner.

At 3 p.m. we mustered 18 men in our Company to march to religious service. We marched before breakfast for one hour, and after church we drilled two hours. They were busily drilling at the fort.

May 6th, 1861

Some rain last night; weather fair this morning. If the men pursue the enemy as vigorously as they do the women they would make very efficient soldiers. A smart rain.

We were today examined and took the oath of allegiance to the state. The examination was not rigid and none were rejected on account of physical incapacity. About a dozen spare men had to be thrown out and will very reluctantly (most of them) go. Some will return home and others will enter other companies of this regiment to supply the places of those who have been thrown out or have deserted.

Many enlisted hastily and from some companies, especially the Adrian guards, desertions have been frequent Till today the stay of all was merely voluntary—henceforth it will be compulsory.

An opportunity was given before taking oath by our Company for any

who desired to withdraw. Only one went and he (Dennis Stockwell) among abundant groans and hisses from the Company. He returned before the oath and would have come in again if he had been permitted.

Camp life is not much different from what I expected—card playing, profanity and the stealing of provisions are among the most noted characteristics outside of the duties. There are four Companies of us quartered together,—2 from Kalamazoo, the East Saginaw Guards, and Constantine Union Guards.

I noticed at one time this p.m. 15 four-hand games of euchre going on at the same time. No gambling is allowed in camp and strong measures are taken to prevent stealing.

I have not as yet regretted that I enlisted. I went from a sense of duty and I expect that to sustain me in the hardships which I may be called to endure. Only one thing troubles me seriously—that is to get up at 5 a.m. and drill at double quick time before breakfast.

Second Installment

May 7th, 1861.

Rain a. m. light. I have been on the go pretty briskly for two days acting as sec. and sometimes as first sergeant, owing to the sickness or absence of the other. The battalion drill makes busy work for a new guide and for one who is the only file closer for a large part of the time. The rascals steal everything they can put their hands on. Stole Ford's shawl (an important part of our bed clothes) today.

It is reported that we cannot go into service unless we enlist for three years or during the war. I should very much dislike three years and I also very much dislike to return without doing anything. If it was not for business I would not hesitate for a moment. After all we can do little while the war continues and we should do all we can to aid the vigorous measures which the administration is taking.

May 8th, 1861.

I am today Sergeant of the Guard and I find it dull business. It will probably be duller yet before 10 a. m. tomorrow. We are out in all about 26 hours—2 hours on and 4 off. This is the first time I have been on.

There is something exceedingly solitary in the looks of a sentinel pacing slowly up and down in the stillness of the night. The weather is fine and we shall have a good night. The morals of camp life are bad and manners likewise. It is doubtful whether the effect which war has upon the morals of a people is not more to be regretted than its more ostensible evils. I believe I have kept on as usual.

This open air will be good for me, I think. It seems like old times to be out doors all day.

May 9th, 1861.

Morning watch 6 a. m. We passed the night, which was a good one, in comparative quiet. The Corporal's Guard was called for but twice during my watches. The first time my Corporal, a very worthy German, ran without the countersign and was himself arrested and sent to the guard

house. I laughed heartily at the joke on the Corporal.

I slept well about three hours. My head aches a little and I feel dull and tired this morning. This standing guard is the most tiresome service I have. I believe I would rather march all the time. We were finally relieved at 11 a. m. after about 27 hours of duty. I have not felt quite as usual today. I have a sour stomach and a tendency toward a looseness of the bowels. I do nothing for it save to stop eating.

May 10th, 1861

It rains hard this morning and I am not sorry, I can assure you, on any account save the condition of the grounds. I feel better this morning but am not entirely well. Nearly all of the men have diarrhea and several are in the hospital quite sick. This is caused by the indiscretion of the men and by the quality of the food.

Our victuals are cooked and served out by a contractor at one of the fair buildings. The quantity is ample and the quality before cooking is good enough. There is a good deal of dirt mixed with it when we get it and some of it comes in very bad shape. The butter is bad and I eat very little of it. We have soup for dinner, made, I presume from the fragments of breakfast. I think this soup is one of the principal causes of sickness. The potatoes are of poor quality. The bread, thank God, is good. We have in addition fresh and salt beef and pork. The provisions would be ample if well served. We have also tea, coffee, sugar and sometimes milk.

It is certain that this regiment will not be ready for three months. We must enlist for 3 years or during the war unless sooner discharged. I have not yet positively decided to do that. The Company will stand about half and half. If I had poorer prospects at home or a better place here I would not hesitate. Our grounds will be all afloat by night. I wish the state could find dry land enough for us to camp. I would rather sleep in the open air, than be quartered in the mud. I fear we shall all be sick when warm weather comes. The boys behaved rather badly in some cases yesterday. The guardhouse was pretty well filled and one came near being flogged.

May 11th, 1861.

It rained nearly all day yesterday and we had no drill except a private one for a few who saw fit to take part in it. I went to town once and spent the balance of the day in studying Hardee, etc. This noon is fine but the grounds are very bad. We have drilled but little today owing to the state of the grounds.

There is a good deal of reluctance to enlist for the war or three years. There are all manner of doubts and excuses raised. I can not wonder very much at it—a step which involves the possibility of three years in the army is a pretty serious one for most men. I have pretty much decided to go. It seems to me that I cannot honorably do otherwise. I should very much dislike to return to Kalamazoo at this juncture of affairs.

There is a general laxity of discipline in the camp, partly because of two days of idleness and partly because many of the men expect soon to be discharged and having no prospect of fighting before them, care very little whether they do anything or not.

There was some disturbance last night at the other building. Several were sent to the guard house and pistols were freely drawn but none fired. A new made acquaintance of mine, a Sergeant of the Hudson Guards, is on trial by a court-martial today in consequence. We have no uniforms yet and shall soon be a very ragged regiment if we do not get them.

Sixth Installment

June 1, 1861.

Ignorant Officers

I went to the party last night and enjoyed myself pretty well although I was tired and partly sick. We got back to camp about 1 a. m. I gave half a dollar to get off guard yesterday and I would have given double the amount to have laid abed this morning.

I bought the Atlantic last night and read two articles. I will keep up with that if possible. It keeps me pretty busy to tend to duties and write what letters are necessary and study tactics some time each day.

We are greatly in need of well drilled officers. If I had joined the Kalaazoo L. G. when I thought of it I should have done much better. I believe I begin to know my business, but I had too much to learn and was sometimes taken off my guard.

It is amusing and at the same time painful to me to see our Captain at battalion drill. He seems to think we ought to come to our place without orders for the most part. "Boys, why in h——l don't you come out. You know where to go just as well as I. Don't wait to be told every time."

This is the way he often speaks and we come out and are, strictly speaking, liable to be sent to the guard house or served still worse every time we do it.

Col. Richardson, Lt. Col. Chipman, Captains Dillman and Bretschneider, (both Germans) of Companys A and E and our first lieutenant (Handy) are about the only well drilled officers

in the regiment. Lieut. Handy is one of the best. If he were in the Captain's place it would be no great loss to the Company.

Captain Chas. May was officer of the day today and as usual made very vigorous efforts to clear the camp of lewd women, and with about the usual success.

We had this afternoon a very lively drill and did the best work we have ever done. I acted as left guide as usual and was on the run the greater part of the time for 3 hours. The weather was very warm and the sweat fairly poured off me. We did no firing for want of cartridges. We were constantly on the move mainly on the march in column by companies and by divisions, deploying columns by divisions, changing direction by flank and front, forward and rear, with some forming of squares, and charging.

Colonel Richardson seemed well pleased. He did very little scolding and I saw him smiling several times.

June 2, 1861.

Sham Sickness

Sunday. I have to stay here today with the men and let the other boys go to town. I must try and march the men to church I suppose. It is dull business. Last Sunday, when aided by the first lieutenant I succeeded in marching out 2 men—new recruits who had not yet learned the ways of camp.

There is an alarming amount of sickness in camp, if the men are to be believed at roll call. It is strange how few get to the hospital. We can muster near a 100 men at dinner, but 50 is a large yield for drill. No man ever saw the beats of the bandaged heads and arms, the limping legs, bent backs, wry faces and contortions and distortions which present themselves at morning roll call.

This dodge is getting so threadbare that good soldiers sometimes suffer much pain and inconvenience rather than incur the suspicion of shirking duty.

June 3, 1861.

The Strict Germans

A very quiet day. Battalion drill dull. I wish our first lieutenant had the captain's post. There is some prospect that we shall leave soon.

June 4, 1861.

Since breakfast has been a very rainy day. Benson L. Serg had an altercation with Captain Bretschneider this noon and is under arrest in consequence. Our sergeant was undoubtedly wrong in a military view. The old German officer however needs to learn that there is a wide difference between German and American soldiers. He is a good officer, in many respects one of the best in the regiment, but holds to military rules more strictly than we are as yet accustomed to do.

The company was today divided into squads of 10 privates each and one squad assigned to each corporal for messing and camp duties. Each sergeant except the first, has the general supervision of 2 corporals and their squads. G. H. Ball and M. H. Card, two of the best corporals in the company fall to me. We three have to look after the provision, clothing, washing, equipment, and in short all the wants of the men.

June 5, 1861.

Off For Washington

Just after supper last night orders came to have all our things packed and be in readiness for moving within three hours. Soon after we were informed that we were to march for Washington today. We shall not probably be able to do so. It will take one day longer to get ready.

This is what we have been wishing for and all are glad the order has come. Yet the hour of departure brings with it some sober reflections I will not stop to record them. Any one can guess what they are—home, friends, dangers and hardships to be met, ties and associations broken—and that peculiar feeling which always attends going away.

It is well described by Byron and I shall not try to better his description. He says on leaving the most unpleasant places one looks back occasionally at the steeple. I found it so even when I left Cantonment Blair. I am sure I have not less affection for the good old steamboat Mississippi—the gravelly yard and dry hot ditches of Fort Wayne, or the good people of the pleasant city of Detroit, by most of whom we have been well used and by some with the utmost kindness and hospitality. This has been a busy day. We have been distributing equipment all day. We leave tomorrow at 3 p. m., going by way of Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Baltimore to Washington.

June 6, 1861.

A Hard Trip

Up in the morning early, all my personal effects packed and rolled up in a blanket and slung over my shoulder. These cursed bundles are the greatest drawback on soldiering. They are a worse burden than Christian's was. We had dress parade at 9 a. m. and at 12 noon, they are loading the company baggage on board the propeller Missouri. We are to carry rations for three days, cooked. We had an early dinner and about half past one all embarked on board the Prop. Missouri—more than 1000 in number—which was crowded with 500, and proceeded to the M. C. R. R. dock. There we landed, formed and stood out in the hottest sun I ever saw without shelter for an hour and a half. It was enough to scorch one's ears off, in as much as we had nothing on our heads but little Sardinian caps, not larger than a ladies bonnet. We then marched up to Fort Street, then up Fort Street to Woodward avenue, then up Woodward Avenue a ways, then back to the Russell House. Then we closed in mass, then changed direction by the left flank, then deployed columns, then wheeled by platoons into right column, then marched to Jefferson avenue, up Jefferson two miles, then back to Woodward, a part of the way at double quick, then back to the dock. Another half of an hour during all this time we had heavy bundles on our back which we were carrying for the first time.

I was ready to throw mine down it hurt and pulled so on my shoulders in addition to the weight.

Many of the men could scarce keep their places in the ranks. It was perhaps a good show for others but it was rather tough on us. About 7 p. m. we were stowed (five companies) on board the Missouri. There was a great desire on the part of the boys to shake hands with everybody and bid them goodbye, and the desire on the part of others was equally great. We shook hands with hundreds of persons whom we never saw before. The waiter on the boat cried lustily when we went. We left it in charge of its four watchmen, and of them only. The grass will again have a good opportunity to grow in the yard of Fort Wayne, the most solitary place about Detroit.

The ladies of Detroit and everywhere else have done well by us from the day we started till the present. The men have done well but they have done still better. I have known cases in our own company where the lowest of the sex walked two miles a day and back to bring refreshments to their new found favorites and I know that it was not done for money, for the boys were destitute of it. We obtained, or at least I and several others did, enough good provisions for supper without resorting to rations. We left about 7 p. m. and were soon after followed by the other 5 companies on the Steamer Ocean. We passed the old Mississippi. Two men were standing on the bow who cheered us on our way. The night was pleasant with a brisk breeze.

Seventh Installment

June 7, 1861.

We Stop at Cleveland

I passed rather a poor night. We slept on the bare deck and were very much crowded. I slept 4 or 5 hours but feel rather sleepy today. The wind was fresh enough this noon to make the boat pitch considerable and a good many men are sick. I was not sick but I am sure I was not far from it. I was up at daylight and saw the sunrise for the first time in my recollection when out of sight of land. A dense fog came on soon after sunrise and in consequence we were delayed two hours and arrived at Cleveland about 10. We took rations for the day this morning. I had biscuits and a chunk of cold salt boiled beef for each man. Each had a good cup of warm coffee at Cleveland which refreshed us very much, and nearly all of us obtained more or less provisions. I am not going to eat salt beef and hard bread when I can buy or otherwise obtain better eatables. I saw very little of Cleveland. It was busy and dirty so far as I saw. It is said to be a handsome place.

Hurrah For Michigan!

We here take cars (28 in number) on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh R. R. There are two trains where the road is crooked and one train with two engines where it is straight. There is a sentinel at each door and no one is allowed to leave the cars. The men would lose themselves and

everything they have if they could get out. One has already lost his rammer, another his gun, four or five their caps. Our journey through Ohio was a glorious one. Every hat and handkerchief, apron and bonnet along the road was thrown into the air. All manner of shouts and cheers of encouragement—hurrah for Michigan, hurrah for the Union, God bless you, farewell, give 'em h——l, etc.—greeted us at every stop. All the little toils of war were forgotten at once. I observed one thing in particular—to wit: that there are an immense number of pretty women in Ohio. Some of the handsomest I ever saw. Two places in particular are to be remembered. Hudson on the Western; Rasine, 40 or 50 miles I think from Cleveland, perhaps not so far. We were there received by the firing of cannon, music, etc. They furthermore brought provisions of all kinds—bread, biscuits and butter, rich cakes, cheese, dried meat, apples and so forth by the basket and apron full and pails of water cold as ice, and milk in abundance—all gratis, with smiles and blushes in abundance besides.

The place is small, not as large as Kalamazoo I think. It is the site of the Western Reserve College and seems, so far as could be seen, to be a place of great beauty. The other place is Wellsville, a small village on the Ohio river at the foot of the Alleghaney mountains. There is just room enough between the river and mountains for the railroad and one handsome street which constitutes the whole village. It is a place of great beauty and unsurpassed in hospitality. May the prosperity and happiness of both places be ever equal to the generosity of the inhabitants. I shall long remember them.

A Fancy Regiment

Our whole reception was such as only the soldiers of liberty and civilization receive. The whole country where we pass is in a blaze of patriotism. We passed along the borders of Virginia, but as the Stars and Stripes were flying and the people cheered us lustily we perceived little change. It was eleven p. m. when we arrived at Pittsburgh. We changed cars here and stood in the streets 2 hours waiting for coffee and change of cars. The first 7 companies got the coffee—they were piggish and the 300 gallons of coffee provided all disappeared before our turn came.

We left at 1 a. m. and I slept till four. About 9 a. m. we arrived at Altoona where the last companies drank all the coffee desired and the others waited. We bought some provisions and I made out a good breakfast of gingerbread and coffee. At about one p. m. we arrived at Harrisburgh and marched to camp Curtin just out of the city. 4500 Pennsylvania troops were quartered there. They were without uniform and very ragged and dirty, and many of them barefooted. They looked far worse than we ever did at Cantonment Blair. Indeed we are called a fancy regiment—said to be the best looking and best equipped of any that have passed this way. We are no better equipped however than our first regiment Both receive the highest praise for appearance. Michigan is doing nobly. I hope our acts will tell as well as our appearance.

We pitched our tents on the fair ground and were glad to throw ourselves on the ground and get a little rest. We got coffee, hard biscuits and salt beef and took dinner and supper both at once. I bought a cup of milk which with a hard biscuit served me. We had so much to do that it was after 10 when we rolled into blankets.

June 9, 1861.

Guns Loaded and Bayonets Fixed

We were up at 4:00 a. m. to make preparation for a Sunday journey to Washington via Baltimore. The day is beautiful but very warm. We are loaded with all sorts of arms and munitions. We begin to realize that we are approaching the enemies country. Ten rounds of ball cartridges were issued to each man. I distributed and took the precaution to put 20 rounds into my box.

Orders are given how and where to form in case of an attack which is expected at Baltimore. We shall enter the city with loaded guns and fixed bayonets. I do not believe there is any danger but am fully prepared.

We have orders to abstain from eating or drinking anything except what we bring with us after we cross the Maryland line. This is to guard against poison. We had coffee, bread and fresh beef for breakfast.

Marched to the railroad soon after 8:15. This journal is written on the cars a few miles out, just on the bank of the Susquehanna. We are taking in water from a fine spring for the balance of the journey.

If this journal should come to a sudden termination on this fine Sunday afternoon in the streets of Baltimore the finder will please notify Philotus Haydon of Decatur, Michigan, as soon as convenient and greatly oblige.

Charles B. Haydon.

Union Flags Fly In Maryland

One man of Co. K when we were passing through Ohio climbed on top of the cars contrary to express orders of his officers and bumped his head against a bridge. If we had been going faster, he would have been killed. Perhaps he will die as it is.

We have not yet got to Maryland. The cars run so slow a part of the time that the men walk by the side. I am getting duced hungry and with little prospect of anything to eat.

After crossing the Maryland line we saw very little to indicate the change save picket guards of U. S. troops at all bridges, embankments and curves. We see abundance of places where bridges have been burned and the track torn up, but all is now in temporary running order.

Union flags are even more abundant than in the free states and every one greets us with cheers of apparent welcome.

Fifteen miles from the city we halt, get out of the cars and load our guns. I ram down the first ball that I ever intend for a human mark. Cheers for the Union continue unabated. The scenery is beautiful. Many of the residences are the finest I ever saw. Picket guards in large numbers.

Arriving In Baltimore.

We arrive at the city and by the time we are formed it is quite dusk. We have strict orders not to cheer or speak to anyone unless it be to answer civil questions in as few words as possible.

We have two miles to march. The streets are densely crowded on both sides. The children and ladies cheer in great numbers for the union and several wave flags. The men are much more careful what they do.

Cheers for Jeff Davis are heard occasionally from groups of 3 or 4. With very few exceptions we march in perfect silence and in excellent order. There is now and then an insulting remark or threat but considering the crowd their number was very few.

A very pretty girl offered me a bouquet but I declined to step beyond the line to receive it, so she threw it to me and I thanked her and went on. I presumed at first that it was a ruse to decoy me beyond the line and in reach of the men who were standing around but I guess it was not.

One or two attempts were made to trip our men marching on the flanks, but without success. In other cases they took pains to remove obstructions from our way. We pass over the way pursued by the map —— and saw the place where those who were killed fell.

We arrive at the cars and halt without molestation. Many persons crowd around us to ask questions and many to congratulate. Appearances deceive or the Union feeling is strangely predominant.

A Shot for a Stone

Just as we were getting on the cars a man threw a heavy stone striking the first sergeant of the Niles company on the leg, hurting him considerably. He instantly fired and the man fell.

We got into the cars between 9:00 and 10 p. m., unfixed bayonets and unslung our knapsacks and prepared to rest a little.

Just as we were settled into our seats an order was sent through the train to put on our knapsacks and fix bayonets as quietly and quickly as possible which is done at once. We then proceeded quietly and very slowly, the picket guard exploring the way at dangerous points. About 12 there were a few shots fired close by us and men came running past.

We were instantly on the alert. It proved to be a collision between the pickets and the enemy.

Reports are various. Some say that two or three were killed. I think no one fell. We are very tired and hungry and it is almost impossible to keep awake.

I think we could have given the Secessionists a good one if we could have got at them, and I am sure they might have troubled us badly if they had managed properly. Latest reports say that the pickets killed 6 men last night who were advancing to attack us.

I would have disliked to fire in the streets on accout of the women and

children. Col. Richardson was laughing in his sleeve all the time after they began to talk about fighting.

June 10, 1861.
At the National Capital

The man who was shot at Baltimore last night has since died. There is skirmishing going on all the time. The city is alive with troops. 85,000 are camped in the vicinity and several thousands are arriving daily.

The heat is intense. Several men have fallen down with sunstrokes. I care very little about marching in hot weather if it were not for my knapsack. I, however, begin to get along with that better than at first.

I visited the Capitol this noon and went all through. I went to the post office building and patent office this afternoon. The regiment marched out at 4 p. m. and paid its respects to the President and Gen. Scott.

I have seen an abundance of interesting things today but they are too numerous to describe. We were to have moved out of town today but the weather was so hot that it was deferred.

I have eaten very little since we left Ohio. I have not got hungry enough yet to eat bacon. We have nothing but bacon, hard bread and coffee, and a good deal of the time not so much as that.

Twenty-fourth Installment

July 23, 1861.
Defeat at Bull Run

I turned out at 7 a. m. Am feeling well, all things considered. I bathed, cleaned up my clothes, and gun, etc. after which I made an excellent breakfast of which I ate too much, laid around the camp till about noon, and then came down to the city. (Washington, D. C.)

Here I ate, and drank beer several times, bought a paper and read the news. Was glad to find our loss less serious than was at first supposed.

About sundown Orderly Crego and I set out to hunt up the camp of the Michigan 2nd, at Arlington Heights, which after a good deal of trouble and three or four miles of travel we found. Our men were most of them lying on the ground, many of them without either blankets or coat.

I bought a coat in the city. I felt pretty well during the day except a general feeling of exhaustion and protracted weariness. Six days of marching and sleeping on their arms and living on bread and water has used us up pretty much and we need a few days to recruit before we move again.

Now that our Commissary is under arrest for neglect of duty, I hope we shall get something to eat. I was so tired and uneasy that during the night I several times sprang up in bed and seized my gun which lay near me and began to prepare for action before I could make up my mind where I was.

July 24, 1861.
Soldiers Better Than Officers

I feel very stiff, sore and lame—generally used up. I still keep on eating and drinking and am getting pretty well filled up and have been sleeping a large part of the day.

I have been thinking over the battle and the consequences and the instruction to be derived, etc. It is now well known that if Genl. Richardson had charged on the battery as he desired with his brigade, none of us would have come out of the infernal gap alive, unless we had been carried out as prisoners.

The brigade numbered about 3500. If we had charged it would have been down a valley about a mile long, partly a cleared field and partly trees and bushes, having high hills on both sides, the tops of which were perhaps a mile apart. The charge would have been for a battery of 6 guns directly in the center of the valley. With a fair chance we could have taken this and held it.

We now know that there was a battery on each side of the valley concealed by projecting hills both of which we must have passed and that there were 2 other batteries further on which would have fairly raked us both before and after we reached the one we were to storm.

The hills on both sides were covered with woods which were filled with from 5000 to 10,000 infantry. We should undoubtedly have been allowed to advance nearly to the battery without much molestation, but should then have been fired upon from all directions and surrounded by more than 3 times our number.

Our defeat on that day was owing to Genl. Tyler's disobedience of orders and ignorance of the enemy's position. The defeat of Sunday was a matter almost of course. The enemy were more than double our number and in one of the most difficult positions to attack which can be conceived.

The enemy can never be induced to fight in fair, open battle. We could whip them to death if they would. They will keep around in masked batteries and sulk behind trees and shoot officers and bayonet wounded men. We must expect severe loss. The next attack needs to be made with more care, with better preparation for a retreat if it be necessary. We should not have retreated on Sunday farther than Centerville.

We need more good skirmishers and sharp shooters and all the men need better guns. The want of a more perfect military establishment is now seen.

There are thousands of good and brave soldiers in the army, but there is a great want of competent commanders. The soldiers are far better than the officers. There is a hard job on hand and we have got to act with circumspection or we shall suffer still greater losses.

I have made up my mind that my chances of coming out of the war alive are less than even.

The want of food I do not deem as serious as drinking mud. That more than anything else I fear will tell on the constitution. Very few men in the Company have or can bear as much fatigue as I.

Be the result what it may, I will not turn back on a good cause. I never have the prospect of a battle but I prepare myself as if I were not returning. I enlisted during the war unless sooner discharged and I mean to stand to my bargain, let the discharge come in what form it may.

Many of the Commissioned Officers will resign including, I think, our Captain. Our men have been lying in the open field all day without tents or shade. They had cold boiled pork and hard biscuit for breakfast and for dinner and supper together with boiled rice and hard bread, and this is all. I had neither plate, spoon nor anything else so I took my rice on a piece of board and ate it with a chip. Pork and bacon I cannot and will not eat in any amount. I have still some money and have had all I wanted to eat today.

On the march there is no chance of buying anything. Everything is consumed and destroyed or removed. The country is abandoned and desolate.

With the best of regulations the march of an invading or retreating army is accompanied with great loss and damage to the country. Virginia will be desolate before the close of the war.

I want to travel the road to Manassas once more and only once. I wish to pass through Manassas Gap or stop there. I never intend to give up till we have been whipped more than twice on the same ground. It can and will be taken and I hope I shall be there.

I feel sullen and mad about the retreat and the more so because it was unnecessary. We might have held Centerville.

All or nearly all that I have written concerning affairs which was stated on report or rumor has proved false. Hereafter I shall write little except what I know to be true. I have seen war in its most unpleasant forms and now have only to hope and wait for something better.

Twenty-fifth Installment

July 25, 1861.

I was detailed with 28 men to assist in cutting trees over back of the river. They were slashed down helter-skelter to prevent or delay the progress of troops. They are an effectual defense for a short time and are of service for delay beside affording an excellent place for skirmishers. It was not my turn to go but Whiting was used up (i. e. lazy) and Stevenson is lame.

The battle of Sunday was a curious one—our men are continually swearing because they did not hold the field and the enemy are swearing because they did not take us prisoners. I believe there were never two armies so deceived in each other. The Massachusetts 12th, I understand, has left the brigade. Our Colonel is too savage for them. I am sorry to see them leave. We shall not get a better in their place.

I like their Lt. Col. very much. He was police justice of Boston before he became a soldier and is a man of rare abilities and will distinguish himself in the service. I am not personally acquainted with him but

struck with his appearance wh first saw him.

July 26, 1861.

A very warm day. Pay day- eating and drinking at a terrible A good many of them drunk. I s I shall get to the city tomorro cannot cease to regret and spec on the affairs of Sunday. Our a is large and full of good material, it is loosely put together. Not man in 50 ever saw a battle be this war. Not one in 10 knew simplest elements of military c They are liable to be confused. W rough and tumble fighting and sonal bravery are needed they great, but for steady movement line and on retreat they are not liable.

I did not run in either of the tles except when I was ordered and had not thought of it. Still w I go into another battle I shall many things differently and so shall not do at all.

I begin to feel more like a so and there will not be so many things to look after. The army get beaten into discipline aft while if they are not drilled in in any other way. If there were perienced officers, the men would prove much faster.

Twenty-sixth Installment

July 27, 1861.

I went to Washington today. Ate beefsteak and drank lager beer, and-so-forth. I went to see Congress in session. Heard a good speech in the Senate by Johnson of Tennessee on Secession, in reply to Breckenridge. I listened to him for 2 hours and then went over to the house of representatives and heard a part of an Ohio man's speech.

The men are drinking and gambling too much today. Col. Richardson sent the sutler of the DeKalb Guards off the ground for selling beer in front of our camp. Three dutchmen charged on him with their bayonets, but he upset two and the other took to his legs. Col. Richardson had about a dozen of them arrested and closed up the establishment so far as beer is concerned.

July 28, 1861.

Thirty men were detailed for chopping this morning, but they did very little and returned by noon. There was a sharp shower of rain about six. The day has been very quiet. There was a skirmish between our pickets and the enemy about 4 miles out last night.

July 29th, 1861.

A pretty quiet day, the boys spending their money faster than there is any need of. Our location here is a fine one in many respects. We are nearly opposite Washington of which a good view can be obtained from the hills near by. Just in the rear of us is Genl. Lee's estate. His house and the surroundings make the most beautiful spot I ever saw. He is in the secession army and Gen. Mansfield occupies his house. If I had had his estate I would have stayed at home. The house is not magnificent according to modern style, but is massive, strong and ancient. There is very little of the artificial about the grounds. The beauty consists in the trees, the undulating surface and 3 or 4 of the finest natural springs I ever saw.

The weight of our defeat seems to be settling down pretty severe on Gen. McDowell. In many of our men who are fine fellows now I can see the exact pictures of worthless drunkards five years hence. They are so surely on the road that nothing will stop them.

July 30th, 1861.

A warm day. All quiet in camp during the day, but somewhat noisy at night. It seems almost impossible for a man to go to town without getting drunk. Many of the best men disgrace themselves in this way. Captain Lawson of Company G has been drunk for a week and behaved worse than any of the soldiers. He will lose his commission.

If it were not for the sacrifice that it requires, nothing would suit me better than this soldiering. I bought some butter this morning and have lived well on bread and butter. I can sit down with a small oyster can which I have, full of beer and make a passable meal out of very little. As for liquor I keep clear of it as much as possible. There is a good deal of gambling among the men since they were paid. There is one fine thing about it—that is that the money will soon be gone. Liquor dealers and prostitutes will soon clean their pockets.

July 31st, 1861.

There was an inspection of the regiment at 12 noon. Some close and very necessary inquiries were made about the commissaries department, the sale of provisions, etc.

About 4 p. m., we got orders to move. We packed our knapsacks and marched down the river half a mile and about as much farther up into the country. We have gained by the change in most respects. We are now encamped in a clover field just beside the Arlington road. They are throwing up a breastwork to cover the road and have cut down a fine orchard and all of a man's shade trees to give the guns fair range. We have a very fair view of the city from here. The capitol, all the public buildings, the Smithsonian Institute and Washington monument are in full view.

Early Pioneers of Van Buren County

Written by David Woodman, One of the Pioneers, Fifty Years Ago, and Prepared for the Republican by His Daughter, Mrs. C. D. Richmond.

The Republican will begin next week the printing of a series of articles entitled, "The Early Pioneers," written by David Woodman.

They will be a valuable addition to the existing history of Van Buren county and are well worth preserving.

The work is divided into chapters of about a column each and it will take most of the year to complete the printing.

It was written for Bert Cole when he was editor of the Free Press and Courier. This paper was consolidated with the True Northerner about 30 years ago, and Mr. Cole who resides in Pasadena, California, is nearing his eighty-seventh birthday.

The Republican is indebted to Mr. Woodman's daughter, Mrs. C. D. Richmond, of Tampa, Florida, for the manuscript. It was neatly written by her in long hand from the only copy we know to be in existence. It was a large task for her to assume, but in doing it she will greatly please many of her old time friends as well as the Republican.

Mrs. Richmond says in her letter that accompanies the manuscript,—"At last I am sending you the notes of "The Early Pioneers," written by my father, David Woodman, many years ago. I think it must have been around 49 or 50 years, but am not certain. The dates of the papers, "The Free Press and Courier," was not mentioned in any of the chapters.

"The clippings were saved by an aunt of mine and given to me many years ago, after my father had passed away. There are not many living who have heard of most of the old pioneers mentioned in the notes, but some of the present generation, who are living in the age which was predicted by father in the last chapter of his story, will no doubt be interested."

The chapters will appear each week under the heading, "Early Pioneers of Van Buren County," and will be in such form that they can be easily preserved in a scrapbook.

Early Pioneers of Van Buren County

Written by David Woodman, One of the Pioneers, Fifty Years Ago, and Prepared for the Republican by His Daughter, Mrs. C. D. Richmond.

Chapter III

The Long Indian Trail

Previous to the occupation of Western Michigan by the white people an Indian trail crossed this country from northeast to southwest, crossing the Paw Paw river where the west bridge now is and leading through what is known as the Pe Pe Yah farm, thence through the belt of heavy timber land now the farms of William Lyle and others in that vicinity.

The trail led through to Pokagon and was deeply worn in the soil in many places, showing it had been used for ages as a thoroughfare for the dusky race that used it. On that trail we have seen the red men stealing silently along, followed by their ponies loaded with their squaws, papooses and camp equipage, their dogs bringing up the rear.

The timber in that vicinty was magnificent. There were the great oaks, black walnut, whitewood, butternut, sugar maple and other kinds of timber all standing in its grandeur. I cut a whitewood on land I owned in that vicinity which scaled over 6,000 feet of lumber. John Sherrod sold scores of those splendid trees for one dollar each. Such trees would be worth $50 each now.

Squaws Did the Work

Previous to its purchase and occupation by the whites, this region was one great Indian sugar camp during the sugar making season. They had made sugar there for many years and were loath to leave their old camps. But they had to (marche) go.

It was quite a novelty to visit their camps and see their process of sugar making. They used bark troughs to catch the sap and they gashed the trees without mercy. They evaporated the sugar water in anything that would answer the purpose, pails or kettles holding from four quarts to four gallons each. And they were hung in a compact body in the center of the wigwam and were from ten to forty in number. Under this number of kettles or pails a brisk fire was kept by using white ash wood (they used no other). The smoke escaped through an opening at the apex of the wigwam, which was built out of bark peeled in sheets from trees and this was their dwelling place during the sugar making season.

The squaws did the entire work of sugar making, cutting the wood and bringing it to camp. It was tied up in bundles slung on the back and held in place by a thong passing around the forehead. But some one may wish to know where the "noble red man" was all this time. Well he was either resting (they were brave in this respect) or off on a hunt, and the game he killed he laid at the cabin door, then his work was done.

In their dealings with the whites, it was swap, giving and taking the same measure whether sugar, flour, meat, cranberries, or other commodities. Many years ago one of those noble red men had the misfortune to lose his squaw by death, and being too lazy to hunt, he concluded to try and sponge his living, so he got a friend to write a certificate stating of Pottawattomies and Pokagon was a great chief. He was quite a gentleman and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He visited the sugar camps before mentioned in the spring of 1836, and died at Pokagon a few years later.

Among the Indians who had sugar camps in the southwest part of this township in the spring of 1836, I remember Pe Pe Yah, White Wolf, Cah Cah and Ash Ka Pe.

Old Shavehead was there also. He was an ugly looking old fellow with a head as void of hair as a pumpkin. He claimed to be 100 years old and a great warrior, claiming to have slain 99 men, and was anxious to make it an even 100 before he died. But he died at one of the sugar camps in the spring of 1837 and his body was carried by my camp wrapped in a blanket and resting upon a section of an old store trough. He was buried on the Pe Pe Yah farm. Others might continue his history if living, but I think they are not. Perhaps his cranium is yet in the possession of some one of our physicians.

The old fellow received a severe punishment at the hands of a Mr. Shaefer on Big Prairie Ronde in an early day. He met Shafer on the road and demanded some provisions he had in his wagon. While seeming to comply with his demand Shafer got within reach of the old rascal and with the butt of his whip, knocked him down and punished him to his own satisfaction.

In the spring of 1836 Joseph Luce and myself opened a sugar camp on land now owned by George or William Lyle, and I made sugar there every year with two exceptions for over thirty years.

Naming Eagle Lake

During the sugar season of 1836 I constructed a canoe at my camp which three of us carried on our backs to Eagle Lake and we were probably the first white men that ever floated on its waters or fished in them. Henry Rhodes and myself had a cold bath there soon after, while fishing one night, our canoe overturning and spilling us, fish and all into the lake.

During that spring a pair of bald eagles built a nest in the forks of a great white-wood which stood on its southern shore and there reared their young. We attempted to dislodge them with rifle shots but failed, hence we called that beatiful sheet of water Eagle Lake, and no one has attempted to steal or change its name as with some other lakes in the township.

Mound Builders

Concerning the mounds and garden beds that were so plentiful here in an early day, history is silent and so is tradition, the Indians having none concerning them. There were several mounds on my farm between 3 and 4 mile lakes. They were about 4 feet high and 2 or 3 rods across. On them were growing oak trees two feet in diameter. There was no sag or depression around them, therefore the earth must have been scraped up from the surface of a large space. We opened one of those mounds when we first came here.

Chapter 4.

At the approach of winter in 1835 there were about 58 families, residents of this county, all but 5 or 6 families coming here during that year. These were divided as follows: Lafayette, 15; Antwerp, 7; Almena, 8; Columbia, 7; Decatur, 6; Hamilton, 5; Porter, 6; and Lawrence, 5. I think there were no settlers in the other townships until 1836, when many more arrived, and several other townships received settlers that year.

Myron Hoskins and wife of Paw Paw are the only couple now living who were married prior to coming here in 1835. Mr. Hoskins assisted in erecting the first frame building, put up in the village. After a few years residence in the county they returned to New York state, and remained there many years. There are three old ladies yet living (widows) who were married previous to coming here in 1835, and they have all passed their four score years.

As there were no provisions here of any kind, for either man or beast, and

but few horses, it was quite a task to go to Big Prairie Ronde for all such supplies. After purchasing wheat at $1.50 per bushel it was taken to Flowerfield to be ground, making at least a three days trip. We fed our horses on wheat that winter at $1.50 per bushel, the price of corn and oats being nearly the same. Pork was $30.00 and salt $10.00 per barrel, and could only be procured at St. Joseph.

Food for the Hungry

We think that if any of those early settlers left their appetite behind them, or lost it on the way they found it again soon after their arrival here. But deer were plentiful and the venison excellent. Coons, woodchucks, squirrels, wild geese and ducks were abundant and the lakes and streams, swarmed with fish.

Some who ought to know claimed that coon was excellent, woodchuck palatable, but sand hill crane was no "spring chicken."

Before dams were built across the river below here, sturgeon, suckers and other lake fish came up here and were caught. Sturgeons have been caught where the Briggs pond now is, weighing over 200 pounds. I caught one there that was nearly six feet long. But the river has been dammed, and the fish confined to the lower regions of the river, of course.

The marshes and river bottoms furnished a poor quality of hay until we could raise other fodder. Marsh land was sought after by some, thinking it would prove a bonanza. But afterwards they found themselves mistaken. Marsh hay answered very well as a coarse feed for horses. but it killed many of the cattle which came from the east. It caused dry or bloody murrain, which was seldom cured and the hide of the dead animal was worthless. After we raised grain for milling, and until the completion of the Paw Paw mill in 1838, Comstock was our nearest mill.

Afterwards a mill was built on the east side of the Kalamazoo river where the wagon bridge now is. This mill was run by a screw wheel, the only one of that kind I ever saw. But the old mill has long since gone the way of the early pioneers, yet in our mind's eye" we see the huge water wheel splashing and grinding as it did fifty years ago. Two, and frequently three days were occupied in making the trip.

A Paper Town

In 1836 M. Gunton settled on land now owned by the Christies, south of Prospect lake, whose wife and little boy made occasional trips to Big Prairie for supplies. The boy managed the oxen, while his mother did the trading. They were sometimes gone a week, leaving Gunton to keep bachelor's hall, and make improvements on his land.

Perhaps there may be a few others besides myself who remember John D. Freeman's paper town, which he laid out on the west side of (Freeman) now Prospect lake.

This on paper was very attractive. There was a court house and other public buildings selected, and a steamboat proudly plowing the waters of the lake. Several lots were sold for $150 each, way above what good lots can be bought for in our gem of a village today. But the thing "busted" like the wildcat banks, and the steamboat disappeared like the "Flying Dutchman." This ideal village was to be called Van Buren Center.

D. Woodman.

Chapter V

In May, 1835, Elder J. N. Hinckley, father of the late Asa G. Hinckley, came here from Monroe county, New York, and being a shrewd business man, he sought after a good lumber region. In order to carry out his object he and his nephew, Rodney Hinckley, sought the heights of Prospect Hill. There the latter climbed a tall oak, one of many that crowned the top of the hill at that time, and with the aid of a glass, located the belt of pine timber in the vicinity of what is now Breedsville.

Here the Elder purchased a large tract of land and partially completed a log cabin and then returned to New York. In October he returned here in company with the Breed, Brown, Howard and Taylor families, in all about 25 persons. The party came by water to Detroit, there purchased oxen and wagons and as best they could made their way to Paw Paw.

There were no settlers between here and Black River, so-called at that time, and no wagon road beyond the Monroe place. The party was 2 days in reaching Black river, or Breedsville, then a solitary, unfinished and uninhabited cabin.

After fording the river, they had to pick their way and were obliged to camp in the woods without shelter except their wagons. My father was with the party moving one of the families. After making the family as comfortable as possible in his wagon he sat in a chair holding an umbrella over his head as it rained nearly all night. On his return he came very near being carried down the river, which had become dangerous, caused by the rain of the night before.

Naming Breedsville

A bridge was built across the river at that place, (this side of Monroe's) late in the fall of 1835, Elder Hinckley overseeing the work, myself assisting in it. The county seat was located there at first, as this is near the geographical center of the county. Breedsville was named after Mr. Breed, before mentioned, and the first settlement in the northern part of the county was made under the supervision of Elder Hinckley, and the name of Black river was changed to Breedsville after Mr. Breed settled there.

"Shingle weavers" was a name given those who made shingles, and nearly every settler in that section embarked in that business. A shingle shanty therefore was indispensible and although shingles were cheap—$1 to $1.50 per thousand—they helped "keep the wolf away from the door", until supplies could be received. In case settlers had no pine on their own land, they could find it on Uncle Sam's, or non-resident lands, and they were not very particular which.

It must be remembered that the shingles made in those days were rived or split from blocks, and shaved by hand, and would last twice as long as sawed shingles. The buildings on my old farm are covered with shingles I made myself, one of the buildings being erected 48 years ago, and the roof is good yet. There was a great call for shingles before the days of railroads, from distant parts, as well as from new settlers and they were hauled long distances.

Mr. Breed erected a saw mill at Breedsville in 1836 and Mr. Knowles a tannery in 1838. These were great helps to those isolated settlers as there was then a market for hemlock bark, and lumber soon became an article of traffic.

Having an interest in a pine lot there I lumbered at that place winters (off and on) for 40 years, J. J. Woodman often being with me. We always camped in the woods amid the pines and hemlocks, and occasionally were serenaded by the wolves.

Let no one imagine that the settlement of a new country, especially a heavily timbered one, is mere "child's play". Far from it. And it was doubly so with those who settled in the wild woods of northern Van Buren Co. Their nearest post office or store was Paw Paw, nearest grist mill, Kalamazoo. No roads but temporary ones, whose road beds were mud of uncertain depth, spring and fall at least.

When Mosquitoes Had Their Day

Then there were millions of mosquitoes insisting upon attending the traveler on his way, and while they sang their siren song in his ear, they would extract his life's blood. J. J. and myself went to Breedsville on foot one spring to pile up some lumber. It was swarming time with mosquitoes and they gathered around us until the mass became so dense we could scarcely see or breathe. Finally we adopted the plan of running at full speed down the slopes, thus leaving our tormenters behind.

Wm. Lyle says, when he was cook on a Paw Paw river boat in an early day, the mosquitoes were so thick they would settle in swarms on the meat frying in the pan, and being unable to keep them out, he fried them with the meat, and no fault was found by the boatmen.

It is reported that on a spring day, many years ago, a man was out in the woods somewhere in the vicinity of Breedsville when the mosquitoes gathered around him in such vast numbers that he finally took refuge under a potash kettle which, fortunately, had been left at a sugar camp. The man declared that the disappointed and enraged mosquitoes then drove their bills through the kettle and that he clinched them on the inside with a stone he luckily found under the kettle until the struggling mass actually lifted and carried the kettle away, and during the commotion he escaped.

I presume this man was a cousin of the man who claimed that they sharpened their sheep's noses down in New Hampshire in order that they might be able to feed on the grass that grows among the rocks.

D. Woodman.

Chapter VI

After securing his land, the early pioneer proceeded at once to prepare

a habitation, or home for himself and family. Log cabins or houses were not only the fashion but a necessity, for the first few years at least.

The first farm houses erected were small, low, rough structures, many of them might be called shanties, with a half roof, and of course no chamber. A hole dug under the floor, and reached through a trap door, was a cellar. Houses with a double roof had lofts, or chambers which were reached by means of ladders, or perhaps by stairs.

These cabins were of various sizes, up to 16 by 24 feet. Very few were larger. A fireplace built with clay at one end of the building and the chimney built of sticks and clays, stood out in the cold.

The cabin might be divided by a rough partition, blankets, or curtains. Such were the homes of the early pioneers of this county. But practice makes improvements, so the architecture of the cabin improved, and later on really elegant log residences were built.

Putting Up Buildings

As the county was being rapidly settled, putting up or raising houses, or barns was the order of the day, and all hands within a large radius, were frequently called together for that purpose. The process of raising a log house was slow, and the work heavy, and help scarce as was often the case. I have walked nine miles, helped raise a barn, and walked back the same day.

There was scarcely a building put up in this vicinity prior to 1842, that I did not assist in raising. I remember on one occasion, after the body of the building was up and no jug making its appearance, the men left, leaving the plates and rafters lying on the ground. The man secured help and finished the job the next day.

Establishing and opening roads, girdling or deadening the timber, and breaking up the ground, on the openings, or slashing the timber on the timbered land, then clearing it up as rapidly as possible, was the mode of procedure.

Clearing Off Timber

Crops were raised among the logs and log or brush fences were not considered unsightly objects. Logging bees were frequent among the settlers in the heavy timber and thus, with his muscle, axe, oxen, fire, the assistnce of good neighbors and a clear conscience, the pioneer worked his way out of the woods.

On the openings we girdled all the timber before breaking up the land, raised two or three crops, then cleared the land, by burning up the timber except what was needed for fencing. The timber I destroyed in clearing up my farm would be worth more now, if it was there, than the land is worth.

It was what we called timbered openings. The timber was splendid. I have cut seven eleven foot rails from a tree. During the summer of 1846 I girdled 20 acres, broke and sowed it to wheat. The wheat grew tall and lodged badly, so bad that on one part of the field, five men with cradles only cut seven acres in one day. Henry Wilson and Elisha Tyler helped harvest that wheat and perhaps they have not forgotten how lively a nest ot yellow jackets made it for some of the boys who had removed most of their clothing, it being extremely warm.

Improving Machinery

After clearing off the timber, two years later, I seeded the field with clover and an enormous crop was raised. This had to be cut with scythes, raked and handled by hand. The man who could get over one and a half acres per day had to be an expert with a scythe.

Eventually mowing machines made their appearance. Then the hand raking reapers, sulky rakes, horse pitch forks, corn cultivators of various kinds came in their order. These were "God sends" to the toiling overworked pioneers.

The first wheat I raised on my farm I trampled out with oxen on a floor made of boards. The first threshing machine brought into this county, my father ordered from Brookport, N. Y. It was shipped to Detroit, and he hauled the whole concern here on a wagon, being gone eight days.

The machine consisted of a portable horse power cylinder, which threshed out the grain, the straw being raked off by hand. This machine with good luck would thresh 200 bushels of wheat in a day. But it had to be cleaned with a fanning mill afterwards. Then we thought we were "getting out of the woods" and so we were, in a measure, but we were still binding our grain by hand, threshing with horse power, and riding in our lumber wagons.

Finally more perfect machinery succeeded the former imperfect, the old hand raking machine was succeeded by the self raker, and that by the self binder. The horse power machines gave way to steam power until there is scarcely a limit to the capacity of our steam threshers or self binding harvesters.

D. Woodman.

(Chapter VII.)

The process of improving the land called plains or barrens, differed from that of the timbered openings. In place of timber and grubs there were bushes with immense roots, which had continued to grow for ages, the tops being kept down by annual fires.

The ground was full of these obstacles, and it required a powerful team, with an immense plow to eradicate them. Therefore 10, 12, 14 and even 15 yoke of oxen were sometimes used. I have seen 12 yoke of oxen attached to one of the great breakers, that was used in Hamilton and Keeler townships in an early day. What a pity that one of those immense plows had not been preserved, and placed on exhibition at the world's fair. It would not only have "astonished the natives," but people from every nation represented there.

Daniel Webster's old plow exhibited in the New Hampshire section of the Agricultural Department, world's fair, would only have been a baby beside one of our immense breakers. The beam of one of those plows would compare favorably with the beam of one of our old barns. Then the great plow share three or four feet long, kept almost as sharp as a knife. The ponderous coulter, the wheel with its appliances, that gauged the depth of the furrow, the huge clevis, and long heavy chain, that reached forward between the oxen and to which they were attached.

Then the three or four drivers with their long whips, a stalwart man at the handles and the procession was ready to move. When it did move it left its mark, nothing but trees could stop its progress. If the plow became fast, oxen and hand spikes were necessary to liberate it.

After a while the land was harrowed with a great 'V' shaped harrow, the grubs piled up and burned, and in the fall the ground was sown to wheat.

The Land Breakers

Captain Barrett was the earliest and most noted land breaker in the vicinity of Paw Paw. He owned nine yoke of oxen at one time, all were named and well trained in the business of handling the great plows of that day. The captain had a large bell strapped to the neck of one of the oxen which could be heard two miles away, and he claimed it often brought the wearer to his knees, its sound was so heavy.

Of course all breaking teams had to be turned loose at night, and their range was unlimited, therefore large bells were necessary in order to find the oxen the next morning. They might be found one or two miles away, or not found for half a day, as was often the case. To gather up the teams by tramping miles through the wet grass and bushes was no desirable job. Some of the old residents remember the mammoth bent grass that grew extensively on the plains. When small it was relished by stock but soon outgrew its usefulness. Bunches of that kind of grass are occasionally seen each season, but it has lost its former prestige and now it is only an insignficant plant.

At the centennial a bundle of this grass was on exhibition. When an eastern farmer quizzed J. J. in regard to Michigan's great products, especially about their raising ten tons of hay per acre, J. J. took him to this bundle of grass standing twelve feet high. The man then said he would give it up, and admit that Michigan was ahead in the grass line at least.

The Early Pioneers

But about the early pioneers. As I have before stated, that though their first residences were rough and humble, they had to answer the purpose. If they had to climb a ladder to reach the loft in their humble dwellings it was all the same as though they had had winding stairs. If they slept on wildcat bedsteads, their sleep was just as sweet as though they reposed on black walnut. If they warmed their cabins by means of huge fire places and cooked their frugal meals over a blazing fire, or in a dutch or tin baker, the food tasted just as good as if cooked on a sixty dollar range. If their children were rocked in a home made cradle or toted about in a vehicle costing a couple of hours work, they were fully up to the average of those of the present day in intelligence and vigor. If the kitchen had

to answer the purpose of sitting room, parlor, and often sleeping room, it was satisfactory, and a necessity.

Our musical instruments were of God's own invention, our wives and children, and their music was the sweetest and most cheering the early settlers or the late settlers ever listened to. Our wives were their own cooks, chamber maids, dress makers, and milliners, and were able to make up all light family clothing. Though they never did bang their hair or a piano, they did bang the broom, mop and other household utensils around in a lively manner.

Yet with all of their inventive genius they never conceived the idea of substituting a platter or a fig leaf for a bonnet surmounting it with a bird or a beast, and a huge sail.

Teachers and Wages

Our first school houses were rough log structures, often located in the dense forests, and the teacher's salary two dollars per week, in summer, and they boarded around, Yet the scholars made good progress in their studies, quite as good as scholars are doing at present, under the tuition of teachers receiving eight or ten dollars for five days service, of five hours each.

Those humble school houses, were also used for places of worship, or for holding township meetings. No doubt the worship of those early pioneers, though their sanctuaries were humble, made them just as acceptable to our Heavenly Father as though from gilded pulpits, $10,000 organs or reverends, horns or fiddles.

The early pioneers stood upon one common level, they were all neighbors, though miles apart, and the latch-string was always out. We had no tramps, cranks, bummers, or loafers in those days. There were no deadly cigarettes to ruin the boys. Although liquor was almost as free as water, there was little drunkenness, no thieving or house breaking, no robbing of hen coops as at the present time.

Salaries of officers, school teachers, the wages of farm help and the price of supplies fo. the family were governed by the prices of the products of the farm. I once sold 100 bushels of wheat for $40.00 and bought a yoke of oxen for the same money. I do not believe there is a farm in this township whose entire products the past year would pay the salary of one county officer, or the profits of no 3 or even 4 farms would pay the salary of some of our lady school teachers. Only think of our selling wheat at 50 cents, wool at 17 cents and other products in proportion, and continue to pay war price salaries which is unjust and uncalled for. It takes 3 or 4 thousand bushels of wheat or 8,000 pounds of wool, to pay the salary of some of our county officers. Now why this disparity, why this inequality? Why not "make one hand wash the other?" Why over burden tax payers unnecessarily and especially the producing class?

D. Woodman.

Chapter VIII

Conquering A Wilderness

It is well to remember that the early settlers in this vicinity were then with limited means who came here to secure cheap lands, and by the time that was done and a cabin erected their means were exhausted. But the land was theirs. It was not plastered over with mortgages, as many farms are at present.

Hard times they expected, privation they met bravely and cheerfully. They were bound to carve out homes for themselvs and families in this wilderness country.

But the glory of conquering a wilderness belonged not to the man alone. His wife stood bravely by his side, ready to lend a helping hand whenever or however she could. If it was necessary to live in a little log cabin, miles from neighbors, who could only be found by a trail or aid of blazed trees, she was equal to the emergency. If it was necessary for her to walk four or five miles to do shopping, or attend worship, she was always on hand.

But perhaps some one would like to know where the man was all the time. Why did he not hitch the horse to the buggy, that his wife might ride? Why did he not carry her to church or the distant neighbors? Well, he did not for the simple reason he could not. He had no horse and buggy. If he had a yoke of oxen and cart or lumber wagon he was fortunate. But many had not even these conveniences, yet there was love, peace and contentment in the cabin while there was thrift outside.

Mounting The Ladder

The children were as brave and industrious as their parents, and ere long some of them, the young men in particular, left the parental roof to begin for themselves. Many of this class had not a cent to begin with, but by working by the month or doing job work, such as splitting rails, clearing land or grubbing, etc., means were secured to purchase the land. Then keeping "bachelor's hall" was the order of the day with many. While this mode of life was not the most desirable, it was a necessity.

It is a true saying that a child must creep before he can walk, so these young men must commence to climb at the bottom of the ladder. They could not reach the top at a single bound, but must go up round by round. At the foot of the ladder the young pioneer or bachelor built a little cabin necessarily cheap and rude. Its furniture was a mud chimney, a wildcat bedstead, a rough table, a stool, possibly a chair, a kettle, frying pan, tea kettle, dutch oven, a few dishes and bed clothes. This comprised his household outfit.

Then he had his keen axe and knew how to use it. If he owned a yoke of oxen and a cow, he was almost ready to mount the first round of the ladder. Well he is here in the forest. The giant trees seem to defy his bony arm. The old moderator bull frog from some lake or marsh warns him to go out, the catbird says you can't, the partridge says quit, the owl wants to know whoo, hoo, this trespasser is. Finally the blackbird soothes his sorrows by calling him uncle ebert, and the whip-poor-will's sweet notes lull him to sleep.

Thus the days and weeks passed away. The lone man was a kind of Robinson Crusoe. He was monarch of all his surroundings. He was boss and all hands. He was chief cook, house keeper. Chamber maid, wash woman, barber and cobbler, but he was mounting the ladder round by round.

Keeping Bachelor's Hall

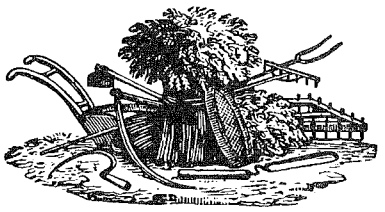
Let not the reader, especially the young men of today, imagine there was much fun or "child's play" in keeping bachelor's hall. If he does let him swing the axe all day (except when he is doing his housework) and I opine he will exclaim "May the good Lord deliver us."

I had some experience in keeping bachelor's hall. In 1839 I commenced in the woods which is now my, old farm (it is now John Woodman's farm and is in the third generation) in south west Paw Paw. I made the first beginning south of the Territorial road, west of the Edwin Barnum place, Joseph Luce had in the fall of 1835 located two miles north of where I built my shanty. This was my nearest and only neighbor. I marked the way to my place from the Territorial road by blazing trees, no road being opened or laid out for some years afterwards. I had nothing except my land and axe at that time.

After a while I procured a yoke of oxen, borrowed my father's plow, harrow and cart. Thus I commenced climbing the ladder, I frequently spent a whole week without seeing a human being, yet I never cut myself with an axe, was never injured by a falling tree, never sick, was always able to do two men's work, and in about fifty years succeeded in mounting a few rounds of the ladder.

Perhaps others are nearer the top than I am, or have reached it, and fell, but I am yet climbing the rounds and have endeavored to do what I could to help make the world better.

David Woodman.



Chapter IX

The First Fourth of July

The first 4th of July celebration ever held in the county occurred in 1838. It was held in an open space in the woods near where the Court House now stands. Among those present was Harmon Van Antwerp, after whom Antwerp township was named. He was a veteran of the Revolution, 90 years old.

A very interesting feature of the exercises was the presentation of a liberty cap to this old soldier, by Miss Rosanna Gremps (now Mrs. Alonzo Shultz), accompanied by a neat address. I think she was then some 13 years old. The old gentleman was very much pleased with this mark of respect shown him. He was the father of Daniel Van Antwerp, with whom

he and his wife came here from York state in June, 1836. The old lady died the next May and was the first adult person who died in the township.

Our First Representative

F. C. Annable was the orator of the day and Rodney Hinckley managed the artillery (anvil). Although there was not as much style or as long a procession as in older settlements, all were brim full of patriotism.

In 1838 the 4th was celebrated in the grove yet standing west of the old Brewer saw mill in Almena. Mr. Annable was the speaker on this occasion, and after the oration it was remarked and seemed to be the sentiment of those present, that he was the man to represent Van Buren county in the legislature. Mr. Annable was accordingly elected in 1842. He was the first representative this county had after it was detached from Cass, although Henry Coleman had at a former election been elected a representative but was not admitted to a seat, it being decided Van Buren county was not entitled to a member.

John McKinney was the first state senator this county ever had. He was elected in 1849.

The First Rifle Company

In 1839, the Paw Paw rifle company was organized with Andrew Longstreet captain, Edwin Mears first lieutenant, David Woodman and W. H. Lee second lieutenants. The commissions of these officers were signed by Stephen T. Mason, governor.

Longstreet was soon after appointed colonel of the 28th regiment. Mears was elected captain and Woodman 1st. lieutenant. The commissions to these offices were issued by William Woodbridge, governor, dated Nov., 1840.

Van Buren county had formerly been attached to Kalamazoo county for military purposes and Chas. A. Stewart was colonel, but under the new organization this country comprised the 28th regiment of the 14th brigade and 7th division of the state militia. B. F. Chadwick was appointed brigadier general of the 14th brigade, thus receiving his military title.

I think myself, A. R. Wildey, John and William Lyle, Urial and Wilson Lee, are the only ones now living who were members of the company. The company numbered 45 men gathered from the several townships in the eastern part of the county. At the outbreak of the Mexican war several members entered the service and the company disbanded.

Harvesting the Wheat

Kalamazoo county, being settled several years earlier than this, and containing several prairies a large quantity of grain was raised there. As we had little harvesting to do at home for a few years, several of us would shoulder our cradles and rakes and march to Big Prairie Ronde in order to earn a few dollars and help gather the harvest.

I worked one harvest for our late townsman, Edmund Lagrave. He was carrying on the widow Daniels' farm at Schoolcraft and had 95 acres of wheat all in a body. A harvesting machine which cut threshed, cleaned and bagged the wheat as it passed along, was operating in that field. It cut a swath eight feet wide, and was hauled by 12 horses. It was not a perfect machine, however, and it did not pay to run it. Andrew Y. Moore, of Kalamazoo, was the inventor of the machine. He went to California in an early day, and it was through his genius that the great harvesters now in use there were perfected. He died in Fresno county not long since, 90 years old.

During the harvest of 1837, I worked for Col. McKinstry, father of our former pension agent, who at that time resided at Schoolcraft. We always received $1.50 per day for work.

Transportation

Wheat and oats grew strong and yielded large crops on the prairie. 40 bushels of wheat and 90 to 100 of oats was not uncommon. Corn did not do well on the new prairie land. After supplying the home market, large quantities of grain had to find a market at St. Joseph on the lake. This market or shipping point was reached by teams and the St. Joseph and Paw Paw rivers.

In 1833 the territorial government, had authorized the construction of roads connecting Schoolcraft, Little Prairie Ronde, Gun Prairie and other points with the forks of the Paw Paw river, near the Agard place, and considerable grain was hauled there from the above named places, then boated down the river, St. Joseph river flat boats coming after the freight.

In the fall of 1835, Elder Hinckley bought a boat and the goods of the settlers of that year was shipped around the lakes and up the river as far as the Monroe place. Later on Lawrence was the head of navigation.

In 1840 I. W. Willard built two flat boats here for transporting flour from here to St. Joseph. The capacity of each boat was about 400 barrels. The boats were the Daniel Buckley, A. R. Wildey, Master, and the Wave in charge of W. H. Halbut. Many of our citizens can remember seeing these boats loaded with flour at the main street bridge. I saw them depart on their winding way the first time they sailed. The boats were assisted on their way by letting the water out of the ponds.

As one views that little stream now they would hardly think such boat loads of flour had ever passed there. Mr. Willard had ox carts on the road hauling flour. From two to four yoke to each wagon making a trip in four days.

Before the Central R. R. was built I frequently hauled my wheat to St. Joseph, at first with oxen, and afterwards with horses. The lowest price I ever sold for was 60 cents. One winter I took 17 barrels of flour down there, could not sell it, had it shipped in the spring and along in the summer received $29 for it. The wheat netted me 34 cents per bushel. That was worse than the price of our high tariff wheat of today. One fall I fatted 22 hogs on corn and sold the lot dressed for $2.50 per hundred.

D. Woodman.

Chapter X

First Township Meeting

Lafayette became a separate township March 11th, 1837, and the first township meeting was held at Dodge's tavern on the first Monday in April following. There were 27 votes cast and 21 offices filled. Seventeen out of the 27 voters were elected to office.

The following freemen voted: Joseph Luce, R. Currier, E. L. Barrett, Peter Gremps, D. O. Dodge, William Eckler, E. Jones, John Barber, A. Buys, John Hughes, E. Mears, L. H. Warner, J. R. Pugsley, Edwin Barnum, D. Thorp, J. Barnes, D. Barber, A. G. Hinckley, H. Gray, C. G. Harrington, R. Hinckley, John Lyle, E. Shultz, T. B. Colton, William Prater, Lorenzo Cate, M. Haskins.

J. H. Simmons was elected to three offices, and two other voters to two offices each. All the voters in the township except ten were office holders. The offices almost went begging. One supervisor, one township clerk, four justics of the peace, three highway commissioners, three school inspectors, three assessors, four constables and two directors of the poor managed to keep the ten private citizens straight and attend to the onerous duties of their several offices.

Myron Hoskins of this place (Paw Paw) and C. G. Harrington of Lawton, are the only ones now living, who voted at that election.

The First Burying Ground

At the second township meeting held April 2nd, 1838, 32 votes were cast, then nearly twice as many voters as officers. At this meeting money was raised to purchase and fence 1½ acres of land for a burial ground, (the old grounds in the north part of the village). This was a timely move, for before the year closed it was needed.

The wife of D. O. Dodge died in 1837, and was the first one who died in the village. She was first buried in the tavern garden, but after the cemetery was prepared, her remains were removed there. All who died in this vicinity for several years were buried in this cemetery. But after other grounds were established, large numbers were removed. At present the old cemetery is a lonely uninviting place.

C. G. Harrington of Lawton is the only one now living whose name appeared on the poll list of those voting at the spring election of 1838. Myron Hoskins had previously moved to Breedsville.

The first white child born in Paw Paw was Simeon Buys, son of Archibold Buys, who then resided near the springs on what is now the north part of J. J. Woodman's land lying near the village. Simeon Buys is yet and I believe has all his life been a resident of this township.

The First School

In the summer of 1836, Melissa Warner taught school in a little shanty located on the west side of the river. 15 or 20 pupils attending. During that summer a school house was built on Gremps street near where John Sherman now resides. The following winter Lorenzo Cate taught school in the new house. This was the first winter school in the village or county. The next winter Frederick Lord was the teacher. Then Doctor Moffit from

Battle Creek.

Among the pupils who attended the first three winter schools were the Woodmans, Grempses, Lyles, Hinckleys, Burnetts, Buys, Longwells, Baldwins and others, myself being one of the pupils.

That school house was a very useful building, being used for religious purposes, court house, elections, lyceums, political meetings, etc.

Courts and Judges

June 7th, 1837, the first circuit court convened in this school house, Judge Ransom of Kalamazoo, presiding, W. H. Reder and J. R. Monroe being associate judges.

The law at that time required a grand jury to be in attendance and one was present composed of the following persons: Peter Gremps, foreman; J. H. Simmons, Joseph Woodman, Rodney Hinckley, Joshua Bangs, Edwin Barnum, John Reynolds, Dexter Gibbs, Joseph Luce, Asa G. Hinckley and E. L. Barrett. There was no business for the grand jury or court at its first session. At the December term, following, one suit was tried, and a verdict of $16.42 rendered for the plaintiff.

The judges which have presided over our circuit court since its organization are Ransom, Green, Whipple, Pratt, Graves, Woodruff, Littlejohn, Brown, Comstock, Hawes, Mills and Buck.

A county court was established here in 1846. A. W. Broughton being the first judge. But that court was soon abolished, and the law requiring the useless associate judges of the circuit repealed.

J. H. Simmons was the first judge of probate, Samuel Gunton, sheriff, D. O. Dodge, treasurer, N. B. Starkweather, clerk and J. H. Simmons, register of deeds. Gunton soon resigned the office of sheriff and Andrew Longstreet was elected in his place. Dodge, treasurer, also resigned and Joshua Bangs was elected to fill the vacancy. I was present at the first circuit court held in the county, and have been present at one or more terms of court held by each of the several judges.

—D. Woodman.

(Chapter XI)

Lost in the Woods

Sometime during the winter of 1836 and '37, Edwin Mears, then a resident of the village, with 2 or three others, went north looking for land. It was somewhere in what is now Waverly township.

During the day Mears became separated from the others, and despite all of his efforts he could neither find them nor his way homeward. In fact, he was lost in the forest. A person in such a condition seems to lose all reason and will disregard unmistakable signs and facts and follow his own will and judgment. This seems to have been the case with Mears. He wandered westward between the Paw Paw and Black rivers, for four days without food or fire.

He claimed he passed the nights curled up in some hollow tree and that he saw a panther pass his retreat one night. He waded streams and must have crossed the Breedsville road in his wanderings.

The fourth day at night he reached Monroe's shanty several miles this side of South Haven where he was found by a party of searchers. He had become nearly wild, his boots were frozen to his feet. But eventually he recovered. His rifle was found by Indians some years later.

The Wild Cat Banks

The fall of 1837 was very sickly, chills and fever in an aggravated form prevailed to an alarming extent and physicians not knowing how to manage it, many died. In fact there were not well ones enough to care for the sick.

During the season of 1838 that visionary scheme known as the wild cat banking system went into operation under a law enacted by the legislature in December previous. The law was so liberal and securities so easily obtained and success so apparent that banks were organized or on the eve of being organized in nearly every village in the state. Even our little village of Paw Paw had its bank almost ready to issue bills when the bubble burst and like the milk maid whose "glowing hopes expired" when she spilt her milk, so the pioneer (would be bankers) visions of wealth disappeared like the shadowy rainbow.

But everything was booming for a while, everything brought round prices and even the boys had their pockets full of money.

Traveling 100 Years Ago

Another visionary scheme of our state was the $5,000,000 loan with which it proposed to build three lines of railroads through the state. How we succeeded in that enterprise is understood by our people.

I had the privilege of riding over that section of the Michigan Central R. R. between Detroit and Ann Arbor when owned by the state in 1841. The rails were strap iron, bolted to a timber, which was fastened to the ties. Occasionally the end of some of these strap rails would become loose, and bend upwards (they were called snakes' heads) and crash they would come up through the car.

I was on my way to Vermont at the time referred to on a visit to the place of my birth and boyhood. I left Paw Paw in October by stage to Ann Arbor. Then by rail to Detroit occupying 36 hours. Then by boat to Buffalo, in 36 hours more. Then by a line boat on the Erie canal to Troy Junction in seven days, fare one cent per mile, all expenses included. Then up the northern canal to Whitehall, thence up lake Champlain to Burlington, Vermont. Then by stage to Caledonia county in that state. A 13 day journey.

I could have saved some time by taking a packet boat on the canal. But traveling at one cent per mile, was cheaper than living at home, provided time was not taken into account. With our present railroad facilities, the same place can be reached in about 16 hours.

I returned home in November over the same routes, occupying about the same time only we rode about 40 miles on a rail, that is, one of the through braces upon which the body of the coach rested broke and we thrust a rail under it, and so bumped along until we reached Jackson.

The Frog Pond in Paw Paw

The middle of November 1843, winter set in and except two weeks in January following it was good sleighing until along into April.

We went to town meeting in a sleigh. I, at the time, voted in Antwerp. The sleighing was excellent with 18 inches of snow on the ground. It melted rapidly soon after, but was not all gone until past the middle of the month. Many of the settlers were short of feed and were obliged to browse their cattle by cutting down elm and basswood trees. Old straw stack bottoms were dug out of the snow for the poor beasts to eat.

Deer were wonderfully tame but very poor and they would come and browse with the cattle. Many of our citizens can remember when a frog pond several rods across, existed between the present Paw Paw M. E. Church and parsonage. Its waters were not 20 or 10 feet deep as is reported, but 3 or 4, deep enough for a home for the festive bull frogs whose music had to be accepted by the early pioneers as a substitute for a brass band.

Many now living remember when that pond was filled up and how John Littlejohn, a brother of the judge, assisted in the work by rallying and leading the citizens in the good work, and many pieces of bad road in the county were repaired through his influence. He had formerly been a Presbyterian clergyman in western New York and was very eloquent and influential. He inaugurated a temperance movement here which permeated the entire region round about, hundreds signed the pledge until a roll 20 feet long was completed. He held a temperance camp meeting in a grove near Nauvoo and a great crowd attended. "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "The Cottage on the Hill" were the favorite songs. I hardly think the courthouse has, since those meetings, ever contained such enthusiastic audiences.

D. Woodman.

(Chapter XII)

First in the County

The first deed on record in this county bears the date of November 30th, 1831. The first deed recorded after the county was detached from Cass was April 7th, 1837. The first mortgage was dated October 13, 1835. The first marriage on record was George S. Reynolds to Rebecca Luke, July 24, 1836, by D. O. Dodge, justice of the peace.

In 1839 there were only seven townships in this county and the total valuation of property, real and personal as assessed, was $473,791.

The first time party lines were drawn was in the presidential campaign of 1840, when General Harrison defeated Martin Van Buren. This was called the hard cider and log cabin campaign. I cast my first vote at the spring election of 1839 and voted for Van Buren for president in 1840, and have voted at every presidential election since, except in 1852, when in California.

Only occasionally do we find a man who voted here in 1840. The two great parties of that day were called Democratic and Whig. This was 20 years before the Republican party was born.

From 1837 to 1852, 95 wolves were killed in the county. The greatest number killed in any one year was 24 in 1839. Bounties to the amount of $923 were paid for their scalps.

A panther was seen in the swamp this side of Lawrence in the summer of 1835, but I think none were ever killed in the county. Bears were quite numerous in southwest Paw Paw one season. Some were killed in the vicinity of Three and Four Mile lakes.

In the fall of 1851 the county was swarming with black squirrels. They appeared to be migrating south. They destroyed much corn near the woods. A good gunner could kill as many in half a day as he could carry. But killing them did not seem to diminish their numbers. Since that time they have entirely disappeared.

County Buildings

The first jail was built in 1839 near where the Alonzo Shutz residence now is. It was built of hewn logs two stories high, was about 20 by 30 feet and the upper story was occupied by the sheriff as a residence. The cost of the structure was $574. Richardson, Avery and Williamson, masons, had the job.

I once startled 15 deer that were lying in a fallen tree top, where the jail was afterwards built. It was not often that so many were seen together. In August, 1844, the court house was completed. Henry W. Rhodes did the mason work and Godfrey and Churchill did the other work. The building cost $4,000.

In 1856 our present jail was completed. It was built by the citizens of Paw Paw as a compromise upon the removal of the county seat question.

Our county poor farm was purchased in 1866. 173 acres at $40 per acre. Our fire-proof building was erected in 1875 at a cost of $4,000. The citizens of Paw Paw contributed one-half of that amount.

The first paper published in the county was the Paw Paw Democrat, in 1843. Its existence was very brief. In 1845 the Paw Paw Free Press was established, and it has been continued under different names and by various parties ever since.

First Citizens of Paw Paw

The first lawyer in the county was A. W. Broughton, who settled in Hamilton in 1839. He was the first prosecuting attorney in the county and received $50.00 for his first year's service.

Frederick Lord was the first lawyer who settled in Paw Paw. He was prosecuting attorney for 1844 and 1845. He was county judge for two years and county treasurer one term.

The first physician who settled in the village was Dr. Levi H. Warner, who came here with his family in the fall of 1835. The first religious meeting ever held in the county (as far as we know) was held in a slab shanty in Paw Paw in April, 1835, by Junia Warner, Jr., a Methodist preacher (father of Elam and Jerome Warner) who were here looking for land. During that fall a Methodist class was organized here with 18 members. All of those have passed away.

The first church built in the village of Paw Paw, or the county, was the old M. E. church in 1844, on the place where the present church now stands. I think Williamson Mason was the first carpenter who settled here. C. G. Harrington of Lawton was the first shoemaker; Craig Buys the first blacksmith; George Smith the first tailor; a man by the name of Baker was the first cooper; Calvin Hawley the first foundry man; J. H. Simmons the first cabinet maker and J. W. Ball the first undertaker.

County Fairs

The first murder committed in the county was in 1853 near Breedsville by a man named Reynolds. I think the man killed was a Mr. Lewis, whose home Reynolds had invaded. The murderer was sent to Jackson for life and died there several years later. Murders are now so frequent in this county that they attract little interest and are accepted as a matter of course.

The Van Buren County Agricultural Society was organized in 1850 with J. R. Monroe as president. The first fair was held in the court house square, the stock being tied to trees, and the court room was used as floral hall. In 1852 the second fair was held on the same grounds. In 1853 it was held at Lawrence. The next year on ground owned by Peter Gremps, south of the Sherman pond and west of the old Lawton road. In 1870 the ground west of the river, now occupied by the Cleveland Bay Horse Company, was purchased and nicely fitted up. Fairs were held there with various successes for many years, but like many other county societies it succumbed to the debt it was carrying, and passed into other hands.

The Van Buren County Pioneer Association was organized in 1872 with J. R. Monroe president. Mr. Monroe was president until his death in 1877. Then Eaton Branch until his death. J. J. Woodman is and has been for several years president. (This was a good many years ago.) The annual meeting of this association is to be held at South Haven June 6th and we hope and expect to see present on that occasion all the old pioneers who can possibly attend. Also the younger people, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of the old pioneers.

D. Woodman.

Van Buren County's First Settler

The first white settler of Van Buren county was Dolphin Morris of Decatur. He was born in Loudoun county in the northerly point of Virginia, August 16, 1798. His father was poor and he was, early in life, thrown on his own resources, and turned his attention to agricltudre. Being sober and industrious he had no trouble in leasing land on shares, and in a few years had laid by a small fortune for that day and age.

March 27, 1823, at the age of 24, he married Nancy Beaver, 18. Three children were born to them there, Samuel, Zarilda and Amos.

In July, 1828, Dolphin, and Samuel Morris, his father, came to the almost unbroken territory of Michigan to see the country. On the first of November of the same year the father and sons, Dolphin, Samuel, John and James, with their families and earthly possessions, started for Michigan to make their future homes.

They arrived at the home of Joseph Gardner, a relative, at Pokagon on the first day of December and remained there for the winter.

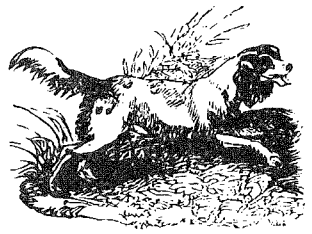
During that winter Dolphin traveled over the country and located land on the south half of section 35, township of Decatur, on the north side of Little Prairie Ronde.

In February he returned to his location and cut the logs for a cabin which he built, and on the 20th of March, 1829, his family moved in.

Here was born, August 4, 1830, Lewis Creighton Morris, the first white child born in the county, but the little fellow lived only until the 20th of December of the same year.

Elias Morris was born May 11, 1832, and he had the distinction for many years of being the oldest living white child born in the county. He died in the village of Decatur near the turn of the century.

Dolphin Morris was one of the original stockholders of the First National Bank of Paw Paw which was organized in 1865.



Chapter XIII

First Settlers

I will now try to give the time of settlement of the several townships in the county, the names of a few of the first settlers, by families and the name of the first supervisor, etc., as far as I am able.

Antwerp was organized as a township in 1837. It was settled in 1835, by the families of Joseph Woodman, Joel Tomlinson, Jesse Abbe, Joshua and Theophilus Bangs, and John Cooper. During 1836 Phillip Moon, John Hunt, Samuel Wells, Anthony Cory, the Harwicks, the Weldons, Van Antwerps, Longstreets, Fitches, Markillies, Wells Gray, John McKinney, Williams, Holmes, Lyon, Lull, Gates, Taylor, Bingham and Surdam settled in the township. The latter is yet living there and Mrs. John Hunt is now residing in Kalamazoo. I believe the last two named persons are the only ones now living who were married and settled in the township during the year of 1836.

The first postmaster was Rezin Holmes, whose residence was on the Territorial road on the east line of the township and county. The first supervisor was M. L. Fitch.

Arlington-Almena

Arlington became a separate organization in 1842. The first settler was William Taylor, followed by Heaths, Harris, Briggs, Bridges, Hard, Dyk-

man, McGeorge, Ives, Stevens, Hogmires, Cochran and others.

In 1839 there were seven taxpayers in the township. In 1844 there were 23. Major Heath was the first supervisor. In an early day there was a postoffice on the Breedsville road in the township and I think the postmaster's name was Gage.

Almena's first inhabitant was Derosier, a Canadian Frenchman. He had a squaw for a wife and they squatted near the swamp, on the Indian trail that led from Grand Rapids to Chicago in 1833.

He was an Indian trader, trapper, a guide and interpreter. This was a camping place for the Indians who traveled over the trail in an early day. Moussean, also a Canadian Frenchman, with a deaf mute squaw for a wife, was a companion of Derosier. Many of our citizens can remember those notables. I think they both died in the fifties.

Jonas Barber was the first actual settler in the spring of 1835, followed by Elder Junia Warner, Jr., his father Junia, Horace Bonfoey, Asahel S. Downing, the Anables, Barnums, Newcombs, Eagers, Abbotts, Burns, Benton, Plunck, Turner, Tonney, Fisk, Mills, Currier, Stevens, Showerman, Markillie, Stoughton, and many others.

In 1836 C. M. Morrill, Livermore, Currier and Brown for some years afterward operated a saw mill, later known as the Dodge mill, Mr. Dodge buying out the firm.

The voters in the town in 1843 numbered 18; in 1844, 34, and in 1845, 54. Charles M. Morrill was the first supervisor. Lawrence Brewer was the first postmaster south of the swamp and Doc. Babbitt north of the swamp.

Bloomingdale-Bangor

Bloomingdale was organized in 1845 but did not become a separate township until 1849. The first settlers in 1837 were the three Myers brothers, their mother and two sisters. Later Ashbell Herron, Robinson, Peck, Hogmire, Humphrey, Smith, Brotherston, Scott, Thayer, Todd, Frary, Lane, Cooleys, Havens, Greaves, Howard, Killefer and others too numerous to mention.

At the first township election in 1845, 17 votes were polled. Elisha C. Cox was the first supervisor and Henry Killefer the first postmaster.

Bangor became a separate township in 1837 with Charles U. Cross as the first settler, followed soon after by John Smith and John Southard. Then Caleb Northrup, Mansel M. Briggs, Daniel Taylor and family and Perry Northrop.

In 1839 there were 8 taxpayers in the township, and the taxes were $22.62. In 1845 the taxpayers numbered 22, among whom were the Kemp brothers, Bancroft, Potter, J. Ball, Charles and Daniel Taylor, Wood, Hoppin, Brown, W. H. Hurlbert.

Daniel Van Auken settled in the township in 1846, Aaron, his father, came the same year, and made his son's house his home. In April, 1850, he became lost in the woods. Though hundreds of men searched for days he could not be found.

The following summer his remains were found at the outlet of Mud lake where he had wandered and was drowned. John Van Auken, a pioneer of 1845 resides on his farm opposite where his brother Daniel formerly lived.

Dean, Ripley, Craft, Kingston, Watkins, Thomas, Williams, Charles and others were early settlers. Mansel M. Briggs was the first supervisor. The first postmaster was Joseph H. Nyman, one of the most enterprising citizens of Bangor village.

Columbia-Covert

Columbia was organized in 1845. The first settlement in 1835 by Elder Hinckley, Silas Breed, Wm. N. Taylor, Samuel Watson, J. N. Howard, Amos S. Brown and William A. Babbitt. In 1837 Knowles, Bridges, Cochrane, D. Manley, and Myron Haskins. Other settlers were the Barbers, Smith, Sawtell, Chappell, Richards, Pike, Bugbee and Moore. Peter Smith was the first supervisor and John Collins was the first postmaster. Taxpayers in 1845 were 24.

Covert's name was changed from Deerfield in 1876. Earliest settlement in 1845 by Benoni Young, Mathias Farnum, Peters, Dobbyn, Fish, Beal, Lampson, McConnell and others. The Packards so well known in the county came later. William A. Dell was the first supervisor. In 1856 there were 20 taxpayers in the township. I cannot say who the first postmaster was.

Chapter XIV

Decatur Township 98 Years Old

Decatur became a separate township in 1845, Porter being detached from it that year. It has the distinction of receiving the first white settler in Van Buren county.

Dolphin Morris, and family from Ohio settled in what is now Decatur township in April, 1829, and for two years they were the only white settlers in the county.

Mr. Morris' log cabin had a historic record. Beneath its roof occurred the first birth and death. In it was preached the first sermon, and in it the first school was taught in the county.

Elias Morris was born in 1832, and now residing in Cass county, is the oldest living person born in the county. Dolphin Morris continued a resident of Decatur until his death in 1870. Many of us well remember the genial countenance of uncle Dolphin, who was frequently seen in our village in an early day.

He was one of the stockholders that organized the first National Bank and for three years prior to his death was one of its directors.

I threshed for Dolphin and Samuel Morris, LeGrand Anderson and A. B. Copley in about 1845, with the little machine mentioned in a former article. Mr. Copley at that time was living with his mother and sisters on the prairie in Cass county. It was on the Dolphin Morris place where his son Henry and wife were so dastardly and cruelly murdered in September, 1879.

In 1836 the residents of southern Decatur were Dolphin and Samuel Morris, LeGrand Anderson, George Tittle, John Eckenberger, H. Swift, Daniel Curry, the Van Hises, Thomases, Scott and others. The northern part of the township had very few settlers until the Central R. R. reached there in 1848. Previous to that time it was our favorite hunting and fishing resort.

Decatur village is and has been since its settlement, a business center, market, and shipping place for the products of the surrounding country. Its citizens have developed much "push" in making Decatur what it is.

In 1844 Stephen Kinney was supervisor. Previous to that date the records of the township are missing. George Sherwood, appointed in 1852, was the first postmaster.

Geneva Township

Geneva did not become a separate township until 1854 being for some years previous a part of Columbia. At the spring election of that year 22 votes were cast. Clark Pierce settled there in 1842, and for two years was the only settler in the township. The next settlers were Eaton, Eastman, Miner, Chappell, Hoag, Hogmire, Bennett, Tubbs, Watson, Davey, Bates, Welch, Lane, Kelley, Phillips, Brooks, Knowles, Shaefer, Lull, and others.

In 1847 Marvin Hannahs of Albion built a saw mill, and the next year a tannery on Black river, and the place was called Jerico for many years afterwards. Nathan Tubbs was the first supervisor.

Hartford

Hartford became a separate township in 1840. The first permanent settler was Fernando Olds, and he moved into his log cabin on January 25, 1837. His brothers, Hezekiah and John came in soon after and Ira and Harry later. Then the Conklins, B. A. Olney, James Spinning, Horace Dowel, the Wilcox family, Johnson, Thomas, the Ruggles family; later the Delongs, Taylors, Fabius Miles and others. Mr. Miles was well known in this county. He built a saw mill on the Paw Paw river, he commenced it in 1844, and continued in the mill business until 1860.

He was a member of the lower house of the Michigan legislature in 1858. The first supervisor was Joseph Ruggles. The first postmaster was James Griffin. The postoffice was established in 1855.

Hamilton

Hamilton. The first land entry in this township was made by Robert Nesbitt, April, 1835. He soon after erected a saw mill on Brush creek, and afterwards a grist mill. James, brother of Robert Nesbitt, settled in the township the same year. Many of us remember his tragic death in his well in 1849.

The Johnsons, Barney, Lumbards, Geers, McClintock, Howell, Hale, Wakefield, Bartlett, Henry Coleman, Marcus Merryman, the Fields, Osborn, Barneys, Philotus Haydon, Captain Hendryx, A. W. Broughton and others were early settlers in the township. Several of the persons mentioned were conspicuous citizens as pioneers as well as politicians.

Henry Coleman was the first postmaster. In the old Brown tavern the office was kept, also a store from 1838 to about 1848.

Keeler became a full fledged town-

ship by the detachment of Hartford in 1840. The first to come into the township was John and James Nesbitt, in the summer of 1824. The next summer they sold to W. H. Keeler, who became a settler there in the spring of 1839. Tobias Byers was the first permanent settler.

The Keelers, Hills, Theodore Phelps, Wm. Earl, Dodge, the Fosters, Hungerfords, Sixes, all settled in the township in 1836 or 1837. James Hill was the first supervisor, W. H. Keeler was the first postmaster. The postoffice was kept at the Keeler place until 1856, then moved to Keeler village.

D. Woodman.

Chapter XV

South Haven

South Haven was one of the seven townships into which Lafayette was divided in March, 1837. It then contained the territory of Bangor, Columbia, Geneva and Deerfield (now Covert).

The first to explore the region where South Haven now is, was J. R. Monroe and he built a house there in 1833. He was a bachelor then and a family by the name of Thomas occupied the house for a time. Then a family named Fink lived there until 1836, then Henry Monroe, a brother of J. R., occupied the house for a short time.

I think it was in 1836 that J. R. Monroe and C. U. Cross laid out a road from Paw Paw to South Haven. The road ran as direct from one place to the other as practicable, crossing the river where it now does, and leading in a northwesterly direction regardless of section lines.

John Reynolds, a Mr. Brooks, and another man had a job of cutting the timber in the roadway for some miles beyond what is now the old Monroe farm. I called on the choppers soon after they commenced their job in the winter of 1836-7. They occupied a "dug out" in the side of a hill all under ground except the front. They had a little stove but no windows in their little cabin, or rather cave. But they were stalwart men and knew how to wield the axe. A grind stone was near at hand, upon which the bright steel was ground and polished.

Such axes and their wielders are few at the present time. But the political axes, ax-men and cranksmen are so numerous at present that they fairly tumble over one another in order to get at the machine. Among their supplies for the inner man was an even half bushel of pork and beans they had just laid siege to. That was the way job or pioneer work was done here 58 years ago. That road was opened and used for several miles, and years, but was afterwards changed to section lines.

First Settlers

In 1838 Daniel Pierce came from Schoolcraft to South Haven with the first horse team that was ever driven there. He was quite a trapper, securing thirteen wolf scalps in 1838, receiving for each a bounty of $13.00. He said he had seen 17 Indian canoes at the mouth of the river at one time.

Late one fall, I think in 1838, a schooner was wrecked at the mouth of the river. Part of its cargo was apples. Some of them were brought here and though they had been frozen, they were a treat to us. In 1841 an effort was made to open a mail route from South Haven to Schoolcraft, but after one trial it was given up as no postmaster could be found at the Haven.

In the spring of 1845, Clark Pierce and family moved into Monroe's cabin and in July following moved into a frame house which had recently been erected. This was the first frame house west of Bangor.

In 1849, the fourth of July was celebrated at South Haven by Clark Pierce, a Mr. Wood, and C. B. Cross with their families, who came down from what is now Geneva.

Marvin Hannahs of Albion sent Capt. J. R. Hendryx and Joseph Sturgis to South Haven in 1852 to manage his business. Mr. Hannahs platted the village that year. Alpha and Nelson Tubbs came there in 1852. S. B. Morehouse and Doctor Hathaway settled there in 1845.

In the fall of 1852, A. S. Dyckman was sent by Everett B. Dykman from Schoolcraft on a trip of exploration down the Black River, the result of which was the purchase of a tract of land by the two Dyckmans of Schoolcraft.

A. V. Pantlind and C. H. Morrill of Paw Paw, Barney H. Dyckman, Rudolph Densmore, J. H. Davis, Marshall Hale, Samuel P. Wilson, Rodney Hinckley, Peter Davis, Uzziah Conger, W. H. Hurlburt, Wm. Dyckman and others were early settlers in the township.

Our genial friend Liberty H. Bailey settled in Arlington in 1842, residing there eleven years, then moved to South Haven. He is one of the great fruit growers of that magnificent fruit belt. Joseph Sturgis was the first postmaster appointed in 1855, but was soon succeeded by S. B. Morehouse. The first supervisor was Perrin N. Northrup. The first school was taught by Miss Ella Barnes in the summer of 1852, seven pupils attending.

Waverly

Waverly was originally a part of the township of Clinch which was the name of one of the seven townships into which Van Buren county was divided in 1837. In 1842 Clinch was divided into two townships, the western one was named Waverly, and the eastern part Almena. At the first election in Waverly after the division in 1842, there were but 13 voters, almost two offices to each voter. Very likely the office sought the man rather than the man the office as at present.

Bloomingdale was set off from Waverly in 1845. In the fall of 1836 M. H., M. M., R. J. and W. H. H. Myers, all brothers, their mother and two sisters located in Clinch. After the township was divided a part of the family became residents of Waverly and a part residents of Bloomingdale. In 1839 Loren Hurlburt and Jacob Finch settled in the south part of Waverly. Isaac Brown, Zera Taylor, Regin Bell and William Murch settled in the township the same year. Philo Herron, Almon B. and Anson Covey located in Waverly in 1841. John Scott located in the north part of the township in 1843. At first he was obliged to bring grists to Paw Paw on his back, crossing the river on a fallen tree sometimes after dark.

Joseph Cox became a settler in 1843. In 1852 he started for California but died in Nebraska and was buried on the plains. Byron Bangs of Paw Paw, son of Theopolis Bangs, died about the same time, and near the same place. They died of small pox. We passed the tent where they died in that then wilderness country.

The Armstrongs settled in Waverly in 1844 and Isaac Spaulding, Peter Valleau and John Reed came the same year. Westcott, Thayer, Marble, Newcomb, Carr, O. A. Breck, the Shaws and Rogers families, J. L. Fox and Benjamin Smith were also early settlers in the township. In 1852 there were 30 voters in the township.

The School House War

The famous school house war occurred in 1854, caused by the attempt to locate a site for a school house in district No. 8. After four changes of the site and the erecting and pulling down of one frame, engendering much bad blood (though none was shed) the matter was finally settled.

William Heald built a saw mill in 1861 at now Glendale, which was afterwards owned by S. H. Jones who is a resident of our village.

The great huckleberry swamp was the resort of the merry berry pickers, Indians as well as white from the region around about. Wading in the water and watching for massassaugers, fighting flies, hornets and mosquitoes, lunching on green cucumbers and cold victuals, lugging berries a mile or more to where the teams were left, then driving ten or a dozen miles to reach home, might be a fair sample of pioneer life. The first supervisor was M. A. Myers. The postoffice first called Lement was established in 1868 with William D. Lane as postmaster.

D. Woodman.

Chapter XVI

Lawrence Township

Lawrence township was organized in 1837, and included Hartford and Arlington. Hartford was set off in 1840 and Arlington in 1841. In June, 1835, Stephen Fountain made a beginning on the west shore of Freeman's, afterwards Christie's, and now Prospect Lake. Fountain was a bachelor and a noted boatman on the Paw Paw river during the years of 1835 and 1836, but disappeared soon after.

John Allen founded the village of Mason, afterwards Brush Creek, and now Lawrence, in June of the same year, but he never was a resident of the county.

John R. Haynes, Thomas Camp, George and John Reynolds, James Grey, Eaton Branch, and possibly a few others were Lawrence settlers in 1835. Israel Branch, Orrin Sutton, Horace Stimpson and Joseph Haynes settled in the township in 1836.

Honored Pioneer Settler

J. R. Monroe, one of Van Buren county's most eminent and honored citizens settled permanently in Lawrence in 1837, though he had been a

resident of Michigan most of the time since 1826, being engaged with General Cass in locating western lands. He continued to reside in Lawrence after his settlement there, until his death in 1876.

I remember calling at Mr. Monroe's little log cabin one cold day during the winter of 1837. His cabin stood near a little brook that crossed the road a little southeast of where the old homestead now stands. Mr. Monroe had recently married and was enthusiastic over the future, when he would have a commodious residence and a family around him. How fully his anticipations were realized, the premises and family of that old pioneer plainly show. Today after fifty-seven years, that little brook seems as young and sprightly as ever while my venerable pioneer sister, Mrs. Monroe and myself and a few others are left as witnesses of early pioneer life and events of nearly sixty years ago.

First Settlers of Lawrence

Urial T. Barnes settled on the farm now occupied by his son, A. U. Barnes, in 1838. A. H., Theodore and N. H. Phelps, H. P. Barnum, R. B. Danks, Nelson and Harvey Marshall, Peter, David and James Dopp, Roderic Irish, Barney and Daniel Evans, Warner Van Vleet, Gen. Chadwick and a few others were early settlers in the township.

The Lawrence postoffice was established in 1837 with Horace Stimson postmaster. John R. Haynes was the first supervisor, elected in April, 1837. Lawrence was the head of navigation on the crooked Paw Paw for several years prior to the completion of the Michigan Central railroad in 1848. J. R. Haynes built a warehouse there and a large amount of business was carried on with St. Joseph by means of the river.

I first visited the place during the fall of 1835. John R. Baker of Paw Paw, after becoming the owner of considerable property in Brush Creek, had the name changed to Lawrence after the name of the township. It is said that on one occasion he directed a stranger to Chadwick's mill, who had inquired for Brush Creek, explaining afterwards that he would teach him not to call his bright little village by the ugly name of Brush Creek.

That old mill is still known as Chadwick's mill. The general said it was called "Chad's old mill" or "old Chad's mill," according to one's fancy.

First Settlers in Pine Grove in 1839

Pine Grove, by an act of the legislature became a separate organization in 1849. There were 27 taxpayers in the township at that time, and the amount of taxes levied that year was $19.07.

The first settlers within the boundaries of the township were Joseph H. Hawks in 1839, and a man named Stone in 1840. No other permanent settlement was made until 1847.

In 1848 Messrs Morrill and Dyckman erected a saw mill known as the old Pine Grove mills. In 1849 besides Morrill and Dyckman, D. C. Lockman, C. B. Palmer, E. Taylor, P. T. Valleaw, J. Waterman, E. B. D. Hicks, U. Stearns, I. and F. Southward, F. T. Bowen, Pettibone, Wolcott, Brewer, Love, Clark, Greenwood, Frary, Brown and others settled in the township.

William B. Clement erected a saw mill in the township in 1851 and in 1852 the Wise family settled there. The Pine Grove mills postoffice was established in 1857, David D. Wise, postmaster. C. M. Morrill was the first supervisor elected in April, 1849.

Pine Grove derived its name from the fact that pine timber grew there extensively and for many years lumbering was extensively carried on there.

The Kalamazoo and South Haven railroad was completed to Pine Grove mills station in 1870. The township was bonded for $12,000 which was contested in the courts as illegal, but in the end the township had to pay $26,000 principal, interest and costs.

Porter Township

Porter township was originally a portion of Decatur from which it was set off in 1845. Both Porter and Decatur were named after those marvelous heroes whose names they bear. The first township meeting was held in April, 1845, when 45 votes were cast.

Abner Mack bought land and made a beginning in the township in 1833, but soon moved away when Milton Van Dusen occupied the place. James who with his wife and seven unmarried children, a married son and a son-in-law, settled in the township that year. Nelson and Sanford Corey both young men, George Wilson and Mathew Lewis, settled in the township in 1836.

The Mungers, Alexander, Moses, Monroe, Maxam, Wilson, Longcoys, Harpers, Locks, Bradt, Markle, VanSickle, Gould, Weldon and Gibson were all among the early settlers in the township.

Judge Monroe was for many years County Poor Commissioner, and his residence was known as the poormaster's house. One day while the judge was at work in a ditch, a tramp or traveling pauper came along with the inquiry, "Where is the poor master's house?" and upon the judge pointing it out, without revealing himself, continued with a look of curiosity, "Do you work for him?" "Yes," replied the judge. "And what does he give you for working?" "Oh, he gives me just what he has himself," was the judge's answer. "Pork and beans, potatoes, Johnny cake and old clothes." "Well," says the tramp, "if that's all a fellow can expect I'll not stop with the old hedgehog," and away he went in the search of more congenial quarters.

Asa Hinckley

Asa S. Hinckley, a pioneer of 1835, who first settled on the George Breck farm west of the village, whose widow 88 years of age now resides in our village, and whose sons, Lyman and Henry, now old pioneers reside in west Paw Paw, was a man of sterling integrity and firm as the everlasting hills in his convictions of right and wrong.

In his younger days he sometimes took something to warm him when cold and cool him when warm. But as he grew older he also became wiser, in fact he struck against liquor of all kinds and in all places. He would not sell a hoop pole if it was to be used upon a whiskey barrel, nor a bushel of corn for the manufacture of whiskey.

On one occasion a man with a bottle of the stuff in his pocket started to ride home with Mr. Hinckley. He spied the bottle and stopping his team, said, "My horses can't haul that whiskey. They won't move another step until that bottle gets out." The man got out with his bottle, then the team moved quietly along. If the men of today had the 'sand' that Mr. Hinckley possessed, the great crying evil of our day would cease.

Canoe Voyage of Gen. Cass

A clipping from an old newspaper giving an account of General Cass's canoe voyage in 1821 might be interesting to your readers, so I will give it to you. It is from a copy of the Geneva Gazette of October 3rd, 1821. The entire sheet is about the size of one page of an ordinary paper, and it was published weekly by Joseph Bogart at $2.50 a year.

As a curious coincidence I may mention that seven columns are devoted to the constitutional convention then in session in Albany. The leading man was Martin Van Buren. A number of merchants advertise their goods, and I noted that iron is seven cents a pound and nails ten cents.

"Sweeny's luck office" advertises lottery tickets, the lowest prize being $12.00, while the highest is $30,000. Philip Church offers land for sale in Nunda and Angelica, and payment can be made in farm produce.

The most remarkable thing, however, in this ancient sheet is the way in which Gen. Cass went to Chicago to hold a treaty with the Indians, and this I believe to be the most wonderful canoe voyage in American history.

Let the reader trace on the map, the following route from Toledo to Chicago, which is thus given in the Geneva Gazette.

"Gen. Cass on his route to Chicago ascended the Maumee to Fort Wayne; from there his canoe was carried over a portage of about nine miles to the head of the Wabash. This river he descended to the Ohio and then descended the Ohio to the Mississippi. The latter he ascended to the mouth of the Illinois, one of whose tributaries approaches within ten miles of Chicago."

The reader will see that in order to avoid a land journey of 300 miles through a wilderness, a circuitous course of five times that distance was endured. In this manner the government agent reached Chicago, where he held a council with the Indians.

The direct journey can be made now in as many hours as it then took weeks, and during the extraordinary canoeing the party probably lived on fish and game. The route took them past St. Louis, and yet this was then the easiest and safest way of reaching their destination.

If General Cass had kept a diary of that journey it would be one of the most interesting things of the kind in our history.

D. Woodman.

Chapter XVII

The Landlord of Lafayette

In my notes on the early settlement of the several townships in the county, I omitted Lafayette, or Paw Paw. Having, near the commencement of my articles, noted many of its early events, I will relate a few incidents connected with the early settlement of the county.

Jesse Abbe opened a tavern in a log house he erected in the summer of 1835. It stood on the south side of the road near the little pond west of the Morgan L. Fitch farm in Antwerp. He was a very devout and conscientious old gentleman, honest as the day was long, and "well, I declare," was a common expression with him.

One night a traveler asked for accommodations over night stating that he had no money but would pay him on his return. Stay, of course you can stay, and pay me when you can. I've had lots of such customers and have never turned any of them away.

The stranger stayed over night, and several days later he called at the tavern and asked Mr. Abbe if he did not remember of his staying with him and not paying his bill. "I don't remember," said Abbe, "Lots of folks have done the same thing. If you stopped here pay me what you please."

After receiving his money he said, "Hurrah for an honest man. Such a thing has never happened before since I've kept this tavern and I have trusted a great many people."

At one time a neighbor came to borrow the old man's oxen. "Haven't any oxen," said Mr. Abbe. "Why, there they stand," exclaimed the neighbor. "Oh!" said the old man, "those are not my oxen. They belong to the Lord, but I suppose if you want to borrow them the Lord will have no objection."

Calling on Mr. Hunt while working in a field of corn, he said, "Neighbor Hunt, this is a fine field of corn, but you don't deserve it for you don't pray enough." "Very well," replied Mr. Hunt, "You pray and I will hoe and we will see which will raise the best corn."

The old man had a lad in his employ who had rather rest than work and he would suggest that they go into the grove for a season of prayer. The old man, pleased with the pious growth of the youth's mind would leave his work and pray with the lad, never dreaming that the young scamp was imposing upon him.

Wherever he might be going or whatever he might be doing when the prayerful spirit overtook him he would stop and pray zealously for a long time, his horse standing by.

In a little shanty not far away was where Mr. Abbe's religious worship was held on Sundays. Mr. Abbe called the place his "little Heaven." As he always went barefoot in summer he would carry his shoes and put them on his feet at the door of his sanctuary.

He once cut some red cedar posts on government land, and on being asked whose they were, exclaimed, "Well I declare, you've got me now."

Marries Bazel Harrison's Son

The first marriage in Antwerp was one of Mr. Abbe's daughters to a son of Judge Bazel Harrison, of Prairie Ronde. My father, then a justice performed the ceremony.

Judge Harrison was one of the first settlers on the Prairie, a kind-hearted old gentleman, greatly respected by all who knew him. He was the ideal in Cooper's story of the Bee Hunter. He died at the great age of 103 years.

My father was something of a hunter in his early days, having on one occasion caught a bear by the hind leg, threw him and cut his throat with his jack knife. That happened more than eighty years ago in the old Green Mountain state.

He once strategically captured a depredator upon his corn field. It was in an early day on the farm where he resided that a wild hog, an old sow, would scale his fence and feast upon his corn always in the night time. She jumped the fence at one particular place, so a deep pit was dug inside of the fence, and covered with some loose material as a blind. The next night the old marauder leaped the fence as usual and landed in the pit. She was lassoed, hoisted out, put in a strong high pen, but she could not be tamed or fattened.

I have had some experience with wild hogs and consider them untamable, hence I almost conclude that the devil which entered into the swine on the shore of Galilee did not perish with the swine but migrated to other swine and yet abides in them.

My father, though he killed the bear and captured the devil's strong hold, (the swine) never was a mighty deer hunter as the sequel will show. He did go hunting once and when a deer came near and stopped he raised his rifle but it refused to speak and away went the deer, upon investigation the hunter discovered he had forgotten to cock his gun.

No doubt many a deer owed its escape to similar incidents or the hunter, being suddenly attacked with "buck fever" at the excitement caused by the sudden appearance of the beautiful deer, would fire wide of the mark, and bounding away would go his venison. —D. Woodman

Chapter XVIII

I. W. Willard, A Paw Paw Character

I. W. Willard, so well known in this county, was very eccentric and often sarcastic, uttering his words in a peculiar tone of voice which made them doubly so. He had a way of his own to do things which he persisted in, often to his damage and discomfiture. His employes soon learned that his word was law in managing his business and all they had to do was to follow his directions.

In 1842 Willard owned the land north of Main street where Ed. Gilman, S. Cox and others now reside. I think he broke the land that summer, his men boarding at my father's. When joking him about being a bachelor, he declared that if he could find a widow with nine children he would marry her, if she would consent. But it seemed the opportunity never occurred, as he lived and died a bachelor.

At one time he said he intended to build a church but neither politics nor religion should be preached in it. But the church was never erected, though he did build a kind of a "tower of Babel" on the summit of Prospect Hill which was confounded and grounded not long afterwards.

A man he had hired on his arrival to commence work found Mr. Willard in his lumber yard. He said to the man "Have you a jack knife?" The man said "No." Willard handed him his knife and said, "Now get a stick and sit down on that lumber and whittle until I come round." The man did as directed without asking any questions being, no doubt, well pleased with this way of commencing his work.

On one occasion his men were loading flour on one of his boats at the west bridge. They were letting the barrels roll down carefully on a kind of a ladder, when Willard came along and said, "Boys, why don't you let 'em go?" The men replied, "the barrels will smash if we do." "I tell you, let 'em flicker," said Willard. One was let go and it did smash sure enough. "You were right, go ahead as you were," remarked Willard, and away he went.

He happened to be in his saw mill one day when his sawyer suddenly shut the gate, stopping the saw. Willard wanted to know why he did so. The reply was, "The spring of the log was pinching the saw, liable to spoil it." "I tell you hoist the gate," said Willard. It was done and the saw was doubled up in an instant. Without saying a word he went up town procured another saw and with the remark "there, put that in," went his way.

At one time when he was farming somewhat extensively, a farmer from Illinois was stopping here for a few days. Willard, while driving him around in his buggy showing him his farm, etc., said, "I have 40 acres of corn on the ground." The man remarked that was not much corn as he had 600 acres on his farm in Illinois. Willard stopped his horse and said, "Get out of my buggy," and he did. That was I. W. Willard, pure and simple.

At one time he had a man trying to plow on his land along the river. The ground being soft in the furrow, the oxen could not travel. "Lick 'em," said Willard. "I won't do it," was the reply, "the oxen are not to blame. But if you will furnish a cart I will plow your ground." "I'd like to know how in the devil you are going to plow with a cart," was Willard's reply. But he furnished the cart, and his man attached the plow beam to

the apex of the cart near the off wheel, thus enabling the oxen to walk on the unbroken ground, and in that way his ground was plowed.

We remember he established a fish pond on the flats back of the hotel barn many years ago. He had an Irishman in his employ at that time whom he managed to give a "souse" in his pond. He had placed a plank over the water so arranged that it would give way with the heft of a man. Soon after when at work there he directed his man to go out on the plank for something which he did, when down into the water he went. Willard seemed to enjoy the joke very much. Not long after he was caught in a similar trap, set by his man. He crawled out of the water and went his way without uttering a word, nor did he laugh this time.

Mr. Willard was a very generous hearted man and liked to do things for people, but did not like them to thank him for any of his donations. One time he had a pig which he butchered, and cutting it in halves, he took it to a poor widow woman. He carried in one half, and she was so effusive in her thanks that he would not leave her the other half as he had intended to do if she had taken the first half and said nothing. That was his way.

Mr. Willard died in April, 1870, and was buried on a mound he had prepared for that purpose and at great expense. It is on one of the highest points in Prospect Hill cemetery. The mound is some six rods across and seven or eight feet high. In the center stands a plain granite shaft about 8 feet high. Near this monument, solitary and alone, lies the body of I. W. Willard. The mound has a driveway around it on the outside of which is a row or hedge of evergreens. Perhaps it is a fitting place for an eccentric confirmed old bachelor. May his soul rest in peace.

—D Woodman.

Chapter XIX

Clearing and Cropping the Land

In 1825 my father purchased a parcel of new land among the hills in the northern part of old Vermont, and there my experience as a farmer commenced, which I followed for 60 years. That was before the advent of labor saving machinery for farm or household work.

Our first clearing was three acres near the house; we called it a 'flat', because it was level, and in that rough country it was quite a field to be level.

My first work was assisting in clearing the land, chopping fire wood, preparing oven wood for heating the brick oven, hoeing in rye or oats, and grass seed on the hill sides, which were too steep to plow.

Small grains were all reaped with sickles and all had to be reaped down the hills as it always leaned that way. These steep hillsides were not valuable for anything but pastures after they were cleared.

Large crops of potatoes were raised on the tillable land, from which starch and whiskey were manufactured.

Spring wheat did fairly well on new land. My father sowed five acres one spring and he had 100 bushels. We reaped it with sickles, threshed it with flails and cleaned it with a hand fan. No other farmer raised as much wheat in the township that year.

I remember one summer we were short of bread stuff, and father went three miles and mowed grass for a farmer, receiving for his day's work a bushel of corn, which he brought home on his back. We had no horses at that time, our team work on the farm being done with oxen. The ox cart, wooden plow with an iron point, the old harrow, scythes, sickles, hand rakes, blacksmith-made forks, hoes, axes, shovels, etc., were the implements with which farm work was done.

Schools and Churches

Elliptic springs for carriages had not come into use. The one horse chaise, wide track wagon and concord coach were the vehicles used for pleasure or business on the road.

I have been to mill many times (after we had a horse) carrying on its back a bushel of wheat or corn, but the practice of putting a stone in one end of the bag to make the load balance, had been discarded before that time.

Our common schools were hives of industry and all expenses were paid by rate bills. A school of 60 or 75 scholars was well managed by one teacher who wrote copies, made pens of goose quills, kept the schools in session six hours each day, 22 days for a month, and received for his services from 20 to 30 dollars per month; built his own fires and boarded around.

The meeting house where I attended religious services was a large one story building built during the war of 1812, with pews about 5 feet square, seats on three sides and a door with a lock on it next to the aisle. Each corner pew was set apart for the poor and the pulpit was elevated 8 or 10 feet above the floor. The doctrine of election or fore-ordination, total depravity and miraculous conversions was taught. Sunday schools and missionary work was yet in the future.

Horseback riding was fashionable and a young man and his girl were frequently seen riding the same horse, the girl sitting on a pillow behind her escort.

Walking was considered a healthy and therefore a necessary exercise.

Few were the young ladies, or older ones who could not walk 5 or 6 miles with ease. A marriage license was not required, but the law required that the bans should be announced from the pulpits of all the churches in the vicinity three weeks previous to the time of the intended marriage. During that time any one having any objections could make them to the parson who was to officiate, who decided upon the validity of the objection. If the objections were overruled then the marriage could take place as intended.

Improving Farm Machinery

When I was a boy in Vermont, the first threshing machine I remember of seeing (except flails) was called a hedge hog. It was a huge log filled with projecting spokes, the inner end fastened to an upright post, while to the other end a team was attached which rolled the thing around in a circle, over the grain placed upon the floor. The straw was raked off and the grain cleaned with a hand fan or a rude fanning mill.

I have seen threshing machines propelled by man power consisting of a shaft carrying a large band wheel which drove a small cylinder. On each end of the main shaft was a crank worked by one or two men.

The next machine in use was the stationary power, after whose pattern the railroad elevators were constructed. The frame or bent which supported the horse power had to be very strong and heavy, requiring 30 or 40 men to raise, yet this huge concern was moved from place to place. It would thresh about 100 bushels a day.

Afterwards came the portable machines which could be moved upon wagons. These had to be lifted from the wagons and staked down before use. To these machines a fanning apparatus was attached but no straw carrier. An 8 horse power machine of this kind would thresh and partially clean from 200 to 300 bushels per day.

After a while the mounted power and thresher with separator and straw carrier came, then we were ready to exclaim "eureka."

But we had not found it, though when we see the traction engine hauling the whole paraphernalia of a threshing machine, march into a farmer's field or yard and thresh and nicely clean one or two thousand bushels of grain in a day and nicely stack the straw, we may almost conclude we have arrived at perfection in the threshing business.

Predictions of the Future.

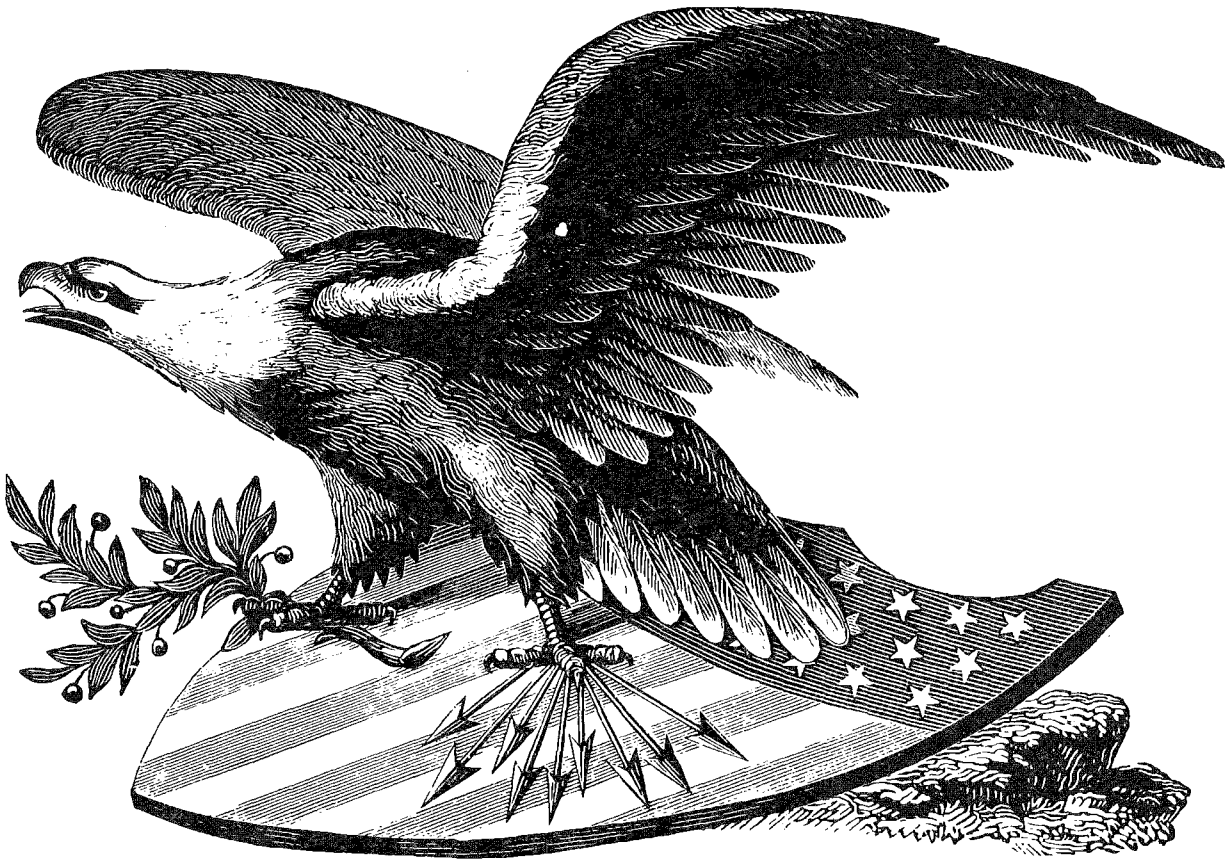
But not so; progression is the order of the day. Electricity is already being harnessed to machinery and is fast superseding steam as a motive power. The scheme of utilizing the lightning that flashes athwart the sky is being discussed by electricians and it is possible the lightning from the sky may be controlled and compelled to drive machinery.

The time will come not long in the future when the great Niagara will not thunder uselessly but will produce lightning that will propel railway trains, street cars, lake and canal boats, light the cities and perhaps haul the farmers' plow and reaper; thrash his grain and propel the family carriage all through the country road about.

Great air ships will be propelled through space by electricity, carrying passengers from place to place with safety. I believe the child is now living who will see all these predictions verified, and more too.

D. Woodman.

The end.



Stephen Decatur and His Time

By Harry Garrett

CHAPTER I

In 1813 a township in Mifflin Co., Pa., was named Decatur, one of the first communities in the U.S. to be named in honor of our country's greatest hero — Stephen Decatur. There are now fourteen states with a city or town by the name of Decatur.

John Valentine, a former resident of Decatur, Illinois, desired to find out all he could about the man for whom his city was named, and so, set about collecting material with the result, that he acquired an interesting assortment of prints, papers and books on the life and time of Stephen Decatur. He gave this collection to the James Milliken University of Decatur, Illinois — now housed in the University library.

The contents of this collection fall into four groups, which, beside telling us about the man, also tells us about the world in which he lived.

GROUP I — PICTURES
3 steel engravings
(a) Young Mid-shipman
(b) Seasoned officer
(c) Mature man — conclusion of his career

GROUP II — AUTOGRAPHED LETTERS
(a) Letter from Stephen Decatur to the Secretary of Navy
(b) Letter from Susan Decatur, Stephen's wife
(c) Letter written by James Barren to his friend James Brown

GROUP III — NEWSPAPERS
Some published in 1811 to 1812 (25 to 30 papers). Example — *The Weekly Register*, Baltimore, Sat. Nov. 30, 1811
"...I wish no herald
No other speaker of my living actions
To keep my honor from corrupting
But such an honest chronicler"
Shakespeare – Henry VIII
Printed and published by H. Niles, Water St., near The Merchants Coffee House — $5.00 per annum

GROUP IV — BOOKS
Among the biographies of Stephen Decatur are the following:
(a) The Life and Character of Stephen Decatur (By S. Putnam Waldo — 1821)
(b) Life of Stephen Decatur — (By Mackenzie — 1846)
(c) Decatur (By Irvin Anthony — 1821)

Often times a man's greatness diminishes with the years, but Stephen Decatur shines with a splendid luster in the biography of 1831 — one hundred ten years later.

GROUP IV — HISTORICAL BOOKS
(a) Naval Biography (By Isaac Baily — 1815)
(b) History of the U.S. Navy (By James Fennimore Cooper)
(c) Histroy of the War of 1812 (By Theo. Roosevelt)

This completes our storehouse of facts scattered through the collection like loose beads, which I will gather up and string together on the colorful thread of the life of Stephen Decatur.

II.

BOYHOOD

"Ann," asked Stephen Decatur the elder of his wife one day, "What do you think of my taking young Stephen with me on my next voyage?" Then when he saw the look of anxiety in her blue Irish eyes, he hastily continued: "You know he has never been very strong, always listless and pale. New interests may give him life and warm sea air may put color in his cheeks."

"Yes," his wife replied, "but—"

"I know," broke in her husband, "You are thinking of the lure of the sea and what it may mean."

"Yes," and the mother's voice trembled, "I have always hoped that our boy might be the first Decatur not to follow the sea. You know his grandfather was a lieutenant in the French Navy, and you were a captain in the American."

"And our Stephen," playfully interrupted her husband, "might become a commodore!"

Stephen soon had his wife in good spirits and when the discussion ended it was settled that the boy was to accompany his father on his next trading voyage.

Ann Decatur was very lonely with her husband and son far away. She hoped with all her heart that her child would return well and strong untouched by the charm of the sea. But she was always conscious of the spirit of adventure and the love for ships that had always been in the blood of the Decaturs. She had often heard the story of Etienne (French for Stephen) Decatur, young Stephen's grandfather who had left his native city of La Rochelle, France to seek adventure in the New World. He had settled in Newport, R. I, and

had married a Newport girl.

Shortly after the birth of Stephen II, the family moved to Philadelphia. There Stephen grew up and entered the Merchant Marine. She thought of the happy days of her courtship and marriage to Stephen and also the dark days of the War of the Revolution. When war had come Stephen had left the Merchant Marine for the Navy where he had served as captain of the warship Delaware and later of the Philadelphia. She remembered the day that he had come home on a leave of absence and said that it wasn't safe for her in Philadelphia, that he had found an obscure cottage on the east coast of Maryland and that they must go there at once. Then her heartbeat quickened as she thought of the days that followed, for it was there in Worcester County, Maryland that her son Stephen III, our hero, was born on January 5, 1779. Now her remembrances became more tranquil, for after the war had ended, her husband had returned to the Merchant Marine and had established his own trading company, thus giving him more time to spend in his counting house, making only occasional voyages across the sea. It was on one of these occasional voyages that he had taken young Stephen while she kept her lonely vigil on the shore.

Stephen came back much improved in health. There was a smart spring in his step and a bright gleam in his eyes. He had sailed under sunny skies where warm sea air swept across the deck; visited enchanted lands; seen strange peoples; measured distances by days and cities by their splendor. The sea had been his playground and ships his playthings.

Now that he had grown into a strong boy it was high time to seriously consider his schooling. His mother hoped that he might become a minister. He was sent to an Episcopal School but he found no pleasure in the class room and his ambition was not for the pulpit.

When he had finished his schooling he entered the counting house of his father's business. Still he was not satisfied. His hands longed to fashion a full rigged ship and his heart heard only the distant call of the sea.

Then one day a way to the sea opened up. Joshua Humphries, a designer of merchant vessels and warships (it was he who designed the Constitution) and owner of the country's largest shipyards offered him a position. It was an opportunity he had hoped for and he gladly accepted. His duties at first were to carry orders to the workmen but his natural talent and love of ships brought him rapid advancement and he soon occupied a place of responsibility.

Stephen's love for the sea and his zeal for ships attracted the attention of influential friends who recommended to John Adams to appoint him midshipman.

Stephen's mother had held fast to a slender thread of hope that her son might sometime give up all thoughts of the sea, even when she saw him drawn closer and closer to it. Then one day she stood face to face with the man who would cut that thread. John Adams had come to talk to her about the appointment. It was no easy task to take a mother's son from her and send him to sea on a dangerous career. But John Adams was a wise and understanding man. He talked to her kindly and sympathetically until finally she gave her consent with a brave smile but a fearful heart.

That day Stephen Decatur's boyhood ended. He stood on the threshhold of a brilliant career full of adventures and dangers which he met fearlessly and heroically.

CORRECTIONS

We regret that mistakes should have crept into the first chapter of Mr. Garrett's interesting story of Commodore Decatur. This letter from him names them and those who are saving the series for their scrap books are requested to make the corrections at once.

I am well pleased with the nice job you did in arranging the first installment of "Stephen Decatur." The heads and sub-heads stood out as I would have them.

However there are a few corrections in the text that might be made in case someone wants to keep the article for reference. I don't know if you consider it worthwhile to make them or not. I will give them to you and you can insert a paragraph if you see fit.

Group II—The name "Mottinean" should be Cottinean.

Group III—Under Treasury, "Receipts for 1911" should read "Receipts for 1811."

Group IV—"The Life and Character of Stephen Decatur by S. Putman Waldo—1921" should read 1821.

A few lines further down, "the biography of 1831" should read the biography of 1821.

In the last paragraph, "I will gather up the things together," should read I will gather up and string together.

Sincerely,
Harry Garrett.

III

RENOWN

"Man overboard!" rang across the deck of the frigate United States. A young midshipman sprang over the rail to the rescue. For this expendable deed he was made a lieutenant. Thus did Stephen Decatur, for it was he who made the rescue, mount the first rung of the ladder of fame.

When peace came after the Revolutionary War, Congress decided that there was no further need of a navy. Accordingly all warships were ordered to be turned into merchant vessels or put up for sale. In June, the last one was sold. The young country was then without a navy to protect its growing merchant marine. Consequently its ships were plundered by every country that sailed a warship. Congress finally became aroused and on March 27, 1794, authorized the construction of six frigates, the largest type warship then built, of which three were completed, the United States, the Constellation, and the Constitution—the first three warships of our modern navy. It was on one of these, the United States, that Stephen Decatur first sailed as a midshipman and on which as we have seen, he received his first advancement.

American shipping continued to be plundered by the sea powers of Europe, France being the chief offender. She even seized ships lying in home ports. The only way to stop this aggression was to build a strong navy. So on April 30, 1798, Congress created the Navy Department with Benjamin Stoddard as the first Secretary of the Navy.

The naval force continued to be strengthened. Merchant vessels were bought and armed. New warships were built. The U. S. warship Delaware commanded by Lieutenant Decatur's father, captured the French schooner, LaCroyable, the first capture made by a ship of the new navy.

Soon America had enough warships to convoy its ships of trade. France began to respect the new navy. In battle its officers were fierce and daring; in victory they were kind and considerate. A French captain who had captured an American ship addressed its captain as follows:

"Captaine you see dat I now use you ver' well, Le Diable! I ver' much fear dat I be take myself by some dem Americaine ship, and I pray Captaine, do tell de Americaine officers dat I treat a you ver' well, so dat dey may treat me ver' well ven I be prisoner, too."

In 1801, after two years of this undeclared war with France, peace was made. The new navy had been successfully launched and Lieutenant Decatur had proved his qualification for greater service to his country in the years that lay ahead.

No sooner had the French menace been disposed of, when trouble developed in a new quarter—the Barbary States on the north coast of Africa. For years they had preyed on European trade and now they began seizing American ships.

America didn't propose to stand for it. A squadron under Commodore Dale was sent to the Barbary Coast. Lieutenant Decatur was assigned to the Essex and his address to his men when they sailed cogently shows his fearlessness and patriotism:

"We are now about to embark upon an expedition which may terminate in our sudden deaths, or perpetual slavery, or our immortal glory. The event is left for futurity to determine. The first quality of a good seaman is personal courage, the second obedience to orders, the third fortitude under suffering; to these may be added an ardent love of country. I need say no more—I am confident you possess them all."

This was the first American squadron ever to enter the Mediterranean. It arrived off the Barbary Coast and blockaded the port of Tripoli.

Commodore Dale was recalled and a second squadron was sent under Commodore Truxtum, with Lieutenant Decatur on the frigate New York. A strict disciplinarian, he was appointed to instruct and discipline the under officers and seamen.

After a brief absence, he returned to America and was given command of the brig Argus, his first ship as commanding officer. He sailed in the Argus for the Mediterranean where,

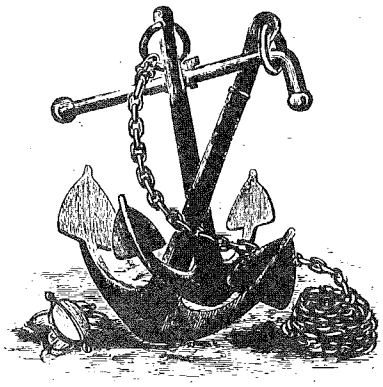
upon his arrival he was transferred to the command of the U. S. Warship Enterprise, joining Commodore Preble who had been sent over with a third squadron.

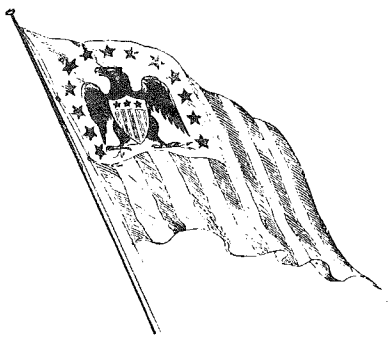
While operating with this squadron, there occurred an incident that brought renown to the navy and made Lieut. Decatur a hero. The American frigate Philadelphia had foundered on a rock near the port of Tripoli, and the Tripolitans had towed it into the harbor, repaired it and added it to their navy. It now lay at anchor a quarter of a mile from the Bashaw's palace. Lieut. Decatur conceived the bold plan to enter the harbor at night and destroy it. The plan was approved, and with seventy tars he set out on his dangerous mission. He quietly slipped into the harbor full of enemy warships and under the guns of the forts on shore reached the Philadelphia, boarded her, over powered the crew, set fire to the ship and escaped without the loss of a man. The story of his brave deed swept round the world. Lord Nelson proclaimed it "the most daring act of the age." For this deed he was made captain at the age of twenty five.

The war with Tripoli went on. Captain Decatur was given command of a division of six gun boats, carrying six guns and two hundred forty men. With this small force he attacked a Tripolitan division of nineteen gun boats with fifty seven guns and seven hundred sixty men. The enemy was severely beaten, but Captain Decatur nearly lost his life. His brother James, who was a midshipman, had been treacherously slain by a Turk. Captain Decatur was determined to avenge him. In a single boat with nine men he charged the whole enemy line, found his brother's slayer, a powerful Turk, who charged him with a heavy iron-spiked pole. Captain Decatur broke his sword, and wounded in arm and breast, fell to the deck with his adversary. Another of the enemy had raised his sword to strike when one of Decatur's men, Reuben James, who had lost both arms, interposed his body between the lifted sword and Decatur's head, and saved his captain's life. In the meantime Captain Decatur had managed to get hold of his pistol and shot the Turk just as he was drawing his dagger.

With Tripoli now effectively blockaded and every Tripolitan ship that put to sea either destroyed or captured, the Bashaw was ready to negotiate. In June 1805, peace was signed ending further molestation by the Barbary powers of shipping the world over. The Pope at that time said: "America has done more for Christendom against the barbarians than all the powers of Europe combined."

Physical courage and bravery brought Stephen Decatur renown.





Death of Charles M. Rawson

1857-1943

Charles M. Rawson died Friday, January 29, at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. He had been in failing health for a couple of years, but the immediate cause of his death was a fall on the walk in front of his house in which he broke his arm. That was three weeks ago and he was unable to recover from the shock of it.

At the time of his retirement from business about a year ago he was dean of the street. He had followed the bakery and restaurant business all his life and had operated the Kandy Kitchen adjoining the Republican office nearly forty years. He built the building and kept it open to the public as long as his health would permit. In his more active years it was one of the busiest places on the street. Charlie's sandwiches were unbeatable.

Charles M. Rawson was born in New York December 13, 1857, making him 85 years old on his last birthday. His father, Silas M. Rawson, moved his family to Decatur about the year 1860, and left them to answer Lincolns call for soldiers in the Civil War. He served through the war as a veterinary, and following the war was an active citizen of this village until his death at the age of 87.

Charles remembered when the brick were piled out in the street for the building of the three-story building now owned by L. G. Stewart and occupied by Gale's hardware. That was in 1863. He had a brother Frank who died when a young man, but is well remembered by the few who knew Decatur in the sixties and seventies. He also had a brother Albert who became a well to do resident of the city of Chicago and died a few years ago..

Mr. Rawson was first married to Etta Foster of Sturgis and they were parents of one son, Lyle, who died in 1918. He married Catherine Mahoney in 1908 and she passed away in 1937. During his last sickness he has received the best of care in his own home from his brother-in-law, Thomas Mahoney, and Mrs. Mahoney.

Funeral services were held in Holy Family church Monday morning at 9:30, Father Philip J. Cook officiating, and burial was in Lakeside cemetery.

THIS WEEK

The Republican wishes its readers a happy, prosperous, glorious and hilarious 1943.

We do not mean to send out all of these joyous wishes in the beginning,—on New Year's Day. We are not unmindful of the tremendous job our nation still has ahead of it, and of the great sacrifices our boys in the service still must make for home and country. We cannot be over joyous with conditions as they are.

But in the above wish is implied the prayer that 1943 will see the end of this cruel war by the utter defeat of those dictator ruled countries that would destroy the peace and progress of the world.

With the restoration of peace WITH victory there will come in every town, city and gathering place in the United States such an outburst of joyousness as was never before seen by our liberty loving inhabitants.

And the boys will be coming home, yes, the boys will be coming home. From every point of the compass, from every camp in the Union, from the farthest ends of the earth, the boys will be coming home. Will it not then be a glorious 1943, will we not shout till we're hoarse, and wave the flag till our strength, but not our enthusiasm, gives out?

And we will sing in our joy the song of that grand old band leader, Patrick Gilmore,—

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peel with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Charles II

IN MERRIE OLD ENGLAND

Thomas Mahoney received last week a letter from his nephew, Capt. Dr. Thomas Howland, and it came from "Merrie Old England."

Capt. Howland had just landed overseas in a small country town called Sudbury. He wrote that the living quarters are adequate, the food is good and there is plenty of it.

For various reasons he cannot tell when, where and how he arrived in England nor is he able to tell anything he has seen there.

He says, "Will write later and discuss jolly old England a bit."

His address is:

Capt. T. A. Howland
0464895
108th Gen. Hosp. APO 513
c/o Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

Henry VI

Edward III

Stephen

MARY McCAY

The McCay Family of Early Decatur Days

Mrs. Anne McCay Boggs has given the Republican the story of the McCay family, in response to a request for it in the paper of May 25. We are grateful to be able to record it and make it a part of the history of Decatur. From its beginning before the Civil War to the present time this village has turned out many citizens who have gone out into the world and made records creditable to their home town. None of them have accomplished more and under greater handicap than John and Mary McCay. Their sister, who has favored the Republican with this record, has done as well and was saved from the affliction of blindness. Our thanks go to Mrs. Boggs for her fine letter which will be especially pleasing to the considerable number of people at home and in all parts of the United States who, like herself, keep in touch with the home of their childhood and youth through the Decatur paper.

Mrs. Boggs was a graduate of the Decatur High school in the class of 1883.

Ogden Livingston Mills, a prominent lawyer of New York, served a number of terms in congress, was a captain in the first World War with the American Expeditionary Force in France, was treasurer of the National Red Cross, under Secretary of the Treasury under President Hoover from 1927 to 1932 and Secretary of the Treasury from 1932 until President Roosevelt took over on the 4th of March, 1933. He succeeded to the Secretaryship when Andrew Mellon was sent to London as U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain.

New York, June 24, 1944.

My dear Mr. Moulton:

I have read your comments on the Anthony Mc'K'ay family in the Republican of May 25.

I am Anne McCay Boggs, widow of the late Wm. J. Boggs, an attorney, Secretary to the late Congressman and Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden L. Mills.

We lived in New York and Washington. My brother and sister John and Mary McCay were not born blind. Wrong treatment resulted in blindness—quack doctors in those days. However, when traveling in Iowa, a doctor operated on one of John's eyes with the result that he had quite a bit of light—very useful. Sister's eyes were destroyed. She could see only lightning.

They were graduates of the Michigan School for the Blind, where they studied music — piano and voice. Brother had a great sense of humor.

They decided to give concerts and entertainments.

Miss Keables of Decaur, who studied piano in Conservatory of Music, Chicago, was greatly interested and many evenings invited them to her home to give them the benefit of her training. She and her friend, Miss Davis, vocalist, and John and Mary gave a concert in the Town Hall.

I had a good voice and we were advised and it was intended that I be trained for the stage and travel with my brother and sister.

After graduating from high school I went with brother and sister to Wisconsin. Many were the happy memories of Wisconsin. Among them, in Racine, a gentleman came to our hotel and said: "I knew your father in Marshall, Michigan, and I want you to spend Christmas at my home." (Father had been in the grocery business in Marshall.) He sent his sleigh for us Christmas eve. It was such a pleasure as we could not go home.

They placed in all the front windows of their pretty home large lighted candles. There were banks of snow outside. I never forgot that scene.

In Madison, after singing to a capacity house, we were entertaining the Nuns in their Convent, when a telegram came announcing Father's death. No train until morning.

We came in on the Kalamazoo accommodation, accompanied by two cousins from Chicago. There was a crowd at the station, and as we arose, the lovable Mrs. Thomas, on the train bent over and kissed us.

Dr. Baker met John and hurried away with him. Friends from out of town took Mary and myself.

I remember that Father sold table linen for a time, purchasing from Marshall, Field and Co., Chicago. The bag was light colored, firm and heavy material, the same went over the shoulder for support. Mrs. Thomas, wife of the hardware man, was one of his town patrons.

Father had 80 acres of land in Cass county and 80 acres adjoining the Canning farm. He gave the rest of his life, several years, to his farm next to the good Canning family, where he sold timber, cultivated the land and raised vegetables, etc.

While there one day in March he fell ill. His faithful dog ran to the road and barked for help. Men passing in their wagons got out and followed the dog and found Father and took him home. He died the next day. The Catholic Chapel was not large enough to accommodate all who came to his funeral.

Then Mother was all alone, so it was decided that I study shorthand. Mother sold her farm and went with me to Oswego, New York, where I studied under Prof. Tanner for six months. John and Mary entertained there and in that territory.

So many happy remembrances of Decatur. John and Mary were singing in Joliet, Ill., where John secured for me a position with a prominent law firm. I was their law stenographer and reported all their law cases in the courts. Mother sold her home and we moved to Joliet.

May I tell you, Mr. Moulton, that our home in the lane south of the school was a six room cottage—four rooms downstairs and two rooms and hall upstairs. 3 outside doors, and a 150 foot lot.

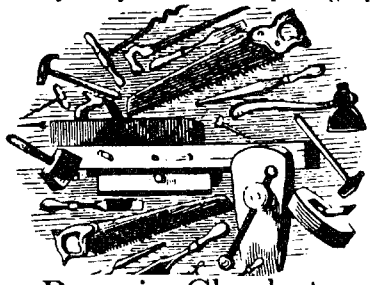
Several years ago I was out West, stopped off in Decatur and walked with a friend past the same house in the lane. We had a happy musical home. Father and Mother sang ballads in the home circle.

Father taught us that "money does not make the man." I called to see dear Dr. Rose in his office. He said: "Anna, if John comes back, I'll pack the Town Hall for him." He had a broad smile as he recalled some of John's jokes.

John and Mary lived in New York and traveled in the New England states, where they were well received and made many lasting friendships. I have many, many Press notices. A Boston paper said:
"They are so graceful***they are fit to appear in any society."

They were in pretty evening dress. They sold their photographs in concerts. Recently, I've been sending what is left where they would be appreciated. A lady in Marshall, Michigan, wrote me::

"I heard them when I was a young girl. They were so handsome, full of talent and gentility that I never forgot them. And now after all these years I should contact you and have for my very own their photographs.



Born in Charleston

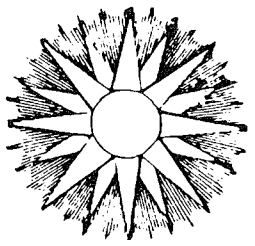
The story of the picture of the Warner school pupils in 1882 printed last week brought memories of his childhood days to Guy Calbetzor.

Harry, Albert, Oliver and Steve Calbetzor attended the Warner school in Volinia when they were children, in 1882.

Guy Calbetzor was born in 1877 and did not begin school there until the next year. Charlie Warner was his first teacher.

The Calbetzors lived in Charleston, on the corner in the center of the town. The building was formerly the hotel, think it was known as the Tittle house. Reuben Calbetzor bought it and his family lived there ten years or more.

Reuben Calbetzor was a carpenter. He came up here from Ohio with his folks and his father is buried in Crane cemetery. Reuben was in the Civil war and after the war came back to the old home. He built the pretty farm house at the end of the road where Ezra Rutherford lives. He tore down the Charleston school house and helped build the Warner school house.



JAP COLONY IN DECATUR

Becker and Company, in negotiation with the War Relocation authority and the war food administration, have brought Japanese to Decatur to relieve the labor shortage.

Ninety-nine of them arrived the sixth of September and will stay until the harvesting of celery is completed. They came direct from McGehee, Arkansas, a relocation center where they have been under government supervision since the first of September, 1942.

They were evacuated from California by order of the Western defense command. The older ones born in Japan are aliens and the younger ones, born in this country are citizens, and citizens and aliens alike were evacuated. A native of Japan is prohibited by law from applying for citizenship.

Some of the members of this colony were residents and property owners in California when the war broke out, and some are the heads of families who have sons in the service.

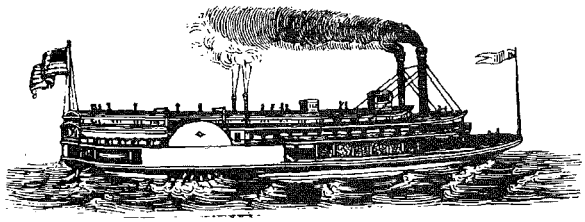
Paul Shimada is manager of the camp. He was born in America and is an American citizen. He has been in Michigan over a year and in East Lansing nine months working at the MSC. He is also a share cropper on land in Davidson and Clarksville. He has two brothers in the service, one at Camp Forest, Tenn., and the other at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Shimada has been active in community affairs and has served as a member of the Boy Scouts of America fifteen years. He is 27 years old, unmarried and is classified as 2/c for army service, which means that he is rated as essential for agriculture and deferred.

He has been an Eagle Scout 12 years and served in all capacities of leadership. While in Arkansas he was a district scout commissioner for the Relocation center.

While there he helped to organize the community activities and recreation for 8,500 people and later served as junior administrator assistant to the chief of community services. Dr. J. V. Hunter was the chief of community services. He was formerly a missionary in Japan and is well known among church leaders as an active worker in the peace movement. Dr. Hunter is to speak at a peace conference in East Lansing some time this fall.

The Japanese colony at the Becker farm has contributed $50 to the Decatur war fund drive now in progress. Decatur's quota is $1,700.



TRAGEDY OF THE LADY ELGIN

By James Chamberlain
615 East 2nd Street
Fort Worth, 3 Texas

The tragedy of the Lady Elgin, as were so many events of the middle of the nineteenth century, was closely related to the disputes between the North and the South over the issue of slavery.

In 1854 Joshua Glover, an escaped slave was captured in Racine, Wis., but was freed by the enraged populace of that city and sent by means of the underground railway to Canada. These and other similar events had produced widespread excitement throughout the state and caused many acts of violence. The state authorities including the courts defied the Federal authorities in enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law, and would free runaway slaves whenever it came within their power to do so.

Now in Milwaukee's Irish ward, commonly known as the Bloody 3rd, and Democratic almost to a man, there was a military company known as the Union Guards. When Governor Randall, a states rights Republican, asked the captain of the Union Guards what he and the Guards would do if called upon by the state officers to aid in enforcing state edicts in opposition to the Federal authorities as regards the Fugitive Slave Law, the captain replied that we would stand by the Flag of the United States. Whereupon the Adjutant General of Wisconsin took away the arms from the company and disbanded it.

But the Union Guards, being Irish, resolved not to take it lying down, and resolved to buy their own equipment. So on September 6, 1860, they engaged the steamer Lady Elgin for an excursion to Chicago to attend a Democratic rally, hoping to realize enough money from the passengers' fares to buy equipment for the company.

It was on the return trip near the vicinity of Waukegon that a Chicago bound lumber schooner, Augusta, bore down upon the Lady Elgin. A storm had risen and the excursion boat was steaming against the wind showing bright lights which were clearly visible at a considerable distance. For some unknown reason the captain of the Augusta did not alter his course, but crashed the excursion boat amidships, then drew away and continued to Chicago without trying to learn of the extent of the damage he had inflicted, or to render aid.

Most of the 385 persons aboard the steamer went down with her or were thrown into the lake, many grabbing pieces of wreckage to keep afloat. Many people came from Evanston and other surrounding towns and watched the people struggling for their lives in the water.

The hero of the disaster was Edward Spencer, who made 16 trips from shore and saved 17 people but was finally overcome by his exertions. His last words were, "Did I do my best?" A grateful university erected a bronze monument to commemorate his heroism. 287 out of 385 persons aboard the steamer perished.

Late in the fall of 1860 the Augusta sailed into the port of Milwaukee to spend the winter, to be repainted and to be renamed the Captain Cook. The friends of the victims of the Lady Elgin tragedy resolved to destroy the schooner. The owners of the Augusta, on hearing of this resolve, immediately left Milwaukee with the schooner and sailed several years as a tramp boat on the Atlantic ocean.

O. Humphries, one of the owners of the schooner, had taken his wife and young daughter on board with him when he left Milwaukee, but returned with his family to Milwaukee in the spring of 1861. Years passed. His daughter grew to womanhood and married a captain of a lake boat.

One day he asked her to go to the pier at Milwaukee to meet an old friend. When she arrived at the pier, she saw the old Captain Cook with a fresh coat of paint. Meantime if any surviving friends of the victims were in Milwaukee, they had forgotten their enmity.

I surmise that the steamer was named Lady Elgin in honor of Lady Elgin, wife of Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada at that time.

Your friend, Jim.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

Mrs. Ira Cole has furnished another account of the tragedy of the Lady Elgin which she had filed in her scrap book. It was taken from the Kalamazoo Gazette of September 8, 1943, the anniversary of the sinking of the steamer. The Gazette story which was sent the paper from South Haven, implies that the date was 1861 but we are quite sure that the date 1860 as given by the writer of the above store is correct. In fact the Pioneer History of Michigan verifies the date of 1860.

The story submitted by Mrs. Cole:

South Haven.—What was considered the greatest loss of life in the history of shipping on the Great Lakes occurred 82 years ago September 8th, when "The Lady Elgin," a sidewheel schooner, went down in Lake Michigan with a loss of 300 of its 400 passengers.

The ship sank off Winnetka, Ill., after colliding with the schooner Augusta, conveying a cargo of lumber from a Michigan port to Chicago. The Augusta, which did not sink, was repaired and used for many years as a lake carrier. The ship, however, carried another name after the accident.

The sinking of the Lady Elgin was the subject of poems, long ago forgotten, and popular ballads. One of them written by a Chicago printer and entitled "Lost on the the Lady Elgin," was heard in theatres and music halls over a long period of years.

Adelbert Doebert, the last survivor of the disaster, died in Milwaukee in 1921, aged 89 years.

SURVIVED A RUNAWAY

Charlie Sibley is too much for the old horse yet, and we are glad of that, but he is getting along in the years where he ought not to be taking chances. This note explains the situation:

I am not kicking up my heels much yet, since recent accident, but walk about with crutch, and can move arm.

Old horse ran away, throwing me out of wagon, wheels passed over right arm and leg. Thankful no bones were broken. Dr. Greenman called me a super-man. Must be as nothing seems to finish me. C. B. Sibley.

Visit Home Town of Their Youth

Two well-groomed midde-aged men called on the editor Sunday afternoon and put it up to him to identify them. With a little coaching from them it was done and a pleasant visit followed. In fact, the visit was so pleasant that the time slipped away rapidly in the comfortable room inside, but not so rapidly to their wives waiting in the cold in the car, and they came in to join in the talk over old times.

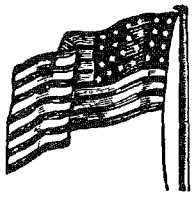
The men were Lester Bungart of Grand Rapids and Charles H. Herrington of Kalamazoo. As young boys they lived a couple of miles west of this village. That was forty to fifty years ago.

Older residents will remember John Bungart and his family. They lived where Charlie Mumaugh now resides, and it was then the Frank Selby farm. The children were Del., Pete, Lillie, Ed., and Lester. The death of the parents occurred but a short time apart and the children moved away in 1901. The father was killed in a train accident when they lived on South George street in this village.

When Charlie Herrington was a school boy his family lived on the Linderman farm just outside the village limits, and they moved away 45 years ago.

The visitors drove out to the places where the men once lived, and met

several old residents who remembered them. They greatly enjoyed the trip and said they would come again. Lester Bungart thinks so much of this home of his youthful years that he decided to keep in touch with it by subscribing to the Republican.



LETTERS

CAPTAIN HAYDON'S CIVIL WAR DIARY

Sgt. Harold Zaehringer
Barrack 113, Sect. 1,
111th AAF Base Unit,
Langley Field, Virginia
17 June 1944.

Arba N. Moulton, Editor,
The Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.
Dear sir:

I am interested in a feature of your paper called "The Civil War Diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon." What I should like to know is where you are obtaining the material: that is, do you take it from a book that has been previously published or have you the original manuscript?

If it is from a book I should like to know when, where, and by whom it was published; if it is from a manuscript I should like to know how I can get back issues of your paper in order to have the complete diary—if that is possible.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing how I first happened on your paper. I work in the same office as Dick Bailey who is, as you know, from Decatur, and a regular subscriber to your newspaper. From time to time I see his paper—whenever it gets out of his pocket which is rare—and it was during one of my glancings that I saw this diary.

If you can answer my questions without too much trouble, I should appreciate it greatly and shall look for an answer at your convenience.

Yours respectfully,
Harold F. Zaehringer.

* * *

—Answer—

Because of the increasing interest in Captain Haydon's diary and because of similar inquiries which are made from time to time, we are answering Sergeant Zaehringer's letter through this column.

They are small pocket diaries, each one numbered and dated. They are 3¾ x 6 inches in size with yellow sheepskin covers. The plain ruled paper is yellow with age, but the clear writing, partly with pen and partly with pencil, is all legible. Some of it is rather dim but so far we have been able to read every word of it.

When it is realized that they were written day by day, in the camp or on the field, while dodging the enemy or preparing for battle, and that they were begun 83 years ago last April it must be recognized that they are a valuable addition to the history of the Great Civil War.

Had we realized their worth at the beginning, we would have struck off each week at least 100 copies, but as it is there are no back copies except the Republican's files.

The Diary has been running now 55 weeks, a little over a year, and we are not yet half way through it.

The first installment of the Diary was published in the Republican May 27, 1943, and an installment has been printed every week but one to the present time.

In the introduction to the series was printed the following explanation,—

Charles B. Haydon was a son of Philotus and Mary Adelaide Broughton Haydon and was born in Brandon, Vermont, in 1834. The father came to Michigan and located his homestead in 1836, and the wife and little son came on the following year. The homestead is located in Hamilton township, 7 miles west of Decatur, and is still in the Haydon name being the home of the soldier's niece, Miss Ione Haydon.

Charles attended school in the country and studied two years in the University of Michigan, from 1855 to 1857.

A RELIC OF 1844

By R. T. Treen

In the window of the Decatur Republican I have put on display a Whig political campaign badge worn 100 years ago. This is probably the only one this side of the Allegheny mountains, and possibly the only one in existence.

In those days it was more generally the custom for men to wear their party campaign badge than at present, and torchlight processions would march through the streets shouting their campaign slogan—which in this case was,

"Hurrah! Hurrah! the country's risen
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen."

In the previous campaign in 1840 the Whigs nominated Wm. Henry Harrison, fondly called "Old Tippecanoe," who was born in a log cabin, hence the log cabin on the badge, for Harrison was the father of the Whig party and the campaign slogan was, "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." The badge says,—"For Old Tippecanoe in 1840."

My father and grandfather were both Whigs, and as a boy I heard many reminiscences of those early days.

They had two main political parties, the Whigs and the Democrats, also a third party calling themselves the Liberty party. They were the radical wing of the Whig party, their issue being the abolition of slavery, which was a big controversial issue in those days, and the Whigs were opposed to the further extension of slave territory, but soft pedaled on abolition, which explains the slogan, "No Annexation of Texas."

In 1844 the Democrats nominated James K. Polk for president and the Whigs Henry Clay. The Liberty party nominated James G. Birney. Henry Clay was not elected as he only carried 11 states with 105 electoral votes, while Polk carried 15 states with 170 electoral votes. Birney did not carry any.

It is interesting to note, that out of 2,636,311 popular vote of the two main parties Polk's majority was only 38,175.

New York, and most of the northern states were strongly Whig, but Birney polled enough Whig votes to throw the state of New York, and the election to Polk. New York's 36 votes would have given the election to Clay.

Perhaps a little review of the political history of that period will interest those who rushed through American history in their schooling. The Whig slogan of "No Annexation of Texas," may not be understood by many.

At that time all our present territory of Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, Wyoming and California belong to Mexico. In 1835 the Americans drove the Mexicans out of what is now Texas and formed a republic. The southern states, and the Democrats in particular wanted to annex Texas, as it would strengthen their vote in the congress and give them additional slave territory.

The Whigs opposed the annexation of Texas and nearly all the northern states were strongly Whig, and opposed to any new territory that would increase the power of the Democrats and extend slavery. One result of Polk's election was the annexation of Texas the following year, Dec. 29, 1845.

Without going into details, the war with Mexico was one of the results, and in the settlement the U. S. took all our present western territory mentioned above, and much against Mexico's protests established the southern boundary along the Rio Grande.

In the settlement the U. S. paid Mexico 15 million dollars in cash, and assumed 3 million dollars of debts due from Mexico to United States citizens.

Just for a moment stop to think what our country would be today if all our vast western territory with its enormous resources had remained to Mexico or fallen to some foreign power—say Japan. Yet the Whigs and other conservative elements of that day bitterly opposed, not only the annexation of Texas, but the acquisition of all that territory, claiming it worthless.

F. W. Fifield of Early Decatur Days

The big hill 2½ miles south of Decatur over which the New Swamp road takes the traveler into Volinia township and Cass county is com-

monly called Fifield hill after the man who lived at the foot of it in the eighties and nineties.

Before it was known as the Fifield hill it was Chavileer hill, named for the equally prominent farmer who lived in the same place a generation before him. Fifty years hence it may be known as the Loeser or Masura hill or some other name for a leading citizen of the community, or it may again take on the name of the first settler.

Francis W. Fifield lived in the 3 story house at the foot of this hill only ten years, but so indelibly did he impress his character upon the community that his name is still familiar to most of the people of Van Buren and Cass counties.

Last fall Elmer Adams, then secretary of the Decatur Masonic lodge, was asked for information about Mr. Fifield and the letter was turned over to his grandson and name sake, Frank W. Lanning.

This letter from the inquirer is self-explanatory:

Birmingham, Mich.
September 26, 1944.

Mr. Frank W. Lanning,
Decatur, Mich.

Dear Mr. Lanning:

For a number of years I have been working on a history of the Masonic Lodges in Oakland County, Mich., and biographies of the charter members of these Lodges.

Francis or Frank W. Fifield was a charter member of Waterford Lodge No. 98, and on May 26, 1885 became a member of Decatur Lodge, No. 99.

I have gathered some information about him as follows:

He was born in Ogden, N. Y., April 10, 1821. He was a farmer and stock raiser by occupation and came to Michigan in 1838 settling at Waterford, where he lived until about 1883 when he removed to Decatur. He was a school inspector of Waterford for 23 years, Justice of the Peace for 12 years, Supervisor 9 years, State Representative from Pontiac 1863-65 and worshipful master of his Lodge for 22 years.

I have just found that he is buried in Four Towns Cemetery at Waterford. The date on the monument is 12-2-1893. There are also the following:

Joan: Mar. 12, 1820—July 25, 1909; Newell: April 24, 1849—Oct. 24, 1859; Frank, Jr.: June 24, 1855—October 22, 1856; Antoinette: July 14, 1847—June 24, 1850; Samuel: January 1, 1845—October 9, 1845.

Is this the list of all of the children? How did he happen to settle in Decatur? Any other information that you can give me will be appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
Charles Fey, R. 3,
Birmingham, Mich.

P. S. Brother Elmer Adams, Secretary of Decatur Lodge gave me what information he had since your grandfather came to Decatur, also your name for which I thank him.

Mr. Fifield lived in Waterford, Oakland county, 45 years. He attained prominence there, serving his county as a representative in the state legislature during the Civil War. At the age of 62 he left his old associates and came over to Decatur. His grandson could not answer the writer's question as to his reason for moving, but he evidently saw better prospects in this newer country.

In 1864 Mr. Fifield embarked in the mercantile business in Waterford, which he carried on with excellent success until his removal to Decatur. At one time he owned 4 schooners on Lake Huron and was largely interested in navigation. The farm he owned south of town consisted of 360 acres. It is interesting to note that the Masonic lodge to which he belonged in Waterford is No. 98 and the Decatur lodge to which he transferred is No. 99.

Jefferson, a Great American

By James Chamberlain

The month of April was the birth month of what I deem the two most outstanding examples of the plus and minus characters in modern history.

The English language has no expression that would adequately fit that arch demon, Hitler. His vile actions defy definition. He has taught the Germans that they are a superior race, and that he is the supreme earthly being. Substituting Hitler for Bonaparte, I quote Jefferson, "The day will come when a just posterity will give to their hero the only preeminence he has earned—that of being the greatest of the destroyers of the human race." What year of his military life has not consigned a million of human beings to death, to poverty and wretchedness? What field in Europe may not raise a monument to the murders, the burnings, the desolation, the famines and miseries it has witnessed from him?

The antithesis of this indescribable evil is the author of much that we are fighting to preserve "American life and ideals." He taught that there is no superior race, all men are born free and equal.

Lincoln said, "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of a free society, and yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success," and again "Soberly it is no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation."

These facts are many times multiplied in our country today and will be further emphasized in the post-war period. Although Jefferson was the antithesis of Hitler, Jefferson had his conquests, but they were conquests of truth over error, of reason over prejudice, of wisdom over violence. Victories of the mind. Triumphs of patriotism and philanthropy.

Jefferson's plus activities were varied. He was an architect, scholar, inventor, scientist, statesman, politician, lawyer and philosopher, but above all he was a friend of his fellow man—a friend in the sense described by a boy: "A friend is a fellow that knows all about you and likes you for all of that."

Jefferson's hobby was liberty and he worked and wrote to establish freedom for the masses in every possible form. Worldly honors rested very lightly on his shoulders as is shown by his own epitaph in which he mentioned no position of public trust, not even that he served two terms as president and refused a third term. "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom and Father of the University of Virginia."

Our departure from the principles and the complexities of our post war problems should make every American try to steer his course of conduct according to the map charted by Jefferson and I most solemnly urge my fellow men to go to the libraries, get some books of Jefferson's life and

WALTER BROWN SEZ-

I was talking with that fellow who bought the Cap. Beebe house and I told him I thought Cap. Beebe built that house. He was living in it when I came here in 1870 and it certainly is a well built house.

I remember Cap. Beebe, why certainly. I think he was a Civil War soldier. I derived that opinion because he was always called Cap. He was a big heavy-set man anyway, if that has anything to do with it. Cap. Beebe was once the postmaster of Decatur in an early day. I think he was. He had a boy, Scott Beebe, I think he grew up to be a lawyer here, I got that impression, but maybe I am mistaken. I never knew him personally.

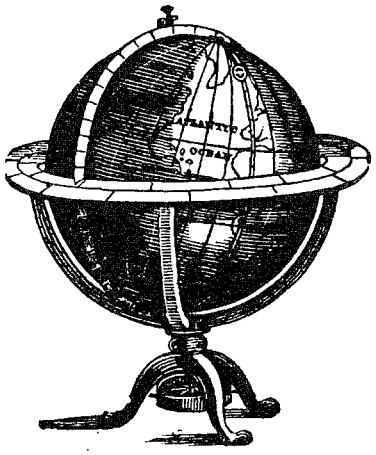
Malita says that Max Morlan is getting better so that he can do quite a little. He had a stroke but I've forgotten when, several years ago I guess.

Walter came to town last Thursday morning. Mrs. Harley Smith (Malita) brought him. The walk from his house on Wheeler street to Main street is getting a little too long for him. He said his head ached most awfully, to be polite in his remarks about it.

When Walter left he said, "I'll be down again between now and Christmas. He was greatly pleased to re-

ceive a message of good cheer from Mrs. Kimble of California, who was his neighbor in Decatur many years ago.

The Beebe house was known for many years as the Squier house, and then as the Upfield house. It is now the Wolff house. With its fine location on a high elevation, and setting well back from the road it is one of the picturesque places of the village.



Christian Scientists Contribute Much To War Effort

During the three months ending December 31, 1943, the Christian Science War Relief Committee, with headquarters in Boston, shipped 123,825 garments to England, Russia, French Relief, and Greek Relief, and to Czech Refugees in Canada, bringing the total number of garments distributed since September, 1940, to 1,611,916. During the last three months 74,108 garments have been distributed to our armed forces, making a total of 233,634 since January, 1942. The needs are constantly increasing as with the extension of our war fronts and the opening up of occupied zones, more refugees are pouring into our distribution centers. Often these refugees have only the clothing with which they escaped.

A new addition to the war relief work has been the preparation and supplying of "Survivor Kits" to escort ships. These kits contain all that a rescued man needs,—a suit, underclothes, shoes, shirt, sweater, etc. Local committees collect the garments and send them to Boston where the kits are made up and supplied to convoys.

Camp Welfare work is carried on by 132 Christian Science Wartime Ministers, and over 350 volunteer workers, who look after the spiritual needs of the men and women in the camps both at home and in the war zones.

Eighteen Christian Science chaplains have been commissioned by the Government, at least ten of whom are serving abroad. One of these has been decorated for extraordinary bravery under fire, when he brought in two wonuded soldiers from the battle front.

LETTERS

BAD LUCK IN SLY FAMILY

530 Huron street,
Niles, Michigan.
March 25, 1944.

Dear Friend,

Enclosed you will find a money order for $4 for mine and Lute's Decatur paper. A streak of bad luck has overtaken the Sly family. Last week Eleanor had the intestinal flu, and yesterday a boy slammed the school door on Evelyn and knocked her out. It cut her leg so badly the doctor took 5 stitches in it. And last night I had a bad ketch in my back so I had to go to the doctor for a treatment, and I have to go back at 10 o'clock this morning.

We are going to have a fine Victory garden this year. We have an acre of ground and are making the best garden we can.

I hear from Lute about once a week. He is well and happy, but he would like to be at home again.

Well, Arba, this is a typical day for March, and as it is almost time for me to go to the doctor's I will close, and please send Lute's paper to the same place.

I see by the paper about how many boys Van Buren county sent out. Niles sent out 450 and only 10 were turned down. I for one will be glad when this conflict is over.

I said to Luther, shall I send the money in for the Decatur paper? He said, "Sure, we can't get along without that paper." On Thursday evening after he gets home he don't want to do anything until afer he reads it from cover to cover.

Yours truly,
Mr. and Mrs. Luther Sly.

Their son Lute is in the Navy. He has been in a year or more. He was home on furlough a few months ago and came to Decatur for a visit. He likes the military life. His address is,—

Luther A. Sly, H A 2/c, USMC
Camp Mathews,
San Diego, Calif.

SOJOURNER TRUTH AND THE QUAKERS

Marcellus, Mich.,
March 27, 1944.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

Your reference last week to Sojorner Truth calls to my mind a number of incidents in her life that I learned while living in Battle Creek.

My sister, Mae Rose Schoetzow, my husband and I were in Oak Hill cemetery in Battle Creek in 1935, attempting to locate the graves of our Quaker relatives who were removed from the old Quaker cemetery on Fremont street to Oak Hill in 1891 and 1892. We saw that the grave of Sojourner Truth is in the same block as that of the C. W. Post mausoleum. Her grave is diagonally across the intersection of E. Center street and 5th street, from the Warriner lot where Quaker relatives of my father, Ray T. Streeter, are buried. Two Atkinson aunts and an uncle married into the Warriner family.

Sojourner Truth first identified herself with the Quaker meeting in Battle Creek because of their common cause, abolition of slavery. She had a lovely singing voice and it irked her greatly because the Quakers with their almost silent meetings, did not allow her to sing and speak as much as she wished. After a while she joined a Free Methodist church just outside the city on old Harmonia road. There she was free to sing and speak to her heart's content.

At present the Sojourner Truth stone is a shaft about four feet high and perhaps ten by ten inches in size. However, a fund has been accumulating for some time to erect a monument to her memory, for which the last I knew nearly a thousand dollars had been collected.

The Quaker organization was always known as a meeting and their church a meeting house. The Quakers of Battle Creek worked diligently in the cause of Abolition and aided many a slave escaping to Canada via the "underground" railway route.

My mother's grandmother, Mary Anne (Dennis) Mallory, of Maple Grove, Barry county, was a cousin of Erastus Hussey, long a most prominent and foremost worker in the cause in Battle Creek. He secreted many runaway slaves by day to send them on to the next "station" at night. A daughter of Mary Anne (Dennis) Mallory, Mrs. Isaac Mott, and her husband were active in the movement, and their home at Pontiac, Ill., was a "station" on the route that eventually came up through Calvin and Volinia townships in Cass county, thence to Schoolcraft, Climax, Battle Creek, and Canada. Many exciting events occurred along the way from the southern states to the shores of Canada on the Detroit river and the lakes.

In reference to the removal of Quaker graves to Oak Hill cemetery in 1891 and 1892, they leased their grounds on Fremont street, where their meeting house and burying ground were located, to the city of Battle Creek for 99 years for a city park. In this removal of graves, there were three relatives of my father, his grandfather, Thomas Atkinson, his mother Rebecca (Atkinson) Streeter, and his baby brother, Caleb H. Streeter.

Thomas Atkinson, his daughter Rebecca Streeter and her little son, now rest in one grave under the old fashioned stone of Thomas Atkinson, who died in 1866.

Mary E. Willison has aptly written:

Poor little old church of the Friends,
should the spirit move you to speak,

What tales of these people you'd tell,
how valiant they were but how meek.
Do you see those sober-garbed folk,
divided, the left and the right.
Who would scorn to indulge in contention, yet championed the truth against might?
With what silence, on the straight bench, they awaited the word from above,
Each soul with the Lord, in communion, received his own message of love.
They were meek, ah yes, before God,
I their humble obedience extol—
Yet, no power, even though of the state, could command the dictates of the soul.
Now their noble example is vain unless, we, with a purpose sincere,
Seek the word of the Lord in our day and act with a conscience as clear.
Little church, though your windows are dark, and your doors are blackened with age,
Yet a glory shines round you, about you, as I turn back your history's page.

Fannie (Streeter) Brigham.

A POEM TO DAD

Mrs. Wm. Parish copied this poem from a letter written by Ivan to his father, Will Parish. She added in a postscript, "I thought you would like something from Ivan, he doesn't write often." We are indeed glad to have the poem and to print something from this Decatur boy in the service. Ivan isn't such a young boy. He has seen about 30 summers, but he is one of the boys nevertheless. His fond thoughts of his father prove that. Little do we realize what the boys are thinking when out among strangers and foreigners on the field of battle.

The stars at night shine down upon them when they sleep in the open, and darkness encompasses them in the lonely tents. There they lie till sleep relieves them of thoughts of sadnes and homesickness. You miss the boys,—you from whose homes they have gone, but you may little realize how much they miss you.

Sad and lonely thoughts are difficult to overcome, but we can help the boys to overcome them with cheerful letters and light remembrances, and we can buy a bond occasionally to help insure their quick return.

Ivan Parish has been in the army nearly two years and he may often wonder if he will ever see Decatur and the folks at home again. This is what he wrote:

Dear Dad:

Here is a piece of poetry you may think a lot of and seeing I am off duty tonight I am sending it to you. It's my sentiment.

SAY, DAD!

I'm thinking of the years back there,
When we were a happy companionable pair,
Though this year we are farther than ever apart,
Remember this, Dad, there's part of my heart
Back there with you. That part will stay
Until I return and claim it some day.
With a pat on the back and a handclasp firm,
You wished me good luck and a speedy return.
Smiling was tough as you told me goodbye,
And I knew right then that for you I'd try
My darnest and work so that I could be
The kind of a man that you saw in me.
But, Dad, if only your far away son
Could do just half of the things you've done
He'd be so proud for he knows it's true
That there's no finer man in the world than you,
And nothing would make that son more glad
Than to be able to see you and say, "Hi, Dad!"

I send to every one my best love.
From your son overseas,
Pvt. Ivan W. Parish.

His address is:
Pvt. Ivan W. Parish, 36198274,
APO 512, c/o Postmaster,
New York, New York.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

June 9, 1944.

I found the following verses in an old book, the author's name is not given—

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

In Genesis the world was made;
In Exodus the march is told;
Leviticus contains the law;
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again
We're urged to keep God's law alone;
And the five books of Moses make
The oldest writings that are known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads;
In Judges oft the Jews rebel;
We read of David's name in Ruth,
And First and Second Samuel.
How bad the Hebrew state became;
In First and Second Chronicles
Another history of the same
In Ezra captive Jews return.

And Nehemiah builds the wall;
Queen Esther saves her race from death,
The books, "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith;
The Psalms and David's song of praise;
The Proverbs are to make us wise;
Ecclesiastes next portrays
How fleeting earthly pleasures are;
The Song of Solomon is all
About the love of Christ; and these
Five books "devotional" we call.

Isaiah tells of Christ to come
While Jeremiah tells of woe;
And in his Lamentations mourns
The Holy City's overthrow.
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
And Daniel foretells Kings of old;
Hosea calls men to repent
In Joel blessings are foretold.

I will send the rest of the verses next week. —Nellie Truesdell.

5 William the Conqueror

LOYOLA HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND

Captain Thomas Howland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howland of Decatur, is a member of a hospital unit intsalled in a village in the Midlands, England, and a reporter for the Chicago Sun writes of it as follows:

The deer park of a magnificent sixteenth century estate here in the heart of England's richest dairy country has become a virtual Chicago suburb. It is the site of the U. S. Army general hospital sponsored by Loyola University of Chicago. The unit's personnel includes more than 300 Chicagoans.

The thousand bed hospital is located 100 miles northwest of London where no air raid alerts have been ordered for more than two years. The hospital staff numbers 57 officers of whom our Dr. Howland is one, 5 Red Cross girls, scores of nurses and several hundred enlisted men, most of whom are from Chicago.

The hospital may be moved into Europe after the invasion is well under way.

Dr. Thomas Howland sent this poem from England to his wife in Chicago and she sent a copy of it to his parents in Decatur,—

Lines To An Absent Husband

My dear, the house is spick and span
Since you are gone, untidy man.
No necktie dangling from a chair,
No muddy footprints on the stair;
My ash trays, I am proud to state,
Are every one immaculate;
And when I dash upstairs to scrub,
There is no ring around the tub,
No socks left lying on the floor,
No shorts hung on the bathroom door.
This is the way a house should be,
I've always said—but, well you see,
The clock has stopped; I can't persuade it
To run the way you always made it.
The door to the garage will not work,
The percolator will not perc.
My kitchen knives are dull as care
Without your expert touch, and there
Is no one to praise my lemon pies
Or comfort me with soothing lies,
Such as "Of course you're not too fat!
Sweetheart I like you just like that."
A house, I find though spick and span
Is not much fun without a Man.

—S. L. Foster.

Gordon Graham, Super-Killer of Japs, Commissioned In Field

By Harold Sharpsteen
in Kalamazoo Gazette

There was no special ado around the Michigan Central depot the morning of May 5, 1941, when Gordon H. Graham, window trimmer's assistant, boarded a train with other Kalamazoo selectees, bound for Fort Custer to enter the U. S. army.

There was no welcoming committee on hand to greet him the other day when he returned home after an absence of 34 months... just his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle L. Graham, 3007 West Michigan avenue.

But you couldn't blame people for not venturing out of doors the day he arrived home, unless necessity demanded it of them, for it was a bleak, miserable March day. One of the most gloriously wonderful, bleak, miserable March days Gordon Graham says he ever experienced in his life.

He was home again, all in one piece.

To those who chanced to notice him at all, as he greeted his dad and then smothered his mom with kisses, he was just another youth home on leave from somewhere or other... and just a second lieutenant at that, to those who may not have known that second lieutenants still head the list of U. S. line officers killed in action in this war.

They had no way of knowing they were looking at another of Kalamazoo's fever-drained, bullet-marked survivors of the famed 32nd Division's bloody New Guinea campaigns, or that this boyish, good looking second lieutenant had won his bars for repeated conspicuous action under fire.

They did not know that after all line officers of his company had been killed or wounded during a bitter day's fighting that he was one of the acting buck sergeants who rallied their battered attack forces and finally shot and slugged their way through Japanese defense lines to capture the strategic, pill-boxed village of Buna.

Nicknamed 'Flash Gordon'

"Flash Gordon," men of his platoon nicknamed him that day, and the name stuck.

Bystanders at the depot had no way of knowing they were witnessing the homecoming of a Kalamazoo youth who was one of seven men in his platoon still standing on their feet when the Japs finally gave up at Sananda Point.

They could not see the scar of a shrapnel wound his neat-fitting uniform hid from view.

There was no way for them to know that after months spent in hospitals in Australia, recuperating from shrapnel wounds, six recurrent attacks of malaria and injuries to his back, he was finally invalided back to the states and was now a convalescent patient at the army's Percy Jones general hospital at Battle Creek.

To them, this trim-looking, clear-eyed youth was probably a specialist of some sort, certainly not the Sgt. "Flash Gordon" who on December 10, 1942 ambushed and killed four Jap marines with one clip from his M-I rifle. Maybe it would be best not to tell them everything.

Perhaps it would be better if they never knew how during his first days under fire on New Guinea he was afraid he would never be able to go through with it. How he wept, and fired his rifle blindly into tree trunks trying to bolster up his morale at the sight of buckling knees and cries of pain from his pals as they crumpled to the ground and lay still.

It was probably best that his parents should never know that the day finally came when he would laugh and curse the first Jap sniper he shot out of a tree during the drive on Buna. How gradually he learned to hate and to kill, as he saw comrades of long-standing fall beside him.

"I wasn't such a bad sort of a kid, as kids go," said "Flash" as he looked back in pleasant retrospect upon his school days in Kalamazoo. "I wasn't what you would call churchy, but I managed to keep out of mischief.

'Live Close to God'

"Most of the boys in my company were like me. It must be generally true with American boys fighting on all world fronts today."

But, sooner or later, he says, the grim realities of war change a youth's former views on life. He grows into manhood over night. When you go through hell, day after day, you see and do things that just can not be put into words. You've got to actually see it to feel it, he says.

You don't think of the horrors of war, as such. As soon as you have lost a few close friends, you find yourself getting fighting mad. You become saturated with an almost insane desire to get at the enemy and tear him to pieces.

You feel that to live you must kill. You eat and sleep with that thought foremost in your mind. It stays with you, day after day, night after night, he says.

Months later, in July of 1943, when troops were being organized in Australia to renew the attack in Northern New Guinea, Gordon was among the first of surviving 32nd Division veterans to be selected to face the Japs again.

He was the same Gordon Graham, who only a few years before, used to drop his eyes and blush a little whenever passing classmates from Kalamazoo Central happened to catch him red-handed changing costumes on the bloodless manikins that graced Gilmore Brothers big display windows.

"Yet, in the midst of it all, soldiers at the front live close to God," says Gordon. "God comes to men in the foxholes and they pray for divine help to carry them safely over the rough spots.

"Men in the front lines pray because they feel the need for praying. Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike. They all pray. And they make no bones about it.

"Maybe they will curse a blue streak in one breath and pray with their next," he went on, "but you are apt to do a lot of strange things when you are lying there clutching the ground, hoping to God they will miss you."

Wounded and Sick

Except for receiving shrapnel wounds in his neck, a victim of recurrent attacks of malaria fever, tropical ulcers and foot fungus, the Kalamazoo youth likes to think he went through the Southern and Northern New Guinea campaigns "without a scratch."

Then, during his convalescent days in Australia, hundreds of miles from any battle front, the fates of war played a queer trick on him. While sitting on his cot in a tent, he was struck in the back by a heavy wedge of wood which tore through his tent siding. Outside men had been dynamiting tree stumps in a nearby clearing.

The injury sent him back to the hospital for another 10 days.

Lt. Graham went to Australia with the 32nd Division as a rifleman replacement in Milwaukee's K company of the 127th Infantry Regiment.

He entered the lines in the Buna sector, November 29, 1942 when his regiment went in to relieve units of the 126th and 128th Infantry Regiments.

"I didn't recognize any Kalamazoo boys as they came out of the lines. They were a tired and haggard bunch and most of them had grown full beards," the youth said.

Six days later, during the attack on Buna village, he took over command of his rifle platoon when all of its officers were lost. He was one of the non-coms of K and L companies that finally broke through and captured the village. He also took part in the capture of Buna Mission and was still with his regiment fhen Sananda Point fell, one of seven men of his original platoon left to be flown back over the Owen Stanley mountains to Port Moresby when it was all over.

"One Jap pill-box, covered by a half dozen snipers sitting in nearby tree tops can sometimes hold up an entire company of infantry for days," the Kalamazoo youth said.

Snipers and Pill-Boxes

"We usually advanced into the jungles in squads of 12. Our first job was to hunt out the snipers. Whenever we encountered a sniper, we usually found a pill-box somewhere nearby.

"The tough part of it was, they just sat still and waited for us to do the closing in. We had to attract their fire first, before we could locate their camouflaged positions.

"Jap pill-boxes usually stuck out of the ground about three feet, but they were covered with sandbags and logs, and hidden by leaves and branches. The firing slit was about eight inches high and three to four feet in length.

"Trying to locate and destroy one of those things in the thick jungle underbrush was no picnic.

"Troops fighting in Northern New Guinea today are receiving support from both Australian and American heavy artillery units. That support was lacking during the early campaigns in the south," Lt. Graham said. "It gives the ground forces a lot more confidence.

"But, the fighting is rugged, nevertheless, and it is an entirely different type of combat because the troops are fighting in mountainous country and in areas where the Japs are well established."

Nearly a year after he had helped capture Buna, Lt. Graham, stricken with malaria during the northern campaign, was sent back to the village to enter a U. S. evacuation hospital. He found the former jungle-locked area alive with activity, with warehouses and supply depots in full operation and the area lined with improved highways and airstrips.

Lt. Graham left Australia December 23, 1943 and spent Christmas and New Year's at sea.

Following several weeks in the army's Hammond general hospital at Modesta, Calif., he was transferred to Winter general hospital at Topeka, Kansas. Last week he was transferred to Percy Jones.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

April 1, 1944.

"We never can forget while old songs ring,
The friends who clamor for remembering."

This was an old song my parents used to sing, and we children liked it. I have never seen it in print, and if any of the readers know it, will they please let us know. I fancy it was an old "York state" song. My brother Fred and I recalled it not long ago and I think we have it all just as our parents sang it.

WATER CRESSES

I am a dairy farmer to Bedfordshire I came
To see some friends on Cambernell.
Joe Morgan is my name,
On a dairy farm in Dunstinville I live when I'm at home,
And if ever I get safe back again,
From there I never shall roam.

It was on the first of April when I arrived in town,
And being quite a stranger, I wandered up and down.
'Till I lost myself entirely;
I cannot tell you where,
It was on a very quiet street
On the corner of the square.

When a neatly dressed young lady
Came tripping down that way,
As long as I remember I'll ne'er forget the day.
So politely I addressed her in a very pleasing way:
"I want to go to Cambernell, can you direct the way?"

"O yes, sir; O yes, sir," she speedily replied,
"Take the turning to the left and go down the other side."
"O yes, sir; O yes, sir," she speedily replied,
"Take the turning to the left and go down the other side."

Her voice, it was the sweetest I ever yet did hear;
Her hands were like the lilies, oh, so very white and clear,
She had some early onions and a half a pint of beer,
Some pickles and a bunch of water cresses.

I bowed and I thanked her as I walked by her side.
I thought how very nice she'd look as a dairy farmer's bride;
So I hinted matrimony half in earnest, half in joke,
I hinted matrimony and these very words I spoke.

"I've a farm of forty acres with horses cattle and goose
On my dairy farm in Dunstinville; I've butter, milk and cheese,
Come marry me, my mistress, have fairlady of all these,
We will spend our days with loving and caresses."

She replied with a smile, "A kiss, sir if you choose
Your offer is so generous I scarely can refuse.
So give me your directions and I will without delay
Prepare for matrimony, to love, honor and obey.

"I've a wedding dress to buy and some little bills to pay."
I handed her ten dollars all expenses to defray,
She promised she would marry me upon the first of May,
And she left me with a bunch of water cresses.

The next day I got a letter. I read it with surprise,
"Kind sir, for disappointing you I must apologize,
But before you ask a stranger into partnership for life,
Be sure that she's a maiden, or a widow, not a wife.

"I've a husband of my own and his name is Willie Gray,
And when we can afford it your money we'll repay,
To think that I would marry you upon the first of May
Oh you must have been as green as water cresses."

Nellie Truesdell.

SUBSCRIBERS

PICTURES OF LONG AGO

The young and middle aged people who are the life of Decatur today might be surprised if they knew how many others there are in distant places who have now grown old, but in their youth were the life of Decatur of their time.

These people of the past generations have a love for this, their old home town, as keen as those who live here now. Perhaps their affection for it has grown with the years.

It is a great pleasure to keep in touch with them through the home town newspaper and the occasional letters from them are highly prized.

Charley Secord, the writer of the letter printed here, must have left Decatur all of 40 years ago and we do not remember when we last saw him, but if he were to step into the office today unannounced we could call him by name on the second. It was back in the eighties that we remember him best,—a grocery clerk for L. G. Stewart. How did he ever get so far away from the old home town? "Gord only knows, Chile, Gord only knows."

Charley, better sit down and write us an autobiography of yourself. We know some of your old friends, still Decaturites, who would like to read it, and we would both like to print and to read it.

This letter was received last week:

1699 70th Ave.,
Oakland, 3 California
July 1, 1944.

Dear friend Arba:

Another year has passed, and I see by the little slip that it is time to start another year of The Decatur Republican on its way to California.

Like to hear the news from dear old Decatur, although most of the names are strange to me, but some are familiar to me.

In looking through my photo album a while back, I came on the picture of the foreman and assistant foreman of the first hook and ladder fire truck of Decatur. Earl Simpson was foreman, and yours truly, Chas. W. Secord, was assistant foreman. This was back in 1887 or 1888. I also have another picture of one of the members, Lew Fletcher, I think it is.

All success to you and the Republican, I am

Sincerely yours,
Chas. W. Secord.

Letters to the Lions Club from Boys in the Service

To Edward Buys,
President of the Club,—

Just a word to thank you for the buck and the good Christmas letter. Understand you have a new addition to your family. My congratulations. Say hello to your Dad for me.

Ken H.

Pvt. Ken Higgins, 36830952,
Co. C, 253 Inf. APO 410,
Camp Van Dorn, Miss.

Army Air Forces,
Christmas Eve., 1943.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the Christmas present and card. I think they couldn't be better.

Each Lion had a chance to get his little bit in to let the fellows know how he feels. I hope you all had a swell Christmas and also a fat one.

Well, I had better sign off and get back to work. Have to keep them flying, or rather in condition to fly, if the weather ever clears up.

Remaining just another Decaturite in the service, Bob. Taylor.

Cpl. Robert W. Taylor,
40th Air Base Sqdn.,
Det. D. 1st Maint. Sqdn.
Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho.

Army Air Forces,
December 27, 1943

I would like to thank the Lions club for the Christmas present and the swell card. That card is sure a good one. All of the things the people at home have done for the fellows in the service proves to me there is no better home town than Decatur.

The weather here is very different from that at home. The ground here is bare. It is hard to believe that there is snow at home. I have some studying to do yet, so will close.

Thanks again, Bob Cary.

A/C Robert Cary
Sqdn. 3, 44-F, 63rd AAFFTD,
Douglas, Ga.

Camp Blanding, Florida,
Christmas Day, 1943.

I have received your gift and letter and really appreciate them very much. Your gift goes a long way with a soldier. I think you have a splendid organization and are doing a lot of good work. Just keep it up and you will put Decatur on top.

Decatur is the swellest place to live and has the nicest people, and I believe the hundreds of Decatur soldiers will agree with me.

Thanks, Izzy.

Pvt. I. J. Mazer, 36887437,
Co. A, 222nd ITB, 68th ITR,
Camp Blanding, Fla.

Australia, Dec. 21, 1943.
United States Army,

Dear Mr. President,

Your gift was a very pleasant surprise. Decatur is certainly a model home town. There are a lot of small towns around here, but somehow we seem to ring the bell more often.

Thanks to the Class "B" boys. My best regards to all you Lions and wolves.

Sincerely,
Oscar Adams,

Cpl. Oscar F. Adams, 36155520,
APO 501, c/o PM.
San Francisco, Calif.

Your Christmas gift and letter are not only greatly appreciated but the thoughtfulness of your organization gave me a feeling that, although we can't be home for the holidays, everyone is thinking of us. Got a lot of laughs out of those names. A "G. I." couldn't have done better.

Edward Lapekas,

DOWN MAIN STREET

AAF Bombardier School,
San Angelo, Texas.

Gentlemen,

Thanks much for your Christmas remembrance. I know that it makes you all feel pretty darn good to get in touch with so many home town fellows in times such as these. Your magazine that came with the gift was like a short trip down Main street, and don't think it wasn't enjoyed.

I'm looking forward to a short trip down Main street sometime in March, but the Army will probably change its mind again.

Yours,
Reynolds Woolfe, Av/C.
San Angelo, Texas.

IN A SWELL SPOT

You certainly surprised me with the letter from the Lions club, but when I opened it and saw the greetings and present I was doubly surprised. I want to thank you and am sure all the fellows will enjoy the greetings as much as I.

I happen to be in a pretty swell spot here in Peru. I have the opportunity to go deep sea fishing, trolling for tuna and canyon climbing, and I hear there are deer somewhere in this vicinity, but they are much smaller than Michigan deer.

I went deer hunting a couple of times in Michigan and had pretty good luck. Maybe I can get one here sometime.

Sincerely,
S/Sgt. Orville Bissett,
New Orleans, La.

I wish to thank the Lions Club for the Christmas gift. It seems so good to be remembered by those back home.

Don.

A/C Don Griffis,
Hutchinson, Kansas.

I want to thank all the members of the Lions club for the very fine Christmas present which was put to good use. Here is wishing every member a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Sgt. and Mrs. E. Bosma.
Scott Field, Illinois.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

June 16, 1944.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

(Continued from last week.)

Amos tells of wrath and Edom
Obadiah's sent to warn;
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,
And Micah where He should be born.
In Nahum Ninevah is seen;
In Habakkuk Chaldea's' guilt.
In Zephaniah Judah's sin
In Haggai the Temple's built.
Zachariah speaks of Christ,
And Malachi, of John, His sign.
The prophets number seventeen
And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Tell what Christ did in every place;
Acts show what the Apostles did,
And Romans how we're saved by grace,
Corinthians instruct the church,
Galatians show us faith alone,
Ephesans true love; and in
Philippians God's grace is shown.
Colossians tells us more of Christ,
And Thessalonians of the end;
In Timothy and Titus both
Are rules for pastors to attend.

Philemon Christian friendship shows;
Then Hebrew clearly tells us how all
The Jewish law prefigured Christ;
And these epistles are by Paul.
James shows that faith by works must live,
And Peter urges steadfastness,
While John exhorts to Christian love
For those who have it God will bless.
Jude shows the end of evil men,
And Revelations tell of heaven,
This ends the whole New Testament
And all the books are twenty-seven.

—Nellie Truesdell.

THE DIFFICULT

The easy things require no skill
And very little thought,
While difficulties overcome
Shows man has truly wrought;
So one should train himself to do
The things most difficult,
And by so doing in due time
He'll reap the best result.

—Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End Avenue,
Chicago, 15, Illinois.

IN DELIGHTFUL SAN DIEGO

(This is the first letter from Bernard Dine. Bernard drew the Marines and a location supposed to be as good as can be found in the United States. But his good letter says he likes Michigan best. So do we all of us.)

Dear Arba:

Have been in the Marine Corps here at San Diego for three weeks now so thought I would drop you a line to let you know everything is fine with me and to say hello to friends in Decatur. Received two Republicans

so far. Very glad for them, they bring Decatur just a little closer.

This is a very large base but for our first eight weeks of boot training we are so restricted that I haven't had a chance to really look it over. As for this California climate, I guess it must be right that it never rains out here, but on some days it gets awfully misty. Of course the Californians call it fog. I'll take good old Michigan any day.

The training course they put us through is rather rough and rugged. Everything is so speeded up and they try to put so many men thru so fast that it is hard to grasp everything they try to teach us. Besides our marching and drilling we have lectures and demonstrations on various weapons, types of warfare, etc. Have been taking notes and trying to learn the main points, but eight weeks is a short time in which to learn everything about the Marine Corps. It was hard at first to adjust myself from civilian to military life, but now I have the general idea how this outfit is run and what they expect of us.

Get to meet a lot of people from all states and see a lot of amusing things. Of course, we have a certain amount of "Private Hargroves." We have a special name for them which I won't mention now. They always seem to do the wrong things at the wrong time and get fouled up in general.

Here in "boot" we have a pretty stiff schedule. As my time is rather limited, will close.

Bernie Dine,
Plt. 690, R.D.M.C.R.,
San Diego, California.

48 YEARS AGO IN DECATUR

(From the files of the Decatur Independent.)

Fred Stern is gone. No relatives are left here and it devolved upon Mr. and Mrs. Harry McWilliams to dispose of as best they can the few old keepsakes to which he had clung for many years.

Among them were a pile of Decatur Republicans dating back to the time of its re-establishment on the first of January, 1897. These files are all in the possession of the office, but Mrs. McWilliams contributed two copies of a previous date that will be added to our collection. They are copies of the Decatur Independent from which are taken a few items that will interest some of the town's older residents.

Decatur, Thursday, Oct. 3, 1895.

Mrs. Harrington was quite sick the fore part of the week.

Emil Stern spent a part of last Saturday visiting in Lawton.

Dr. Chas. Maxwell of Paw Paw was in town a little while Tuesday.

Don't forget the date of the Hamilton township fair, October 16 and 17.

Mrs. Hattie Bonebright of Constantine is visiting Walter Russell and family.

Mrs. Geo. McOmber has returned from the east where she has been spending the summer.

Wheat is coming in quite fast at this market and it begins to look a little like old times again here.

The sudden change in the weather last week made everybody hustle and get their stoves in order.

Harry Smith went to Dowagiac Monday morning where he secured a position as clerk there.

The citizens of Kalamazoo are hustling for another paper mill which contemplates locating there.

Herman Cohn came home from Chicago on Tuesday. He intends to do some repairing on his house before his wife arrives.

Orange Hayes made the Independent office a present of some of his very fine tomatoes last Thurdsay. Many thanks, Orange.

Daniel Poole cut down a morning glory vine Tuesday morning that measured 25 feet long. A vine of that length is a rare occurrence.

Vanderbilt's special went through here last Tuesday morning. It covered the distance between Kalamazoo and this station in 26 minutes.

Roul Cheney of Hamilton and Miss Maud Hall of Decatur were married September 28 at the residence of E. F. Baxter by E. F. Baxter, Esq.

The G. A. R. have rented the hall over Criffield and Dewey's clothing store, formerly occupied by the K. of P. lodge and will move their paraphernalia January first.

Going, going, going, sold to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hathaway, a fine girl baby and now James Shockley is grandpa. Do you wonder Jim is so smiling?

Dr. Rose is having his house on West Delaware street raised and remodeled and is living in the Keables house on St. Mary's street until his residence is ready for him to live in again.

Frank White is numbered on the sick list this week and Mr. Bailey from Kalamazoo is working for him. He is a good workman and should you care to have any work done in his line he is sure to please you.

There are hundreds of bushels of tomatoes that are going to waste here on account of no way in which to make use of them. If there was only a canning factory here it would take care of all those tomatoes that are rotting on their owners' hands.

OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

Cpl. Allan Copley Writes of Australian Travel and People

. SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA .

Dear Folks:

Am writing this in the dark as it is one way to occupy one's time at night. Night falls by 8 and dawn isn't until after 7 in the morning, so that leaves you practically half the day to live in the dark. May put our lights in but so far have had to be pretty careful about lights because of the Japs and their planes. No use taking useless chances of course.

I know I enjoyed Sydney primarily because of its size, with the large number of places to go and things to see.

I must have inherited a love for train travel as I just love to be on the things, even the little old smoky things they have in Queensland. Their trains look exactly like the ones in that Currier and Ives print that the Locomotive Division of G.M. has been running in their ads.

Of course they are compartmented, which I think is a good idea. You certainly can move in and out of the trains much more easily than the way we build them, and it's quite necessary that you be able to, as around Brisbane they use the steam trains for travel to the suburbs. Sydney has their electric trains with about half a dozen stations underground in the center of the city and you really get around in a hurry there.

Brisbane's trains are much faster on pickup than any steam trains ot ours, partly due I suppose to their light-weight construction. But they're pretty slow when it comes to any distance. Took a train about 25 miles and the conductor said we'd be there soon, as it was only a run of an hour and 40 minutes. That's all of an average of 15 miles per hour. Even enjoyed the train trip to Sydney which required nearly 20 hours and all that time sitting up as no berths were available either time I went. Most of the fellows just stood the trip in order to get to the big city.

The second time I went down I looked out the window and saw half a dozen tracks on either side and supposed we were nearing our destination. So I woke up all the other fellows as I wanted them to be sure not to miss what I considered a bit of excellent scenery in the Hawksbury river district.

Well, pretty soon the many tracks dwindled down to two and the lights began to be farther apart. It was some hours before we finally got there and discovered that the big city we had passed thru had been Newcastle, their coal town. Oh darn! there goes the air raid warning but my helmet is back in my tent and there's no slit trench here by the office, so guess I might as well keep on typing.

Quite a few natives going thru the last few days. The poor things are so unhealthy looking for the most part.. Some of the women are shy and try to hide their breasts with whatever burden they are carrying and the women really carry a burden. Men seem to help at times and tonight at supper time one man was carrying a youngster whose foot was sore. Shortly after that, however, a lone couple came by, the woman having over her back one net sack holding 2 bushels and another bag holding another bushel, both apparently just hung by a cord around the front of her neck and at the apex of this camel's burden was a baby hanging on to her hair for dear life.

Bags were full of garden truck and cocoanuts and couldn't have been a

very smooth riding affair. Behind was the pap walking slowly along, being kind enough to let wifey set her own pace, and carrying nothing but his walking stick. Sure some need for emancipation of women among them, but I suppose that the custom of letting the females do so much of the work is so ingrained that even the women would resent any attempt at change. Guess they wear the pants at times though, because some of our boys last year went over to a native village by boat. The native had to give up his whole day to transporting them and entertaining them in his home so before they set sail he told them that he didn't like to do it but his wife had made him promise to charge them half a pound each, as he wouldn't be able to work in the garden that day on account of taking them.

Sea was fine today but didn't have the time to spare to stay in very long. Surf was not as rough as usual and the breakers didn't break until very close to shore so that you could go out a few yards and just ride them up and down, watching of course for any big ones that might break too soon and swamp you. Don't seem to have any trouble with poisonous objects as they do in Florida and haven't heard of anyone being taken by a shark. One fellow was drowned the other day because he went out too far and couldn't get back in.

There's the all clear so can turn on my flashlight to see where I am. We pass part of the time each night by singing together after we get in bed.

Love, Al.

DECATUR BIBLE CHURCH

"Holding forth the Word of Life."

Jacob DeBruin, Jr., Pastor.

10:00—Sunday school. Where the truth of the Bible only is taught: not the theories of men. "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness: but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

11:00—Morning worship. The studies in the book of Acts grow more interesting and instructive as we proceed verse by verse through this wonderful Bible Book. If you are not familiar with the expository method of preaching you will enjoy these messages. The pastor's subject will be—Thick Shadows on the Path. Acts 21:1-14. The monthly missionary offering will be received.

7:30—Evening service. On this missionary Sunday there will be a film message for Christian workers—Go ye! and following the film Mr. DeBruin will speak on the Exaltation of Christ. Philippians 2:9. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him." The world has made Christ of no reputation but God has given Him a "name which is above every name." Come and hear this message.

7:30—Wednsday evening the prayer and Bible study groups meet.

2:30—Each Friday afternoon the Bible class for women meets with Mrs. Minnie Beach, 106 West Delaware.

10:00 a.m. Saturday the Children's Bible hour over WJJD. Listeners to WMBI will be able to hear many of the speakers of the great Founders' Week Conference which is being held this week through Sunday at the Moody Bible Institute.

THE CHURCH OF GOD

"Where Christian experience makes you a member."

Rev. Walter M. Doty, Pastor.

2:00 p. m. this Thursday—Ladies' Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Lotan McCrea, 408 George St. All ladies of the church and interested friends are urged to attend.

10:00 a.m., Morning worship. This Sunday is National Youth Sunday, and all the services are especially planned for the young people. The morning message will be, "The Greatest Challenge of Life." "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me."

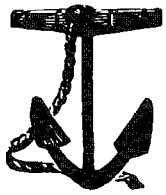
11:00 a.m.—Sunday school. Classes for all ages. A Christ centered Sunday school. Come and bring your children.

7:45 p.m.—Evening service. "The Greatest Knowledge in Life" will be the subject of the evening message. There will also be gospel songs and choruses, and special music.

"For Times Like These," a special youth program, will be presented by the young people.

7:45 p.m., Wednesday—Prayer service and Bible study hour at the church. There is no other service in Decatur like this one. Spiritual inspiration and the fellowship in prayer will enrich your Christian experience. Twenty-four were present last week. Don't miss this unusual service.

A Christian welcome awaits you at every service of "Decatur's Friendly Church." Plan to worship with us this Sunday.



Memories of Other Days

By James Chamberlain.

You can see, Jim, by the way the Republican is printing the extra sheet again that we are getting back to normal. Those two extra pages are just the amount needed to give space for the good letters that keep coming in and play such an important part in making the home town paper of live interest to nearly every person who ever lived here. Not only is it interesting to former residents but a growing number of subscribers who never knew Decatur are getting pleasure from reading it.

So send along the story, "It Happened in Texas," any time, Jim. As Admiral Dewey said at the battle of Manila Bay, "Fire when you're ready, Gridley."

The old song, "Lost on the Lady Elgin," goes back to our boyhood days, and the tragic loss of the steamer was then familiar to west Michigan people. Am unable to find its record but think it went down in Lake Michigan in 1856. Can someone furnish the story about it?

Forth Worth, 3, Texas,
Aug. 16, 1944.

As I was born February 29, 1872, I think my name should be placed in your list of "72-ers." What say you?

I am glad friend Tom decided to aaecpt the book about Texas as I think he will get some pleasure as well as information from its perusal.

To set him right as to my identity I will state that at the time that I picked the currants and gooseberries my folks lived in what we called the Sandford house on East Beers street, just north of what later was the Carl Willison saw mill.

I wonder if anyone remembers how we youngsters used to chew slippery elm from the logs around that mill? Fred Reece's folks lived the first house west of us. Perhaps some one else derives pleasure at gazing at pictures that hang from memory's walls. To me the big joy lies in retrospect. What a glorious diversion in reminiscing! What a blessing to have lived a long life and to have known so many of the good and noble people of the past who have been instruments in the dispensing of happiness.

When we remember the old days with some old friend we forget the present with its woes. We drift along the tide of remembrance. Old faces, old scenes, old incidents, old triumphs and old failures pass through our minds in quick succession.

Often a chance thought awakens a flood of recollections as did your mention of Norman E. (Ed.) Webster. One of the brightest pictures that hang on my memory's walls is that of Ed. Webster as a small lad among a group of grown-up boys and girls in the high school while I was way down in the lower grades. My eyes as a I gazed at what I considered a boy wonder in the greatest possible awe must have resembled Eddie Cantor's in his film pictures.

At about that time one of our school songs was, "Lost on the Lady Elgin." I believe a reader requested that song, so I am enclosing a copy of it as also that of another requested song. I can get the name of author and book containing most of the requested songs , but all of the books are not in the library list and as you understand books are on the ration list it is not possible to get all books as the books that are out are returned to the library I will try to get a copy of each of the other songs.

The Texas political situation remains badly mixed up. Both factions of the so-called Democratic party seemed to have discarded many of Jefferson's fundamental principles, notably that of majority rule. No one knows how the so-called "Regular" electors will vote if they are elected.

I, as well as you, know about the shortage of help so I will not burden you in your present labor shortage

with an installment of "It Happened in Texas," but will begin it as soon as you can get back to normal conditions.

I remain as ever,
Your friend, Jim.

LOST ON THE LADY ELGIN

By H. C. Work

Up from the poor man's cottage—
Forth from the mansion door;
Sweeping across the waters,
And echoing 'long the shore
Caught by the morning breezes—
Borne on the evening gale
Cometh a voice of mourning
A sad and solemn wail.

Chorus

Lost on the Lady Elgin—
Sleeping to wake no more,
Numbered in that three hundred,
Who failed to reach the shore.

Oh 'tis the cry of the children—
Weeping for parents gone,
Children who slept at evening,
But orphans woke at dawn,
Sisters for brothers weeping—
Husbands for missing wives
Such are the ties dissevered
With those three hundred lives.

Staunch was the noble steamer—
Precious the freight she bore;
Gaily she loosed her cables,
A few short hours before.
Grandly she swept our harbor—
Joyfully rang her bell;
Little thought we, ere morning,
'Twould toll so sad a knell.

SCHOOL NEWS

Decatur Schools opened Tuesday, September 5. There are several new teachers and much else of interest concerning the school year just getting under way. Next wek the column will start in earnest and keep you abreast of all the school happenings.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

March 24, 1944.

I was very much interested in Mr. Moulton's account of seeing Sojourner Truth, and wonder if he and some of the Republican readers would like to hear more about her. The year of her birth was uncertain, but I find this regarding her ancestry. Her mother's parents came from the coast of Guinea, and her paternal grandmother was a Mohawk squaw.

She had a book which she called "Book of Life" and in it different people she met wrote their names and sometimes a short message. Following are a few of the names:

"For Aunty Sojourner Truth—
A. Lincoln, Oct. 29, 1864."
"U. S. Grant, March 31, 1870."
"Amy Post, May 31, 1871."
"Z. Chandler, Michigan."
"Elizabeth Cady Stanton, May 4, '70."
"Go on Sojourner, God speed you.
J. A. B. Stone, Kalamazoo, Mich.
"Blessings on thee my good friend.
Wendell Phillips.
"Walter Brown, 53 Broadway, New York, Jan. 17, 1868."

With weary hand yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth
Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of His truth.
Rev. E. Marble, Schoolcraft, Mich.

Once after a meeting in Ohio a man came up to her and said, "Old woman, do you think your talk about slavery does any good? I don't care any more for your talk than I do for the bite of a flea." "Perhaps not," she replied, "but, the Lord willing, I'll keep you scratching."

One night there was a great meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Douglas was one of the chief speakers. He was eloquent as usual but there was a note of pessimism. "No justice," he said, "in America, the only salvation for the negro was in his own right arm. At the close of the meeting Sojourner Truth rose and said, "Frederick, is God dead?" The effect was electrical. The sentiment of the gathering changed from doubt to assurance. —Nellie Truesdell.

The Kentucky Raid

By James Chamberlain

The oldest Negro church in Michigan is located in Calvin township, Cass county, which was also the scene of one of the most important events of the state's history. Seventy-five per cent of Calvin township are Negroes, all the township offices are held by Negroes, descendants of escaped slaves.

The Quakers who settled the community had a station of the Underground Railroad. The friendliness of the Quakers led many of the escaped slaves to settle there, rather than to continue their journey into Canada. This practice eventually led to the notorious "Kentucky Raid."

Learning that their slaves were settling in this district, thirteen Kentucky farmers crossed Indiana in 1847 and invaded Michigan in covered wagons, pretending to be salesmen for a new washing machine firm. The number of the men and their actions aroused suspicion to such a degree that local agents for the Underground Railroad accused the strangers of slave hunting and warned them to get out of Michigan.

The raiders went across into Indiana but turned back at Bristol, reentered Cass county, and began rounding up slaves. The Negroes' cries attracted a crowd of about 300 Quakers who surrounded the raiders and ordered them to release the Negroes. The Kentuckians drew their guns and refused to release the captives.

The posse of the Underground Railroad was also armed, and bloodshed was averted only by the Quakers' creed of non-violence. The leaders of the Quakers induced the raiders to release the Negroes and leave, but later the raiders sought restitution and damage suits were filed against the Quakers' leaders in the Federal District Court in Detroit.

The cases dragged until 1850 when a decision was rendered against the Kentuckians. Being greatly embittered, they carried their complaint to Congress and by persistent lobbying were instrumental in obtaining passage of the obnoxious Fugitive Slave Law, which added to the growing bitterness between the North and the South.

The Fugitive Slave Act was the prime cause of the death of the Whig party, resulted in the birth of the Republican party and put Abraham Lincoln in a position to act his role as Emancipator.

This event I regard as highly important as not only being close to the Decatur community, but as showing the loving nature of the Quakers, the friends who are friends without thought of monetary consideration. Lastly because of its vast effect upon our country, I believe it should have a place in the history of our country.

Pearl Brown Writes of Decatur and Her Work

We take considerable pleasure in printing this letter from Pearl Brown of Ann Arbor. Old timers, who lived in Decatur and knew its people of 40 to 60 years ago will never forget the Brown sisters, and all have a good word for them. You had to be a part of the town when they were growing up here to be able to properly appraise their nice qualities.

If we remember correctly they had their ancestry in New Guinea. Their skin is very dark, but their smiles are as bright and their souls as white as any white person, and we use the word in the sense that "White has always been the emblem of purity."

The Brown sisters were Alice and Pearl and Dorothy. Dorothy was the youngest, and what a cute little tyke she was! She was never known by any other name than 'Dot' and she was always doing something clever to bring a laugh.

Their father, as Pearl writes, had the care of Dr. Rose's beautiful horses, and for years was his driver. Few people take better care of their children than Nelson Brown did of those horses.

But the father lived his course and died, and when the mother followed him to the heavenly home beyond, the little home on the corner of St. Mary's and John streets was sold and the girls found a haven in Ann Arbor. Pearl doesn't say, but we believe they have been there all of forty years. Dorothy was the only one to marry, and what is more unsual, she became a minister. For some years she has been afflicted with blindness, but that does not affect her activity or cheerfulness.

The girls never lost their love of Decatur. Every year they have tried to get back here to feast their eyes on the scenes of their childhood and visit with the few still living here whom they knew as children.

Pearl and Dorothy came in May this year, but Alice was not well enough to stand the trip.

We missed seeing the girls when they were here last year and it warmed our heart when Pearl said, "I would have cried if I hadn't seen you this time." That is the way they feel toward all their Decatur friends of old. Grateful, friendly, kindly, lovable, girls they are,—women now although they are still remembered as girls. Pearl's hair is a striking gray.

She was so full of the happy remembrances recalled by a drive around the village that we asked her when she had time, to write about them for the paper and last week received her good letter which is printed here.

In a separate note she wrote:

"Please excuse all mistakes and I know you will make them all right. I have done the very best I could, and this is the first time I was ever asked to write an article. Your Decatur friend, Pearl Brown, 516 Detroit street, Ann Arbor, Mich."

Pearl has done well, and we find that but few corrections are needed.

Ann Arbor, Mich.,
June 25, 1944.

Dear Arba:

You asked me to write about Decatur as I remembered it when a little girl and also about my work here, which I am very happy to do it for you.

This is Decatur as I remember it beginning with Dr. and Mrs. Baker's beautiful place on the corner of George and Delaware streets. There is an oil station there now which does not make the place as beautiful as when they lived there.

Then the Presbyterian church, which was white, instead of brick as it now is. Many a Christmas tree we have attended there, when Mr. L. G. Stewart was superintendent. Next came Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Carney's home.

The town hall is where it use to stand, but the postoffice is changed It is on S. Main and long years ago it was on N. Main, where it was moved from the town hall building.

The Christian church where Elder Hammond used to preach years ago is the same dear old church. The Methodist church is the same also. On down Delaware Dr. Rose's lovely place is just the same, even to the large barn, where my father worked, taking care of the doctor's lovely horses. No lovelier a team ever trotted the streets than that of Dr. Rose. They could be seen early and late and my dear father driving them. They were the pride of Decatur.

I don't want to forget the lake which was called Mud lake at the west end of Delaware and Sherwood. Once about seven of us girls, Ethel Youells, Hattie Parsons, Jessie Parsons, Ethel Bassett, Alice Brown, Dorothy and myself had a picnic there and a lovely time we had. I remember the cake Mrs. Poole made for us. It was a lovely layer cake with white pastry and had those little wintergreen candies on it. Now we cannot even get any candy.

Our Sunday school picnic used to be at Eagle lake. We as children looked forward to going in the lumber wagon.

Our dear old school house is still in the same place. The school grove where we picked up acorns and stones, and played ring around the rosie and London bridge has been cut down. Now it is mostly a play ground, and the school is a new school, as the old one burned down.

They have no bells now to ring, and that was what I loved, the ringing of the school bell. Most of the teachers who were there in my time have passed on,—Miss Minnie Coleman, Miss Ida Trowbridge, Miss Anna Dewey, Miss Nellie Potts and many others I just cannot recall now. Miss Lila Harlow used to substitute for Miss Nellie Potts. She is Mrs. Canfield now and lives here in Ann Arbor, and Miss Mary Dyer taught too.

O yes, and my friendship pillow, I still have it and love it. I have all of Decatur's lovely autographs on it, even Will C. Moulton's. We all will never forget Will, and when he came back from the "Spanish-American War," the first place he came after going to his home was to come to see Mamma and Grandma and Alice, Dorothy and me. He was a lovely boy.

The little cottage we used to live in is gone, but the lot is still there. The lovely apple trees are cut down. The lot is turned into a Victory garden, which it could not answer a better purpose. The Goodenough home is the same. Dr. Keable's home is the same, only the fence is taken down.

The Lake of the Woods is just as beautiful. We used to stand in our front door and see the lovely blue lake. Winnie Copley took me across once, and I gathered lovely water lilies.

Dr. Rose's, Dr. Maxwell's and Arba Moulton's offices are still in the same places. Dr. Rose's and Dr. Maxwell's have changed hands,—Dr. Bope and Dr. Greenman have them now.

There are many other things I would like to mention, but this is quite enough. Main St. is changed quite a bit. An oil station is where Mr. Potts' grocery store used to be, and many other changes.

Works In Nursery School

And now where I work. It is at Mack School—Mack Nursery school. Mr. Russell West is superintendent. We have three lovely teachers—Mrs. Sadler, head teacher; Mrs. Townsend, next, and Mrs. Shurgart; one cook, and I am the maid. Our suprintendent and teachers are very lovely to Mrs. Miller and me, and Mrs. Miller knows just what to cook to make the kiddies happy. Their little sleeping room is so dear when the little cots are all down, with a little blanket and a sheet over them. They sleep from about one till 3 in p. m.

Their little dining room is just as attractive with their little blue tables and blue chairs, and each table has a little plant on it in a little yellow duck which gives the dining room a yellow and blue color scheme, with a lovely drawing on the wall with nursery rhymes as Jack and Jill and the Three Bears and so forth. Mrs. Miller and I work 6 hours a day and every other Saturday and every other Saturday at home, and every Sunday.

The Board of Education has these nursery schools all over now for the war working mothers.The children can even be there for breakfast as we serve breakfast at eight o'clock, and dinner at twelve; at ten we have a drink for them with their cod liver oil. "Abbott Cod Liver Oil." Sometimes the drink is tomato juice, and sometimes grapfruit juice and also grape juice.

In the p. m., when they awake they have milk with graham crackers; so they never get hungry. Their parents come after them about 5;30 p m. They are all very dear little children. We take them from 2½ to 4½ or 5 years, but at 5 they have to go into the kindergarten.

I think that is all. Written by
Pearl V. Brown.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

March 17, 1944.

What a lot of things can happen in a short time. That, I think, is what makes life interesting. As one writer has said we should "expect the unexpected." And so when my 'phone rang at a quarter of twelve and my good friends asked me to go to Detroit with them in about an hour, well I thought of a little motto I tacked on an old friend of mine, "Semper Paratus" (always ready).

So at 1 p.m. I was on my front porch with my overnight bag, and ready to start. Living in Detroit so long I thought I knew the place, but when I left my friends and started out alone I suddenly realized that seven years changes localities as well as making changes in ourselves.

I am wondering if I showed my feeling somewhat when I boarded a Grand River street car. Anyway a pleasant faced lady smiled and a gentleman by her side offered me a seat. I then and there resolved that I would smile more at strangers, especially if they carried an overnight bag. Then it began to seem, not a big noisy city, but a place where friendly people live and I also began to enjoy the streets I was passing and the changes that had been made.

One place intrigued me more than any of the others. It was a housing project on Nevada avenue. Rows of neat white houses for colored people, and on a big sign was the name, "Sojourner Truth." And so after coming home I went to the library to learn more about this remarkable colored woman. I found that she was born about 1790 in Ulster county, N. Y., and was named Isabella. Her life story is most interesting.

There is a sketch of her life in "Negro Builders and Heroes," by Brawley, who says she was one of the most notable and certainly the most singular anti-Slavery speaker. He also said, "In appearance this woman was tall and striking.. her insight into men and motives was astonishing; and her faith was infinite. She seemed to have endless resouces of wit and wisdom."

She changed her name Isabella to Sojourner, she said, "An' the Lord gave me 'Sojourner' because I was to travel up an' down the land showin' the people their sins an' bein' a sign unto them.

"Afterward I told the Lord I wanted another name 'cause everybody else had two names; an' the Lord gave me 'Truth,' because I was to declare the truth to the people."

There is much more of this interesting woman's life, this short sketch seems so inadequate.

Her last days were spent in the little home that friends had helped her to acquire in Battle Creek, Mich. "People ask me," she once said, "how I come to live so long an' keep my mind, an' I tell them it is because I think of the great things of God, not the little things."

She died November 26, 1883, and is buried in Oak Hill cemetery, Battle Creek. "I isn't goin' to die, honey," she said, "I's goin' home like a shootin' star."

My tribute to her—yes, like a star you shed a light below. And in departing left a warming glow.

Nellie Truesdell.

Kermit Washburn Heads Farm Bureau

Elected To Succeed Thor Hagberg as President at Meeting in Paw Paw Saturday.

Kermit Washburn, Paw Paw, was elected president of the Van Buren County Farm Bureau at the 20th annual county convention held in the Paw Paw high school building Saturday.

Earl Morehouse, Keeler, was elected vice president and four directors were chosen as follows: Harry Robinson, Mattawan; Bert Hill, Arlington; Clarence Patterson, Hartford; and Thor Hagberg, Lawrence. Waldo Phillips, Hamilton, who has given 25 years of service to Farm Bureau organization, was voted an advisory member of the board of directors.

Resolutions adopted by the convention pledged the organization to increase its numbers and to inform its membership so that it may be implemented to hasten victory and assist in writing the lasting peace.

Articles suggest that the extension service in Van Buren county promote an educational campaign for the control of the corn borer and the group indorses the organization of a soil conservatiaon district embracing the entire county.

The group deplores the present egg and poultry market conditions and requests the national organization to continue its efforts to remedy the situation.

Following discussion the convention adopted a final plank to the effect that the president, vice president and directors of the Farm Bureau be elected for terms of two years and become ineligible for re-election to these same offices until at least one year has transpired.

Honor Dodge's Memory

Waldo Phillips, Hamilton, presented resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Jay Dodge, Paw Paw, who was serving as secretary and treasurer of the organization of the Farm Bureau at the time of his death within the past year.

Hasil E. Schenck of Lebanon, Ind., American Farm Bureau Federation director, spoke at the afternoon session. The farmers place in the post-war economy was the theme of his remarks.

Henry Houseman, Sr.

1856-1944

Beloved Fellow Townsman and Pioneer Grower of Muck Land Crops in Decatur, Answers Call to the Life Beyond.

Henry Houseman, Sr., was born in the Netherlands December 16, 1856, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Grace Albright, in Decatur, February 18, 1944, at the age of 87.

On April 22, 1878, he was united in marriage to Miss Tiny Knapp and together they came to America 57 years ago.

Mr. Houseman was one of Decatur's pioneer muck land farmers, having lived in this community for more than 50 years.

He united with the Presbyterian church of Decatur January 3, 1904, and was ordained an Elder of the church January 12, 1908. Throughout the years his congenial personality, his loyal devotion and consistent christian character have won the respect and love of all who knew him.

He is survived by nine children: Mrs. Jessie King, Mrs. Effie Osterhouse, Mrs. Johanna Abshagen, Mrs. Anna Vliek, Mrs. Grace Albright, Lewis, Henry Jr., Harry, and John Houseman; besides 34 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren.

The community has lost a respected citizen, the church a trusted leader, and his family a loving father. Of him it may be said, "He has fought a good fight, he has finished the course, he has kept the faith. For him is laid up a crown of righteousness."

Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church Saturday afternoon, February 19, at two o'clock, Rev. Leroy Cabbage officiating, and burial followed in Lakeside cemetery.

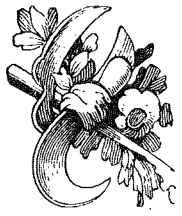
Mr. Houseman had lived most of the 67 years which he passed as a citizen of the United States, in Decatur and vicinity.

He came to Decatur when the land in many sections was covered with woods and water. Heavy rains gave the residents so much trouble that drainage ditches had to be dug to take care of the surplus water, but he saw a future in the land.

Renting a small farm from William Clark for seven years, he went to work and assisted muck farmers in getting drainage and clearing the muck. Then he planted celery and onions. He had learned how to raise celery in Kalamazoo where he first landed when coming to America from the Netherlands.

Next he bought a few acres from what was known as the Lyman Rawson farm. There he raised celery and onions for himself. When Mrs. Houseman died in 1925, he purchased a home on Prairie Ronde street and moved into Decatur. He still helped his son, Harry, who resided on the old homestead.

For 33 years Mr. Houseman raised and shipped celery to the W. D. Daniel Co., of Keokuk, Ia. He began sending 33 dozen per week. This grew in later years to 100 dozen per day.



The Passing of Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger

Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger passed away in Los Angeles, California, last Thursday, February 3, as the result of an apoplectic stroke on January 28, from which she did not recover consciousness.

Mrs. Metzger was a daughter of Austin and Matilda Lilly Charles and was born on the Charles farm in the township of Volinia June 9, 1872. The family moved to Decatur when she was young and for thirty years or more this village was her home town.

She had musical talent and a good mezzo-soprano voice. About the turn of the century she spent five years in London and Rome studying voice under some of the leading masters of the old country. She sang leading roles in grand opera in Milan and gave a command performance before the king and queen of Italy. Her career in opera was cut short by an attack of Roman fever, through which she temporarily lost her voice.

She was married to Charles Metzger, a well-to-do produce merchant of Grand Rapids, and that city became her home. She there resumed her work in music and made several trans-continental concert tours. Mr. Metzger passed away in 1909, and a few years later she returned to Decatur.

Mrs. Metzger established the first moving picture theatre here, known as the Nickelodeon. After a few years she rebuilt the Rasmusson building and named it the La Pearl Theatre. This was on the site of the present Cozy.

It was while she was operating the LaPearl that the famous Edgar Bergen, then a young school boy in Decatur, began his professional career, in her employ. Edgar swept out the theatre, worked the player-piano, and learned to operate the projecting machine, in his zeal to become an entertainer. He put on his first show in ventriloquism and slight-of-hand tricks right here in the La Pearl, the proceeds of which, we understand, were used for buying suits for the high school ball club.

Mrs. Metzger conducted moving picture shows in Marcellus and Paw Paw also, driving daily to these two towns in her well-worn Model T. Ford.

Her sister Pearl passed away in 1931, after which she disposed of her holdings in Decatur and went to Chicago. She taught music there until the summer of 1942, when she went to Los Angeles, California.

There she was a guest for some weeks in the homes of Miss Rebecca Metzger and Mrs. A. Porcasi, before going to work in the city. Mrs. Porcasi, who will be remembered by many Decatur residents as Nellie Chapin, was a young student of music with Mrs. Metzger here years ago.

Funeral services were held in Los Angeles, After which the body was cremated and the ashes are to be sent to Decatur for interment in the family lot in Lakeside cemtery.

The Civil War Diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon

Of Company E, Second Michigan Infantry.

Thirty-fourth Installment

August 30, 1861.

The night was quiet till about 4 a. m. when six guns were fired in quick succession back on the road towards camp. We all sprang to our feet but as nothing further followed we did not form in line. Soon after breakfast firing commenced in the same direction. There were 20 shots. We quickly formed and sent out some skirmishers.

There was further firing soon after between the enemy and a small party of our men. One man of Co. D was slightly wounded and one secessionist was killed. Both parties retreated briskly.

We are now drawn up in loose order in the grave yard and just behind the church. I am sitting, as I write, on the grave of some individual who has made a safe retreat from the alarms of war. The enemy can be seen with a glass carrying in one of their dead or wounded men.

Everything is now quiet. About 100 shots have been fired. I slept well last night on some straw under a tree. I was a little apprehensive that they might send some shells into the barn during the night. They have the range and distance and might have done so if they had desired.

At noon we were ordered, I. e. Companies I and K, under command of Lt. Park, into the woods on the right of the enemy as skirmishers. We deployed at about 3 rods distant from each other along a fence and off into the woods forming a line about 120 rods long. I was with the Orderly of Company K on the extreme right.

The trees and underbrush there were so thick we could not see more than 6 rods. All laid or sat down on the ground and waited in perfect silence for the approach of the enemy in case they should attempt to send out scouts or flanking parties. The day was windy and the rustling of the leaves and the motion of bushes kept us in a constant state of watchfulness which in the course of time became exceedingly painful. No one showed himself on the right. The next man on my left carelessly snapped his gun but it did not go. I did not know for sometime whether it was our man or someone attempting to shoot at us. This kept us wide awake for a few minutes.

Soon a gun was fired on our left which was immediately followed by that cry of death which I have before described. D. S. Buck, a boy of 18 from our Company, had killed his first man. He was still lying on the open field where he fell, when we came away.

One other man is supposed to have been shot. He fell among long grass and weeds and was not seen afterwards. None of our men were hurt though probably 100 shots at long range were fired at them.

The enemy commenced a practice of shooting at pickets and every man they could see on the first day we were here and we took it up yesterday for the first. Three of them were shot in the road just between our quarters and their battery. One of them, an officer, was shot from his horse by the Major of the 37th, our brigade.

August 31, 1861.

The night was quiet till just daylight when a low whistle passed along the ranks brought us quickly to our feet and into ranks. It however proved a false alarm. The enemy have again commenced firing at such of our men as show themselves within range. All the officers dress exactly like the men to avoid being singled out.

I yesterday pulled off my jacket which is dark blue, with light chevrons but when I saw where we were going I put it on again, thinking that my grey shirt might attract the fire of our men sooner than the chevrons would that of the enemy.

There is brisk shooting with muskets today most of it being done by the enemy. Our men return their fire occasionally. A man of Company G was shot through the body this morning at 100 rods by a secession picket. He will probably die.

The living here is poor except for what is gleaned from the country. Green corn and bread have been the principal diet till today a hog and several pigs were taken.

1 p. m. A secession picket was shot a few minutes since by a New York soldier who came out to try his gun. I would like to try mine but they won't let me. I have not yet fired a gun at a rebel.

After all it is rather barbarous. Gen. McClellan is doing all he can to stop it, but without very much success. It is strictly forbidden to us. I obey the orders myself, but I have taken no great pains to stop the men. It is very provoking to have them fire without replying.

Just at dusk last night as I was writing near the door of the tent, I heard a gun which was immediately followed by one of those deep hollow unearthly cries which are never uttered except by men when seriously wounded.

I stepped to the door and saw a private of Co. G lying on the ground. He had been accidentally shot by a comrade. The ball and three buck shot passed quite through his body. He was breathing with great difficulty. His chest heaved convulsively at every breath. He never spoke after he was shot and lived but about 10 minutes.

This morning there was an order for 25 men from each company for pickets. Lieut. Stevenson and self had charge of ours.

It rained hard at daylight and has continuedd to do so up to this time. (2 p. m.) I am writing in the church at Bailey's Corners or Crossing seven miles from our camp on the road to Manassas.

The enemy are on our right about a mile distant. They are on a hill in full view. They have breastworks and two pieces of cannon which can be seen from here. We have about 300 men and there are 20 cavalry and some artillery nearby. There are 3 or 4 houses here beside the church which has been occupied for some time by our pickets.

The walls are covered with ludicrous pictures of Jeff. Davis and other secessionists, as well as the names of our men and regiments—"Lakeman's Zouaves," "Irish Rifles," "The Mozart Regiment," "The 3rd Maine," "2nd. Mich.," "Col. Carrigan's New York Irish Regt.," "N. Y. 37th, Col. McCum," "Gen. James E. Nye," "Patrick Murphey," and a host of other names decorate the walls in large letters.

I am wet to the skin and feel very dirty as indeed I am. It seems now rather doubtful whether the enemy will fire on us today. A few well aimed shells would send us out of the houses in a hurry.

If the pastor of this congregation could return today he would find a full congregation, but I doubt whether they would pay much heed to his preaching. His sacred desk is now occupied by four men who are engaged in a brisk game of euchre.

About 4 p. m. the rain ceased. The enemy are intrenching themselves on a high hill to the west of us. I suppose that we are here to busy them while everything is preparing to fall upon them from Alexandria and the chain bridge. They have fired at our pickets several times today but have hit no one. A rifled cannon ball was yesterday sent through the barn where we are quartered.

(To be continued.)

Thirty-sixth Installment

A MOST UNUSUAL CO-INCIDENCE

The Second Michigan Infantry had not traveled far from the scene of the disastrous Battle of Bull Run when the entries printed here were made, and the boys were camped not to exceed 20

miles from Washington, D. C.

Following in this column is an unusual entry,—

September 8, 1861.

A soldier of one of the Vermont regiments is to be shot tomorrow for sleeping on his post as a sentinel.

The young man was not shot as ordered, and the entry recalls a Lincoln story which shows the great heart of the Civil War president. Because of the co-incidence we are printing the story here:—

DEBT

There is a great similarity in the many stories of Lincoln's leniency to soldiers incurring the death penalty according to the code of war, and no wonder, when they were so numerous that he often had four-and-twenty sentences to sign or ignore in a day.

A member of a Vermont regiment was sentenced for sleeping at his post. The more than usual intercession made for him induced Lincoln to visit the culprit in his cell. He found him a simple country lad, impressing him as a reminder of himself at that age. In the like plain and rustic vein he discoursed with him.

"I have been put to a great deal of bother on your account, Scott," he said paternally. "What I want to know is how are you going to pay my bill?"

From a lawyer's point of view this was reasonable enough; so the young man responded: "I hope I am as grateful to you, Mr. Lincoln, as any man can be for his life. But this came so sudden that I did not lay out for it. But I have my bounty-money in the savings bank, and I guess we could raise some money by a mortgage on the farm; and, if we wait till pay-day for the regiment, I guess the boys will help some, and we can make it up—if it isn't more nor five or six hundred, eh?"

With the same gravity, the intermediator reckoned the cost would be more. "My son," said he, "the bill is a large one. Your friends cannot pay it—nor your comrades, nor the farm, nor the pay! If from this day William Scott does his duty so that, if I were there when he came to die, he could look me in the face as now and say: 'I have kept my promise and have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid."

The boy made the promise and was immediately restored to the regiment.

—David D. Thompson, in the N. W. Christian Advocate.

September 5, 1861

The night was quiet—rain toward morning. I was up nearly all night, and when not up it was too cold to sleep much as I had no blanket. We were apprehensive of an attack.

Everything was so quiet during the day that we thought something must be wrong. I posted the camp guard as pickets after dark. Some of them showed the white feather badly. I would get them together in post and while looking for the rest, some of the first were sure to sly off and hide themselves. I was more than two hours, and did an immense sight of swearing in getting them out.

One of Company I's men, Louis Leonhardt, dodged off and hid himself so that I could not find him. It commenced raining about 8:00 this morning and rained till dark. We were relieved about 10 a. m. and set out for home where we arrived in due time well wet and covered with mud.

All the men who are in the habit of it, as many of them are, got liquor enough to get drunk. They were, of course, noisy and quarrelsome. The Big Sailor and another quarreled in our tent. One suddenly drew a sword and the other a dirk and were parted with difficulty. We are in as much danger from our own men as from the enemy. Not less than 6 or 8 have been accidentally shot since we left Detroit.

September 6, 1861.

Fatigue duty—chopping for the whole regiment. Richardson seems determined that his brigade shall do all that is to be done. And that the 2nd shall do the most of that.

September 7, 1861.

The officer of whom I spoke as having been shot by the Major of the 37th proves to have been Col. Stewart of the rebel army. The enemy are known to be making an extensive move from Manassas today, but its direction is not yet known. Their tents were taken down this morning as seen from balloons.

September 8, 1861.

A soldier of one of the Vermont regiments is to be shot tomorrow for sleeping on his post as a sentinel. We are to go to Bailey's Crossing again tomorrow. I do not desire the job very much. It was interesting enough the first time but it is getting pretty dull business.

We were all called out for fatigue duty this morning, but by a general order of Gen. McClellan, prohibiting Sunday labor except in cases of strict necessity were excused.

Benson has gone to the hospital. He has already broken by excesses one of the best constitutions ever given to man. I have been acting Orderly for three days. I bought the Atlantic this morning and have been reading that and distributing clothes and shoes to the Company all day. I have a bad cold in my head, but care nothing for it if it does not trouble my lungs. I would like very much to go to the city but it is impossible.

September 9, 1861.

Contrary to expectation the Company was sent on fatigue at 7 instead of picket. We drew a week's rations today and I stayed in to attend to that. At 4:30 p. m. we slung our things and marched to the cross roads for picketing. Arrived there before sundown and made all necessary arrangements. As usual Captain May had me on camp guard as soon as we were within sight of here.

September 10, 1861.

The night was very quiet. Some shot and shells were fired yesterday but none during the night. Then shells were so badly constructed that not one which they fired exploded.

Hereafter there is no fatigue duty for the 2nd, but they have to do all the picket duty at this place. This is a little tedious but after all a fine thing. A third of the regiment marches out every day. It gives them a march of 5 miles out on one day and 5 miles back the next, a view of the enemy and a chance to exchange shots. All things considered it is an excellent school.

Mary

Two other sergeants and myself stood guard on a post in front of the officers quarters. I was on from 11 till 2. It was a fine starry night. I looked at the stars and formed groups and images out of them till my eyes ached. Now and then a group came up which looked as familiar as the face of an old friend. It reminded me very forcibly of the time (some 8 years since) when a girl named Mary and myself used to recite Astronomy together days and sit up late nights to view the constellations.

It is now a long time since I saw Mary. She has gone, I know not where, and I am here. Many a change in thought, feeling and prospects of life has come to both. The sky is just as blue and the stars as bright as then, but neither would look upon them with the same interest.

Friendly Pickets

One of our pickets yesterday stumped a Secessionist to lay down guns and meet half way to trade newspapers, offering a New York Times for a Charleston Mercury. The soldier was willing to do it but his officer would not let him.

Two of our Captains crossed the lines this afternoon and held a conference with a Major and Captain of the Rebels during which it was agreed that the pickets should not hereafter fire on each other. They had a very friendly interview and talked over matters for nearly an hour. They were from the Virginia 2nd.

The man of Company K, who was wounded some days ago died yesterday. One of our men told the Rebels that he wanted to go over and look for a blanket which he lost on the 21st of July. They are bantering each other pretty freely today.

In the afternoon I went to a Secessionist house and got a very poor dinner for a quarter. There was not a manufactured article in the house which was not made north of Secessiondom.

Forty-third Installment

September 28, 1861

Hot coffee was sent to the pickets at daylight. No one was seen about the fort this morning and about 8:00 o'clock it became apparent that the enemy had withdrawn their pickets during the night. Some 6 or 8 troopers are all who have been seen about the fort up to 3 p. m.

A woman who came down past the fort this morning with 4 children, a wench and some furniture, and a one horse wagon reports that there are still two regiments concealed in the fortfications on Munson's hill and 6 regiments not far beyond.

We hardly know how to take this move but intend by care to avoid any trap which may have been laid. Scouts were out all day looking cautiously around, peeping into every accessible place.

About 4 p. m. Gen. Richardson and Col. Poe came out. After looking around for a little while, Gen. Richardson ordered Capt. Sherlock and myself to take 12 men of Co. I, and occupy, if possible, a house about 30 rods in front of the enemies' battery.

We advanced, occupied the house and scattered along a fence parallel to the battery. Here we lay concealed in the weeds for an hour and a half. As we knew nothing of the enemies force or position and as we were over half a mile in advance of all our pickets, we were rather anxious to know what was doing.

We took such precaution as we could to prevent being surrounded, and waited the progress of events. We could see about 20 men around their works who fired an occasional shot at us, none of which took effect.

After an hour and a half, about 20 men of the 5th Michigan crept up to us. Soon after as many more came through the woods and got into a schoolhouse on the opposite side of the road and a little nearer to the fort than we. Another party under Lt. Benson of about 40 men came up the road even with us.

We were all looking very earnestly when someone, I know not who it was, cried out "forward." At this we all made a rush and entered the works on the run and found them empty. A few of the men who had been there ran afoul of our scouts and were taken. The rest disappeared.

Gen. Richardson and Col. Poe looked on, not believing the works were deserted. The Gen. swore worse than a Corporal. Benson and I had neither of us had a chance to get swords and were armed with nothing but pistols.

I was fortunate enough to escape his observation, but Benson caught it. "Is there another Lieutenant here?" shouted Gen. Richardson. "Yes sir," said Benson, "I am." The general turned short around, and looking at him a moment, said, "Well, by ———, you look like one. You'll kill somebody yet. Where is your sword? What have you been about; out on duty without a sword?"

Here Col. Poe interfered in behalf of the paralyzed Lieutenant and explained. "Well," said the general, "can you get a sword?" Captain Whipple handed him his.

"Do you see that barricade in the road?" asked Gen. Richardson. Yes. "Can you lead these men there?" Yes. Then without waiting a second, "Come, why ain't you off, sir? What you standing here for?" When he saw the men running to the works, he pretended to be very much enraged, but could easily be seen to be laughing in his sleeve. "There, Col., there goes one of them up to the fort. There goes two more. There goes the whole of them. Col., all you have to do is to hold these men if you can till it is time to let them go."

We quickly hoisted the Union Flag and gave it three lusty cheers. Some other parties soon after took possession of a work just beyond. The N. J. brigade had already seized one on the left.

When the sun set we had possession of all the enemies' works in that locality without loss. We had from Munson's Hill a fine view of Washington, the Potomac and toward the West the high hills to the right of Manassas were visible.

All the officers except Benson and I went back to the corners to sleep. We laid down with about a dozen of our men on top of the hill. We had our oil cloth blankets under us and only one blanket to cover us.

There was a strong, cold northwest wind which, when we awoke a little after midnight had chilled us pretty thoroughly. We got up and ran around till we were warm again and then slept well till daylight.

Two regiments came up before 9 p. m. to help hold the works and when daylight came, six others and two batteries were seen near by. The Garabaldi Guards were among them and I must say that they can beat the world at stealing.

All the New York troops are great at that, but I believe the Guards can beat them all. The country was soon plundered and houses which have been perfectly safe in our hands for a month were stripped by them in an hour, and have been burned.

Fifty-ninth Installment

November 6, 1861

Brigade drill went off well. Col. Poe said he was entirely satisfied and that there was not a regiment in the army that could beat us drilling when we attended to our business.

November 7, 1861

Court martial which came near being dissolved was reanimated and continued in session this a. m. Fined one man $6.50 and 20 days hard labor for talking disrespectfully to a sergeant. I was detailed for officer of the guard tomorrow but a new case came for the court martial and I go clear of guard for another day.

A sentinel of the 63rd Penn. Regt. shot two of his own Co. last night at one shot. They had been outside and were trying to creep in unobserved.

The Col. got after me a little today. They divided the regiment in eight Companies because it was so small. This brought me down among some d——d idiots of Co. E. I happened to turn my eyes off them for a moment and one of them was gaping in all directions. Col. Poe unobserved by me, was passing along the rear. His quick eye instantly perceived the pudding head staring around. He tapped me on the shoulder and asked whether "if I was to exert myself I could not keep that man's head to the front." I touched my cap with great deference and replied "Yes Sir." That man did not catch it much after that.

November 8, 1861

Court martial again today. I went to Alexandria after dinner. I walked around the city a little. I saw the building in which Washington was made a Mason. I saw also the steam frigate Pensacola (24 guns) all new and bright, just from the yard. She is gay. The city is dull and shamefully dirty.

November 9, 1861

Just now I heard some man down at the tents repeating some of Capt. May's extravagant expressions at Bull Run. One can judge how ludicrous they must have been to be remembered so long by soldiers. I can see him now with both arms stretched out, his pistol in one and his sword in the other, screaming "I will be obeyed," "Now or never," "I'll blow you through if you do not mind," and the men all gaping at him motionless with amazement.

Sid. Prentice swears that the Captain's actions scared him worse than all the secessionists he saw. He thought, as he says, "h——l must be out for noon" somewhere or the Captain would not make such a fuss. The only trouble was the Captain did not know what orders to give and when he gave one he would word it so incorrectly that they did not know what he meant.

There never were any men more willing to obey orders if they could have heard any to obey. If there had been no other Companies there, I believe the Captain would have scared ours out of their wits.

It is a cold rainy night but the wind does not blow and the tent is warm and comfortable. Benson is on guard and has to stay out doors all night. I am sorry for the boy. Law does even a soldier some good, for by means of what little I know I have escaped all these rainy nights for some three weeks.

I have everything as comfortable as one could wish. I have a new work on field fortifications, the Atlantic and one of Scott's novels for reading matter and have just partaken of a good supper of oysters and crackers, that being about as cheap living as the country affords. Soldiering under these circumstances is nice, very nice business.

When a man is out all day in the rain and lies down on the ground at night without a dry thread on him and only one blanket to cover him, it

is different in some respects. Still one feels glad enough when the sun comes out warm next day to make it all up.

I do not often lose my temper but yesterday morning I went out to look for an orderly for the Court Martial and a meddlesome impudent chap from Co. K came after me and kept crowding and pushing against me and talking all the time some nonsense. I had had about enough of his foolery on other occasions. I told him twice that I wished he would keep away, but he paid no attention.

Finding that he paid no heed to what I said to him and not caring to be troubled longer I turned suddenly around and gave him a slap on the side of the head which brought him down on to his hands and knees. He has not troubled me since.

(To be continued.)

Sixty-fourth Installment

November 26, 1861.

On picket guard about 7 miles out on the Richmond road. I have command of the outposts. They gave me only 27 men to take the place of 90. The posts are badly arranged. There are no posts either to our right or left and there is nothing to hinder the enemy from coming around to our rear and cutting us off.

I supposed this morning that we were only coming out about 2 miles and therefore did not bring my pistol. I miss it very much. It is exactly the right place to use it. I was always very partial to firearms. With that I should feel pretty sure of a man at 10 rods and entirely so at 6. While with a sword I am not at all sure of him at 6 feet. I think however that my two days will pass off without needing it.

November 27, 1861

The night was very keen. I went the rounds twice and slept very well during the rest of the night. There was nothing seen or heard along our line. Signal lights were seen further to the left.

Our shanty of pine and cedar bushes set up in a circle with a little fire on the inside is quite comfortable. We have to keep very small fires and have them well screened from view, otherwise we could be as warm as one could wish. The night was so cold that the men on post were very wakeful.

About 8 a. m. it commenced snowing but it soon changed to rain which continued nearly all day. The roof of our house leaked badly but the fire soon dried the ground and kept us comfortable.

A little black boy came from a house nearby and brought us some very good pies and other eatables which he sold at a fair price. He said his brother ran away 2 years ago and went North and he would be darned if he didn't believe he would do so some day. He wanted we should give him some newspaper. He could not read them but knew a boy that could.

November 28, 1861

Last night passed off quietly. The Cavalry got sight of some "Secesh" out about 6 miles yesterday but they did not come near. Four men (all French) were sent up from the 5th last night to stop with me until morning, also two French troopers for Orderlies. One of them served in Africa and the Crimea. He is now in the service 9 years. He swears there is no better life than a soldier. I am sure I would dislike to have him after me with his sabre, 3 ft. 4 in. long, sharp on both sides. I believe he would be a match for any 10 of our new Cavalry either for fighting or endurance.

7 p. m. Home again. Returned about 3 p. m. It is raining and snowing and is much pleasanter in our good tent than in a brush picket house. A Capt., Lieut., 6 non-commissioned officers and 65 privates of the 63rd Penn. came out about 11 a. m. and relieved my 27 men.

Capt. Handy offered me $25.00 tonight if I would make him sure of getting in this Co. again. I think I can't do it unless the time comes when we must do that or worse. No man can live in it as Capt. if we are inclined to get him out. It is understood to be Thanksgiving in Michigan today and nearly all the officers in the 2nd, 3rd and 5th Regiments are drunk on the strength of it.

I had a very sympathetic and affectionate epistle today from the mistress of my friend Mr. Boren. She resides at present in Washington and seems to have great anxiety about the fate of her "dear Charley" as she calls him. I can very certainly assure her that it is his fate to be prosecuted for desertion if something very unexpected does not happen to prevent my doing it. It will take more than the prayers of one prostitute to save him after the nice scrape he got me into by trying to favor him. He has a very pretty, intelligent and wealthy young wife in Michigan for whom I am sorry. She has probably learned by this time that a traveling showman however good looking or smart by nature makes but an indifferent husband.

As the rain comes pattering down on the tent I cannot but again thank the good fortune that brought me back to camp just at the right time. Tents are not quite home in all respects, but no one who has not tried it knows how glad the tired soldier feels to find himself once more inside his own canvas house. Saving the presence of friends, no home, however gorgeous, ever gave greater joy. All toils and troubles are forgotten and he is mindful only of the cheerful warmth of his mud fire place, the hearty greetings of his comrades, eager for the history of his adventures, and neither last nor least the contents of his mess chest. Those who are in camp are always sure to look well to these things ere the return of the absentees, and as for the adventures they are generally none the less in narrative than in reality.

It was very dark last night but I made my usual rounds at 10 p. m. and 4 a. m. to assure myself that the pickets were doing their duty. They were very much exposed and I was very anxious that none of them should be lost or driven in while I had command. The ground was rolling and was bordered all the way either on one side or both with a thick growth of scrub pines among which one could move without the least noise. The posts were full 50 rods apart and I could approach within 20 feet of any of them without being seen or heard. The men did their duty well, but any one could have shot every one on the line with perfect safety to himself.

While going along the path one day I found the little piece of poetry which I have pinned into the fore part of the book. The only safety for pickets in such cases lies in frequently and noiselessly shifting his position. In this way a lurking enemy while looking for him in one place is pretty sure to be seen by him from another. It needs a keen-witted fearless, wide-awake man for a good picket guard on a dangerous post.

December 7, 1861

We presented Gen. Richardson, today, with a sword and sash which cost $75. It was a present from the officers of the Mich. 2nd. If I could have had my way I would have waited till another pay day and then have bought a better one.

The General knew nothing about it till we came in on him. He acted as funny and embarrassed as a boy with a new hat. He expressed his thanks in his usual dry blunt style and called on Col. Terry who was present to help him out by a speech which he did quite handsomely. Gen. said he desired to bring on the wine but unfortunately had none on hand. So he concluded to call us in at another time.

We took him entirely off guard. If so many secessionists had have come in and summoned him to surrender, he would have been less confused. Anything like speech making is a terror to him. He has never been known to talk for more than two minutes consecutively since he joined the Regiment. He likes to do things without ceremony if we may judge from the way in which he got married. When the Regt. first went to Detroit he was engaged to be married to a lady at that place. When he determined to go for three years she objected. She said she was willing to marry him and go with him for a three month's campaign, but she thought that 3 years in camp was too much. Indeed she could not consent to it. "Very well, Madam, there are others who will. Good day." The General called for his hat, crossed the street, offered himself in less than 10 minutes after to a girl whom he had seen but twice before, was accepted and married within two weeks.

Senator Chandler and a number of other Michigan men were here to see how we were getting along today and we had a review and drill for their edification. Tomorrow we bury (or "plant" as Prentice calls it) Foster who died last night at the hospital.

December 9, 1861

More lovely weather than that of the last 3 days no rational man could ask for. It is like the warmest days of Indian summer in Michigan, only not so smoky. There is hardly any frost nights. Foster was buried yesterday. A large number of men from other Companies were present. With an appropriate discourse it would have been a very solemn funeral. Chaplain May's sermon was about as appropriate and interesting as the dryest chapter of Coke's Com. would have been.

A military funeral when properly conducted is a very solemn and impressive scene. Its effect is far different from that of other funerals. Nothing sounds more sorrowful than the slow prolonged wail of martial music. The perfect silence and regularity of the procession, the measured tread, the inverted arms, and sober looks all increase the effect.

Soldiers always look very sad on such occasions, more however as matter of discipline and duty than because they care a great deal about it. In truth, after they have been six months in the service the death of a comrade makes very little change in their conversation or thoughts.

At dress parade tonight came orders to move at 9 a. m. tomorrow. I suppose we are going about 3 miles down the river to Washington valley. We shall undoubtedly winter there or at least go into winter quarters.

One of the most important things for a soldier to learn is that he has and can have no home, no fixed place of abode which can be improved or beautified beyond the mere wants of the day. As often as he gets well to living the order comes to move. He packs the most necessary of his articles, abandons the rest and travels to another place. As a member of the 1st Kansas hath written, "he covenanteth with the credulous farmers for much poultry, potatoes, etc., to be paid for in ten days and, lo, on the ninth day his Regiment moveth to another place."

We shall be 3 miles nearer the enemy but with no more prospect of active service. I dislike to be cooped up there all winter, but I suppose I can stand it at $105 per month. Our things are all packed and we have only to strike our tents and we are ready for the march.

Gen. Richardson gave Benson and I each a photograph of himself tonight. It is a good picture and I prize it very highly as coming from him in person. God knows I like the man and so, I think, does everyone in the 2nd, unless it be Major Williams. If the "Secesh" ever touch him they had better keep out of the way of the "Pet Lambs."

Seventy-ninth Installment

December 30, 1861

They are practicing at Fort Lyon today with 32 pounders. Although it is 2 miles off I can hear the balls whistle and strike the ground, very distinctly. Our servant, Noble, went to Alexandria toady, got drunk and has not yet returned. We have been obliged to pick up our liking as best we could.

December 31, 1861

We were out at daylight this morning for muster. The whole affair was over before 9 a. m. and we were back to our quarters.

Noble has not yet returned. I think we shall have to send him back to the Company again. He has got to be a man of more consequence than we can afford. I sent by him for the Atlantic and I care more about getting that than anything else.

I presume Noble is shut up in the Slave Pen by the Provost Guard. If so he may lie there. We have kept him more as an oddity than anything else. I might go home on recruiting service for six months if I desired, but I don't care to go. All other things being equal, I would rather be picketing on the out posts than any place I have yet found.

Benson is officer of the day. I wish I was on with him. He has done what ought to have been done long ago—to wit: got 4 of the prisoners tied to trees. Tied their hands behind them and then tied the rope fast to a small tree. In this way you are pretty sure to find them when you come back, if you have to go away a few minutes. I proposed to have a chain put around their necks and fastened to a tree, but I think this is as well. There is no sufficient place to keep them and they are getting exceeding troublesome.

This is a most beautiful and romantic country. Still there seems something decayed, neglected, mournful about everything. Perhaps if I could have seen it at another time it would have looked different to me. Everything is so unlike Michigan. Everybody lives away off the road, and seem to have done all that they ever expect to except going through the mere formula of living. The idea of anything new or business like strikes one as exceedingly out of place, a great innovation on customs immemorially established.

I have not seen a new house since I came into Virginia. They have all those monstrous chimneys at one or both ends which I have so often wondered at in picture books. The house may burn up or rot down, but the chimney remains firm as a tower. These chimneys standing alone are often all that is left to mark the spot where was perhaps a happy home—monuments alike to the departed joys which once clustered around them and to the general decline of the country where they are found.

At each plantation you will also see a strong old building of brick or stone, arranged with loop holes for musketry as a precaution against the possible workings of her peculiar institution.

One on taking a walk here has much the same feeling, so far as regards the country, as if he were in a grave yard—subdued, solemn thoughts of the many things which have been, not what is or will be.

This may be called the classic ground of America perhaps, and the memory of the statesmen, orators, warriors and patriots which are here buried lend a sacredness to the place which nothing can destroy. This is about its only claim to respect. Its high rocky hills, its pure crystal fountains, its clear healthful air, its distant and enchanting scenes would all point it out as a country where health and courage of body should be united with mental vigor and large share of taste, poetry, eloquence and refinement.

From our own camp we have a most enchanting view of the Patomac for more than fifteen miles. Benson and Goebel (1st of A) had a glorious time last night. They are both good men and they had business enough from taps till 2 this morning.

Goebel got so mad at his own Co. that he did not know which end he stood on. He was trying to arrest some of them when one tried to tap him on the head with a stick of wood. He knocked him down with the hilt of his sword and kicked him about 10 rods down the hill into a brook and then took him to the guard house.

By this time Benson came around and called out the whole of Co. I and marched them down to A's quarters with loaded guns. He and Goebel then "went for them." "Py Yesus, I cag and puck (gag and buck) every man in the Company." They begged and pleaded in all sorts of Dutch, German and French to be let off, but Goebel swore that if "Yesus himself was there making a muss, he would 'cag and puck' him, py Got."

They finally took 4 to the Guard House, tied and gagged them, and let the rest go. They then seized 4 or 5 corporals and sergeants of Co. C and arrested 2 lieutenants, Turner and Shearer, and made an effort to arrest some men of Co. B who threw stones at the guard while they arrested A's men.

About 2 a. m. they had succeeded in quieting all the noise and Co. I returned to quarters. Corp. Mack was the only man of our Company who was riotous. He will get straightened.

The Oldest Barber

THE SENIOR BARBER OF ROMEO EDGES OUT OUR THOMAS BASS BY 73 DAYS.

The unusual record of Decatur's veteran barber, Thomas Bass, printed in the Republican of December 30, reminded Mrs. Albert Stepnitz of the oldest barber in her former home town, Romeo. She thought he could beat Tom's record and wrote him to inquire.

In reply she received this interesting life record of another old timer:

MY HISTORY

By B. Bennington Bradley

I was born in the city of Flint on the 16th of February, 1859, learned my trade under the tutelage of my father at the age of 15. Came to Romeo on the 29th of December, 1881,

and was married to Elenora Tracy.

I lived in Flint until February 28, 1882, then returned to Romeo where I raised a family of seven children, six girls and one boy.

The girls are all graduates of Romeo High school, the boy reached the 9th grade. All of them are pronounced musicians and all are alive except the oldest girl who passed away July 9, 1919, leaving two sons and one daughter. My wife passed away on the first of February, 1933.

I was the first barber in Romeo to have a combination work cabinet in front of my chairs, the first to have hydraulic barber chairs, the first to have electric clippers, the first to have running water, electric lights and an electric hair dryer.

I've seen 25 barbers come and go from here and am the only one alive in Romeo who was in business here 62 years ago when I started. I have 37 shaving mugs in my cup case the owners of which have passed on.

P.S.—I have 16 grandchildren and 16 great grandchildren; 2 grandsons are overseas, one in Ireland and one in New Guinea. My son is in the post office in Flint.

Both of these barbers are colored men of high standing in their communities, and their records are nearly parallel.

Our townsman was born on the first day of May, 1859, and will celebrate his 85th birthday in a few months. His birth place was Raleigh, North Carolina, and he began barbering in Richmond, Indiana, when he was 21. He began barbering in Decatur sixty years ago.

Romeo is a village somewhat similar to Decatur. It is situated in Macomb county 35 miles north of Detroit, and about the same distance from Lake Huron as Decatur is from Lake Michigan. Its population is 2,627. Decatur's population is 1599.

Barbers as a rule are long lived people. If you want to live long and prosper, hear all the gossip and enjoy your living as you go along, be a barber. Barbers know all that is going on in the community but usually are close mouthed. They play the races and bet on the ball games. That is why they never get rich, but they are always happy.

They generally have decided views on politics, but know when and how to express them.

They say about the gossip they hear that it goes in one ear and out the other, but we have learned from experience that if one wants inside local information the barber can furnish it,—if we can get him to talk.

We know of but one trade that for general interest and longevity of its followers, equals that of the barber; that is the editor's.

We once knew a barber in the Palmer House in Chicago. He was 84 years old and had barbered in that one place 54 years. He was there when the old Palmer House was torn down to make a place for the present palatial building. That was twenty years ago. The old barber vanished then and we never saw him again.

Bangor had an old barber that a few years ago was the boasted rival of our Barber Bass. Nothing has been said about him of late years, and perhaps he too has had his day.

What Our Soldiers "Over There" Think About

Remarks by 1st Lt. Eugene M. Wolkoff at Decatur Lions Club Luncheon on March 16, 1944.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

It is a pleasure and an honor to be here with you today, though I hardly know what you wish to hear. It is an open secret that soldiers are seldom good speakers, and I am surely not an exception. But there are several things the boys over there think about that you might be interested in knowing.

Our Country the Best

No. 1—Without an exception, the soldiers of all ranks, who stay overseas for any length of time think and feel that these United States of ours make up the best country on the face of the earth. Born and raised in this country, we take too many things for granted. Sometimes we do not like one thing, and often we are dissatisfied with another. Perhaps it is natural. But, when one goes through several countries over there, sees how other people live, watches their ways, and sees what they have to contend with—one very quickly comes to the conclusion that we have the best country a mother's son can have.

The Red Cross

No. 2—Our boys overseas know pretty well that people at home stand behind them in every respect. This knowledge is good and necessary for the morale of our military forces both overseas and at home. It was very gratifying for a soldier to know that every loan was over-subscribed, every fund drive went over the top, even results of the scrap metal drive and the waste paper drive are very satisfactory.

There is no question in my mind, and no doubt in the mind of every soldier that the present Red Cross fund drive will be met by our entire population with a well deserved enthusiasm. And let me tell this, if any organization deserves our wholehearted support, it is unquestionably the Red Cross, whose service, overseas especially, cannot be evaulated with money. This one organization is always ready and eager to help any member of the military force and at the time of the greatest need: when one is sick, disabled or wounded. For this reason, it should be most generously supported by every man and woman in America.

Strikes

No. 3—There is one thing that a great many soldiers overseas do not quite understand. How does it happen, some think, that in these crucial times we have in the country so many labor strikes, and the threat of strikes? This really is beyond most soldiers' comprehension. When a private, for $50.00 a month and his C ration, when he can get it, will work, sweat, often live in a fox hole, and fight at a word or a signal of his leader, he fails to understand that a worker in a factory has any right to stop production that keeps a soldier in Italy or in the South Pacific going. The constant and uninterrupted supply must go to the front, or the soldier in his fox hole is out of luck. Because even with the abundance of supplies a soldier often pays with his life. But without these supplies he has no chance whatever.

Even in this case, however, if the labor leaders would stop to think, they would soon realize in its entirety the role that labor must play in this total war, and then we would not have so many strikes. It seems that something should be done so that we would not have these work interruptions in times like these. This war is everybody's business, and every one must pitch in so that we will win

War Far From Won

No. 4—This leads us to another impression a soldier overseas has, and it is shared by nearly all military forces. It is the fact that the war is very far from being won and over. To my mind it is just well underway. Germans are good fighters, they have "what it takes," and they will not be a "push-over" by a long way. They will have to be defeated thoroughly and decisively on the sea, under the sea, in the air and on the ground. They will have to feel that they are solidly beaten in all four spheres of modern warfare before they will holler "Kamerad." And they will be so beaten! But that will take some fighting. Of course our soldiers will do their part. Yet, in order to be able to fight successfully, soldiers on the ground, sailors on the seas, and fliers above them must be supplied with an abundance of material, with which they can fight. That job, the production of all these things, should be supplied by people at home. And every member of the military forces overseas expects that the people at home will not let him down. In this, I am sure, he is not mistaken.

THE SHERRODS IN ALASKA

When Mrs. Max Sherrod of Palmer, Alaska, called at the Republican office a few weeks ago she spoke of a nationally known writer who had visited her home town and interviewed the Sherrod family. He was there to write the story of that northern country to be published in a book entitled the Highway to Alaska and from the visit to Palmer he wrote an illustrated article entitled "The Garden Spot of Alaska," which Mrs. Sherrod said was published in the September number of the magazine, "Travel."

Following her call we went to the Decatur library and were fortunate to find the magazine and the interesting article to which she referred. The author and photographer is Herbert C. Lanks and one of the pictures shows a bit of Max Sherrod's farm with Mrs. Sherrod feeding the lambs. Max is an original settler and one of Matanuska's most enthusiastic farmers. The writer says in part,

"We visited many places in Alaska but no part of the country appealed to us more than Matanuska valley, the site of the well known government settlement project of 1935, fifty miles to the north of the port of Ancharge. Here are found large areas of fertile soil, mild climate and magnificent scenery.

"The total area of land under cultivation in this valley is probably not more than 20 square miles out of a possible 2,000 square miles of arable land.

"In 1935 the U. S. Department of the Interior and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, a New Deal Agency, got together and worked out the Matanuska Valley colonization project. Colonists were picked by social welfare workers from those struck by the depression in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. Each family was to be settled with at least 40 acres of land to be paid for over a period of 30 years.

"With these and other liberal arrangements completed a thousand people began the 3,500 mile trek to their new homes, and finally settled around the little station of Palmer.

The writer called on a number of the settlers and this is what he said about the son of Vincent Sherrod and one time resident of the Eagle Lake neighborhood:

"Max Sherrod, another one of the original settlers, came from Battle Creek, Michigan. We met him in a potato field with his two daughters. He described how he dug fifteen tons of potatoes from a single acre whereas the average is about six to eight tons.

"Max Sherrod showed us around other fields on his farm. In a great patch of almost interminable rows of lettuce his daughter picked a head of lettuce that practically filled her arms. The cabbage field was even more spectacular. There were cabbages that weighed thirty pounds and which the girls could scarcely lift. Max said that one half acre yields him $1300 worth of cabbage, nearly all of which are sold to the army like the rest of his produce.

"He raised grain for his stock and got sixty bushels of oats to the acre. Last year his farm grossed $5000 with a net cash profit of $2800 whereas this year he expected to double that return.

"Mrs. Sherrod was enthusiastic about her flowers and small garden of vegetables. Sweet-peas towered up to the roof height of their little cottage. The garden peas had climbed so high that she had to use a step-ladder to pick the topmost ones."

This Travel magazine is on file in the Decatur library where anyone can see it and read the article. There are also several good books on Alaska in the library and a book entitled "Road to Alaska," the story of the Alaska military highway, by Douglas Coe. This is one of the Carnegie gifts books which insures it a high rating for reliability and interest.

It is predicted that Alaska is due for a boom after the war and some of our own young people may become interested in it. Back in the nineties several young men from this community took the long trip to this great country of the north and liked it so well that they stayed. Wesley Adams and Hugh Rosevelt of Keeler were two of them Mr. Rosevelt passed away there last year. He was an uncle of Supervisor Ted. Rosevelt and the Misses Mary and Ruth Rosevelt. Will Brown, a Decatur young man, went there during the gold rush to the Klondike and so far as we know he never returned.

Our Boys in the Service

WASHINGTON WEARS WELL

(Guess we do remember Bill DeGraaf and would have been glad to shake his hand and have a visit with him when he was here on his furlough. We know another fellow who likes the state of Washington pretty well, and he has our own last name, so it must be a good state. It was good of you to write, Bill, and will pass the word from you along to your Decatur friends. Once a resident of Decatur, always a resident of Decacatur. We claim them, especially the boys in the service, so a welcome is always waiting you here, and it will be a pleasure to hear from you often.)

Vancouver, Washington.
January 8, 1944.

Dear Arby,

I don't know if you know me or not, but I'm one of the old town boys. I lived in Decatur for 17 years before we moved to Holland, Mich., about 3 years ago, where my home is now.

I've been in the Army now for fifteen months. I was inducted the second of October, 1942.

Yes and I've been in the state of Washington for that length of time, too. I think Washington is a very nice state, and like it here. It's true we have quite a bit of rain, but I guess we run about neck and neck with California, as far as rain is concerned.

When I first came into the service I was stationed at Ft. Lewis, Wash., in the 123rd Infantry. Where they are now I don't know, but I was transferred into the medics, and came here to Vancouver, where I still am.

I've been here in Vancouver for 9 months now, and I'm rather used to it. Last Christmas eve. I ran into a fellow from Decatur. He was Duane Cottrell, and I had just written to him the same morning. It sure seemed swell to bump into someone from the old home town.

I had been home last November on a 30 day furlough, and was in Decatur for one day, but I hadn't noticed much of a change in the old town. I had a very nice time on my furlough. The biggest trouble was I had to take an operation to get it, but I'm still alive and kicking.

Well, Arby, I guess it's time for me to sign off now. Tell the town folks I said hello, and a Happy New Year to all.

Pfc. Bill DeGraaf.
S. C. U. 1971, Det. Med. Dept.
Barnes Gen. Hospital,
Vancouver, Washington

from Allan Copley which his friends all enjoy reading. His Aunt Lotta Copley is managing an Eleanor Club in Chicago.)

Dec. 28, 1943.

Dear Folks:

Have received a number of grand letters from you lately, but couldn't

get around to answering. Had a good Christmas dinner with turkey. carol singing and midnight mass on Christmas eve. We were worried that the usual bully beef would be our fare for Christmas and I sure was glad to see those frozen birds laid out, felt sorry for the patients that couldn't eat. A couple had to have intravenous feeding so we kidded them about maybe we'd let them have a few extra drops for Christmas dinner, also the best mince pie. Don't mean to be disloyal mama, but it really was as good as at home. Even the crust was thick, just as I like it; nut cake and what was supposed to be banana cream pie, which was lemon because we couldn't get the bananas to ripen. And for supper some of those wonderful egg dumplings I told you about that we had Thanksgiving. Dried eggs are terrible by themselves, scrambled like, so we try to use them up in the cooking. They're o.k. mixed with potato patties.

Am enclosing a couple of pictures. One is that from which the enlargement I sent you was taken. It's just outside the admission tent and in the background you can see the desk where I spend most of my time. The other is new—Billie's. I'm the one with the cup and it was along here that I picked up those shells I sent you. I thought they were novel, but not unusual enough to put on display in the bank.

Received two packages in time for Christmas, one from the kids in A.A. and one from Myrtle Van. Ring up Myrtle to tell her thanks. I'll write as soon as possible but am afraid that won't be very soon and don't be disappointed if this letter doesn't get a fol ow-up very soon.

Put all my presents on the bed and left them wrapped so it would seem more like Christmas. All the fellows wanted to dive into Myrtle's fruit cake but I made them wait until last night, as we all had too much to eat Christmas day.

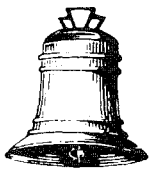
Had a long letter from Aunt Lotta. She seems to like it there very much Received her letter along with many others around Dec. 21-24, which made it nice for the holiday.

I wrote the Martins about mother working so they'll understand. Had a telegram from them on Christmas day. Alan Martin is now back in camp in Australia though not so near home.

Received the Lions Club letter and money order, so am sending money order back for deposit. Nice of them to do it, must have been a big job. Would keep the money order to spend but only P. O. M.O.'s can be cashed and don't need it any way. It fell on the ground so there's a bit of IWPD dirt on the back. All my love,

Al.

Allan B. Copley 367155269 Cpl.
APO 2 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.



An Everlasting Memorial

The Decoration Day Address Delivered by Henry Houseman at the Annual Service in Hamilton Cemetery Sunday, May 27, 1945. Printed at request of Republican.

Everything about us here witnesses to the significance, the solemnity and the beauty of this occasion! These sacred shrines, the music and marching, the flags and flowers, and Hearts that throb in a grateful way—For this is our Remembering Day. And around those hearts still closely twine the ties which time and distance cannot sever. Here again is the evidence that the mystic chords of memory stretch from the graves to the living heart!

What a blessing that we are able as individuals to go back in quiet retrospect and experience a resurgence of love and of gratitude for the Past. Perhaps the Star in the window has turned to gold; gone, too, from many family circles are the old familiar faces. There remain the golden memories!

"And when the stream which overflowed the soul was passed away, a consciousness remained that it had left deposited upon the silent shore of memory, Images of precious thoughts that shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled, like the vase in which roses have once been distilled; you may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the rose will cling round it still!"

The happy past is secure and no unfortunate hour can take away what an earlier hour gave!

One of the God-like things of this world is the—veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men. What a privilege it is to gather in this hallowed shrine, revive our reminiscent love and pay humble tribute to human worth.

"We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforseen
Remembrance falls on what has
been."

From the graves in this cemetery come silent voices which speak eloquently of high courage and of deep devotion; of consecration and of self-sacrifice. In remembrance of things past we come, and reverently place flowers upon those graves. Gratitude is silent when it is deep. We express it here with flowers. May no hand be too busy, and no heart too indifferent to bestow this simple, beautiful tribute in remembrance!

I now direct your attention to another memorial.—In an early chapter on the conquest of the Promised Land, the Book of Books relates the incident of the memorial tablets. Joshua, the commander, says: "When your children ask 'What mean ye by these stones?' Then ye shall answer them these stones shall be for a memorial forever."

An Everlasting Memorial

We of this present hour are challenged to build and to bestow such a

memorial.

The most constant thing in life is change; these flowers we place upon the graves give of their sweetness and beauty, but they must fade. One generation passes away and another generation comes; but our memorial shall not pass away! I speak of it figuratively as a temple; the call to build it comes in this most tragic period in the life of man!

It is an imperitive call! Man is the "heir of all the ages;" and he should enjoy the fruits of past achievements. Instead, the dread Four Horsemen ride the roads of the world, starvation, persecution, strife, death,—never has earth witnessed these as in the days through which we have just passed and are even now passing. Tens of thousands of little children whose eyes should gleam with the very joy of life,—die; their eyes wide with terror! Multitudes have been left without a place to lay their heads. Over the Old World centers of culture, death and destruction reign supreme.

Well,—the German power—ruthless; inhuman; without conscience or honor,—has been crushed! There is but one end for the nation which adopts a destructive pattern of life—and that end is Destruction. The same fate awaits Japan! Then, what? Then comes the most momentous issue of our times, and whether or not we will be able to read it in time, will determine the future of our children. We do not—as Ann Morrow Lindbergh implies—go on to meet the wave of the future; rather we are that wave! The future is in the present.

Surely the Victory which we have achieved, and which we will achieve; the Victory which has been so costly should not be cheaply spent. We can in fact afford to spend it for one thing only—the Temple of Lasting Peace. Long ago the poet expressed the ideal:

"For I dipped into the future
far as human eye could see,
Saw a vision of the world,
and all the wonder that would be,
Till the war drums throbbed no
longer."

This dream of yesterday becomes the confident hope of today, and we can make it the realized fact of tomorrow! Note first this basic thought: War can be prevented; Peace can be built! What then are the stones which must go into the building? Inasmuch as this battlefield is in the hearts and minds of men and women, control must be exercised over Germany and her partners until they have lost the Will to War! Military force will be essential as long as there remains evidence of international anarchy; but peace is a continuing process and force must ultimately become the rejected stone of the builders!

The next will always be of primary importance. Note it carefully, every social problem has an economic root. There are two theories of leadership. The first is that the leader creates the situation; the second, the situation creates the leader. Take your choice for an explanation of Hitler, but I wish to emphasize that a policy of "live and let live" is essential if we would prevent potential Hitlers from riding into power on a wave of despair.

Now then, what is the keystone of the temple? Let us make sure of the keystone lest we build upon sand.

It was just at the season when the chimes ring the message "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." I was fairly thrilled to note that a metropolitan newspaper had devoted its entire first page to a reprint of Christ's "Sermon on the Mount." Of all the philosophies relating to human relationships, it is the one which charms me most. That Golden Rule is the standard measurement for all mankind. On that basis—and on that basis alone—the whole of life can proceed. As we contemplate a world in ruins and desperately wounded it should be transparently clear that every unbrotherly act is in the end a loss. The world will be rebuilt; but in vain we build unless the builder also grows. Would you do your part as a builder of this temple? Then sow the abundant fruits of righteousness on prepared soil!

In the peace we seek there is no room for malice; it must be a peace without hate. I am reminded of the words spoken by the great Lincoln as he contemplated the defeated South:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his

orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This day suggests that we bestow a memorial. It cannot be left to the sculptor for there is no marble white enough; it cannot be left to the poet for there is no language rich enough to portray the sacrifice. For all who sacrificed in the hope of a better, a freer, and a more humane world; for those brave and simple men who died in that brave and simple faith, I propose the Memorial we must all help to build; it is An Everlasting Memorial,—the Temple of Lasting Peace.

THE POETS' CORNER

SPRING TONIC

'Twas home-made suits, shirts, mitts and socks
That I wore when a boy,
When a few pennies bought for me
The things that gave me joy;
And when I wasn't feeling well,
No doctor came to call
But ma gave me some castor oil
Though I did loudly bawl.

That awful taste comes back today
And loathe it I still do,
Though not a drop I've tasted since
The spring of umpty-two;
When ma thought I was lacking gimp,
So mixed for me to take
Molasses, sulphur and some oil
And bade me to partake.

My ma's intentions were the best,
But since that day and hour,
I've taken my molasses straight
On griddle cakes of flour.
In which buckwheat predominates,
And while still piping hot,
Sweet butter I spread on quite thick
To make them reach the spot.

Today spring tonic most folks take
Is tonic one may sip,
But tonic with a "stick" in it
Will oft cause one to slip;
And though the tonic mother gave
Was nasty as could be,
It got results that might prove good
For folks like you and me.

Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End Avenue,
Chicago 15.

GOD NEVER FORGETS

God doesn't forget His children,
While they are traveling here;
But in His own good season,
He sends sunshine to cheer.

Sometimes He has to make us wait,
So we will think of Him,
So many cares and pleasures,
Our thoughts of God grow dim.

If everyone could realize,
That God's way is the best,
And pray for understanding,
We'd then have peace and rest.

The times in which we're living
Should cause serious behavior,
For we must meet in judgment,
Our Father, and our Saviour.

—Nellie Sibley.

Potts House on Main Street Sold

William Wilcox has sold the house on Main Street, known as the Potts house, to Leon Simmons, of Lawrence township, who made the purchase as an investment. The transfer was completed the fourth of September.

This house is one of the landmarks of the village. It has stood for many years, the one residence in a block of business places. It was built by Charles N. Poor back in the fifties and was first occupied by him. He also built the 3 three-story store buildings adjoining on the south.

Back in the early eighties the house was partly destroyed by fire. This was when it was occupied by Fred Mielke, the tailor. It was then purchased and rebuilt by James Potts and was the Potts home for over fifty years.

William Wilcox bought it of Miss Ida Potts in the fall of 1939. He rebuilt it into a two-family apartment house, joined the Navy and moved his family to Paw Paw where they now reside.

Mr. Wilcox served two years in the Navy and received his discharge the last day of June.

He has recently become associated with his son-in-law, Leonard Oliver, in the building of a frozen food plant in Paw Paw and that village will be his permanent home. He reports good success in the establishment of the plant and expects to have it in operation by the first of the coming year.

Leon Simmons, who bought the house, is a well known farmer whose fine farm borders on Reynolds lake. He has a large peach orchard and has been advertising them in this paper.

Historic House Where Decatur Died

(Friends sent this newspaper clipping to Louis Loeser. This village was named for Stephen Decatur and everything written and printed about him should naturally have a double interest for our townspeople. We have had it in mind for some time to write the story of Stephen Decatur for readers of the Republican, but time, which is so necessary in every work of this kind, has not yet been available.)

Washington, D. C.—With the cementing of the last brick on the front of historic Decatur House recently, an era stretching straight back to the days of Dolly Madison was liquidated. The dynamic Dolly was holding forth at her own home just across Lafayette Square and the Monroes were in the White House when Stephen Decatur returned from his famous Barbary Coast campaign and began building the home for his bride.

It was in that house that Commodore Decatur died following his duel with Commodore James Barron. The story goes that the two fell out because Bainbridge, Decatur's second, obtained command of the Columbus, a ship on which Barron had set his heart. At the duel both men were wounded, but Barron lived. Decatur died in the basement of his home because his wife did not dare to have him moved upstairs.

From the day the rugged, three-story brick mansion was finished and furnished, until four months ago when its facade was dramatically changed, the house has remained very much as Mrs. Decatur planned it.

Now, what was once a reddish brown and somber exterior is veneered with bright red brick, accented with green shutters. And, for the first time, its interior is now lighted with electricity. Mrs. Truxtum Beale, current owner of Decatur House, made numerous efforts to sell it to the government some years ago. Now, Washington rumor has it that a manufacturing corporation is dickering with plans to make the house its Washington headquarters some time this year.

JAMES P. VAN DUZER

Mrs. Van Duzer has sent the Republican the following notice of the death of her husband:

"Of 1522 School. Age 62. Died of coronary thrombosis Jan. 7 at home. Member of St. Andrew's Holy Name Society, 3rd Order of St. Francis, De Soto Court, C. O. F., and De Soto Council, K. of C. Funeral held Jan. 10 from Cooney's chapel and St. Andrew's church to St. Mary cemetery, Techny, Ill. Survived by his widow Mary; a daughter, Sister Mary James; a son, James S., and 2 sisters."

James was the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Parshall W. VanDuzer, early Decatur residents, instead of the 3rd and youngest as stated last week.

MOTHER'S GRAVE

In that dear old village churchyard,
There I see a grassy mound;
There is where my Mother's sleeping,
In the cold and silent ground.
Looking at the stars above me,
Mourning one so tender, true,
Wondering if some day I'll meet her,
With our Lord, beyond the blue.

I was young but I remember
Well the night my mother died;
How I saw her spirit fading,
As she called me to her side.
Saying, darling, I must leave you,
Angels guard your little bed,
Don't forget the words I tell you,
When I'm numbered with the dead.

May you e'er be pure and honest,
Ever to your friends be true;
May you never be ashamed, dear,
Of the deeds that you will do.
I have always tried to follow,
The advice my mother gave;
Words she said still gently haunt me,
As I stand by Mother's grave.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

By Eugene Henry Pullen.

Eugene Henry Pullen was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1832, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1899. He was vice president of the National Bank of the Republic of New York, president of the American Bankers' Association from 1895 to 1896.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Was my childhood's early prayer,
Taught by my mother's love and care.

Many years since have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
O! could the faith of childhood's days,
O! could its little hymns of praise,
O! could its simple, joyous trust
Be recreated from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
O! then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

One of the collection of poems of Mrs. Lyman Gant.

POPULAR SONGS OF LONG AGO

Wonder how many remember these old, old songs, found in Mother's scrap book.—M. M.. R.

WON'T YOU Be My SWEETHEART?

A winsome lass of seven, a lad just full of fun,
Beneath the cherry blossoms were swaying in the sun;
Of course, to keep from falling, his arm around her strayed,
And he was softly singing, singing as they swayed.

Chorus:
Won't you be my sweetheart? I love you;
Be my little sweetheart, ever true;
Listen to my pleadings, do, I pray:
Be my little sweetheart, I love you.

Long years have passed since swinging 'neath cherry blossoms bright
Now again she's smiling in sunshine's golden light;
A well known step sounds near her, an arm her form enfolds,
And he is softly singing, singing songs of old.

Chorus.

Grandma in the orchard tells stories of her youth,
While Willie perched on one knee, the other holding Ruth;
Grandpa, bending o'er them, helps the tales along,
And smiles while softly singing, singing that sweet song.

Chorus.

THAT SUNDAY MORN

Pearl Harbor on that Sunday morn
When bombs dropped thick and fast
On battleships caught in a trap
Received the war's first blast;
And taught us never to believe
Jap promises again,
But to strike back and strike them hard
And victory attain.

We joined allies on British soil,
Then won the V-Day fray
And on through France and o'er the Rhine
Troops fought their bloody way;
And finally won Berlin
And forced the Huns to flee,
And there Old Glory flies on high
To help keep all men free.

Business was going along so well in this country a quarter of a century ago that people became self-confident, even boastful. A popular rhyme that went the round of the press in the late twenties was this:

"My granddad, viewing earth's worn cogs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
His granddad in his house of logs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
His granddad in the Flemish bogs,
Said things were going to the dogs;
His granddad in his old skin togs,
Said things were going to the dogs.
There's one thing that I have to state—
The dogs have had a good long wait."

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

DECATUR LIBRARY RECEIVES GIFT

We were happily surprised one day last month to receive a letter from Dr. Dalton K. Rose of St. Louis, Mo., enclosing a check for $500 for the Decatur Township Library. He expressed the desire that the amount might be kept in a fund with which to purchase scientific magazines and literature for the township and school libraries.

A meeting of the Decatur Township Library Board was called at which the members expressed sincere appreciation for the gift and discussed ways in which they could best carry out the purpose of the doner. They decided to take out at once a subscription to "The Scientific Monthly" for each library, and to make more scientific literature available to the community as fast as it can be done intelligently.

In explaining his purpose in making the gift Dr. Rose wrote:

"This is the Scientific Era—those who are to carry on scientific advance will come, in large part, from the country and from villages, as they have in the past. Very few are gifted to wander, often mentally at least, alone, down new scientific roads. It is difficult for many to leave well-trodden paths, old rules, though such rules are in process of scientific investigation and eventual elimination. If Decatur can produce one person who by his or her originality will improve the pleasure and value of home for the people of America and the world—then Decatur has produced in this and in the coming Scientific Era.

"I recall so well in my youth in Decatur that I knew of only a few of the scientific subjects, such as Law, Engineering, Dentistry, Medicine. Chemistry was in its infancy — I thought most Chemists taught Chemistry as did Dr. Johnson at Ann Arbor. Today Chemistry extends to such limited fields as Enzyme Chemistry! Industrial Chemistry is divided and subdivided!

"Medicine is replete with such divisions and subdivisions of subjects which as a whole are spoken of as "Specialties." Agriculture, Astronomy, Archeology, Agronomy, Anthropology, Botany, Engineering — civil, electrical, automotive, aviation — Dairy Science, Ecology, Forestry, Meteorology, Minerology, etc., are divided and subdivided as are Chemistry and Medicine.

"Journals open up this world to many, and in my opinion 'The Scientic Monthly' published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Smithsonian Institution Building, Washington, 25, D. C., carries the banner. In it from month to month are advertisements by many scientific societies which publish their journal. Many are probably highly scientific and not widely read, but one of these journals may "pick out" a future "From Decatur, Michigan, Scientist." Less scientific publications, such as American Forests, Journal of Forestry, Farmers Digest, Audubon Magazine, Science News Letter, 'The Land,' published by 'Friends of the Land,' Bel Air, Maryland, Natural History, are also desirable."

Dr. Rose was reluctant to receive publicity in connection with the gift but was prevailed upon to let the writer use his judgment in making a conservative comment. Hence it is with his desire in mind that superlatives are omitted.

The one thing he asked at the close of his letter was this: "I wish this could be considered in memory of my father." Dr. Dalton is like his father in many ways, and one of them is that he does not ask for praise.

Dr. Gilbert L. Rose went through life doing for others, but no one heard of it from him. He was the typical country doctor of an age that is gone forever. He went till he could go no longer, and the week he put his prancing Hambletonians in the barn for the last time was the week he died.

He began the practice of medicine in Decatur in 1874 and was here 32 years when on the fifth day of January, 1907, he passed away.

But, in the words of a fellow prac-

titioner, "he still lives in the hearts of all who knew him as the most noble, the most generous, the most charitable, the most beloved of his fellow men."

Sunday, October 21, was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Will Carleton, Michigan's beloved poet, and services in his honor were held in Hillsdale college, which is near his birthplace. He was two years younger than Dr. Rose.

This seems like a fitting time and place to publish one of Carleton's best known poems,—

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

There's a gathering in the village that has never been outdone
Since the soldiers took their muskets to the war of 'sixty-one;
And a lot of lumber wagons near the church upon the hill,
And a crowd of country people, Sunday-dressed and very still.
Now each window is preempted by a dozen heads or more,
Now the spacious pews are crowded from the pulpit to the door;
For, the coverlet of blackness on his portly figure spread,
Lies the grim old country doctor, in a massive oaken bed.
Lies the fierce old country doctor,
Lies the kind old country doctor,
Whom the populace considered with a mingled love and dread.

Maybe half the congregation, now of great or little worth,
Found this watcher waiting for them when they came upon the earth;
This undecorated soldier, of a hard, unequal strife,
Fought in many stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life.
In the night-time or the day-time, he would rally brave and well,
Though the summer lark was fifing, or the frozen lances fell;
Knowing if he won the battle, they would praise their Maker's name,
Knowing if he lost the battle, then the doctor was to blame,
'Twas the brave old virtuous doctor,
'Twas the good old faulty doctor,
'Twas the faithful country doctor — fighting stoutly all the same.

When so many pined in sickness, he had stood so strongly by,
Half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die;
They must slowly learn the lesson how to live from day to day,
And have somehow lost their bearings—now this landmark is away.
But perhaps it still is better that this busy life is done;
He has seen old views and patients disappearing, one by one;
He has learned that Death is master both of Science and of Art;
He has done his duty fairly; and has acted out his part.
And the strong old country doctor,
And the brave old country doctor,
Is entitled to a furlough for his brain and for his heart.

A line from Attorney Otis Huff of Marcellus: "I was sorry to read in your paper an account of the passing of Charles Reits. I knew him very well years ago, and concur in the fine tribute you paid him."

Mrs. Albert Dwight advertised an electric range in the Republican last week and sold it the day the paper was printed. In expressing appreciation for this quick sale Mrs. Dwight complimented the story in "This Week" on building up Decatur. Her heart is in Decatur. She has lived here 52 years this coming December.

A favorite pastime of this columnist is to wander back in thought over the century past and write a word picture of Decatur as it was when our grandparents were the active citizens of the community. An appeal for help to Frank Thomas of Chicago, a friend of those early years, brought from him these interesting reminiscences:

"Do you remember way back or were you born to late to enjoy that wonderful piece of woods opposite Lakeside cemetery? It extended from the Brownbridge farm south to the first street north of Pine Street, which at that time was nothing but a sand road leading toward the lake. It reached from the cemetery to the lake and was covered with a great many large red oaks, some hickory, and near the lake many sycamores, and much underbrush everywhere. About half way to the lake was a natural picnic ground containing many large oaks where picnics held. I was always there when it came time for the three layer cakes and big dishes of home made ice cream. I never missed a meal nor paid a cent.

"Then toward the lake was a large opening which was a part of a brick yard, and there were several large holes filled with water where the clay has been taken out, and then farther on was a point out in the lake where there were a few large elms and the grandest swimming hole you ever saw.

"This land contained much game partridge, quail, squirrel, rabbit, and a couple of dens of that highly scented pet which you had better let alone if you wish to remain healthy.

"As near as I can remember this was in 1874 or '75. I spent much time in these woods when I was not playing 'One Old Cat,' with a ball my good mother made for me of store string stitched all over to hold it in place.

"Then comes man with his ax, and those grand trees went into railroad ties and firewood. What a beautiful park it would have made for everybody had it been preserved, and large enough for all the athletics of today."

Yes, I can remember the Lake of the Woods in those primitive years, and the wonderful woods from which it was named. One of the curios of the Republican Office for over a half century was a large bill advertising the Fourth of July celebration of 1876 held in the grove. I was there with parents and grandparents and ate my full share of the big picnic dinner and the ice cream and cake.

I can also remember the immense crowd there and the famous Constantine Band that vied with the speaker for the star attraction of the day.

Have forgotten the speaker but not the band. Have a vision in memory of those gaily uniformed players led by the drum major wearing his tall fur piece. The Constatine band in that early day was rated one of the best in the state.

No one would recognize Lake of the Woods today as the same lake where we played so freely some seventy years ago. Almost or quite 100 pretty residences around it now, and the Lake of The Woods area is a city by itself.

J. G. Hirst and Dalton Kinney have been leaders in developing the Lake of the Woods project.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park Kalamazoo, Mich.

I have had too many compliments of late. I am beginning to glow all over, and in case I get too smug I think I better write something frivolous and get back to earth.

Right now I am thinking of popular songs and parodies that so often followed them in the gay 90's. Having three brothers and two sisters we learned them all. I remembered the parody Mr. Chamberlain spoke of, "Wait till the bull dog dies."

"I remember very well when we parted,
'Twas on a very cold night
When he tackled both my pants and suspenders,
Heavens, didn't he hold on tight.
Then your dad and I got into a racket
And he blacked up both my eyes
So you better excuse me tonight, Jennie,
And wait till the bull dog dies.

Cho.—Wait till the bull dog dies, Jennie,
Wait till he closes his eyes;
Then I'll come over and see you
But not till the bull dog dies."

Then there was Sweet Marie:
"When the sun sinks in the west, Sweet Marie,
And I sit me down to rest, love, with thee."

Parody

"When the sun sets on the eggs,
Sweet Marie,
Then the hens can rest their legs,
don't you see."

FATAL WEDDING

"While the wedding bells were ringing,
When the bride and groom were there,
Marching down the aisle together
While the organ pealed the air."

Parody

"While the wedding bells were ringing,
I bought wine and fine Hananies;
The congregation seemed astonished
When the organ pealed bananas."

No, Nellie Nelson, I don't know my "onions" any more, my husband won't eat them. Woe is me! I love them. Thank you, N. N., for your story and sharing your father with us. And I would like to dedicate the following poem to him. It was composed by Helen Janet Miller of Detroit, a member of Writer's Club:

POST MORTEM

What I loved was not an earthly form
Long-limbed and bronze of shoulder,
Impelled by mundane fires;
Or yet a better or a poorer human shape
Which is, after all, only a shell to hold
Something finer or cruder as one deserves.
What I loved
Was something within and beyond
That meager crust;
Something that will be living yet
When it has followed dust.
Nellie Truesdell.

UNRATIONED

There's no rationing of God's grace;
No blackout of the Holy Place;
No coupons needed when you pray;
No taxes over love hold sway;
No priorities on God's power;
No limit when His blessings shower;
No shortage in God's Word is found;
No one on faith has set a bound;
No truth is interfered by quota.
Joy is not cut, not one iota
While free for whosoever will,
The cleansing fount is flowing still;
So why should we disgruntled be
By shortages of meat and tea,
When of the things that really last
The world's supply is growing fast?
—Selected.

Contribution by O. W. Newell.

MRS. MARY EAST At 90

A Native of Indiana She Has Spent Most of Her Active and Useful Life In Cass and Van Buren Counties.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9, HER BIRTHDAY

Today we offer congratulations to one of our oldest residents, Mrs. Mary East, who will be ninety years young tomorrow, the 9th of February. Four score and ten is a long time to live, but when one has lived a full and useful life, time and years hold no terror, for, using the words of the poet, it can truly be said, "She grew old gracefully, beautiful, fair."

She was born in a little farm home on the banks of the Wabash River, near Muncie, Indiana, the youngest of thirteen children born to David and Joanna Howell Keene.

When she was about four years of age the family came to Michigan and located in Dowagiac, and all her life has been spent near the home of her early childhood. She was a true pioneer, suffering the hardships of early pioneer days uncomplaining, taking whatever came her way with a courage unsurpassed.

Some of the memories of her early childhood were how her father used to make their own sugar by the barrel from maple sap. Then too he would gather the large stalks from the elder bush and after removing the pith, would fill the center of the stalks with maple wax, and lay them away on the rafters of the log house to harden. Later the stalks would be cut or broken away and there were long sticks of delicious candy to delight the children as well as serve to the company in the evening.

It was her father who taught her how to knit. When a very young girl she started to piece a log cabin quilt, in which she used pieces of a sash she wore at a rally when Lincoln was running for his second term. The quilt is still in good condition and in possession of one of her daughters.

She recalls how the Indians (probably the Potawatamies) would come to their home and her father always gave them food and assured her she need not fear them for they were friendly,—and because of her father's kindness to them they were never molested.

She saw four of her brothers march away to join the ranks of the Boys in Blue in the great Civil War. Later she married a young war veteran, Darius Emmons, (better known as Dick) and to them were born seven children, one child, their oldest son, being accidentally killed when about six years old.

Besides caring for her family in the capacity of nurse, seamstress and all the other tasks that go into the making of a home, she was always willing and ready to help others in distress in whatever there was to do.

When, at an early age, the husband passed away she was both mother and father to the three youngest children, but her indomitable courage that had carried her through many difficult places, again stood the test and she saw them through school and higher training, fitting them to take their places in the world as successful men and women.

After her family was grown, she became more interested in social life and was active in the Woman's Relief Corps, State Grange, Maccabees, Rebeccas and the Eastern Star.

Later she was united in marriage with J. M. East, a highly respected farmer of Volinia township, and in 1927 they left their farm near Marcellus and came to Decatur, living in the little cottage home on West St. Marys street where Mrs. East still resides. Here she took an interest in village affairs and was an active member of the Garden Club, the Get Together Club and Happy Hour Club.

As a hobby she pieced quilts and worked in her flower garden, which contained many of the best known flowers, and many rolls of colored films have been taken when her blooms were at the height of their beauty. Her garden was her life and it gave her pleasure to give those who came to see her, huge arm fulls of flowers as well as slips and roots of anything they desired. Through her fingers she seemed to give strength and life to everything she planted for her shrubbery which surrounds her yard was nearly all started from cuttings perhaps taken from a bouquet given her by a friend.

She enjoyed almost perfect health until about two years ago. Since then she has led a quiet and inactive life, cheered by the devotions of her family and the loving remembrances of her many Decatur friends.

LETTERS

OF COURSE WE WANT IT

Bert Hazleton writes from Kalamazoo:

"Well, old Timer, just what can we expect from our legislature in the way of a delinquency bill that our teen-age will understand? We should have an honest law in delinquency drawn up by men with better moral characters than some of our legislators. I will send you a story on why Michigan, Illinois and Texas have no regulation for lock and safe men if you want it."

WHEN DECATUR WAS YOUNG

Robert Canning can go back a long way in personal remembrance of early Decatur days, and it is always a pleasure to hear from him and Mrs. Canning who now reside in the city of Pontiac.

We can remember most of the places he mentions in the letter following. The old tannery was a great place and it had a fascination for us. We picked up very thin strips of wood there to take home for lighters.

Pontiac, Mich.
Feb. 19, 1945.

Dear Mr. Moulton,

The time has come once again to renew our subscription to your good little "Decatur Republican," which we enjoy reading, as it makes its weekly visits to us. It most always arrives on Thursdays, though during the holidays, due to the Christmas mail, it came on Friday, for several weeks. We would surely miss it, should it "fail to arrive."

Pontiac has had plenty of snow and cold weather this winter, along with most sections of the state. We have kept quite well, except for a throat infection, from which I am just recovering. My husband has kept up remarkably well, all winter without even a bad cold, but he doesn't get out of doors much on account of the cold, and icy streets. He will be 87 years old April 6.

He has jotted down some items about early Decatur days that he thought might be of interest to you and some of your readers, to wit:

When the old Duncombe House stood at the upper end of Main St., and Wilkinson had a livery stable across the street, on St. Mary's St.

Tommy and John O'Leary each ran a one horse dray.

Little Tom Conway ran a saloon in the middle of the block on the east side of Main Street near where Pardinette's harness shop was. At that time the M. C. R. R. fired all their engines with wood, which they bought in 4 foot lengths and had it cut into 16 inch lengths.

The old tannery stood on the South side of the track between the depot and George St. They used all the white oak bark they could get. They hauled hemlock bark from Covert on sleighs, to the tannery. Mr. Shookman worked there.

Ransom Nutting was supervisor of Decatur township—a democrat. The next year they elected Billy O. Van Hise, a Republican, to succeed Nutting.

The Lyons lived in the big square house, east of the stave factory.

There was a saw mill and also a grist mill, in the hollow across from Lyman Rawson's dwelling. You can print these items if you wish to. They may be of interest to some.

With the very kindest regards, to you, Mr. Moulton, we remain,

Very Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Canning
592 Going St., Pontiac 20, Mich.

In the same mail with the letter from Mr. and Mrs. Canning, there came a copy of the "Raton Daily Range," published at Raton, Colfax county, New Mexico, the home of Dr. Thomas B. Lyon, who sent it. Dr. Lyon was a member of the family who lived in the big square house east of the factory mentioned in the letter of the Cannings.

Dr. Lyon and Robert Canning are nearly the same age and both lived in Decatur away back in the sixties and seventies.

The story following is taken from the Raton paper:

- : -

DR. LYON TELLS OF LINCOLN ASSASSINATION

An interesting circumstance developed yesterday in a casual call at the Chamber of Commerce, which bore direct reference to the fact it was Lincoln's birthday.

Dr. T. B. Lyon will be 86 years of age on his next anniversary. In talking about this and that, the question of the exact date of Lincoln's assassination came up. Both he and the other man were agreed about it's having been 80 years ago.

Doctor Lyon was a small lad, about 6, living on a farm a couple of miles from Decatur, Mich., a small town near Kalamazoo. He was playing in the yard on April 15, 1865, when an excited neighbor drove up his frisky horse pulling a small cart, and called loudly for the doctor's father. He told him "Lincoln's shot," and then buzzed on to give further news. Doctor Lyon recalls the profound shock of his father and mother, and even on his own small-childish mind.

Incidentally, it wasn't long after that until Doctor Lyon, a young lad having finished grade school, went to Chicago, got a job driving a milk wagon, studied as best he could, took an examination, and was admitted to Rush Medical College from which he was graduated in 1886. He practiced here for more than 40 years, then, at 60, went back to his alma mater, took eye, ear, nose and throat training, and came back to specialize.

REPLYING To WALKLING LETTER

Chicago, Feb. 20, 1945.

Dear Mr. Moulton,

Enclosed please find cashier's check for my subscription to your paper. I get quite a laugh out of the piece that your Lynd Walkling had in the paper about a good old firm like Montgomery Ward. Mr. Walkling had better take a look into the facts before he expresses his ideas on the subject.

I am enclosing a clipping from the paper from a gentleman in Evanston. People in small towns do not know what the large city managers have to put up with when it comes to the C. I. O. Union telling the owner of the business just how he is to conduct his business, and that he must hire all C. I. O. workers.

The State of North Dakota has just passed a law that does not allow a closed shop. Will drop in and see you when I get up your way.

Yours truly,
W. A. Reay.

CHECK-OFF FOR CHURCH DUES?

Evanston, Ill.—Your editorial on the decision rendered by Judge Philip L. Sullivan in the Montgomery Ward case is most timely. It seems to me, however, you have entirely overlooked the real underlying cause of the dispute between Ward's and the union, which both the union and the government sought to tiptoe past, but which Sewell Avery emphasized. I refer to the two un-American demands of the union—maintenance of union membership and the check-off of union dues. There can be no doubt that if Ward's had submitted to these two demands there would have been no strike. Not until the present administration in Washington came into power has a labor union had the effrontery to impose such demands on an employer.

Labor unions have repeatedly demonstrated that when they are in the saddle they can be far more overbearing and tyrannical than the most hard-boiled employer. Now, they have no more right to impose such conditions on an employer than my church has to insist that my employer check off my church dues; and, also, that he fire me in the event that I withdraw from the church. Arthur D. Foyer.

FAST LIVING IN FLORIDA

West Palm Beach, Fla.
February 14, 1945.

Friend Arba,

I want to drop you a few lines from the Land of Flowers. In this section of sailors, soldiers and pelicans, a fellow does not know whether to wave a signal flag, salute or look up and wave a flag of truce—everything is quite thick down here.

My trip of 10 days with 114 stops from Los Angeles to Miami—3400 miles—was made with out any arguments with a ration board or O. P. A. As I had many stops to make enroute I made this in fair time and within the speed limits.

Believe I wrote you a card from New Orleans. Since that time I have been overly busy trying to find a place to sleep nights as first class accommodations are very scarce down here, even at $35 per week for a good room. How there can be plenty of people in every city I was in from Los Angeles via Yuma, Tucson, Las Crucies, El Paso, Juarez, Del Rio, and even smaller towns of Texas, San Antonio, Houston, Beaumont, to New Orleans, Gulfport, Biloxi, Mobile, Tallahassee, Florida—all you could see was "Sorry, No Vacancies." There must be some place in the U. S. A. that all the people have left behind.

Talk of "ceilings," there are none. I paid $7.50 for a room in Tucson, $5.50 in New Orleans, $6.00 in West Palm Beach, $5.00 in Mobile, $7.00 in Tallahassee.

The only reasonable spots I found were at Orlando and Ft. Lauderdale, then you had to stop driving at 2:00 or 2:30 p. m. to find those. So on the whole trip a fellow had to spend much time trying to find a restaurant in the morning that did not say on the door "Open at 11 a. m.," and at noon to eat before 2 p. m. or they would be closed, then at nite find a sign on the door open 11 p. m. to 6 a. m., and hotels with "No Vacancy" signs.

Gas stations open irregular hours, or have a sign out "No Gas", with tanks full for friends or neighbors, and not for the traveler. Couldn't purchase a cigaret from Los Angeles to Tallahassee. Just would not sell to strangers. "So 'tis."

Florida seems to have plenty of things, which includes 75° evenings, as tonight. A little cool here a couple of days, down to 45°. However the sand will not freeze your feet. Yet you hear people complain. I really do not know what the people want, and neither does Roosevelt now. For example I was in a colored district near here lately and heard a conversation between a white lady in a Cadillac car, and a "colored gal" ankle deep in sand. The white lady, a Mrs. Anderson, wanted the colored girl to do her washing. The colored girl replied, "Well, Missus Anderson, I ain't got no time. I'se terrible busy trampin' all around tryin' to find somebody to do my washin'. No mam, I shore can't do it." So "Tobacco Road."

Recently I was at a post office window and over the window it said—"3 days notice for withdrawals." A large colored lady in front of me said, "Here, Mam's my slip, I want to drawse out $500.00 by Saturday, and today's Thursday, so that's long enough."

Then there are others who are always in the calaboose, so are the ways of life, whether here, there or elsewhere, and always will be as long as there is money.

Well, this is a rather lengthy letter and I have a few reports to make so will close. They say I am to be transferred in July to "Michigan again," so I may have the pleasure of seeing you this time.

Oh, yes, I forgot to mention the magic city,—namely Miami. Even without dog racing or horse racing, the city of Miami is enjoying a very profitable season—also the cities of Ft. Lauderdale and West Palm Beach. But lots of people will cut their winter vacations short this year because of the extra cost.

How sailors and soldiers can keep their wives on their salaries I do not know. Yet you see them daily paying $12.00 for a room, and $1.50 each for their meals, and always in bars.

I will mail this somewhere along my travels tomorrow.

Very sincerely, Bob.

I wanted to see Bruce Bassett when I was in Santa Monica, but always put it off. Also meant to see Otto Van Hise in Pacoima. Just failed to do so, that's all.

DECATUR IN THE EIGHTIES

WEBSTER, HORNE & ELSDON
Certified Public Accountants
New York Hartford
50 Broadway, N. Y. 4, N. Y.
January 10, 1945.

Dear Editor:

Nearly every issue mentions names or incidents which stir my wife's and my memories. Some months since we were much interested in the stories of the McCay musicians whom both of us remembered well. And several times you have reminded me of my foolish promise to send you a story of the Chavileer family. Now, however, I am not sure that you should give space to that. This Week of December 28 mentions a farm at the foot of Fifield Hill and if the present generation does not know that feature of the landscape as Chavileer Hill, they might not be interested in the family who located there in 1846.

Your issue in Christmas week had so many interesting items that my wife says I should write you. That paper mentioned many names which we knew even though we did not know all the owners of the names.

Some of the names were Sela Eckenberger, Parshall Van Duzer, Charles W. Secord and L. G. Stewart. Of course, we knew Mr. Stewart well and we are glad to hear about him from time to time through your paper. Is Fred Newson, who is now located at Benton Harbor, the boy who in the '80s lived east of the School and who with the rest of us spent so many evenings at the telegraph office with Homer Hungerford? And where is Homer?

We were sorry to read of the passing of Edward Browning Griswold and my wife and I send our sympathy to his sister Grace whom both of us knew. That Browning family was a great asset to Decatur. Besides the parents and the two daughters, Libbie—Mrs. Clark—and Anna and the son Gideon who remained in Decatur, the summer visits of the Saint Louis Brownings and the Chicago Griswolds added much to the pleasure of us who saw them each year. Recently we heard indirectly from Gideon's daughter Marjorie through my cousins, Amanda and Rose DeBolt.

The Eagle Lake camping party you mention was one of the annual outings arranged by the Edward J. Sanfords of Kansas City who with their daughter Lulu Marion—Mrs. George H. Taft—were also regular summer visitors. Mr. Sanford and his brother Webster, who also visited there were sons of Mrs. A. J. Kinne. That brother's name was given to him because Mrs. Kinne's mother was Asenath Webster, who early in the last century lived at Vergennes, Vermont. And at about the time that my wife's great grandmother, Asenath Webster, lived just east of Lake Champlain, my great grandfather, Samuel Webster, lived on the New York side of the Lake. But when I wondered whether this meant that we were related even before marriage I was chagrined to find that I had no ancestry back of Samuel Webster, while her's goes back to John Webster, born in England, who settled at Hartford in 1636 and was the seventh governor of Connecticut.

But this is a long way from that Eagle Lake party which, I believe was about 1887 to 1889. Though my wife had been at many of those outings she did not come from Elgin for that one. Perhaps I would not have gone had I known she would not be there. Probably the person you mention as Lulu Sanford's girl friend was Myrtle Williams of Galesburg, Illinois who was a cousin of Lulu and of my wife. She married Will Secord of Decatur but died several years ago. Will and their son Royal are in business as job printers in Los Angeles where we saw them in 1939.

Though I am not sure, it seems that Grace Griswold was at Eagle Lake that year. If so, then possibly she, you and I are the only survivors. But if she was not there perhaps our survival is a demonstration of the saying that the good die young.

Sincerely yours,
Norman E. Webster.

Mr. Webster was an active young townsman of Decatur in those developing years before he went away to learn his profession and to make a place for himself in the great city of New York. What he writes of the early remembrances of himself and Mrs. Webster is to us interesting reading.

We are still looking forward to receiving his story of the Chavileer family who were among the first settlers of this community. In our boyhood years the big hill beyond the New Swamp road south of Decatur village was known as Chavileer Hill. A corduroy road through the swamp, which at times was impassible, led up to it.

No name for the hill was ever recorded, but no name in that community was quite so outstanding as that of Chavileer, and it just naturally became attached to the hill.

John Chavileer was a great character and we look to Mr. Webster to give the story of his life. He was a soldier of the Civil War and after the war came back to the farm. But the hard years of the life of a soldier made him restless and he sold out and went west, we think to Nebraska.

The last time we saw him was in the summer of 1903 or '04. The Grand Army Encampment was held in Washington, D. C., and he stopped in Decatur on his way to attend it. He was old and the spark of life in him was growing dim, but his iron will supported him and carried him through to the encampment and return. Soon afterward he answered the final call. We shall never forget his visit to the printing office. The Moulton farm, where our grandparents settled in '69, and where we were born, was on one side of the big swamp and the Chavileer farm on the other side, the families were then considered neighbors and Mr. Chavileer talked about his life there as a pioneer. We cannot remember what he said but can remember well how he looked. He was a small man but in his bearing, in his face and in his speech there was power. He fitted the phrase, "The Rugged Pioneer."

John Chavileer sold out to Tom Abbott, who built the big house, and he in turn sold to F. W. Fifield in 1883.

Mr. Fifield came here from the eastern part of the state. He, too, was a man of unusual force and ability and in time became the dominating influence in his community. The big hill gradually took his name and it became to the younger generation 'Fifield Hill.' But to the old timers the name Chavileer is still familiar.

To preserve this name in our local history and to give it the prominent place there which it deserves is the big reason why we hope that Mr. Webster will soon release to the Republican the story of the Chavileers.

It was Parshall Van Duzer's son James whose death in Chicago was noticed in the Republican last week.

Fred Newson is the boy of the eighties who lived on Prospect street east of the school house and helped Homer Hungerford while away the hours in the telegraph office when he was night operator.

Homer made a big place for himself in railroad circles. He became the superintendent of a Southern road and for a number of years came north each summer in his private car. It was switched onto a side track at Dowagiac while he spent pleasant days with his relatives on the farm and renewed acquaintances with his old friends in Decatur. He passed away about ten yeasr ago.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Elwood D. Scott

First Good Old Days

The apples the old timers had were much finer than the commercial varieties of today, but it required so many years for those old kinds to reach bearing age they are almost all dropped from cultivation. Those old heaped up apple bins in the cellar were a source of real delight on winter nights, and the children loved the heaping dishpans of snowy popcorn. Then when the neighbors came in for a few games of double pedro the happiness was complete.

In my kid days most of the wells were dug, and boarded up like a mining shaft. Often long-dead mice, frogs and toads, bloated and slimy, came up in the water buckets. Kerosene lamps had been in use before I was born, but for many years they were only used when company came.

Those were not the Good Old Days anyway, for I heard the old original pioneers scoff and jeer at those times when I was a lad. They said lumber wagons were good enough for anyone to ride in, and they eyed with extreme disfavor the light, sleek, easy riding buggies that were coming into vogue among the well-to-do. They said they should be compelled to go back to the ox carts.

They hated the mowers and binders, and destroyed many of the new machines because they feared men would lose their jobs cradling in the harvest fields. We have a right to feel proud of our America, yet slavery had only been abolished a few years before that, and after the Civil War wages dropped to twenty-five cents a day.

The pioneers put the glorious period somewhere before eighteen hundred, but they too were hopelessly indefinite about it. So let us go back to that earlier time spoken of so reverently, and examine some of the everyday life of that faded heaven.

One of the New England states had just prohibited bath tubs by law. Hay was cut with scythes, raked, bunched and pitched by hand, often with wooden pitch forks. Grain was cut with a cradle, raked into bundles with a wooden-toothed rake, and bound by hand with a wisp of the straw, thistles and all.

Broken Down at 45

There were no horse cultivators and all corn had to be hoed by hand. Splitting fence rails with a maul and wedge, and clearing land with a grub hoe were regular occupations, and what sweet jobs those were. Wooden tubs and pails were used, along with gourd dippers. Many wooden dishes were in use, and the cracks made choice places for disease germs to multiply in safety and peace. Tooth brushes were practically unknown, and few knew anything about the care of teeth. If you had toothache the offending molar was removed by aid of a turnkey, an instrument of exquisite torture miraculously overlooked by the Spanish Inquisition. In after years the village blacksmith might have a pair of rusty forceps and pull your teeth for nothing. But not all communities were that lucky.

Many men were hopelessly broken down physically at forty-five, and the women were toothless hags at forty. The fine rubber covered foot wear we have today was undreamed of yet, and the men wore coarse, thick, heavy cowhide boots made by the village cobbler. To keep their feet dry they had to grease them well with mutton, or deer tallow. But this also made them unbearably cold, and unless you had room for three or four pairs of socks, frozen feet were frequent.

The telegraph and telephone were coming on the slow wings of the future. Most logs, and all of the wood was cut with heavy, thick-bladed axes, for they knew nothing of the fine, thin models of today. They had a form of the cross cut saw, but it had not been perfected much yet. Also they were expensive, slow cutting, hard pulling, and no one knew how to file and adjust them anyway.

Many of the early settlers had no fit tools to dig, or board up a well, so they got their drinking water the easiest way, from very shallow wells, lakes, creeks, or even surface pools. As they knew nothing about the germ theory of disease, they did not boil the water, and fever and ague made their lives truly miserable, and shortened them many years.

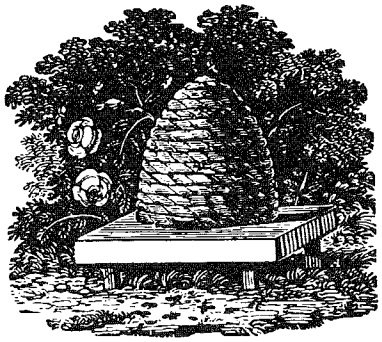
Doctors Poor

When your eyes began to fail there was little help for you. Only the larger cities had opticians, and often they did more harm than good. Anyone could be a doctor by simply declaring himself such, and diagnosis was far from being an exact science. Most of these self styled doctors knew the medicinal properties of only a few herbs, but I think they called them 'yarbs' in those days.

Broken bones were rarely set properly, and any serious wound might result in blood poison, lockjaw ,or death. The death rate among infants was terrible, and tuberculosis, known as consumption, scourged the entire nation. If you had appendicitis no one knew what it was, nor what to do about it. For all diseases they had one standard remedy known as blood letting, or bleeding, where they actually made a cut and drained blood from the patient's system.

Most men bathed and changed underclothes every Saturday night in winter, but many only took a scrub every two weeks. Some of the more independent type dispensed with bathing entirely in the cold months, so it is not surprising that perfumes found a ready sale.

White sugar was unknown, and many of the better class of country people bought syrup, or molasses by the barrel to eat on their bread, biscuits and hot cakes. Some sorghum was grown to make molasses, but unless properly done it was rather vile stuff, but those old timers ate it just the same. Where families lived among maple trees they often made what they called "soft sugar," and this was the only sweetening they ever had.



Log Cabins and Dirt Floors

Rattle snakes were everywhere, and the more rare and deadly copperhead haunted the low grounds. Stoves were not yet invented, and the fireplace was a source of little heat about the house, and was a tough proposition when used in preparing meals.

The women often kept house in a dirt floored cabin hewn from green logs, with few windows. They did the washing with home made soft soap, and often without a washboard. There were no door, or window screens, and flies and mosquitoes feasted unmolested, except for little smudge fires at night.

A poor grade of whiskey was made from corn, while the men, and often the women, smoked and chewed the rank, home grown tobacco that had no pretense of proper curing.

The men sheared the sheep, and the women carded and spun the wool into yarn, then wove it into coarse cloth on a hand loom. So the mothers did not have too much spare time after they knitted the socks and mittens.

Hay was always scarce in the winter months, and often they had to cut trees for the cattle to browse upon to keep them from starving to death.

The men never shaved, and they hunted with muzzle loading guns, many of them flint locks. Brooms were made mostly from the stiff shavings from the blue water beech, tied to a handle. Most of the furniture was made by the use of three tools, the knife, axe and auger.

Before the year eighteen hundred, carpenter work was not as simple as at present because all nails were hand made. Factory made nails did not get into the outpost sections for many years afterward. Log cabins had two extremes. If the gable ends were well boarded up the attic was always filled with stale air and that is where the children slept. If the gable ends were a hit and miss job,

as was often the case, snow drifted over the attic floor and beds, in winter.

If you had to travel in the cavernous forest at night you carried a candle lantern, made of tin, having three glass sides. If it blew out your luck was bad, because there were no matches. Most families kept a constant fire in the fireplace, for not all were handy at lighting fires with a flint and steel. It was no rarity for people to go to near neighbors to get live coals to rekindle the fire.

Some families had candle molds for making candles. Others dipped wicking in melted tallow, then they let it cool, and kept dipping until it had reached the proper size.

Beans were seldom missing from the daily menu, and they had onions in everything but the custard. In many instances the porridges, soups and stews were served in a large wooden bowl set in the middle of the table, and all the diners ate with their spoons from that one dish. Out in the woods they frequently made lunch of bread and raw salt pork cut off a little piece at a time with a hunting knife.

Many of those old trail makers used parched rye for coffee all their lives. Earlier in our country's history superstitious fanatics burned innocent old women for witches, on very slight pretexts.

Always A Glorious Past

It matters little how far you go back through the years, they were still mourning about a Golden Age from a glorious, far distant past, and they received most improvements with anger and resentment.

Scientific cattle breeding began in England less than two hundred years ago, and was harshly condemned by the rabid church men as interfering with the intentions of God. For similar reasons Galileo's life was threatened because he had invented the telescope.

In the middle ages most of the refuse and slop from the homes was poured in the gutters of the city streets, and travelers found the stench of those cities almost unbearable. Many diseases flourished amazingly in those conditions and the Black Plague made periodic visits, spreading terror and death over vast areas.

Down through the ages people thought the past held treasures that were lost, or denied to themselves. Even Homer, twenty-nine hundred years ago bemoaned the fact that the glorious days were gone, and there were no new heroes to take the place of those illustrious ones who had gone before.

Old timers always seem suspicious and jealous of the innovations and improvements of the younger generations, and look with contempt upon them. Yet each age is only a stepping stone to the next which is still higher and better.

Each new crop of grandparents think the country is going to the bow wows because the youngsters start changing the old order of things. It will probably always be that way until Father Time has rolled up, and laid away his scroll.

In his climb to higher, and better conditions man seems able to surmount every obstacle to his progress, except himself. Unrest drove him to all his attainments. Had it not been for the eternal dissatisfaction in the human mind we would still be competing with the apes for the wild fruits and acorns.

Never Satisfied

We are a nation of fault finders, even though science has showered unnumbered comforts and luxuries upon us. The average span of human life now is about fifty-six years, a hundred years ago it was thirty-five, and in Caesar's time it was only eighteen years.

We are sated with so much that is excellent that we do not appreciate what would have been deemed miracles a hundred years ago. Our senses have been drugged and dulled by so much enjoyment that with the multitude of sports, dances, meetings, lodges, parties, radios and moving pictures we are still far from satisfied.

It seems to require a certain amount of hard knocks to develop real character, and perhaps that is why wealthy families seldom produce a genius. Nations do not go to pieces in bad times, but in good. Our grim, stern past produced many truly great men and women, and they continue to live with us as immortals. But those Good Old Days never existed except as mirages, and then they needed the glow of many sunsets from departed years to hide their dreariness.

No king of a hundred years ago enjoyed the comforts and blessings our common working classes now possess. In those old castles of continental Europe the inside walls gleamed with frost all through the winter months. Our ordinary homes are better ventilated, better heated and better lighted than that old royalty could hope to experience.

All the year around there are dainties in the stores no monarch could purchase a hundred years ago. The farther back we go the more raw and primitive human life becomes. If we had to go back and endure the working hours and conditions of a century ago, one year would seem to multiply eternity.

This is the greatest year since man quit living in caves, even though the sub-brute Germans and abysmal Japs almost succeeded in turning down the Lamp of Time.

Last summer I went to the upper peninsula of Michigan to make some badly needed repairs on the cabin roof, and to search for health, lost elsewhere. Camping by a beautiful emerald lake in the solitude of the wildland furnished some new fuel for the fires of thought.

All my life I had been hearing and reading about "The Good Old Days," and one night when a great rain squall played Nature's Storm Symphony on that cabin roof I got to wondering just when that wonderful period was. Somehow it had always lacked an exact date. Nowadays people refer to it vaguely as in The Gay Nineties, or the Elegant Eighties.

I was born in the late seventies, and there is little from my childhood years that I would care to recall. The city dwellers got the factory jobs, and in the country and small towns farming was the main employment. Back in the years mentioned jobs were rare, yet you either worked for your living, or sponged off someone who did. There were no government agencies to pamper anyone. It was a case of work, or go ragged and starve. You took care of yourself and had pride in it.

Those old timers asked no odds of anybody, for they were a hardy, self-reliant lot, and had to be to live. In these days some people resort to deceit and dishonor to get their parents an old age pension, or have them cared for by the welfare societies. In those days it was considered an unbearable disgrace to have a relative become a public charge.

Daylight to Dark

On the farm you rose about 4:30 a. m. with a lot of chores to do, ate breakfast at six, and had the teams in the field at six-thirty. You worked until noon, had dinner, did a few more chores and were at work again at one.

Most farmers quit the field at six p. m., but not in haying, grain, or bean harvesting. Those were special periods when you worked until dark, and overtime was not yet in the dictionary of laborers. Evening chores still had to be done regardless of the quitting time, and often you unloaded the wagons by lantern light.

We had the mowing machine in those days, but the boss rode it while the hired man bunched the hay with a pitch fork. Also he worked in the hot hay mow while the boss pitched it off.

Wages on the Farm

Later the first binders came out, and a man was disgraced if he did not set the grain in shocks as fast as it was cut. Before the bundle carrier was added to the binder that was no job for a softie. The beards of the rye and barley made this task something far removed from a dream of delight, but a really first class man could get twenty dollars a month, board, room and washing. Inferior help got from twelve to sixteen, and boys, four to eight dollars per month. A top-notch girl sometimes got as much as a dollar and a half a week.

Many of the farmers treated the hired hands as members of the family, but there were some who did not; neither were tyrants unknown. Yet any kind of a job was highly prized, and only fools quit because they got miffed about something, real or fancied.

A long time ago I was riding with one of those old timers when he waved his hands over the landscape and said, "Salt pork cleared every bit of that land." And salt pork was on the table seven days a week. Besides that they ate those meat frylngs on their potatoes and bread, seldom using any butter. These observations do not refer to the wealthy class, but to the hard-up, struggling mass of farmers.

Cultivating corn was done with a "double shovel", a walking rig using

one horse, and had to go twice in each row, and among stumps and roots. If ever there was torture for aching shoulders that old jumping, bobbing double shovel was it. Finally the wheeled cultivator came, this was a walking job too, but it used two horses. Later the Fremont cultivators came out, and the operator rode the machine, doing much better work.

One farmer I knew went to town to buy a wheeled outfit, and came back with the walker, where the man guided the two gangs, as well as the two horses with his hands. It was after quitting time when he got home and the hired man went out to see it, remarking casually, "Oh, you bought the walking kind." The boss replied, "Yes, I am not buying riding cultivators for hired men."

Long Hours

In a similar vein of thought another boss took the new hand out to the stump and grub patch to clear some new land. In mid-morning the new man stopped to fill his clay pipe. The boss asked him what he was doing that for; and he said, "Take a smoke." The boss spoke out venomously, "I do not stop to fill my pipe, and by G—— you ain't going to either; we did not come out here to smoke pipes." Such incidents were far from rare.

For miles around one farmer was particularly noted for getting his men out extremely early in the morning, and keeping them working late at night. One Saturday night the hired man went to the village, and the boys jokingly asked him how he knew when it was time to get up in the morning. He answered, "O, I blow out the light when I undress, then I throw my pants up in the air, and when I hear them hit the floor I know it is time to get up."

My first job hiring out was on a berry farm when I was sixteen, and I was never abed after four-thirty in the morning, working as long as I could see at night, which is quite late in June and July. Nightmares of that season haunted my dreams for many years. Yet everywhere in the country those experiences were not unusual. There was no use complaining, for you could quit any time, and someone else would be thankful for the job.

Most hired hands got paid eight or nine months of the year, but worked for their board in the winter months; getting paid if they sawed wood at forty cents a cord, and the other man getting half. The hired man had his Sunday off, but if he wanted to go anywhere he usually had to walk. In those times, if your finances got run down at the heel, your outlook was decidedly dreary.

Entertainments

Entertainment was at low tide. At some schoolhouses in the winter they held what were termed Lyceums, where two captains chose sides, and debated mostly silly questions, the same old ones, year after year. Also in the winter we had an occasional box social, or a maple sugar party. But this generation would find them tame after the first one.

The town hall might get an indifferent group of singers, dignified by the title of Concert Company. Wagon shows came through each summer with some rather poor quality gymnasts and acrobats. Some roughneck in a clown's suit sprung smutty jokes, and made painful, and futile efforts to be funny.

We thought we enjoyed those simple amusements immensely, because they were all we had, and we saw nothing to compare them with that was any better.

But I think the dances of those old times were far superior to those of today. The orchestras played music by celebrated composers, and the melodies were loved through the years. They were not as wiggly as the tunes are today, neither did they sound like miserable imitations of cat fights. There was lots of new music played, but it had to be good. One of the great dance players of those times had stacks of fine music, and could play from memory eighty sets of quadrilles. The dancers performed the schottische and waltz numbers beautifully, and there was stateliness and grace, as well as charm, in the quadrilles. The rough, uncouth, bawdy square dance of today, with its misfit tunes, inherited nothing but the name from the past.

Those old time dances sometimes lasted until near daylight, but they were infrequent and going to them many miles away in a cutter on a stormy night with the weather below zero was not nearly as much fun as tender memories seem to recall in after years. If anyone had attempted to do some of this modern dancing, or so-called dancing, in the ball rooms of fifty years ago he would have been hissed, or perhaps kicked from the hall.

Few Luxuries

Potatoes were all dug with a fork, but the worst job on the farm was pulling beans by hand, as you were on your knees most of the time, and nothing else could promote a lasting backache in so short a time. It was done mostly by husky boys who thought they were in luck when they were paid seventy-five cents per day.

All corn was husked by hand with a wooden husking peg, and you were regarded as a sissy if you wore gloves; you were out in the field as soon as it was light enough to see, and the icy winds, snow, and wet husks had all the knuckle joints chapped and bleeding before a week had passed.

Farmers went to town about every two weeks for mail and groceries, except when they ran out of tobacco. The hens laid about four dozen eggs a year, but few after Thanksgiving. If a family had seventy-five quarts of canned fruit for winter it was considered wonderful, and canning vegetables was an art housewives had not learned at that time.

Few oranges were sold except at Christmas, and no fresh celery, lettuce, carrots, or beets in the winter. Oil stoves had not made their appearance yet, so all cooking was done over wood fires, even in the summer. Few people had the luxury of an ice house, and there was only one dipper in the school house water pails.

Funerals lasted over two hours. Daily papers were out of the question, and few could afford magazines. Grocers had never heard of keeping baked goods. There were a few story papers such as the New York Ledger, but those were loaned until worn to tatters. Most of the books were of a religious nature, or of the old style English goody-goody type. What few novels that were in circulation at least had the common merit of decency; while after perusing some of our modern best sellers the mind and the home need to be disinfected.

In those days there were no pure food laws, so dozens of worthless patent medicines were sold, and quackery thrived until the suckers quit biting. They still gave skunk oil, or kerosene to children for sore throats, while blood puddings, hominy and tripe were often on the bill of fare.

In the fall apples and pumpkins were cut in thin slices, sewed on a string, and hung over the stove to dry; the flies were probably thankful for such a fine place to roost. There were no inspections, so diseased cattle and hogs were slaughtered for food, and everybody swigged milk from diseased cows in blissful ignorance.

In our modern flour mills the wheat goes through sets of stiff brushes, and nearly all foreign matter is crushed and blown away. The screens and fanning mills of those times had no such magic fingers, and as the rats and mice used the wheat bins for their picnics it is well to place a limit on your wandering imagination.

Chavileer Hill and The Chavileer Family

By Norman E. Webster,
50 Broadway, New York, 4, New York

A Visit To Familiar Places

By Jennie L. Chavileer Webster.

Ed and I went to Decatur on Friday, June 22nd, 1923. Saturday forenoon, Joe took his car and we went across the swamp on the road that comes out at Chavileer Hill. We visited the old home. There have been many changes. The house that we all knew so well and which was moved across the road (when the new one was built) has entirely disappeared.

The house in which John and Kate began housekeeping is moved up near

the orchard and is used as a tenant house. The barns have been changed by many additions, and some entirely new built. The orchard still remains much as it was years ago. We drank of the spring water that is always running—surely no other water ever tasted so good, and no other running water ever made such music as that does.

We then went on down to Joe's house, that being a brick house, it has not changed much and while it is occupied by tenants, he looks after it so closely there are few changes. We visited the celery and peppermint that is growing on the muck land there.

We then went up the road on Chavileer Hill. The thick woods that used to be on either side of the road are cleared away and many good farms and comfortable homes are where only the Brewer farm and a few others used to be.

We went to the Crane Cemetery where mother and Ellen are buried; also Jim and Rachel's little boy with their marker "Johnnie Sleeps", and John and Kate's baby boy with "Our little Claude" on the stone.

We then went on past many of the farms that were so well known—the Gards, Huffs, Squires, and others that were familiar places years ago.

At last Joe said "And this is Charleston". But there were only two small houses and they were in the corner of a field under cultivation. One could hardly believe there had ever been a hotel and a number of other houses there. We saw the Moreland home; there had been some changes—I recalled some of the frolics and incidents in connection with it.

We then went down to John and Kate's old home. The front of the house looked much as it did years ago. The roses and shrubs were still there. There had been added a new kitchen and wood shed and porch. A large barn stands in the place where the old one stood,—that had been moved back and made into a shed for wagons and other farm implements.

This was one of the most familiar places we had seen. It is owned by a son of Andrew Rutherford whom I have reason to remember very kindly for he worked for father a year or more when I was a child and used to help me with my arithmetic which the teacher could not or would not take time to explain. After a pleasant call here, we went over to Little Prairie Ronde. Saw the Morris, Lawrence, and many other farms well cultivated and which looked much as they used to. Then we went along that beautiful drive past the Ben Hathaway farm. The house was destroyed by fire not long ago—the flowers and shrubbery were there as of old.

We called at the Rosewarne farm. Frank Rosewarne lives there, and while the house has been changed and enlarged, otherwise it was much as it used to be. We had a pleasant visit there recalling some of the old times.

We then went to the Anderson Cemetery where father and mother Webster are buried. We went down the West Valley road, past the Charles place, also the home of Doc Simpson, and John Welcher's old home, and came to that beautiful stream—Rattle Run. The Vought home has been well cared for, also the Bryan Youngs place.

Then we came to the school house with so many pleasant associations. I could but think of the song we used to sing:

The old school house is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our pen knives had defaced;
The same old bricks are in the walls,
The bell swings to and fro
The music's just as sweet
As many years ago.

There have been no changes at the Goble farm. The house where father lived a short time before going west is gone. Red Run is the same old red stream.

As we rode along those country roads, I repeated for Joe and Ed that song we used to sing to our country beaux:

I am a wild and laughing girl,
Just turned on sweet sixteen,
As full of mischief and of fun
As ever you have seen;
But when I am a woman grown
No city beau for me,
If ever I marry in my life,
A farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to feed the chickens
And love to milk the cow,
I love to hear the farmer's boy
Go whistling to his plow;
The lowing herds and bleating flocks
Make music sweet for me,
If ever I marry in my life
A farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls who love it best
Enjoy the gloomy town,
'Mid dusty walls and dusty streets
To ramble up and down,
But flowery banks and shady woods
And sunny skies for me,
If ever I marry in my life
A farmers wife I'll be.

There are five roads crossing the Swamp where there were but one or two for so many years. All of that large meadow and swamp land has been ditched and drained and has become very valuable.

A man was building a large storage plant at Decatur—large enough to hold 35,000 bushels of onions; some of the other crops are celery, beets, and pepermint of which many car loads are shipped every week during the season.

We reached Decatur late in the afternoon. Joe is an ideal host and seems to enjoy giving one a good time, as much as we who are entertained.

Chapter I

A story in the Republican of February 8, 1945 begins as follows:

"The big hill 2½ miles south of Decatur over which the New Swamp Road takes the traveler into Volinia township and Cass county is commonly called Fifield hill after the man who lived at the foot of it in the eighties and nineties.

"Before it was known as the Fifield hill, it was Chavileer hill named for the equally prominent farmer who lived in the same place a generation before him." This was a reminder that the Editor had asked for facts about farmer Chavileer and his family.

The family name in its French form Chevalier is not uncommon in this country. It may be found in many city directories. And there is a family tradition that the father of farmer Chavileer was a Chevalier when he came here from France but his Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors changed his name.

Of the ancestry of farmer Chavileer less is known than about that of his wife. Her great grandmother was the mother of Robert Fulton, having married an immigrant from Kilkenny, Ireland after the death of her first husband Hinkle, whose forename is unknown. By him she had borne a son Joseph Hinkle who of course was older than Robert Fulton who was born in 1765, both probably in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. When Cincinnati, which was first settled about 1789,1790, consisted of little more than a string of block houses, this Joseph Hinkle then perhaps 30 or 35 years of age came down the River from Pittsburgh with his large family. Sometime thereafter, while he with others were out clearing land near the fort and had laid down their guns while they worked, the party was attacked by Indians. All escaped except Joseph Hinkle who was tomahawked and killed, the tragedy being witnessed by his son Joseph who escaped by climbing a tree where he was hidden.

This second Joseph Hinkle was born in 1787 and when his mother was left a widow with a large family he was bound out for a term of years. It is said that he lived a hard life. But in 1806 when he was 19 he married Elizabeth DeBolt. "To Joseph and Elizabeth Hinkle seventeen children were born. One died when an infant and Mrs. Hinkle took a motherless babe in its place, besides two little girls, making in all 19 this remarkable woman reared. The Hinkles are a family of longevity being noted for the same. Joseph Hinkle died in his 95th year (1881). His wife was 67 and lived to see her youngest child married" (perhaps about 1858).

As illustrating this family characteristic of long life and also the size of some families during the forepart of the last century a list of these 17 children of Joseph and Elizabeth Hinkle may be of interest. And it is possible that it may even be of value to some future local historian or geneologist. A few facts about them are as follows:

Mary born 1809, Mrs. J. Chavileer, died 1859 at Decatur, Mich.

Henry born 1811, died 1899 at Saratoga, Ind.

Nancy, born ——, Mrs. Henry Gephart, died 1898 or before.

Lewis born 1814 (Twin of Lucinda), died 1898.

Lucinda born 1814, Mrs. Bailey, living 1899 at Alma, Mich.

Lydia, born ——, Mrs. Sam'l Vanatta living 1899 at Bloomington, Ill.

Squire, born ——, died 1898 or before.

Joseph born, living 1899 at Butler Co., Ohio.

Rachel born, Mrs. Lingle, died 1898 or before.

James born, died 1898 or before.

Amanda born, Mrs. Huffman living 1899 at Saratoga, Ind.

William born, living 1899 at Butler Co., Ohio.

Benjamin born, living 1899 at Butler Co., Ohio.

Elizabeth born, Mrs. Chas. Tyron, living 1899 at Saratoga, Ind.

John born, died 1898 or before.

George born, (Chas. F. adopted) died at birth.

Hiram born 1834, living 1899 at Thackery, Ill.

These were great grandchildren of that early Hinkle who lived in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. And since their father, Joseph, was one of a large family it is understandable that Ohio was said to be full of Hinkles. The lives of four generations covered more than 150 years.

Turning to the Chavileer family the known facts do not go back so far. The earliest known is that an immigrant from France came here probably late in the 18th century. The reason for his coming has not been learned but it is a reasonable surmise that it was to escape from the unsettled political conditions in France or that he may have been influenced by the reports from those who accompanied Lafayette whose name was always revered in the family of the immigrant's son—esteemed almost as highly as that of Washington.

This first Chavileer located in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania and remained on his farm until his death perhaps about 1815 or a little later. His widow whose maiden name has not been learned lived until about 1860. So her children had a long life expectancy as well as those of the family of Joseph Hinkle. In this first Chavileer family there were five children. These were Jonathan born in 1805 who was the farmer at the foot of Chavileer Hill; Eliza who became Mrs. Dillon and the mother of Rev. Perry Dillon an occasional visitor in Decatur; Rebecca who became Mrs. John Fisher; Ellen and David.

Two racial strains arising in different parts of Europe, the Chavileer flowing from France and the Pennsylvania Dutch Hinkle coming from Germany, had wandered into the same county of southeastern Pennsylvania—although not at the same time. And as running water may not be dammed completely, these streams had gone on, apparently by different stream beds until finally they were joined in Ohio as the first generations of the Chavileer family of Chavileer Hill. But this is not a place for rhetorical composition. Even though the odysseys of these two family lines may have seemed epical to them, the stories can be of only passing interest to all except the small circle of their kinfolk.

Jonathan Chavileer was born March 31, 1805 near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. There was a tradition that he attended school with James Buchanan who became the 15th President. But this cannot be a fact because Buchanan was 14 years older than Chavileer and was graduated at Dickinson College at the age of 19 when Chavileer was only 5 years old. But at that time Buchanan went to Lancaster to study law and it is possible that some later association there was the basis for the erroneous tradition. Nothing is known of Chavileer's life from 1805 to 1829 except that prior to the latter year he had gone to Ohio. There at Madisonville, Butler County, Ohio, on August 14, 1829 when he was 24 he married Mary Hinkle who was 20.

As a farmer and a farmer's wife the couple remained there during the next 17 years. There five of their six children were born. A few facts about the children are here noted briefly.

Elinor, born August 25, 1831, married Milo Welcher February 14, 1850 and bore two sons, Joseph and Augustus. She died August 5, 1858;

John F. born October 1, 1834, married Kate Moreland who bore three daughters, Grace, Maud and Effie. He died July 1, 1914;

Rachel H. born January 17, 1839, married James A. Vought January 17, 1858 and bore one daughter, Edna Rachel Vought, died April 6, 1906!

Mary Ann born July 26, 1842, married Charles J. Northrup, January 17, 1864 and bore one daughter, Carrie Gladys and one son Charles C. She died Jan. 6, 1924;

Jane Law born April 1, 1845, married Norman Earl Webster, December 23, 1864 and bore one son, Norman Edward. She died March 3, 1938;

Elizabeth born November 12, 1849, at Decatur, married Lewis T. Cody March 4, 1872 and bore one son Fred C. and one daughter Nellie. She died about 1937.

Unless Jonathan's brother David had children, the six named above and the three daughters of John F. are all whose family name was Chavileer.

In the summer of 1846 after their first 17 years on the farm in Ohio, Jonathan and Mary Hinkle with their son nearly 12 and 4 daughters aged 15, 7, 4 and 1, moved by horse drawn wagon to south western Michigan.

An incident of that trek seems worth recounting. How many persons and teams there were in the party is not known. There were 7 of the Chavileers, the father then 41 being the only man of them. It seemed therefore that there may heve been two or more wagons and perhaps other persons who went along as helpers or passengers. This seems probable because the wagons had to carry personal and household effects and also because it is known that there were occasional check-ups or roll calls. On one of these occasions the baby was missing, little Jane Law or Jennie as she was called by everyone except her father. Searchers retraced the road for a considerable distance and found her where she had fallen. Her face was muddy from the dust of the road mixed with her tears as she had cried herself to sleep.

Since it seems that only four men bore the family name in its Dutchfield form of Chavileer—the French immigrant, his two sons, David of whom no more is known, and Jonathan, and the latter's son John F., the rest of this story will be devoted to the last two who came to the vicinity of Decatur in 1846.

Chapter II

Some of the pioneer families in this section of southwestern Michigan settled on the open land such as Little Prairie Ronde. Among these were the Anderson, Buell, Copley, Hathaway, Lawrence, Morris and Rosewarne families and probably others whose names do not come to mind. Some came before the Chavileers and some later. To them the open level land looked most inviting. But Jonathan Chavileer grew up in the rolling country of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania and for many years had been a farmer in the similar country of Hamilton County, Ohio, each place near running water. So he chose land on the hillside leading down from the upland to the more nearly level land south of the swamp through which the Dowagiac Creek meandered. The location he selected was largely wooded as well as hilly.

But there was another reason for his choice for a home. Well up on the hill there was a spring from which flowed a perennial stream. Whether there was an aesthetic reason underlying this selection as some contend cannot be proven. Certainly there was a utilitarian reason for it. The spring would provide the domestic water supply as well as water for the stock. And there was another reason also. We who live in the towns and cities and even the young people of the country may think that it always was the custom for trucks to pick up the cans of milk, which we see beside the road at each farmhouse, and carry them to the nearest creamery. But in Chavileer's days mechanical separation and pasteurization were unknown. Except near the cities there was no market for milk. Every farmer's wife made butter. It makes my arms ache now even to think of the old dasher churn.

Before the creamery provided a ready market for the farmer's milk he had the problem of keeping the milk and cream sweet. Some large farms had ice houses filled each winter with the harvest from some nearby lake. But that method required much work in winter and added much labor to the long days of summer. Cool cellars were used for milk storage on many farms. And on many farms where there was a small but never failing stream, the milk house or spring house served as the refrigerating storage. Perhaps there are some yet, though all may be gone. On a hillside near the house an excavation was made similar to that for the old time out door cellar. In this was built a long narrow house, the upper end of which was wholly or

largely in the excavation while the lower end was nearly all above the ground level. Along each side wall was a table which held a sluice box into which the stream was brought at the upper end and held at 3 or 4 inches deep by a low dam or weir at the lower end before the water passed over and on to the bed of the stream. Each sluice box held two rows of stoneware basins or pans in which the milk was kept until the cream had risen and been skimmed off. The spring house was deliciously cool on a hot day.

For his family Jonathan Chavileer erected a small house on the south side of the Valley Road a short distance west of the New Swamp Road. That house has been gone many years; though when Abbott built the large house on about the same site, the first house was moved across Valley Road where it remained a long time. The son John F. was only 12 in 1846, but much later, after he and Kate Moreland had married, they located on a farm in Volinia over and to the south of Chavileer Hill. Both father and son were Democrats but also they were Unionists. And so while probably neither voted for Lincoln both responded to his calls and enlisted.

John's company formed at Paw Paw in 1861 missed connection for inclusion in a Michigan regiment then being organized. By telegraph it arranged to be accepted as Company C of the 70th New York Infantry. This became a part of Sickles' Brigade which participated in the Peninsular campaign and in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the last General Sickles lost a leg at the Peach Orchard and it fell to the lot of John F. Chavileer to help carry his General from the battlefield. Fifty years later on July 1, 1913 the Grand Army of the Republic held its annual encampment at Gettysburg. That morning the New York Tribune carried on its front page a four-column group of sketches made at the encampment by its artist Weed. It was captioned "J. F. Chavileer who helped carry Gen. Sickles from the field." And sure enough, though no one of his sisters knew that he was in the East, he had come from the State of Washington for that reunion. He visited his kinfolk on his return. Twenty-five years later on July 1, 1938 the New York Herald Tribune published a reproduction of those sketches by Clive Weed which it had printed on the 50th anniversary of Gettysburg.

Jonathan Chavileer must have forgotten his age of almost 57 when in February 1862 at Lawton he enlisted in Company H of the 12th Michigan Infantry. As compared with the period of training now being given to the soldiers of World War II it is interesting that the organization of his regiment was completed on March 5th; it left Niles on March 18th; and on April 6 and 7 it participated in the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing perhaps the most bitter engagement of the Civil War in the West. The regiment was discharged on March 6, 1866. Some 20 years later when he was living with his son in Western Nebraska he joined the local post of the G. A. R. But after attending a few of its meetings he gave up that association because he could no longer endure hearing all Democrats of Civil War days called copperheads.

His wife Mary Hinkle Chavileer had died in 1859. By 1872 their youngest daughter Elizabeth had married and all his children had homes of their own. He married twice thereafter but there were no other children. A tendency to a restless disposition took him from Decatur to a farm in Macomb County, Michigan near Utica. Then he bought land in Missouri and when his children urged him to free himself from the care of it, he visited it and disposed of it in a trade for land near Waco, Texas. But the title to that proved to be worthless being based upon one of many fraudulent deeds which were circulated after the Court House and local land office were destroyed by fire.

Jonathan Chavileer's son and wife and his five daughters and their husbands have all passed on. And unless Jnoathan's brother David had sons there is now no one carrying the family name of the French immigrant as it was so quickly corrupted by his Pennsylvania neighbors. The last survivor of Jonathan's children was Jane Law Chavileer Webster who died March 3, 1938 when almost 93 and whose obituary was published in the Republican of March 10, 1938. She left a quantity of geneological material much of which has been used in this story of the Chavileer family.

With the boxes of correspondence which she had saved was a small envelope marked "Verses from Mate re 16 and 17 birthdays." The enclosures are in the handwriting of her next older sister Mary Ann who was about 3 years older. The rhymes were for birthdays on April 1, 1861 and 1862.

Since these simple lines are 84 years old and were so intimately associated with the two sisters when they were living near the foot of Chavileer Hill the first verses and the last are copied here.

"To Jennie on her sixteenth:

Thou art sixteen, sweet sixteen,
O may thy brow so fair
When sixteen added years have passed
Be free from lines of care.

To dim thy future happiness
May there no cloud be seen
But may thy life be ever blessed
As now at sweet sixteen.

* * * * *

Farewell I close these simple lines

Most welcome may they be
And sure to make you think at times
Of one away—that's me.
Your sister Mate."

Sixty two years later when Jennie Webster was 78 and had been a widow for nearly two years she, in the company of her favorite nephew, Joseph Welcher, visited some of the scenes of her girlhood and shortly thereafter wrote of the trip to her surviving sisters and to the children of those who had gone. That letter written by a Chavileer to Chavileers and about the vicinity of Chavileer Hill closes this story of Chavileer Hill and the Chavileer family.

An Old Paper Recalls Other Days

Here is some local history that may need correcting, and the person who can correct it may consider this an invitation to do so.

From eighteen eighty to nineteen ten, and perhaps before and after, in a house at the corner of Sherwood and John streets, there resided Clarence Bassett, their daughter Ethel and son Bruce. And didn't Sadie Lucas live with them and wasn't she a sister of Clarence, and the milliner of Chadwick in the very store where Raymond Gale sells hardware and implements now?

Who built that house we do not know. It might have been Clarence Bassett himself. The present owner thinks it was.

In 1900 it underwent repairs. The proof of this is that tucked away behind the lath and plaster of one of the walls was a copy of the Decatur Republican of June 14, 1900. On the label was the name Clarence Bassett, the date, Sept. 22, 1898. And here it was June 14, 1900. The price was plainly printed, '$1 a year in advance.'

On the margin of the paper was stamped, "Subscription Expired." But everything was cheap and times were easy in those peaceful days and the subscriber who actually paid in advance was the exception.

The paper is well preserved and contains some items that might bring a smile to the features of old time residents. For instance:

Parshall Van Duzer and John Collins attended the congressional convention at Benton Harbor. (Guess which one.)

Mrs. F. C. Stapleton is attending the LOTM Great Hive meeting at Grand Rapids.

Fred H. Dewey is the KOTM delegate.

The Democratic state convention will be held in Detroit July 25 and the Fourth Congressional district is a unit for Tom Cavanaugh of Paw Paw for governor.

The commencement exercises will be held in the Presbyterian church Tuesday evening, June 19. The class of '00 is one of the best the school has graduated. It numbers 14 and they are Margaret McLeese, Earnest Whitlock, Ethel Stewart, Bessie Parker, Ralph Van Hise, Anna Orr, Maynard Thomas, Nellie Taylor, Ethel Bassett, Beatrice and Berenice Harris, Waldo Phillips, Edythe Sanborn, Albert Dwight, fourteen, and they all took part. The valedictorian was Albert Dwight and the superintendent Willis T. Bishop. Rev. George B. Rogers gave the invocation. All but 3 of that class of 45 years ago are now living..

The paper was brought to the office from which it was printed by Mrs. Pete (Ethel Mead) Wanko. They are improving the house again, adding a kitchen and bedroom, and that

is how they came to find it. They bought the house of the estate of Mrs. Esther Taylor six years ago.

Bruce is the only living member of the Bassett family and we have had no word from him for several years. He learned the printing trade in the Republican office and was probably working here in 1900. Fay Beach was the foreman.

Clayton Howe Joins Republican Staff

The Republican is off again this week with a fresh start. The going has been hard since last March when the late Charles Danner was taken ill. Arthur Howe has been a loyal helper, putting in time and over time to do his part toward getting the paper out, and his wife, Maxine, has given needed assistance. We are grateful also to Clayton Kinney, who is a capable Intertype operator, for setting type after his working hours on the farm.

But now we foresee that our troubles, at least for the time being, are over. Clayton Howe came to the Republican staff as a permanent part of it with the beginning of this week. He possesses all of the requirements needed to keep the Decatur newspaper and its job department up to the highest notch of efficiency. He can make the Intertype run with the speed of an airplane; he can make it execute all sorts of stunts that show up well on paper; in fact he can make it do almost everything except to actually speak the words.

Clayton learned the trade in this office before the First World War. He went through that war and then took a course in the South Bend Business College. After that he worked on the South Bend Tribune and for the Oliver Plow Company. Twenty-one years ago he went to work as a Lintotype operator for Ihling Bros. Everard Co. of Kalamazoo, and comes from there back to the Republican where he began his trade.

His brothers Otis and Arthur both learned the trade here, and Arthur has been here 25 years. With Clayton it is coming back home, and his relatives as well as the office, are pleased with his decision.

The Decatur Theatre Where Edgar Bergen Gave His First Shows, Site of Present Cozy Theatre

EDGAR SHOWED IN MARCELLUS

Edgar Bergen turned naturally toward the LaPearl theatre, now the Cozy. Mrs. Gertrude Metzger was the original proprietor, owner and manager of the movie house in those days, and she named it the LaPearl, after her sister Pearl who died.

Edgar worked about the theatre, swept it out and did odd jobs assisting Mrs. Metzger. The latter recognized the undeveloped genius in the boy and encouraged and helped him as she could.

He put on some entertainments here and on at least one occasion she put on a show in another town with Edgar as the chief entertainer.

Postmaster Herbert Creagan recalls that one night she put on a show in Marcellus. That was back in about the year 1914. He played the snare drum in those days and was engaged to play with the orchestra. Mrs. Metzger took Edgar and Herbert over in her tin Lizzie and they put on a great show.

Sorry we are unable to contact Mrs. Metzger for a story of her recollections of our visitor.

Enclosed is clipping from the Decatur, Illinois, Daily Review. Thought it would be of interest to you and your paper. Please let me know of future plans of your Centennial committee, as I will be very happy to be present at this event.

Kindest regards,
Harry H. Stern.

The clipping,—

"Edgar Bergen is going back to his home town of Decatur, Mich., on Sept. 15 to participate in a celebration marking the one hundredth anniversary of the town. When Bergen was just becoming a nation celebrity there was much confusion whether his home town was Decatur, Ill., or Decatur, Mich., among the various movie writers.

"Decatur, Ill., city dads should remember to extend congratulations to our Michigan cousin next September."

Harry Stern is a nephew of the late Fred Stern and lived here in his youthful years. He has a large clothing business in partnership with Julius F. Myers in Clinton, a city of 6,331 inhabitants.

BERGEN OWNS AIRPORT

Edgar Bergen, amateur flier also known as an NBC comedian and partner of Charlie McCarthy, has just made his debut in the new role of airport owner. Bergen has purchased the field, located at Montebello, Cal., to establish an instrument flying school for worthy young pilots who lack the funds to finance their own training. Many such pilots trained by the Bergen Aviation Foundation are already flying for the commercial air lines and in military service.

DOEKO PRAK

A Brave Young Marine Gives His Life For His Country.

Doeko Prak was killed in action at Iwo Jima on the third of March. The news came in a telegram to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harm Prak, on the 31st of March and was published in the Republican last week. The message said that further details would follow, but they have not yet been received.

Doeko was the oldest of seven children and was born in Decatur January 7, 1926. He attended the village school and enlisted in the marines, third division, in August, 1943.

He was determined to go into the war and did not want to wait to be drafted. He was only 17 at the time and his parents were loath to sign his permit, but he said if they did not, he would go to Mexico and join, so they signed.

He trained for the marine corps in San Diego, California, and was sent overseas into the South Pacific last June. He was in the fighting at Saipan and Guam, and wrote last August that he had taken 3 Jap rifles.

The last letter received from him was dated the 7th of February. Doeko was a strong healthy boy. He left home when he was 17 and weighed 185 pounds. He never had a furlough and never saw his home again. He told some of his friends when he went that he did not expect to come back until the war was over.

Besides his parents Doeko is survived by 3 brothers and 3 sisters, and his fiance, Miss Winnifred Lillie of Volinia.

Sojourner Truth was born a slave in New York State. After she was freed, she worked as a servant. Ttough she always lived from hand to mouth and never learned to read and write, she said God told her what to do. And nothing stopped her from doing it. One day when she was middle-aged God told her to drop everything and start walking eastward. So she did. That was when God told her to take the name Sojourner Truth. For the rest of her life, she wandered all over the country, usually on foot, talking and singing about abolition of slavery and about women's suffrage. "I heard a lot about giving black men the vote, but nobody thinks about votes for black women," she said. Sojourner had a commanding presence. She was six feet tall, wore dark, Quaker-like clothes, and spoke with humro and homely wisdom. She often visited Northern Indiana, where she was jailed several times by Hoosiers who didn't approve of abolitionists. But in Michigan she finally found a home in Battle Creek. One day she set out on foot for Washington, D.C., because God told her to go see President Lincoln. She did have a nice visit with Old Abe, but nobody took their picture. And she wasn't 108 when she died in 1883. Most likely she was about 86. Thousands of folks, both black and white, followed her coffin to the cemetery in Battle Creek. Sojourner's grandson, her last descendant in Battle Creek, died in 1915. You can see Sojourner's picture below.

FIRST DECATUR BOY TO BOMB TOKYO

Extracts from the letters of Sgt. Carl Southworth, 19 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Southworth, who is located on one of the Marriana Islands, and has made the grade from private to sergeant in less than a year.

Sunday, February 18, 1945: No mail yet, but hope it will catch up by next week. Haven't done much here but fixing up our tent so it will be nice to live in, and doing a little work on our plane.

They say there are Japs on the island but they are being killed at the rate of 25 to 100 a week, so it should not be long before they are all gone.

While at Hickham Field I tried to look up Don (his cousin Don Southworth). I couldn't find him and was told he was back in the hills.

Wdnesday, Feb. 21.

Just finished supper and right now am hearing some good music. Am writing in front of my tent and it seems like sitting on the front porch in autumn with the smoke coming up from the brush piles.

Haven't heard from Myron, but maybe I should say Sam. That is what his pa-in-law calls him. I sure would like to be based near him when I am in the states.

I have been working on my guns all day because I want to make sure they work when I want to use them. It is getting dark out so think I will go in for a little while. I don't think the war will last much longer. You don't have to worry about me getting malaria because they don't have it on this island.

I will be sending some money one of these days. There is no place to spend it and nothing to buy here, so I should save quite a bit.

Don't worry about me and take care of yourselves.

Monday, February 26.

Well, I made a raid on Tokyo the other day. Have been working hard the past few days. Got a letter from Sam and he told how much Tommy had grown, and he was afraid he will be shipped out.

We have been getting good food and I feel fine, so don't worry about me. They gave us some rubber mattresses which we have to blow up, and they are not bad to lie on. Later we are going to move into huts made of plywood.

We sure are having good weather here. It won't be long till you are cutting asparagus, and sure wish I was there to help you. I still haven't got any papers, so you should tell Arba about my new address.

Saturday, March 3.

Am writing this morning to tell you that I have been made sergeant, and I still haven't got the Decatur papers. I wish you would send me some more socks and shorts. It is time for chow.

March 7.

You can believe anything about these islands that Ernie Pyle writes, because it is true and you can believe what you hear on the radio.

I have made 2 missions now. Everything has gone along fine and I am feeling good.

Yes, I was in on it, Pa. The only way I have got any Japs is from the bombs we drop, but there are plenty of them around us here in the woods.

It won't be long till I will be moving into one of the new huts they are building for us. I made a chair the other day, back and all, which I carry over to the show and it surely comes in handy.

It gets hot here in the middle of the day and it won't be long till I have a nice tan.

Wednesday, March 14.

I got your first letter in a week today, and it seems good to get a letter from home. I sure would like to get the Decatur papers.

I have 4 missions in now. Don't think it will be long before this thing is over and I will be able to come home. I am sending a picture of the crew standing in front of our plane and am sending you one.

We have a USO show tonight, the first one, so think I'll go.

Think I am the first boy from Decatur to bomb Tokyo.

Carl Southworth was one of the crew of 11 of the great B-29 Superfortress which made the incendiary raid on Tokyo Saturday, March 10, and left nothing but twisted tumbled and left nothing but twisted, tumbled, down rubble in its path.

The raid was given one of the big headlines of the Sunday Chicago Tribune of March 11, declaring that 15 square miles of Tokyo was laid waste in the raid.

Major General LeMay, in an interview, said, "I believe that all those under my command have by their participation in this single operation shortened the war.

According to the Tribune's story the first plane off was the first to return after a flight of more than 15 hours. It was piloted by Captain Earl Russell of Stamford, Texas, and Carl was one of the crew. The Captain was in the center of the picture which Carl sent home.

When these boys left Tokyo 2 or 3 square miles of the city were on fire. Carl was right gunner and assistant chief engineer of the B-29 on this daring mission.

Pvt. Bernard J. Dine Fatally Wounded in Battle of Iwo Jima

The tragedy of war again visited Decatur Thursday, April 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Dine receiving a telegram from the War Department announcing the death of their son, Pvt. Bernard J. Dine who died of wounds received at Iwo Jima.

A telegram was also received by his wife, Margaret. Both messages came from Washington, D. C., and were received in Decatur at about 10:30 Thursday morning. The dates of his injury and death were not given but will probably be made known in the letter which will come later.

This is a copy of the message:—

"Deeply regret to inform you that your son Private Bernard J. Dine, US MR died of wounds received in action at Iwo Jima Volcano Islands in the performance of his duty and service of his country. Remains reported buried in grave No. 1296, row No. 26, plot No. 1, Fourth Marine Division cemetery at Iwo Jima. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy. Letter follows.

A. A. Vandergrift,
General USMC Com.
of the Marine Corps.

Pvt. Dine was born April 11, 1922 at Winona, Minnesota. He graduated from the Decatur high school in 1940 and the same fall married Margaret E. Wickett, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Wickett. Mrs. Dine and their two children, Sharon M., age 3 and Richard B., age 1, together with his parents, survive him.

"Bernie" Dine was inducted into the armed forces June 14, 1944, received his "boot training" at San Diego, California, additional training at Camp Pendleton, California. Went overseas with the Fourth Marine Division in November. He was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, serving, at the time of his induction, as Senior Deacon of Decatur Lodge No. 99, F. and A. M.

As one of Decatur's promising young men, quite obviously endowed with competence and strong character, his passing again emphasizes that the flower of young manhood is the unavoidable price demanded by war. His survivors have the profound sympathy of the community.

FROM ONE WE ONCE CALLED TEACHER

Nellie Kirtland Rich Betaque, once a Decatur school girl—she went to school to Upton,—then a Decatur teacher, then a farmer, now a resident of the city of South Bend, always an upright christian woman and loyal friend. God has given her the strength, endurance and patience to meet the responsibilities of life which have come upon her, and she has never wavered in meeting them.

Mrs. Betaque is well into the eighties and we think Mr. Betaque is as far into the nineties. Mrs. Betaque's letter and her good wishes mean much to us. We shall never forget those golden school days when at the important age of 13 we recited history to her in the Grammar room of the old Decatur school building. They burned wood in stoves then to keep the school rooms warm; and when light, other than that furnished by the sun, was needed it came from kerosene lamps. Still, for all of those great handicaps we got by, and have lived to see this age of wonderful inventions.

Mrs. Betaque's good letter follows:

January 12, 1945.

Dear Friend Arba:

Your reminder came yesterday that I must send in my $2.00. I am enclosing same and wishing you continued success. I enjoy the paper and marvel at your fine memory that helps you so ably to carry on. I am confused in trying to trace back who's who, and still you continue to straighten out the tangles. Well that's your "gift."

Now a word or so about Mr. Betaque. He has been confined to the bed for the past two years, and while he looks well has not been contented and wishes his time might come. We are hoping for the promised peace to come, but I fear we must change our perspective and unite with Jesus Christ's plan.

I may not live to see the great plan come, but know it will surely be fulfilled.

Love from all,
Nellie Betaque.

We hear often from Robert, Dean's son, who has been across for over 3 years.

The Goodspeed Home in Nicholsville

In some countries of Europe many families occupy the same farm home for several hundred years, the land passing from father to son, one generation following another. In this country we seldom find a farm remaining in the same family for any great length of time.

Ulysses S. Goodspeed was born on the farm where he now resides, seventy-six years ago. With the exception of a few months in the Dakotas he has spent all of those seventy-six years living in the same house in which he was born.

The Goodspeeds were among the early settlers in Volinia Township and own a large farm south of Nicholsville. In the early days the family owned a general store in the village. Nicholsville was a thriving town in those early days, but with the coming of the railroads both north and south of it the town lost its importance as a trading center. It is still a popular summer resort center because of the fine lakes nearby.

A few years ago the Goodspeeds remodeled their home making it semi-modern. The house is over one hundred years old and was built of the finest timber of that day. It is still sound and strong. At the time the house was erected there was built of brick an elaborate double fireplace serving two rooms, with a double compartment bake oven attached. This is an interesting sight for people of our day. It was, without doubt, the latest thing in baking equipment at that time.

A seafaring member of the family, who took part in whaling expeditions in the early days, left a large collection of coral formations, sea shells and many souvenirs from his deep sea fishing in different parts of the world. There is also a fine collection of Indian relics. These have all been handed down from one generation to another and are still in the home. The house also contains many interesting and valuable pieces of furniture, dishes, etc., some dating back well over one hundred years. Mr. Goodspeed is still enjoying good health and we wish him many more years in his spacious, comfortable home.

The Gard Family of Volinia Township

(Last week, in connection with an item about the 86th birthday of Mrs. Ida Gard Swan, the Republican printed a few facts about the early settlers of Volinia. Mrs. Swan found this story of a Gard reunion held 22 years ago. It was written by Mrs. M. B. Welcher, and will interest many readers of the Republican.)

Descendants of Jonathan Gard, pioneer of Volinia township, gathered at the farm of the late Newton Gard

there Sunday for the annual reunion. The widow of Newton Gard, 92 years old, was the hostess.

Her daughter, Mrs. Orlie Fulton Everett and her family, who occupy the old homestead, received nearly a hundred relatives and friends who came from many points.

The descendants of the late Josephus Gard and their families attended. Attorney Clyde Ketchum of Kalamazoo, great great grandson of Josephus Gard, gave the principal address.

Mrs. M. B. Welcher, a granddaughter of the pioneer, gave a history of the Gard Prairie, which follows in part:

"My father, Jonathan Gard, Elijah Goble, Samuel Rich and George Tony were the first white men to set foot on the fertile soil of Volinia township. They came in the summer of 1828, but in the fall all returned to their homes in Indiana, my father at that time living in Butler county.

"The family consisted of father, mother and four sons, Milton, Finley, Newton and Franklin. Franklin being a babe a few months old. Being so well pleased with the country, they made preparations for locating permanently in Michigan, and the next spring they all came back, with the exception of George Tony. Tony's wife said she had enough living in a wilderness, and positively refused to come. Tony then gave father the 200 acres of prairie which he had staked off for himself, and it has ever since been known as Gard's Prairie.

Took Up Claim in 1828

"My father arrived at his claim the 30th of March, 1928, and lived there until his passing out in 1854. They made the journey to this new country with an ox team, cutting their roads as they came and requiring six weeks to make the journey. Their neighbors were mostly Indians and wolves, and the latter kept them company by howling nights.

First Volinia Weddings

"My father added to his 200 acres until at the time he passed away he owned 600 acres, which was divided into four farms, upon which my brothers lived until they passed away, with one exception. Finley Gard traded his Gard farm to Eli Green for one in Hamilton township, but later on Newton Gard bought that farm, and it still remains in the Gard family, so that a greater portion of Gard Prairie still remains in the hands of the Gard relatives, and we are celebrating today in the pleasant home of Nancy Gard, my brother's widow, who has been confined to her wheel chair for many years, but who is cherful, contented and uncomplaining for she has learned the art of growing old gracefully, and is now in her 93rd year. We sincerely hope she may be with us many years to come.

"The first wedding in Volinia township were David Curry and Alexander Fulton to Sarah and Elizabeth Gard, daughters of Josephus Gard. Both couples were married by the same ceremony in the spring of '32. The first white child born in the township was John Rich, October 21, 1829. At the time our people came to Volinia, there was a band of Pottowatomie Indians campe d on the Dowagiac Creek, just below the George Newton home. They were very friendly, bringing in wild honey and smoked venison, but expected something in return, such as wheat bread, and the like. It being such an effort to get flour I think mother preferred not to exchange food, and would rather prepare it herself.

"Such were pioneer days, where most of us would be considered tenderfeet when it come to roughing it."

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

MRS. CHRISTIE'S SCRAPBOOK

Mrs. David Christie kept a scrapbook in the days of long ago. It covers the period of the sixties, seventies and eighties when Mrs. Christie was an active resident of Decatur. We started to write "citizen" of Decatur, but women were not citizens then. Otherwise it was the golden period in American history.

Mrs. Christie passed away many years ago, but the scrapbook lives on. What a fine thing it was, and would be yet, to keep a diary and a scrapbook. But people worked harder and had more time for such things in the pioneer days.

Mrs. Christie's scrapbook contains many clippings from the Decatur paper as well as other papers and magazines and much local history. Her daughter Dora, Mrs. Anderson of Lawrence township, presented it to the editor several years ago, and it is a highly prized possession.

Old time residents may be interested in the stories taken from it, and comments upon them which will be additional contributions to local history, will be welcomed.

The Republican is interested in collecting as much local history as possible so that its files will be a storehouse of information for the future historian who undertakes to write the history of Decatur and southwestern Michigan.

The frontispiece of Mrs. Christie's scrapbook is a picture of the building of D. B. Fisk and Company, straw goods, fancy goods, millinery, of Chicago.

Then come pictures of Hon. James G. Blaine and General John A. Logan, who ran for president and vice president on the Republican ticket in 1884, and were defeated by Cleveland and Hendricks.

The big event locally over that election was the payment of the election bet of D. W. Brodhead and George McKay. Mr. Brodhead had the losing side and paid the bet. He wheeled George McKay in a wheelbarrow from the railroad park to the Sweet Brothers' skating rink. Mr. KcKay sat in the wheelbarrow with a large picture of President-elect Cleveland and a grin on his features which extended from ear to ear. He was flanked on either side by a dozen or more kids of whom the writer was one. These headed the procession and were followed by the band and a crowd of Democratic citizens.

The skating rink stood on the corner of Main and St. Mary's streets. It occupied the entire space of the building in which the Michigan Gas and Electric Company now has offices, and was by far the largest audience room in town.

It was packed with people,—jubilant Democrats, and sad Republicans, in celebration of the first victory the Democrats had won since the time of Buchanan before the Civil War. Several Democratic campaign orators were present to speak for the bright future predicted for America under a Democratic administration and when the procession passed through the crowded room to the platform pandemonium let loose. Little loyal Republicans like we were felt very lonely in that strange assemblage. It seemed like our country had suffered a great calamity, but curiosity was too great for us to stay away. It was a big crowd in Decatur and we just had to be in it.

Jim Chamberlain was one of those jubilant young Democrats, and if he doesn't add something more in the way of reminiscence of this great occasion we shall be disappointed.

The Republican has two other scrapbooks, one that was kept by the Mallory sisters and the other by Mrs. Hattie Roberts, and we are thinking of opening another column in the Republican, entitled, "The Scrapbook."

Leslie Galehouse brought the Republican a clipping from a newspaper showing a picture of Decatur in the stagecoach days. It was taken in the late sixties or early seventies.

Decatur was the terminal of the stage line operated between Decatur and South Haven by Major William Graves of Niles. The stages, drawn by four horses, passed through Bangor, Breedsville and Lawrence, and brought express packages and mail from the wilderness towns to Decatur, their shipping point on the Michigan Central Railroad.

The general stage office was in the Galloway House in Decatur, later the Duncombe Hotel.

The buildings shown in the picture were destroyed by one of the

fires which several times wiped out portions of the business district. On the front of one of the two story buildings is a wooden boot advertising the boot and shoe business of John Shaad who moved here from Three Rivers in 1865.

There is nothing in the clipping to show definitely what paper it was clipped from, but it was probably a Kalamazoo paper of about a half century ago.

It had been preserved by Millie Watson, an aunt of Mrs. Gallhouse. The Watsons were early residents of East Valley.

Next Monday, February 12, is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and a legal holiday in Michigan.

We would like to print a story about Lincoln every week, but lacking the time and space to do this we bring one out whenever possible.

This story of the Emancipator, is taken from Lincoln Lore, published by the Lincoln National Life Foundation, Dr. Louis A. Warren, editor. It is a story also of Sojourner Truth of whom the Republican has spoken occasionally in this column.

She was a colored evangelist, a wonderful woman. She once spoke in Decatur for the W. C. T. U., and we have printed the story of that outstanding event in our memory. Her home in later years was in Battle Creek.

It was on October 29, 1864, less than a week before the election, that Sojourner Truth visited President Lincoln, at Washington, and we have her account of the visit in a letter which she wrote a few days later on November 17th.

"It was about 8 o'clock a. m., when I called on the president. Upon entering his reception room we found about a dozen persons waiting, among them two colored women. I had quite a pleasant time waiting until he was disengaged, and enjoyed his conversation with others; he showed as much kindness and consideration to the colored persons as to the whites —if there was any difference, more. One case was that of a colored woman who was sick and likely to be turned out of her house on account of her inability to pay her rent. The president listened to her with much attention, and spoke to her with kindness and tenderness. He said he had given so much he could give no more, but told her where to go and get the money, and asked Mrs. C--n to assist her, which she did.

"The president was seated at his desk. Mrs. C. said to him, 'This is Sojourner Truth, who has come all the way from Michigan to see you. He then arose, gave me his hand, made a bow, and said, 'I am pleased to see you.'

"I said to him, Mr. President, when you first took your seat I feared you would be torn to pieces, for I likened you unto Daniel, who was thrown into the lion's den; and if the lions did not tear you into pieces, I knew that it would be God that had saved you; and I said if he spared me I would see you before the four years expired, and he has done so, and now I am here to see you for myself.

"He then congratulated me on my having been spared. Then I said, I appreciate you, for you are the best president who has ever taken the seat. He replied: 'I expect you have reference to my having emancipated the slaves in my proclamation. But,' said he, mentioning the names of several of his predecessors (and among them emphatically that of Washington), 'they were all just as good, and would have done just as I have done if the time had come. If the people over the river (pointing across the Potomac) had behaved themselves, I could not have done what I have; but they did not, which gave me the opportunity to do these things,' I then said, I thank God that you were the instrument selected by him and the people to do it. I told him that I had never heard of him before he was talked of for president. He smilingly replied, 'I had heard of you many times before that.'

"He then showed me the Bible presented to him by the colored people of Baltimore, of which you have no doubt seen a description. I have seen it for myself, and it is beautiful beyond description. After I had looked it over, I said to him, this is beautiful indeed; the colored people have given this to the head of the government, and that government once sanctioned laws that would not permit its people to learn enough to enable them to read this book. And for what? Let them answer who can.

"I must say, and I am proud to say, that I never was treated by any one with more kindness and cordiality than were shown to me by that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, by the grace of God president of the United States for four years more. He took my little book, and with the same hand that signed the death-warrant of slavery, he wrote as follows:

"'For Aunty Sojourner Truth,
"'Oct. 29, 1864. A. Lincoln.'

"As I was taking my leave, he arose and took my hand, and said he would be pleased to have me call again. I felt that I was in the presence of a friend, and I now thank God from the bottom of my heart that I always have advocated his cause, and have done it openly and boldly. I shall feel still more in duty bound to do so in time to come. May God assist me."

A little mistake in connection with Decatur's growth must be corrected. The item stated that Decatur now has a population of 5,599. It should have read, 1,599. When those figures escaped the proofreader he must have been dreaming that the prediction of 5,000 in 5 years had already come true.

A few weeks ago something was written for this column about Hamilton Fair and a request made for a story of the fair. It did not bring the story, but Mrs. Carrie Hall brought a picture entitled "Governor Warner at the fair," in which we could recognize Governor Warner, Colon C. Lillie, E. A. Wildey, and Arthur Haydon. Governor Warner spoke at the fair that year. That was in the fall of 1905 and the picture was printed in the True Northerner of December 1, 1905. Mr. Wildey at that time was its editor and manager.

This clipping, taken from a Detroit paper, has been passed along till it has arrived at the Republican office with instructions to send it on to another word specialist. Before doing so, however, will pass it on to the readers of the Republican:

WORDS

By Frank Colby

Q. Several times you have remarked that "English is a completely unphonetic language." Are you rash enough as to suggest that English spelling does not represent sounds?

Answer:

"In English, sounds are seldom spelled,"
The foreigner exclaims.
"One never knows how he should say
The simplest words and names."

For instance, take -o-u-g-h,
An easy combination,
Until you try to say it, then
It's pure abomination.

Rough rhymes with cuff, bough rhymes with cow,
But through must rhyme with woo.
And cough is like the sound of doff,
It's loony, entre nous.

The sound of "oh" is heard in though.
My tortured ears I pick up
To hear that hough must rhyme with lock.
(Hup!) Pardon, please, the hiccough.

Now right, and rite, and write, and wright,
With anguish fill my dome.
But stranger still, to make me ill,
Are bomb, and tomb, and comb.

If do and to must rhyme with coo,
What rule applies to go?
If now and how resemble frau,
Why "oh" in know and flow?

I find that meat and mete and meet
My shattered wits dispel.
I'm off the track! Please lead me back
Into my padded cell.

Hillsdale is a beautiful little city. We have visited it twice, both times many years ago. The first was in company with L. G. Stewart when inspecting school buildings for information helpful in the erection of our own grade school building. At that time we called on Mrs. E. A. Blackman, daughter of Hiram Cole, a Decatur attorney of the sixties and seventies, widow of the founder of the Decatur Republican, and mother of Hiram Blackman, then editor of the Hillsdale Democrat.

At that time there were four newspapers in Hillsdale, all weeklies, the

Democrat, Leader, Standard, and Collegian-Herald. Col. March was editor of the Leader. He was a gentleman of the old school which passed away with the army musket, the horse and buggy and the Washington hand press. He was tall and stately, his hair and long pointed beard were the ivory white which is mellowed by age, and he wore a Prince Albert coat and broad brimmed black hat common to an officer of the Civil War.

Col. March had a daughter, Mrs. Sutton, and a son-in-law whose first name we have forgotten, but will call him Billie. We met them on a press trip through Northern Michigan one summer in the first half of the first decade of the present century.

Sutton was a salesman and an all around good fellow. His hair was silvery white and it made him conspicuous in a crowd, for he was young. He pointed out a rock in the rapids of St. Marys river at the Soo where a few summers previous he had been in a canoe that capsized. He clung to the rock all night, and when rescued the next morning his hair had turned from a dark brown to pure white.

At another time in those early days we were one of a delegation of guests of the City of Hillsdale and visited the college with Gerrit J. Diekema of Holland.

A pleasant letter from LeRoy L. Dewey, minister of the First Methodist church of Hillsdale, recalls these early visits. In renewing his subscription to the Republican our former townsman writes:

"I enclose $2 for your invaluable paper, which I continue to read with great delight. We are greatly enjoying life in this cultured college town. It is a beautiful, friendly and busy little city, and our church work is going along with much encouragement. We are happy, and the people seem to be happy, so we ought to get along happily and well."

Hillsdale is not more than 80 or 90 miles from Decatur, but it is on another railroad, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, so its people have but little in common with the people of Van Buren county. The city was settled in about the year 1840, making it eight years older than Decatur. Baw Beese park, outside the city limits, is owned by the city and is a popular summer resort. Decatur's Tourist park might in time become a popular summer resort if the village does not sell it.

Hillsdale college adds greatly to the standing of Hillsdale as an attractive city. It was founded in 1844 by the Free-Will Baptist denomination. The college was first located in Spring Arbor, Jackson county, and named Michigan Central College. It was abandoned there for lack of support and re-established at Hillsdale.

The story of its founding is one of faithfulness to a cause, of perseverence under trials and hardships, and of refusal to accept discouragements.

The Free-Will Baptists had two pioneer evangelists in Elders Cook and Limbocker, and to them and a few other hardy homesteaders is due the credit of founding Hillsdale college.

Julia A. Woodman and Sarah V. Woodman of Paw Paw graduated from the college in 1852. We wish that Mrs. Cora Woodman Richmond of Tampa, Florida, were able to write a sketch of these two members of this splendid pioneer family of Van Buren county.

EARLY DAYS

By Bert D. Goens

It was the year of 1911, on March 7th, that this story was started. But it brings back a lot of happy thoughts and memories. I was 21 years old, full of venture and pep, and very anxious to make for myself a home that I might call my own.

So, being a farmer boy, one of a large family of six boys and five girls, I looked the situation over, counted my pennies, and was made to realize that it was going to take more than pennies to own one of the fine farms here in Michigan which I wanted so much. But thanks to good old America, full of opportunity, and to good people always standing ready to help young men, who really want to do things, I got my chance.

About this time Uncle Sam was offering homesteads to men willing to step out and take a little chance. He was offering homesteads of 320 acres each, out in Montana and other states. I had the privilege of looking at some of the fine exhibits of grain and other crops that had been raised on some of the lands and I began to wonder how I could own one of these fine farms. Out there they called them ranches.

I sat down one day and wrote Uncle Sam at Washington, D. C., a letter asking about the opportunities for homesteading out west. He was not long in answering and giving me the information I wanted.

I found out that it was 1590 miles to Havre, Montana, where there was some fine land available. Having never been away from home over 25 miles, that seemed like another country to me, but as I thought it over, I said to myself,—other men have done it and so can I.

Free Ride To Havre

After I had made up my mind to go, I met up with another fine gentleman who thought he too wanted to own some of that Montana prairie land. He informed me that he was going to the same place that I was going, and was going to take two car loads of stock, lumber and farm tools. He said to me, "Young man, you can ride out in one of the cars and help look after the stock on the road, and your fare will not cost you anything." That sounded good to me, as it was going to give me a big lift.

So the time came and we left Decatur on the 7th day of March, 1911. Seven days later, on the afternoon of the 14th, we landed in Havre, Montana, 1590 miles away.

The next day after we landed there the thermometer went down to about 22 below zero. One of our boys froze his feet and later died from the effects of it. That naturally made me feel pretty blue, but as the days went by, I overcame it quite well. Our first big job was to get all of our lumber and tools, and feed to last a couple of months, hauled out to the homestead we had been able to get. It was 25 miles out from the railroad, and that was quite a long way for old Dobbin. It took two days to make the round trip.

Building and Planting

There were no buildings of any kind out on our new farm, so first we must go about it to build a shack. We would drive out there and stay to a little inland tavern called Cottonwood, about 3½ miles from where our homestead was located. It took us about three days to build our shack. It was 12 feet by 14 feet long, and in this neat little shack I baked my first pancakes. Oh, boy, were they good! The shack was built, the first pancakes were made, and we were on our way.

The next big job was to build a barn for our stock, four horses and one cow. That took us about two weeks. Then we were ready to start turning over the prairie sod, a rich chocolate loam.

It required four good horses to pull a 14 inch plow in that sod and Uncle Sam required us to have 20 acres into crops on our homestead the second year and forty acres the third year.

The first season was fairly good. Crops yielded very good. Also the second year was good. Wheat went from 25 to 50 bushels per acre.

Building A Church

The first winter was very mild. But the second winter made up for it. The thermometer went to 42° below zero, and the snow was three feet deep on the fields. We managed to keep warm for we had plenty of coal. We mined our own coal from a government mine about 2½ miles from our homestead.

Well, we found some very fine people in Montana, always ready to help one another and they tried to make us feel at home.

I had one experience while in Montana that I have always been very proud of. The people of the community surrounding Cottonwood felt that they should have a church where they might attend service, which is a

very fine thing for any community. So they called in a little minister who had a homestead in the neighborhood. He was not long in organizing to build a nice neat little Presbyterian church. They had an attendance of about 75 each Sunday. I had the opportunity to help build that church.

One thing I observed while there in the west, was that people were just people, as we are here. And they enjoyed about the same things as we do here. Some liked to go to church, others never went to church. Some liked to dance and have a good time. Others liked to hunt, and enjoy sports such as riding horse back, and playing ball. Cottonwood had a good stiff ball team that played once a week somewhere in the county.

Meets Decatur People

I must say I liked my homestead life in Montana, although it was lonesome at times.

While there we visited our old townsman, Mathew Cady, who had a homestead at Shelby, Montana. He was very glad to see us, and to prove it he said, "Boys, before you go away I want to send something back to Michigan for the people to look at." So, as we got ready to leave, he took us out to his garden. We noticed as he passed by the gate he picked up a grub hoe. We looked at him but did not dare to ask any questions. We soon saw what he was going to use it for. He said, "Do you see that vine? That's a yam vine," and started to feel around for a yam. He soon located one and began to dig with that grub hoe. In a jiffy he rolled out a big yam that weighed about 5 pounds. Then he looked up at us and said, "How is that, boys, for a yam?" Our eyes began to sparkle, for we knew that there were plenty of jack rabbits out there. Now we could have rabbit and yam. We also visited another old gentleman from Decatur by the name of Charlie Dennis. He had a fine homestead. It lay on a south slope, beautiful to look at. From that spot you could see one of the most beautiful sunsets of the west, as it went down behind the Great Rockies 180 miles away.

It was in this little town of Shelby that my friend and I got our first thrill. We put up at a little hotel for the night, and noticed as we passed by the barroom on our way to bed that the cowboys were getting a little happy.

Our room was just above the barroom. But as we were rather tired and sleepy, we thought we would take a chance. Everything went well until about 3:30 in the morning, when all at once they started shooting and yelling. They brought the hair standing up straight on my head. My friend whispered and said, "Boy, that doesn't sound very good." I don't remember just what I said, but I know what I thought.

Next morning when we went down to breakfast all was quiet, but we were glad to see that train when it came whistling in to the station. That place was just a little rough for our pleasure. Some of those cow boys celebrate a little loud at times.

Proving Up

The time came when I was to make proof for my homestead. It was customary to select two neighbors to go before a government land office man and testify for you, which I did. I chose two fine gentlemen and everything went well for a while, until we met another neighbor that was proving up also, and the boys just had to celebrate. I can never forget that day.

In about 30 days Uncle Sam presented me with a deed to 320 acres of virgin land, and I had to make another decision in my life. That was whether I wanted to make Montana with all the opportunities it could offer, my future home, or go back to dear old Michigan, that had about everything one's heart could wish for in the way of opportunities. Besides my good Mother and Father, five fine brothers and five fine sisters that were living back here. They helped me to make up my mind to sell my homestead and return to Michigan.

I soon had a fine cash offer and accepted it. I received a check that looked like a million dollars to me, and took the next fast train coming to Michigan. I have never been sorry that I made that decision, because I think good old Michigan is the greatest state of them all. It has more opportunities to offer to both great and small.

A Summer In Canada

I spent one very enjoyable summer haying up in Canada. It was up on the Cypress Hills, about sixty-five miles from the nearest railroad. We were making hay for a very fine young bachelor from the states who had a small ranch there. He had about 65 horses and 125 head of cattle, as fine as I ever saw.

There were only 90 days of summer up on the hills and it frosted eleven months out of each year. He kept about 500 tons of hay on hand all the year around. While we were there in the hills, fire broke out in the forest, so I had some experience fighting fire.

The worst thing in Canada is a forest fire. When it starts, every man far and near is drafted at once to fight it, and the government pays so much a day. We got 40 cents per hour.

Canada has some very fine laws. One law in particular I thought was outstanding—the horse thief law. If someone stole your horse or cow, all you had to do was notify the Mounted Police, give them your brand and description, and in just a few days they would be pretty sure to have the animals rounded up, without a penny cost to you.

Those fine riding Mounted Police seemed to pride themselves on bringing them in.

Michigan, My Michigan

I think if I get the western fever again it will be for California or some other warm climate. But it is a little hard to think about going very far away from our old home state. I expect I can be proud of one thing, that not many people have had the privilege of enjoying—that is our old homestead. Mother lives on the same farm that she was born on 75 years ago, and is enjoying good health there with my youngest brother, Howard Goens who owns the farm now and is a very prosperous young farmer. He is making a nice home for mother in her declining years. We as a family appreciate and are very proud of our brother for the many good things that he has done for Mother and Father, and is still doing for mother. So I don't think I will venture very far away from Michigan, and if I do it will not be for long. Michigan is the garden spot of the world.

Decatur's First Resident and Gold Mine

A few weeks ago the Republican had as callers Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Butler of Oak Park, Illinois. Mr. Butler is vice-president of Drinkwater, Inc., at 2323 South Michigan avenue, Chicago.

The call resulted in a most interesting visit on early Decatur days. Mr. Butler's grandfather was Charles S. Tucker, the first resident of Decatur. Some 30 or 40 years ago the Republican printed a history of the village which was prepared by Mrs. Annie Tuttle and read by her before the Every Tuesday Club. It is somewhere in the newspaper files, but the big question is where. If anyone can furnish it shall be glad to make a copy of it.

It is our remembrance that Tucker came here in 1847, before there was any evidence that a village would be established here. He built a small shack to live in somewhere near the present location of the depot and got out ties for the Michigan Central, then in course of building. The road was built through to Decatur in the fall of 1848, a depot was built here and the place named Decatur, after the township which was organized in 1837 and was named after Commodore Stephen Decatur.

Charles Tucker later took up land south of the village on the New Swamp road and built his home on it. He sold it to Charles A. and Sophia S. Moulton, grandparents of the editor of the Republican, in 1869, and it is now the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin.

I was born on this farm and spent much of my boyhood there. In those early days the "gold well" was the great place of mystery on the farm. As soon as brother Will and I were big enough to drive the cows to the pasture we discovered it. It was a boxed in well about five feet square and 8 or 10 feet deep, and was filled with brush and dirt and stumps. Our

grandmother told us the story about it with all the wild speculations about the wealth of yellow metal supposed to be stored there for anyone who could find it.

Our excitement ran as high as did that of the original "miners." We worked all one summer cleaning out that old well, but one stump was too big for us to handle and we could get no help or encouragement from the big folks, so finally we gave up the search. It had been many years since we had thought of the gold well, and it is probable that today there is no way to identify the exact spot which 80 years ago was the talk of all Southwestern Michigan.

Extracts From Diary

Mr. Butler had found among the effects of his mother, Rosanna Tucker VanDecar, daughter of Charles Tucker, leaves from an old diary which he had copied and they are printed here:

Extracts from Diary written by sister of Rosanna Tucker Van Decar. The name of this sister is presumed to be Marietta Tucker.

The Tucker family at the time of this diary lived near Decatur, Michigan, in the southern edge of Van Buren County. Someone has written the year 1864 on the first of the pages comprising the diary — this we presume is correct although it was evidently inserted some years later.

The diary covers only a short period—March 17th, Thursday to May 11th, Wednesday. The days of the week given correspond to the dates in 1864 and this seems to be the correct year based on the people mentioned in the diary. The following are interesting quotations from the diary.

"March 17th, Thursday—Sister Rosanna and family are preparing to move in the house across the road from our house. Father has gone to town after some corn meal, returned at noon went back to town brought an old acquaintance, Dr. Bartholomew. He stayed until after supper. Cousin Dellie came here in the evening to stay."

"March 20, Sunday — Father has just returned from the office with the N. Y. Tribune. I am writing to cousin Willie. Also wrote a business letter for father."

"March 21, Monday — Father has taken some letters to the office. I crocheted in the evening, Sister Rosanna and I. It was a beautiful moonshining evening. Father went to town as usual in the evening. A two year old heifer died."

"March 23, Wednesday — Father went to church meeting in the evening to the Presbyterian Church. He returned at eight o'clock."

"March 24, Thursday—I am preparing to go to an exhibition. Cousin Dellie and I went to the exhibition accompanied by father. It was an evening well spent. It closed about twelve. Dellie and I were in bed about one o'clock to rest the remaining few hours we had to sleep. Father was not very well he having such a bad cold did not enjoy the exhibition as well."

"March 25, Friday—Mother is doing the baking. Father returned from the P. O. in the afternoon with a letter from cousin Lucy. Father went to town in the evening."

"March 27, Sunday—Some gentlemen from town came here to look at the digging, professed to be miners, they went with father, dug some gold they think. Well we had company all day. Nelson Van Decar cousin of mine and family were here. They stayed but a short time here then went to visit across the road. Eliza Stanton came here about noon. She was here a good share of the afternoon."

"April 5, Tuesday—Mr. Higgins and father went mining found what was said to be gold. There is quite an excitement in Decatur about it at present people think it can not prove a failure."

"April 6, Wednesday—Viola Brotherton came here in the afternoon. We had quite a visit."

"April 12, Tuesday — About noon some gentlemen from town came here to see some of the gold from the mine, Mr. Abbet and Mr. Cole."

"April 15, Friday—Some twenty-five men came from town to explore the gold mine. Mr. Bodsford came to dig and settle a box to the gold if possible. There is quite an excitement.

"April 16, Saturday — As many as fifty men were here from different places to prospect for gold, went away satisfied that there was gold to be obtained. But abandoned the place for the present. Mr. Crane from Paw Paw came here. General excitement prevails."

"April 17, Sunday—Some gentlemen from Paw Paw came here this morning. Mr. Wells for one he was all the man we know. I wrote to Sister Phebe."

"April 18, Monday — Charles Scott came here took supper at our house, he came to prospect for gold. Father and him went to town in the evening."

"April 19, Tuesday—Father was at the mine most of the day. Some gentlemen from Decatur and vicinity came to prospect again."

"April 21, Thursday — Mr. Higgins and another man came to prospect again."

"April 22, Friday — Charles Scott came here about noon together with some gentlemen from Mattawan they found a specimen of gold of considerable size. I received a letter from sister Philena."

"April 26, Tuesday — Father received a letter from Charles Scott answered it immediately."

"April 28, Thursday—Some gentlemen from Indiana came to prospect for gold."

"May 5, Thursday—Some gentlemen from Kalamazoo came to prospect for gold. Quite a number were here."

William Henry Tucker, Decatur attorney in the seventies and eighties, was a son of Charles Tucker, and the well remembered actor, Frank Tucker, was a son of William Henry. Another member of this family was Fred Tucker, who some forty years ago lived in Battle Creek and called a few times at the Republican office. Mr. Butler knew no Tucker relatives, and if anyone can add to this Decatur history shall be glad to hear from them.

Trying Times

Modern definition of an optimist: "A person who gets on an all-reservation train without a ticket and asks the conductor to cash his personal check!"

Decatur Graduate 50 Years Ago Adopted By S. Dakota

(Oliver W. Chamberlin of South Dakota has the same gift as his brother Jim Chamberlain of Texas for writing letters, and when on rare occasions he addresses one to the Republican the office feels highly favored and wishes he would do it oftener. Attention is called to the difference in spelling of the sir name. They spelled the name without the "a" in the final syllable when they gave it to Miss Ida Trowbridge at the time they entered the first primary here in Decatur. But when Jim got to training with those big hatted Texans he added the variation. They do things different in Texas.

Oliver and his wife set out early in life for South Dakota and the state has been good to them. He has noted the publicity given in the Republican to the favored states of Texas, Montana, California, Washington, Vermont and Michigan, and thinks South Dakota will rank with the best of them. He has therefore set out to put the Coyote state on our map of favorites. His letter following makes a good beginning and he has supported it by an illustrated book entitled "A Brief History of South Dakota," also by several folders and newspaper clippings. All of which we shall find to be interesting reading and will be commented upon as soon as the opportunity presents.

One impression we have of South Dakota is that it is the least known of any state in the Union. True, the Black Hills and the Bad Lands are familiar terms, but we have known but little about them, and so the brief history received is doubly welcomed. Another ignorant impression we have is that the Black Hills would be the last place to be considered for the world's capital. Oliver may educate us to think differently.)

Mobridge, S. D.,
November 22, 1945.

Arba Moulton
Dear Friend:

I am sending in a separate parcel a short history of South Dakota to wise you up a little on our "UNPRETENTIOUS" state, also a little descriptive literature. Note that South Dakota has a higher standard of living than any place on earth, or any state in the U. S. President Coolidge selected South Dakota to spend his summer vacation in preference to any other state in the union, he received invitations from every one. Note also that the Black Hills has more following as a place for the world's capital than any other location.

In the history, the poem entitled "Bad Lands" is not accurate. It is a "good poem," but there is no other place easier or cheaper to raise cattle than the Bad Lands. I send you an ad of the sale of some white faced cattle which will bring unbelievably high prices, that is to an easterner. As the earth has been in existence only 6,000 years, it is not accurate. These cattle were largely from the Bad Lands.

South Dakota will be some "jinks" in dams also. Note that a million acres is to be irrigated. The largest dam will make the Fort Peck dam look like a dwarf in comparison, unless Nellie Nelson gets to be president in time to veto the appropriation, which is for $1,500,000,000.

A cottonwood tree is close to our house. It is 12 feet in circumference three feet from the ground; its topmost branches will be 30 or 40 feet under water. The bridges at Mobridge, normally 100 feet above the Missouri, will be 34 feet under water. This place is about 100 or 125 miles from the dam. It will back water past Bismarck and will be used to irrigate 750,000 acres 200 miles from the dam. Fort Peck dam backs up water a measly 90 miles.

I am very thankful to Vedah and the editor for the information about the class of '95. As to myself will say we have been blessed with two boys, and 7 grandchildren to date. I am able to read without glasses and can walk ten or twelve miles without tiring, but I am not fooled by a flash in the pan, for

I am almost home. Even now I think
There is a sound of a muffled oar.
I see through the river's brink
A light on the other shore.

I want to tell you I only wait
The beckoning of my father's hand.
I'll enter the beautiful pearly gates
That ope on the better land.

The youngest of our class of 1895 has about 5 years to go before reaching the three score and ten, but that is only a short time at our ages.

We will be like the soldiers who were honored at Natchez, Miss. The closing of every verse was

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day.

Will Broderick rendered that poem so beautifully.

The most prominent boys in that room when Cora Hinkley was teaching were Will Broderick, Hiram Curtis, Horace Lincoln, Bert Kurtz, Tom Mahoney, Frank Arnold, Oscar Runyan, Morris Hinkley and I am not sure about Lucius Hubbard. I also was a member, also Will Moulton, perhaps there were one or two more.

The girls as I remember were Emma Hamlin, Rose Dennis, Kate O'Leary, Bessie Van Hise, Mabel Culverhouse, Anna Pardonette, Sarah and Mertie Griffin, Nellie Van Camp, Florence Palmiter, Grace Campbell, and I think Edna Carney and Lena Stewart. Am not so sure but there were a few more, 57 years might dim the memory a little. These afterward were of the class of '95.

Fifty years, near a lifetime
Had the servant toiled and worked,
Fifty years the best he'd given
In the fight he'd never shirked.

Fifty years, not one wasted
For the master up above.
Now he is sweetly resting
In the Saviour's pardoning love.

Fifty years near a life time
With a faith as firm as steel.
Fifty years resting in God's sunshine.
Its reflected warmth we feel.

We are praying for you, brother,
And our prayers are gone above
That you also may be resting
In the Saviour's pardoning love.
—Jack Skelton.

We are electing to go through Seattle in a few days. If we knew Will's address we would look him up if possible.

O. W. Chamberlin.

A letter went out by return mail giving Oliver the address of Will Moulton which is 1916 2nd Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Mackinac Island

By Gerald Dine.

(Gerald Dine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Dine, has spent his second summer on Mackinac Island, where he learned the secret of living and enjoying life at the same time. He worked four months of the past summer for the Lake View Hotel. Something of interest was going on there most of the time and he was a good observer. He came home the first of October and has written for the Republican these notes about the island.

Gerald is about to leave for Miami Beach, Florida, where he has been assured a similar hotel job for the winter. There he will be in one of the greatest winter resorts in the United States.

While at Mackinac Island he met two former Decatur young ladies, both of whom are now residents of Detroit. One was a daughter of Mrs. William MacKellar, who with two girl friends, stopped at the Grand Hotel on a week's vacation. The other was Celia May Fuller, daughter of Floyd Fuller of the U. S. A. and Mrs. Floyd Fuller of Houghton Lake, who was there for a day on her wedding trip.)

An Historical Spot

This was a great summer on Mackinac Island, the land of no automobiles, no street cars, no trains, no flies, no mosquitoes, no hay fever, and no oppressive heat. It doesn't sound like much of a place, but it's really wonderful.

It is a historic island as well as a famous summer resort. It has been under three flags. Many important battles have been fought there. There are two forts on the island, Fort Mackinac and Fort Holmes. There is also a soldier's cemetery near the fort.

In the early days Mackinac Island was the main fur trading center for the Great Lakes. John Jacob Astor was the fur dealer. The big warehouse and the Astor House have been restored and are visited annually by thousands of sightseers.

Now, the island is strictly a historical and resort spot. Most of the island is a state owned park. It is all wooded land with roads and paths throughout the whole park. The island has a circumference of nine miles. The paths are for bicycling, bridle paths, carriage trips and also walking. That is one woods where you can walk as long as you care to and never fear of getting lost because you can get to water within fifteen minutes by walking in any direction.

There are about twenty hotels and rooming houses on the island, of which the Grand Hotel is the largest with four hundred rooms. It has a front porch which is two city blocks long. It's the longest porch and the largest summer hotel in the world. It also has a beautiful swimming pool. It has a water sprinkling system throughout the whole building for a fire preventive.

There are over a hundred so-called cottages, of from twenty to fifty rooms each, along the high bluffs on both ends of the town. These are owned by millionaires who spend their vacations away from the rush of the city.

The state keeps a nice summer home for our governor there also. They call Mackinac Island the summer capital of Michigan. His mansion was redecorated this spring by a crew of twenty inmates from the Jackson Prison. They worked on the building for several weeks and did a beautiful job.

There is little to offer in the line of amusements, except the clean fresh air which you enjoy through bicycling, boat riding, horseback riding, swimming and walking. There are two good golf courses, and several places to dance.

The religious organization known as the Oxford Movement which was founded in England some years ago have been holding their summer meetings on the island since the war. They have about a dozen of the hotels occupied. There were on the average of seven hundred on the island all summer long. They come

from all parts of the world. The largest number come from Canada and England, but lots of Americans have joined also. They don't let any of the members smoke, drink or use any kind of make-up. They dress in very common clothes. The men never wear a suit coat that matches the trousers. They all seem to have such a happy and relaxed look on their faces. You can tell them two blocks away.

They keep coming and going all summer. Some days as high as two hundred might come or go. They are very independent. Everyone of them works. Some in the kitchen and others keeping the hotels clean.

During the last of May and early June two American Great Lakes Passenger boats, the U. S. "North American" and the U. S. "South American," brought high school seniors from all parts of the middle west to the island as part of their week's senior trip. They would stay for several hours exploring the historical forts and taking the huggy ride around the island. Many of the children from the cities were seeing their first horse and carriage.

In June we also have a lot of honeymoon couples. The island is beautiful this time of year. The big lilac trees are in blossom then. Some of these trees are as large as apple trees and the flowers are much larger than you ever see around here. Some of the lilac trees are a hundred and fifty years old. Those of you who have seen the travel-talkie "Lilac Time on Mackinac" will agree to that.

Governors Conference

The Governor's Conference was held at the Grand Hotel during the first week in July. Loads of cigarettes and scotch whiskey went to the Grand Hotel for that great occasion. The hotel grounds were closed to the public during their stay. Most of the governors met our governor, Mr. Kelly, in Detroit and they all came up together on the U. S. "Western States" ship. Lots of them brought their family and friends. The people were roped away from the dock so the governors could walk safely to the horse-drawn carriages which were lined up at the end of the dock to take the governors around the island. When they returned to the Grand Hotel after an hour and a half sightseeing tour of the island their baggage had all been carried to their rooms.

A modern telephone and telegraph system was set up at the hotel. The state politicians, state police, telegraph and telephone workers stayed at the smaller hotels. Admiral King and General Marshall flew in by seaplane for about a two hours visit during the conference. The governors have held their conference on the island three times during the last fifteen years so they must like the place.

Yacht Races

When the governors had cleared away, the Detroit Yacht Race was in progress, followed a week later by the Chicago race. There were about forty yachts in each race. Mackinac Island is the finishing line. The Detroit racers ran into a seventy mile an hour wind and only six of the yachts finished the race. But the Chicago race was a huge success. The wives and families of the yacht owners come up by train and have everything ready for their husbands when they arrive. The race lasts from two to four days depending on the wind. They are a free hearted, happy and jolly bunch. They spend a week or two at the island and then the whole family goes back in the yacht, some going straight home and others taking trips through the northern waters.

Then the summer vacationers come by the thousands. Some are just sightseers over for the day, but lots of them get rooms at the hotels and spend their whole vacation on the island. That was due to the gasoline shortage. As a rule they never stay longer than a day or so and spend the rest of their time driving through the beautiful woods of the Upper Peninsula. Lots of them did go to Canada for a day, tho. You could get delicious steak dinners there. They ranged from the millionaires to the very poor factory worker, who had never had a vacation before and spent his last dollar for the trip.

Some tried to show off while others were very conservative. Some would spend $18 to $25 per night for a room at the Grand Hotel and eat cheese and crackers in their room in order to save money. The Grand Hotel maids were always complaining about having to clean up a lot of cracker crumbs and corn flakes. Others would stay at the smaller hotels and get stickers and stationary from the Grand to give their friends the impression that they stayed at the Grand. Those people were only kidding themselves because lots of the small hotels had nicer rooms than the Grand.

Hay Fever Sufferers

From the middle of August until the season closes in September the island is filled with hay fever sufferers. Lots of them stay at home until they are right down in bed with the sickness. By the time they get to Mackinac Island their eyes and nose are dry. It is such a clean fresh air. Your appetite is better in that climate, too. For two days after the wind had been in the south for several days everybody began to sneeze and their eyes would look like they were crying. Such a pitiful sight. The pollen had been blown up from the south. Just as soon as the wind changed everyone felt O. K. again. That happened only once.

The State of Michigan used Mackinac Island for the DDT Fly Spray Experiment. It did wonderful work. Every fly was killed. We took down all the screen doors and windows. Usually the flies are awful bad, because of the large number of horses on the island. At times in previous years they have been so thick that they killed horses.

I would recommend Mackinac Island as the spot to spend a summer vacation or to go in case you have hay fever. You can spend a very enjoyable week there for $100 including your transportation up there and back. If you can't afford to go there on a vacation go there and work for the summer. You enjoy all the luxuries and the wages are good, too. Everybody is friendly and sociable there.

Seaman Trapp Goes Down with His Ship

Last week the Republican printed a letter from Lt. Commander J. A. Marks explaining how Seaman William Gillette of Lawrence lost his life with the sinking of the U.S.S. HULL.

This letter from the same officer gives an account of the death of Edward George Trapp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Trapp of Hamilton township, a seaman on the same ship.

If we remember correctly there were 147 seamen on this ship when she sank, and the very remarkable thing about it was that of that small number drawn from all parts of the United States two were from homes in this community and both were subscribers to the Republican.

We note with pride the praise bestowed on this young sailor by the Lieutenant Commander, and call special attention to the paragraph of his letter in which he says, "Your son Edward was one of our leading seamen."

Edward George Trapp was born in Chicago March 15, 1918, and today, March 15, 1945, would have been his 27th birthday. He attended school in the city and came to Hamilton township with his parents when he was 14.

Here he helped his father on the farm and on December 10, 1939, was united in marriage with Marie Ranieri. He was employed by the Kawneer Company in Niles at the time he entered the service, May 26, 1943.

He had been overseas more than a year when word came from the government that he was reported missing. This report was followed by a telegram which stated that he had been lost December 18, 1944.

Edward is survived by his wife, Marie, his parents, 2 sisters, Mrs. Amanda Hulek of Chicago and Mrs. John Wolf of Decatur, and two brothers, Charles, Jr., of Chicago and Cpl. Arthur Trapp, U. S. M. C.

The letter from the Lieutenant Commander follows:

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Trapp,

As Commanding Officer of the U. S. S. HULL, I am writing to you concerning the loss of your son, Edward George Trapp, who was listed initial-

ly as missing at sea following the capsizing and sinking of the HULL. It is with greatest sorrow that I inform you that after careful investigation of all circumstances there can be no hope sustained that he survived the disaster.

On the day of the loss of the ship, the 18th of December 1944, she was operating on a war mission in a forward Pacific area in company with a large group of naval vessels, which included the unfortunate SPENCE and MONAGHAN, both destroyers. With little warning a violent typhoon struck the group of ships. The HULL was well secured for heavy weather and she was a very sturdy ship, but the destructive force of the storm was terrific. The ship withstood a terrible beating from the wind and seas as the mountainous waves smashed over her and the wind shrieked as it rose to over 110 knots, an almost unheard of velocity. I can assure you that every possible maneuver was tried to improve the ship's situation, but it was of no use; the storm had the ship in its grip. The men had plenty of time to get their life jackets on and be ready for the emergency, as the order was issued to put them on about twenty minutes before the ship went down. Shortly after noon the storm reached its height and the wind laid the ship slowly over on its side until the seas came flowing into the pilot house and down the smoke stacks. She sank slowly, thereby giving the crew ample opportunity to get clear of the ship. After she sank, the seas pounded us unmercifully, throwing us about like peas in a pot of boiling water. That anyone came through that punishment is a miracle to me, for I fully expected that I would be drowned after twenty minutes in that sea in spite of the protection of my life jacket. After entering the water it was quite impossible to see more than a few feet because the air was full of foam and spray, and we were thrown about most violently.

For several days after our sinking both surface vessels and aircraft searched all possible areas very carefully for survivors. There was no land at all within several hundred miles, so that it is quite impossible that anyone could have survived unless he was picked up by ship or aircraft.

Your son, Edward, was one of our leading seamen and as such, was entrusted with responsibilities which required a considerable amount of integrity and perseverance to see that they were properly executed. I am proud to say that he carried out these duties with skill and dispatch and his officers knew that he could be counted upon in any emergency. Had he survived, he would have been rated coxswain the first of the year. His shipmates looked to him for guidance and leadership, as he had the ability to impart his vast knowledge of seamanship in a way that all could understand. We want you to know that all of us who survived feel his passing deeply.

You must realize some consolation in the knowledge that your son lost his life in the service of his country, fighting a war against enemies who attacked us most brutally without warning. We who were fortunate to come through the disaster are determined to continue fighting until victory is attained in order that those who have died may not have been lost in vain. I extend my most sincere sympathy to you in your sorrow and want you to know that I shall be glad to be of any further assistance possible. Further inquiries will reach me if addressed to me in care of the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Room 4625, Navy Department, Washington (25), D. C.

Very sincerely,
J. A. MARKS,
Lt. Comdr., U. S. N.

Ancestors of Cass Co. Family in Desperate Fight with Indians

The Republican is indebted to Attorney Carl Benton of Paw Paw for this graphic account of a fight to the death between a party of white pioneers and another party of Wyandot Indians. Ancestors of the Poes, who survived the fight, settled in Newberg township, Cass county, and their settlement known as Poes' Corners, is familiar to most residents of this section of Michigan. It is less than 20 miles from Decatur.

Mr. Benton said he copied the story from an old history and does not claim credit for writing it, but he has dug up something that will be highly interesting to lovers of local history.

In 1835 George Poe settled on Section 22 of Newberg Township, Cass County, Michigan. Other members of the family came in and made settlements in the same locality, thus forming the nucleus of the settlement which is today known as Poe's Corners, being seven miles South of Marcellus and where there is a church, schoolhouse and town hall. The Poes are descendants of Adam and Andrew Poe the famous Indian fighters of early days and one of their most famous exploits is described in the following story:

THE POES

In the summer of 1782, a party of seven Wyandots made an incursion into a settlement some distance below Fort Pitt, and several miles from the Ohio river. Here finding an old man alone in a cabin, they killed him, packed up what plunder they could find, and commenced their retreat. Amongst their party was a celebrated Wyandot chief, who, in addition to his fame as a warrior and counsellor, was, as to his size and strength, a real giant.

The news of the visit of the Indians soon spread through the neighborhood, and a party of eight good riflemen was collected in a few hours for the purpose of pursuing the Indians. In this party were two brothers of the names of Adam and Andrew Poe. They were both famous for courage, size and activity. This little party commenced the pursuit of the Indians with a determination, if possible, not to suffer them to escape as they usually did on such occasions, by making a speedy flight to the river, crossing it, and then dividing into small parties, to meet at a distant point in a given time.

The pursuit was continued the greater part of the night after the Indians had done the mischief. In the morning the party found themselves on the trail of the Indians, which led to the river. When they arrived within a little distance of the river, Adam Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left the party, who followed directly on the trail, to creep along the brink of the river bank, under cover of the weeds and bushes, to fall on the rear of the Indians, should he find them in ambuscade. He had not gone far before he saw the Indian rafts at the water's edge. Not seeing any Indians, he stepped softly down the bank, with

his rifle cocked.

Adam and the Chief

When about half way down, he discovered the large Wyandot chief and a small Indian, within a few steps of him. They were standing with their guns cocked, and looking in the direction of our party, who by this time had gone some distance lower down the bottom. Poe took aim at the large chief, but his rifle missed fire. The Indians hearing the snap of the gun-lock, instantly turned round and discovered Poe, who being too near them to retreat, dropped his gun, and sprang from the bank upon them, seizing the large Indian by the clothes on his breast and at the same time embracing the neck of the small one. he threw them both down on the ground, himself being uppermost.

The small Indian soon extricated himself, ran to the raft, got his tomahawk, and attempted to dispatch Poe, the large Indian holding fast in his arms with all his might, the better to enable his fellow to effect his purpose. Poe, however, so well watched the motions of his assailiant, that, when in the act of aiming his blow at his head, by a vigorous and well-directed kick with one of his feet, he staggered the savage, and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. This failure on the part of the small Indian was reproved by an exclamation of contempt from the large one.

In a moment the Indian caught up his tomahawk again, approached more cautiously, brandishing his tomahawk, and making a number of feigned blows in defiance and derision. Poe, however, still on his guard, averted the real blow from his head, by throwing up his arm and receiving it on his wrist, in which he was severely wounded; but not so as to lose entirely the use of his hand. In this perilous moment, Poe, by a violent effort, broke loose from the Indian, snatched up one of the Indians' guns and shot the small Indian through the breast, as he ran up a third time to tomahawk him.

Fight in the River

The large Indian was now on his feet and grasping Poe by a shoulder and leg, threw him down on the bank. Poe instantly disengaged himself, and got on his feet. The Indian then seized him again, and a new struggle ensued, which, owing to the slippery state of the bank, ended in the fall of both combatants into the water. In this situation, it was the object of each to drown the other. Their efforts to effect their purpose were continued for some time with alternate success, sometimes one being under the water and sometimes the other.

Poe at length seized the tuft of hair on the scalp of the Indian, with which he held his head under water, until he supposed him drowned. Relaxing his hold too soon, Poe instantly found his gigantic antagonist on his feet again, and ready for another combat. In the struggle they were carried into deep water. In this situation they were compelled to loose their hold on each other, and swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore, to seize a gun and end the contest with bullets. The Indian being the best swimmer, reached the land first. Poe immediately turned back into the water to escape, if possible, being shot, by diving. Fortunately, the Indian caught up the rifle with which Poe had killed the other warrior.

At this juncture, Andrew Poe, missing his brother from the party, and supposing from the report of the gun shot he heard, that he was either killed or engaged in conflict with the Indians, hastened to the spot. On seeing him, Adam called out to him to "kill the big Indian on shore." But Andrew's gun, like that of the Indian, was empty. The contest was now between the white and the Indian, who should load and fire first. Very fortunately for Poe, the Indian in loading drew the ramrod from the thimbles of the stock of the gun with so much violence that it slipped out of his hand, and fell a little distance from him. He quickly caught it up and rammed down his bullet, but Poe shot the Indian as he was raising his gun to take aim at him.

Adam Shot by Friend

As soon as Andrew had shot the Indian he jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to shore; but Adam, thinking more of the honor of carrying the scalp of the big Indian home as a trophy of victory than of his own safety, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the river and escaping. Andrew's solicitude for the life of his brother prevented him from complying with this request. In the meantime, the Indian, jealous of the honor of his scalp even in the agonies of death, succeeded in reaching the river and getting into the current so that his body was never obtained.

An unfortunate occurrence took place during this conflict. Just as Andrew arrived at the top of the bank for the relief of his brother, one of the party who had followed close behind him, seeing Adam in the river, and, mistaking him for a wounded Indian, shot him in the shoulder. He, however, recovered from his wounds. During the contest between Adam Poe and the Indian, the party had overtaken the remaining six of them.

A desperate conflict ensued, in which five of the Indians were killed. Our loss was three men killed, and Adam Poe severely wounded. Thus ended the Spartan conflict, with the loss of three valiant men of our party, as against that of the whole Indian party excepting one warrior. Never on any occasion was there a greater display of desperate bravery, and seldom did a conflict take place, which, in the issue, proved fatal to so great a proportion of those engaged in it.

The fatal result of this little campaign, on the side of the Indians, occasioned a universal mourning among the Wyandots. The big Indian and his four brothers, all of whom were killed at the same place, were among the most distinguished chiefs and warriors of their nation.

The big Indian was magnanimous as well as brave. He, more than any other individual, contributed, by his example and influence, to the good character of the Wyandots for lenity towards their prisoners. He would not suffer them to be killed or ill-treated. This mercy to captives was an honorable distinction in the character of the Wyandots, and was well-understood by our first settlers, who, in case of captivity, thought it a fortunate circumstance to fall into their hands.

Recollections of Boyhood Days In Decatur

Being Another of Those Interesting Letters from Jim Chamberlain.

See Also Column "This Week."

Fort Worth 3, Texas
February 18, 1945.

Dear Arba:

I desire to express my heartfelt thanks for your very kind letter so graciously expressing your sympathy and kind wishes concerning my wife's unfortunate accident.

I should have answered your letter sooner but I thought that ere now I would receive a letter from our son outlining his plans for coming home, and also that my wife would be out of the hospital and I would have something definite about which to write of our immediate future plans, but third degree burns are slow healing so while she has had the best of care and has steadily improved it will be a few days before she will be home and I haven't heard from our son lately.

I have not been able to get the Pinkerton book you wrote about. There are several Pinkerton books listed in the public library, one of which I have read, but the author is Rowan.

Back in the old days I received many a nickel and a dime from Charlie Friedman and Sig Desenberg for reciting my only poetic opus (what would you call it?) which had no literary merit so was in a class by itself. It was surely gauged by the same standard as the acting of the Cherry Sisters in their short lived career.

The Decatur team wants the amateur bunting:
And will get it though they may go lame,
For they're a bunch with a resolute will,
To get there just the same.

They don't need to hire an army of curvers,
With sinewy arms to go lame,
For they have Thomas with a team,
That will get there just the same,

If Carney should fall off in batting,
Or Thomas' arm go lame—
They still would have a team
That would get there just the same.

If Stapleton should slump in his catching,
And Taylor's fielding be only a name,
They yet would have a team
That would get there just the same.

If Haydon couldn't play second,
And Hughes' hitting got very tame,
They still would have a team

That would get there just the same.

If Chadwick's eyes should get crossed
catching flies,
Or flirting with some ancient dame;
They yet would have a team
That would get there just the same.

If Rawson should pull and Achilles
tendon,
And O'Leary and Kruse should quit
the game;
They still would have a team
That would get there just the same.

All the readers of this monstrosity must remember the above doggerel is an apod, having no feet and so cannot be scanned, so lovers of poetry, kindly consider that the sole object of my foisting such a (what do you call it?) upon you readers is to revive pleasant memories in the minds of the "Old Timers." While it is not an exact reproduction of the original yet it is as nearly so as I can remember.

I feel grateful for the kindly expressions of some of the readers concerning the help I may have rendered them in their school work. I surely do love bouquets.

You wrote some time ago about Rolla Dillon and in a later issue Mrs. Carrie Dobson Dwight mentioned Algebra and these remind me of the following story. One day when Prof. Pierce and Rolla were walking together on their way to school, they met a man who was leading a spirited steed that was giving a very vigorous exhibition of his prowess. Prof. Pierce asked Rolla what he would suggest to take some of the spirit out of him. Rolla instantly replied, "Put an Algebra in front of him."

The Campaign of '84

Yes, Arba, I was at the skating rink at the time you mentioned and needless to say I enjoyed the procedings. There are at least two incidents of that campaign that perhaps you are not familiar with, but seemed very important to me. The Decatur postmaster, John L. Harrison, took me to Dowagiac to hear James G. Blaine who spoke in the city park. As there was a large crowd in the park, and as we could not get near the speaker's stand, and I being not yet in my teens, Mr. Harrison held me up in his arms so that I could not only hear but see the Republican candidate for President.

I shall ever cherish the pleasant memories of the many favors given me by the genial and able postmaster.

In passing I might add that I regard Blaine and Tilden as the ablest statesmen of their time, though neither was seated as President. I say seated, because from what I have read of the elections of 1876 and 1884, I believe with a fair count both of these statesmen would have served as Presidents.

With your indulgence I would like some time in the future to go into the details of those two campaigns.

Of course I know you consider Lincoln as the greatest American and you must know that I consider Thomas Jefferson as the greatest American of all time. Perhaps some time in the future, we may be able to present our reasons for our selections.

Another incident of the campaign of 1884 that might be of interest to some of your readers who recall the torchlight processions and parades usually headed by a brass band of that period: in a Democratic greenback parade of that campaign was a cart drawn by an ox owned by James Canning, a Republican, but borrowed for the day by Frank O'Rourke, a Democrat ostensibly to work, but really to pull the cart in the parade.

I believe Ed. Myers rode the ox. Standing on the cart's platform was my father representing Blaine and holding in his hand a satchel labeled "Mulligan Letters," when somebody among the bystanders, so frightened the ox that he shied violently, and father, having no means of steadying himself was thrown to the ground, but was not injured. Of course this incident produced great merriment among the Republican spectators, Mrs. Canning being especially pleased.

On my daily visit to the hospital St. Valentine's Day I noticed several peach trees in full bloom. I may have seen more blooms on peach trees in Michigan, but I surely never saw more robins in our yard than I did on the 14th of February this year in Fort Worth. They seemed to be having a convention and to be discussing some momentous question, perhaps how and where to build their nests, perhaps relating to past experiences or future plans. However they seemed all to be in a merry mood so I don't believe they were complaining about a cigaret shortage, about traveling priorities or housing problems or post war reconversions. The robins are numerous here at two seasons of the year, about this time, and again in late fall.

Gardening is in full blast.

Another effusion will follow shortly.

Your friend, Jim.

The Civil War Diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon

Of Company E, Second Michigan Infantry.

Eighty-fourth Installment

January 15, 1862

A most lonesome unpleasant day. The snow is about 2 inches deep and it has been raining and snowing all day. There is a hard crust and everything is covered with ice.

This will be a used up country when the war is over. The negroes all say they are going to leave before the army goes. They generallly behave pretty well but they know a great deal too much. This war is the certain destruction of slavery. If they are not liberated they will behave so bad that they will have to kill them all.

January 16, 1862

Pay day. I put $212.50 in my pocket for the last 2 months service. It was all in treasury notes. They are bright, fresh, have very good pictures of Abe. Lincoln on them and pass pretty well. One cannot help thinking some times of the paper currency of our revolution and the Assignats of the French Revolution.

I sent $80.00 home. I am going to try to have a little money on hand if possible when I come out of the war. There is no knowing how, when or where that will be, but so long as one has a little spare change, he can get along almost anywhere.

Corpl. Mack will get sent to the ranks I think. If I had commanded the Company he would have gone long ago. His faults have been far more serious than those of Ball or Coleman.

I was truly sorry for those two. They had not the slightest idea of such a thing till the order was read on dress parade. They went back to their tents and commenced ripping off their stripes and chevrons while the big tears were rolling down their cheeks. They did not say a word but I know it cut them severely. They came out next morning in the list of privates and in privates uniform. If they behave well I shall do all I can to have them restored after a while.

We start in the morning for a 3 days tour on picket. The snow, water and mud are full ankle deep. The whole regiment goes.

I am not very well. I have not been free from a headache since the champagne I drank on New Years. It will be a long time ere you get so much of the cursed stuff down me again.

There is a good deal of noise and drunkenness in camp tonight. Col Poe says he don't see why my commission as first lieutenant doesn't come. I don't either. I should have got $4 more pay today if I had it. I do not like this always acting as something which you are not. I always acted 2nd Sergt. while I was 3rd. I have acted first Lieutenant ever since I was promoted 2nd.

January 18, 1862

Yesterday we were off for picketing at 8 a. m. The ground was frozen hard and the walking was very good. The regiment reached headquarters about 10 a. m. and by 11 a. m. our Company was posted next on the left of the Telegraph Road.

The shantles are comfortable and the Captain and I have a comfortable log house for ourselves and reserve. By the time we were posted the roads began to be very soft and before night the mud was ankle deep. I made the rounds at nine but the mud was so deep I went no more during the

night. The men should regularly be called up every morning an hour before daylight. We have however our own men and non-commissioned officers and know that they need very little watching.

The night was as quiet as anything could be. Weather warm and foggy with some rain. This morning there is considerable rain. About noon, raining hard. Came an order to advance the pickets 2 miles. We set out and marched a mile toward Accotink when we were ordered to halt. We remained there in the woods about 3 hours after which we marched back and picketed along the Accotink road back to the general quarters at Potter's.

The pickets now run from the river to Accotink village, thence diagonally along to Accotink road to the Telegraph road near Potter's, and from the Telegraph road a little below Potter's in a circular line around to the Orange and Alex R. R. which is, I believe, the extent of our Division's line. Thence the line runs around to the Potomac at a point about 10 miles above the Chain Bridge.

It requires about 4 regiments to fill the line. From Accotink to the river the line is now 2 miles advanced from the point where we found them. The headache troubled me a little yesterday but it is all gone now. It was the result of too little exercise and too much eating as diseases usually are.

I think it a great piece of good fortune to Benson that he enlisted as he did. A more favorable opportunity could not have been found for lifting himself above the associations and companions with whom he was surrounded. He has improved and has so well succeeded that I think he will never return to them.

January 19, 1862

Pickets being posted and all arranged, Captain and I took quarters at our old house again. It was quite late in the afternoon when the men were posted but they fell to work with a will to build shantles. There was a fence opposite a part of them and they very soon had comfortable places.

Some others found a deserted house and by taking the doors and all the boards they could tear loose, soon made themselves good shelters.

There was an attack apprehended, owing to our advance and the men were on the alert. I started on the rounds at 10 p. m. When I was near the further end of our Company's pickets I heard a gun farther down the road. I gave the men their instructions in case of attack to deploy a little to each side of their posts, lie down on the ground, behind trees if possible, and wait till they came near enough so that they could be sure of them and not back from their posts till they were forced to it.

I then went along Company H's line toward where the gun was fired. As I came near their fourth post, whang! went another gun about 10 rods ahead of me. I snatched my pistol, stepped behind a pine tree of which there were a plenty nearby, and waited to see what would be the result.

After about 2 minutes, not seeing or hearing anything more, I went up to the post. It seemed they had heard something and thought they saw a man lurking among the pine trees, and fired. They were excited, and as I supposed, fired hastily. They had a sergeant with them who is reputed a cool, discreet man but on this occasion he did not do the best.

When he had notice of the noise, he should have silently got his men out into safe positions where they could see without being seen and then have crept cautiously toward the spot either alone or with one man. In this way if there was any one there he would have been pretty sure of a good shot at them, and if not he would have saved a false alarm, the occurrence of which is always more or less injurious to the reputation of all connected with it as well as to the safety of the line.

It has been raining now for several hours. There was no further disturbance during the night.

Eighty-sixth Installment

January 25, 1862

It is an ill wind that blows no where. Now that we have finally settled down on the facts that we can't go into the Artillery and that we are on bad terms with Gen. R., Heintzelman has taken a wonderful fancy for us. He and Col. Poe agree remarkably. Gen. H. tells him to take no further notice of Gen. R. on his staff but to draw all our stores and supplies direct from headquarters.

This chance of showing our independence is not lost. Gen. R. has been down twice lately looking through our camp, as he used to, but I could not see that he spoke to any one or that anyone took any notice of him. I could never have believed that regimental pride ran so high with us as it does if I had not seen it. The likes and dislikes, more especially the latter, of soldiers are very strong.

I don't believe there is a private in the regiment who would not go ½ mile out of his way to get rid of saluting Gen. R. A month ago there was hardly one who would not have laid down his life for him. Our men would today rather shoot or bayonet one of the 5th Michigan than a Secesh.

The other regiments of the brigade have all new Austrian rifles. They sent up Minie muskets for us but they were not new. The men would not touch them till they were assured by Col. P. that they were better guns (which is indeed true) than the Austrian rifles. They are an excellent gun. They carry flush up 40 rods with level sights and have a raise sight which brings the ball with a good degree of accuracy up to 165 rods.

January 26, 1862

A lovely morning. Company inspection by myself. All in good order. Company looks well. Guard mounting was well done this morning for the first time in a good while. The ground is so bad that we never can have a good guard here.

The Quartermaster's wife came out to see guard mounting. She took post on the hill back of our quarters. I thought the men would go crazy at the sight of her ankles. She is a very pretty lady and has indeed as pretty a pair of ankles as I ever looked upon. They are a great deal too nice to exhibit in that way to the aggravation of soldiers. I swore when I saw them that if I ever got out of the war I would seize on the first pair I came to if they were half as enticing as hers. I don't know whether she knew what a sensation she created. She would be pleasd to know it though she would pout over it in company.

This is a joyful life-like spring day, full of hope, energy and aspirations.

One feels full of confidence, courage and enterprise on such days. Everything is exhilerating strength-giving, no blues, no sad thoughts of the past nor forebodings of future ills. No thought of troubles, difficulties, hopes or misfortunes. All low, mean thoughts are laid aside. The soul wild with enthusiasm, grasps at nothing, sees nothing save unalloyed pleasure and perfect success in life. Amid the sweetest of surroundings every thing moves with a flood tide toward victory.

This soldiering at time is the gayest life in the world—what a pity so many fine fellows must needs be killed by means of it. Or as North used to say get their "toes turned up."

We have now a most excellent company of men. I have worked long to make them what they are and am doing something every day to improve them.

There is the best lot of non-commissioned officers in the regiment, two of them all fitted for commission. Yet I would not be surprised if before another year is past I should see half of them with legs or arms off or without heads or with bodies in two pieces or torn or mutilated even worse than that. Then my good soldiers will hear no more reveilles, the perfect Sergeants will go to commissions, my handy work is lost and mourning is in many a home.

The hands which were strong in their country's cause are motionless. Their pale calm features turned to heavenward, the blue jacket faultless in its neatness is drabbled with life blood—the heart but full of gay hopes, love, hate and the wild, patriotis zeal of the battlefield has ceased to beat, and the faithful soldier (there is not a truer man on earth) has joined his many millions of comrades who have gone before him. God grant their many toils and hardships may find some kind reward and at last not only for them but for those who have given their all to a sacred cause.

Eighty-seventh Installment.

January 27, 1862

A long skirmish and bayonet drill.

January 29, 1862

The 37th are on picket. They had two men killed and four wounded this morning. They stood to it well, brought off two prisoners and it is reported killed and wounded several of the enemy. The weather has been fine today. We had a most glorious

skirmish drill. The men are enthusiastic, and very eager for anything new in the line of drill.

We fired at a mark yesterday p. m. with good success. We shall drill actively every hour when the weather will permit until the time comes for moving. I have been drilling the non-commissioned officers on bayonet exercise today and Benson tonight. I fear the weather will be bad tomorrow.

There was a great deal of heavy firing down the river last night. This for some reason is almost invariably followed by rain within 24 hours. I have noticed it in many cases and have never known it to fail. Whether it be caused by the great concussion of the air or by some quality of the gas engendered by burning large quantities of powder, I cannot say.

It seems for the last few days as if I never wanted a better business than soldiering. One gets such eagerness and enthusiasm after a while as makes him half wiid. A good officer on the battlefield will take no more notice of the bullets than a man all absorbed in a game will of the idle talk of others whom he does not even hear. He is as eager and watchful of every move and chance as an ardent chess or checker player. He sees nothing and thinks of nothing but the best movements for the men before him.

I think a private soldier often needs a higher degree of courage to sustain him than an officer. He may have nothing to do but stand waiting while his officer's mind is so busily employed as to shut out every thought of danger.

The ladies are very kind to soldiers while they are present and some of them when they are absent. There seems however to be a pretty general disposition to "go back on" these 3 years soldiers. More than half our Company were engaged to be married when they left home. There are not more than 3 or 4 whose ladies have not already (to use one of Prentice's expressions) "soured on them." They, for the most part, take it with soldier-like fortitude. It goes very hard with some of them for a few days, but they soon, to all appearances, swear it off.

There are some reasons for all this. The soldiers are very free and easy with everything that comes in their way. It is a very discouraging thought to them no doubt. It is perhaps as well that they should look elsewhere. Many of them will never return and many more will forget them. It is as well that both should go where they please and seek their mates with freedom.

We, that is Capt. and I, have a boy 13 years old for waiter. He came from Detroit with the 5th. He had been employed there in the theatre for 3 years. He is a smart boy, but about the hardest case in some respects that I ever saw. He will not steal (i. e. from us) nor get drunk, but he will do almost anything else. He is well enough drilled for a Sergt., learns very rapidly, and spouts Shakespeare ad libitum, but he is the wickedest chap I ever saw.

January 30, 1862

It rains hard and did nearly all night. No drill today. It is very lonesome and tedious. I have been quite sad during the day for some reason—because I was so idle I presume.

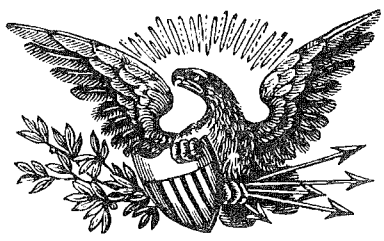
I finished reading "Great Expectations" today. It is a singular book. Like most of Dickens' works it requires great patience to get through the first two thirds of the story. He seldom gets beyond what is rational and credible. Such things might happen without an unreasonable stretch of imagination. The story amounts to a good deal in the end, but one must live on the wit and satire which are for the most part independent of it till he begins to think there is no story at all. I do not think there is that liveliness and vivacity about it that characterizes his earlier stories. His best days are past.

They are trying to reduce the pay of soldiers. It is a very bad policy. The pay was so low before that the army could not retain its best men. It is hardly supposable that, so long as the government can pay, such a class of men as the officers of the army are, or at least should be, will willingly incur all the dangers and hardships of the war for their mere subsistence.

It is now near 10 months since I enlisted. I have spent no money foolishly, and but little which was in any sense unnecessary. I have thus far barely $40.00 to fall back on in case I should leave the army minus legs or arms, or as many will with broken constitution and ruined health. I can live on less than I have.

When the country is poor and exhausted, I will serve it still for ¼ what I now get, or when the worst comes, for nothing, and do it willingly. The country is now rich. It can pay all that it does. It hurts me that it should begrudge the miserable pittance which can now be saved beyond bare subsistence.

There is another feature which displeases me still more, viz., that our pay is to be cut down by men who loll away more time in houses of public prostitution than they spend in legislative duties. Let them cut down their own pay to begin with or before they talk about reducing ours, let them lie out in the mud and rain a few days on picket.



Eighty-eighth Installment

January 31, 1862

We had a very energetic skirmish and bayonet drill today. Benson is on fatigue and there is no one but I to drill the Company. The men are eager for drill. I have never seen them so full of enthusiasm. They are getting vindictive and blood-thirsty, willing to drill the whole day long if they can thereby be made more sure of success. I stimulate these feelings by words and actions as much as possible. A word at the right time often fills a soldier with a zeal and ambition which will be lifelong. I miss no such chances.

This spring will open with great events. It will be such a summer as never was seen on this continent. I await its coming with high hopes. No one knows whether he will see its end. I hope to, but if I do not I have little doubt that there is some reward in store for the soldier who does his best in his country's cause. Meanwhile I will do all that lies within my limited sphere to ensure success. So far as those under me, and myself are concerned, I will leave no stone unturned which can contribute ought toward victory.

I received with much pleasure letters from Arthur and from home.

February 2, 1862

Corpl. Godfrey came in with the gloves from town today. The first pass we set two big 6 footers, stout as bulls, but who had never boxed a blow, to work with them. They went in with might and main, and in about 2 minutes one of them went over "capummux" onto his seat. He sprawled out both hands and stared around, the very picture of astonishment, a stream of blood as large as a pipe stem flowing from each nostril. They concluded to dispense with any further amusement of that kind. I nearly laughed myself to death. Seward is sick and can now take no part. There has been quite a general round. Corpl. Godfrey appears to be the champion of our Company. The weather is fair but it being Sunday we have no drill.

February 3, 1862

The snow is now 3 inches deep. This is the deepest of the winter. The weather is warm. It is very certain that we cannot leave here unless it be on a fleet for several weeks. I shall be glad to see Spring and activity. We are shut up in a little valley where we can neither see nor hear anything nor anybody.

February 5, 1862

I put on the gloves tonight for the first time with Capt. Handy. We went easy and he being a very weak opponent, I came off without being touched. There is a great deal of boxing in the Company and there is considerable talent in the crude state.

Corpl. Godfrey is the instructor. He has the genuine fighting build, a square solid head, a neck like a bull and though only 5 feet 7 inches high, word out of him nor will be let me He is French and cares no more for pounding than for the wind blowing in his face. He is one of the real old Detroit French, a nephew of the man who used for years to buy all the fur in our country.

The family at Detroit are wealthy and he is said to have some very pretty sisters. He is himself well

educated, an excellent Corpl., but has heretofore led a very hard life. He has spent a great deal of time on the Mississippi river and in places generally where there was any prospect of a muss.

I have been drilling the non-commissioned officers on bayonet today. Benson is building a log guard house and must needs be excused, for when he has a log shanty in view it is useless to talk of anything else. I hope he will have it done soon.

Handy is disposed to have a little strife on whose Company will come out ahead on the bayonet drill. He has a Lt. to help him and as I have no one at present it goes much slower than it ought. He has become so jealous already that I cannot get a word out of him nor will he let me look at one of his books. I am glad to see that. It is a favorable indication. I can get all the books I want with ease and without his assistance. If Benson was one half as good on drill as on log houses, we could beat him to death.

February 6, 1862

Rainy. "E'en as a herd of bristling swine in Brentford town, a town of mud are pricked along." So do we wallow about in mud up to our knees. It is pretty dull business, but we can see the end of it I think. We shall have to go on picket once more at this place, but only once I think.

The health of the Regiment is remarkably good and that of our Company is almost all that could be asked. How in the world it is kept so good is more than I can tell. The men are in the mud all the time, feet wet a great deal, the ground in the shanties damp and often clear mud. Far less attention given to cleanliness than at home, beds frequently wet. They have little to eat save meat, bread, beans, rice and coffee, yet most of them are so fat they can hardly see out of their eyes.

Installment No. 108.

April 14, 1862

I have been engaged at the Court Martial today. Weather very warm and fine. We have lived well this day at least. Our light batteries have thrown about 100 shells today to keep the enemy off some new works which they are attempting to erect. The enemy succeeded during the night in cutting down a small piece of woods which obstructed the range of their batteries. We took 7 very ragged prisoners today. None of our men, so far as I can learn, have been hurt.

April 15, 1862

A light shower of rain in the morning, but the day was warm and fine. I was on Court Martial. There was considerable firing by light batteries on the left and by gun boats on the river. Regiment went on picket at dark and I got permission to go along.

April 16, 1862

Weather very warm and fine. Brisk firing by light batteries on the left to all of which the enemy replies. We cannot see the guns of either party but can very distinctly see the shells explode. One stray ball struck in the woods near us but did no harm.

About 9 a. m., we changed our position a short distance to be more out of the way. Soon after that a 12 lb. shell struck very near us (Cos. F and I on reserve) but did not burst.

At 1 p. m. there is little firing, though it had been brisk till after 12. About 11 a. m. Sergt. Bishop of Co. F was killed while standing near our battery. He thought himself too sick to go on picket last night but came out today in disobedience of orders to see the artillery practice. In consequence of going when and where he ought not, he was cut entirely in two by a ball from the enemy. Not a man about the battery has been hurt.

He was a fine young man and in most cases a good non-commissioned officer. He had long had a presentiment of his fate and though a young man, was tired of life and often expressed a wish that the appointed time would come. Yesterday morning he said he knew he should be killed soon and twice repeated the wish that the time was at hand. This morning he went out and was almost immediately killed. We wrapped all that could be found of him in his blanket and buried him under an old chestnut.

I saw one of the 3rd Michigan pickets with both legs shot off. No other accident occurred to the pickets. From about 8 a. m. till sundown from 150 to 200 shots per hour were fired on our part from light guns. Nearly all the barracks of the enemy on the left were burned by our shells, and several of their guns dismounted.

For more than one hour the shells dropped one after another into one of their forts just like clock work, not one missing. The men inside could be seen running, creeping on their hands and knees and crouching in every nook and corner trying to escape them. They flew around like a flock of chickens when a hawk pounces down among them.

Gen. Keyes engaged the enemy at the extreme left and toward night there was very heavy cannonading and great volleys of musketry. The battle must have been severe. A few heavy shells burst to the right of us probably thrown from mortars. They burst at the height of a 1000 feet and the fragments made a great whizzing.

Our balloon has hung all day like an evil spirit over their doomed works. It must be very aggravating to have a man just beyond their reach looking down on every move they make and telegraphing it as soon as made to Gen. McClellan. They have a balloon, but for some reason it will not stay up more than 2 minutes at a time and must be more vexatious than useful. Seward declared, when the shells began to fall near, that he longed for the peace and quiet of his Michigan home.

April 17, 1862

The cannonading which was continued at intervals during the night, opened vigorously at sunrise. It slackened about 8 a. m. but continued moderately all day. A heavy rifled gun which the enemy put up yesterday drove one of our light batteries off the field just in front of us in quick time.

A fatigue party of 600 men was detailed to work on the intrenchments. I went along. The enemy however shelled the spot where we intended to work in such a manner that it was thought best to keep off it during the day. There are all sorts of reports about yesterdays work but they are so uncertain that I will record nothing but what I know to be true.

9:30 p. m. It seems pretty certain that we lost 100 men killed and wounded yesterday. A work toward the left was taken by our men and nine guns spiked, but it could not be held. There is still some firing on the left. It sounds wonderfully distinct in the stillness of the night.

April 18, 1862

At 11 p. m. we were all waked up and ordered to be prepared to fall in on the shortest notice. Soon after midnight there was considerable musketry on the left and we all turned out in line. It lasted about 10 minutes and just before 1 a. m. we went back to quarters.

About 3 a. m. musketry again at same place and we turned out and in again as before.

Three men, Myers, Winnie and Drake concealed themselves in their tents and tried to escape going out. I don't know what the Capt. will do about it, but I would put them in a way at least to serve the balance of their enlistment in the District Prison.

One of our guns on the left (a 32, I think) has been firing at intervals of about 5 minutes since yesterday morning with remarkable regularity. No satisfactory account can be obtained of the fighting last night. The story of the battery and 9 guns is more likely to be something else.

There is no certainty that we were not badly repulsed. There are not a few things here which displease me. Many of our officers are tired of war and want to be home. They have not the right spirit.

The sight of those 3 rascals skulking away from duty exasperated me beyond all measure. It was hard indeed for me to keep from shooting one of them on the spot. Things move slowly and there are many vicissitudes. I learn also that there were some 3000 to 4000 skulking cowards at the battle of Pittsburgh. There is no way only to carry out the army regulations and shoot every one that can be identified.

April 19, 1862

The regiment went on fatigue today and I went along although I might have remained by reason of the court. We are building a military road along the bank of a small stream. The banks are high and by following them we approach near the enemy under cover.

There is an old military road built by Gen. Washington on the opposite

side. Our road is 24 feet wide and costs not a little digging and chopping. It is to be level as a railroad and with its branches will be 4 or 5 miles long.

There were 3 old rusty cannon shot of the Revolution dug up to day. Four regiments were at work. We were at night within ½ mile of one of their batteries. Seward was wandering around and not knowing that we were already up to our pickets started to go to the enemies, supposing them to be ours. They were foolish enough to shoot at him before he came very near, and he made excellent time back to our lines. I am glad he got off but believe I should have laughed myself to death if he had been taken. They fired one shot over where we were at work, but not being able to see us could do no damage.

They also threw an 80 lb. shell over our camp to day. It struck a little beyond the camp and plowed a furrow in which a log 2 feet in diameter might have been concealed. They may give us trouble here with that gun. There was no cannonading last night and but a few straggling shots from pickets.. There have been but few cannon shots today. It is pretty certain that in the musketry affair of the 16th, we got by far the worst of it. It rains hard tonight.

Installment No. 109.

April 20, 1862

Sunday. The Regiment has not been on duty today. . Weather moist. The firing of small arms has been pretty brisk along the lines. Our Regiment goes on picket at 4 tomorrow morning. I am on Court Martial and shall not be able to get out with them.

I have read an account of the battle of Pittsburgh which is in many ways very disgraceful — no pickets — camp full of women—5,000 cowards—etc. The whole affair shows a most disgraceful ignorance or neglect of duty and great want of discipline in one part of the army.

April 21, 1862

Court Martial was adjourned sine die. It was a dark rainy morning. The Regiment barely succeeded in getting into line at the appointed hour, 4 a. m., and in consequence Capt. B. and Seward as well as all the rest went off without breakfast. As a punishment for not getting up earlier the Colonel would let them have nothing to eat till 3 p. m. It is no small job to get a Regiment out at that time where no drums or bugles are allowed to sound except for alarms.

April 22, 1862

I rather verdantly, the weather being fine, concluded to join the Company. I did so. It rained horribly nearly all night. I got well drenched, was very cold toward morning and never but one more unpleasant night on picket. There was not a gun fired and nothing relieved the monotony of rain and darkness from dark till daylight. At four several times I sat down on a rail, leaned up against a tree and patiently waited for sleep. I each time got an uncertain doze of about 15 minutes and to pay for it had to walk industriously for an hour to get the chills and cramps out of my legs. I had only my overcoat. With a blanket I could have slept very well.. We were within 200 rods of a rebel fort and fires of course were not to be thought of except in fireplaces at home and other places equally distant. I had to laugh over Seward's lamentation, still I was sorry for the poor fellow. He says he has no desire to be distinguished in war or anything connected with it.

Our men with their usual desire for conversation opened on the rebel pickets yesterday and soon found them to be from a Georgia Regiment, which they often met at Munson's Hill. They talked for more than an hour and finally some of them laid down their arms, met and shook hands on middle ground. They before parting, agreed, that being old acquaintances and in as much as each knew the other could shoot if he was a mind to, they would mutually refrain from hostilities while opposite each other. . I don't like such meetings for various reasons. They take all the spirit out of war. The weather has been showery all day.. At 12 noon today I had been one year in the service.

April 23, 1862

We went on fatigue at 7 a. m. building another road. Then men worked well. A few shots were fired at us when we were returning. A 6 lb. rifle shot and a heavy shell struck near us but no one was injured.

A raw recruit in Co. F rushed up and down the line several times in great trepidation not knowing exactly what ought to be done but evidently of the opinion that it was no time to be idle. We have two luckless fellows who have come down to take their first lessons in soldiering. We have not taken them out yet. Yesterday was the anniversary of my enlistment. I cannot say that matters with me have during the past year been very adverse. Many things have been different—from what I expected.

Nothing was more remote from my thoughts a year ago than becoming a soldier by profession. I then looked forward only to 3 months in the service—now I rarely attempt to look through the uncertainty of my future. The army has so soon become a home to me. I often think, 'tis true, of friends and other scenes but cannot determine when, if ever, I shall see them again. That tremulousness and quick beating of the heart which I once felt, at the sound of bullets, has gone. I feel as though the destined one is pretty sure to come soner or later and have no more anxiety about the particular approach of death by any other time than I used to have about the source. When it comes I will try to meet it decently and till that time I will indulge in no grave fears or idle speculations.

April 24, 1862

For some reason unknown to me we were all called up at 3 a. m. and stood in line till after daylight. Such things are becoming far more common than pleasant. I met my quondam friend Dave Briggs today. His Regiment came up last night. . He wears a very doleful, disconsolate look which he attributes to hard crackers but I more than half suspect that the peculiar music of shells which he hears in close proximity for the first time is a far more fruitful cause of his melancholy.. He declared he would much rather be back in Michigan again at work for the Squire.

I went on fatigue at noon with 80 men. Gen. McClellan came where we were at work. We were engaged in throwing up a redoubt within about ¾ of a mile of two of the enemy's forts. They neglected to cut down the woods and under their cover we work unseen. Five hundred men will work day and night till it is completed. Shells have been falling hap-hazard over the country round about in small numbers, but no one was hurt so far as I could see though there were several narrow escapes. The paymaster, a very welcome visitor, tonight handed over the nedful for January and February—I was reduced to $2.00..

April 25, 1862

Weather cold and unpleasant. Nothing in particular has happened except that we have lived a little better than usual. Seward is detailed to go on fatigue at 11 p. m. to remain till morning. He was a little tight at the time and repeated emphatically that he was devoid of ambition in all warlike affairs.

April 26, 1862

Seward had a rainy night but returned in very good spirits. He was just near enough to a smart little skirmish to hear and see all that was doing without being in any danger himself. He had very glowing accounts to give of his narrow escape.

A Mass. Regiment took 15 prisoners with a loss to themselves of 3 killed and 9 wounded.. The Monitor and Merrimac I see are making a great stir in the world. The latter gives the army here much more trouble than we would willingly acknowledge.

The fear of it creates not a little uneasiness. If it was outside the Roads our communications at Ship Point would be destroyed and our operations much embarrassed. This is a cold, dismal, rainy day. All the occupants of our tent save I have rolled themselves in their blankets and gone to bed to keep warm. I have not tried that way but find it very cold sitting up.

April 27, 1862

Sunday was spent on picket. It was about the old story, a little musketry, some solid shot, shells, all of which produced no effect, so far as I know on our side. Some heavy shells from the gun boats made a great scattering at their works.

Our first parallel is nearly completed and a general bombardment cannot be far off.

April 28, 1862

The night was cold and damp but the morning is fair. The lines were quiet except a few shots from our gunboats. The rebels threw several

shells at the working parties this morning, but without effect. A shell burst near my "Contraband" yesterday when he was bringing out a pail of coffee and frightened him terribly. "Can't stan dat zur, can't stan dat zur—didn't want a drap de pail but if any more dem fellers come I hab to fling him." I don't dislike the animals so bad as I used to. They are very convenient to have around and I have more hearty laughs out of mine than from all other sources.

(To be continued.)

GOOD SECRETARY

X: "I've been trying to see you all week. When may I have an appointment?"

Y: "Make a date with my secretary."

X: "I did, and we had a swell time, but I still want to see you."

"Sculpture is very easy, isn't it?" asked the sweet young lady.

"Very, very easy," answered the sculptor, "and very, very simple. You just take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

Alexander Bennett Copley

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRST STATE BANK OF DECATUR WHICH CELEBRATES ITS SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY THIS YEAR

Written for the Republican by His Niece,
Helen Hathaway, 1240 Ferdon Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan

First Installment

Our Editor's request for a sketch, or biography of Alexander Bennett Copley, one of Decatur's ablest and most public spirited citizens of a few generations ago, has led the writer to gather together fragments of the early history of a portion of Cass and Van Buren Counties. The sources used in this work were the Copley papers in the Michigan Historical Collections of the University of Michigan, also Rogers' "History of Cass County," and Rowland's "History of Van Buren County." The writer has made use of a special study of the Copley papers, with particular emphasis upon an account of the career of Alexander Bennett Copley, written by Geneva M. Johnston, of Royal Oak, Michigan, a summer school student working under the direction of Professor L. G. VanderVelde, of the University's History Department, in the summer of 1943.

Also, of great assistance in this work, has been a very readable story, or genealogical sketch of the Copley and Buell families, written by Miss Bertha C. Buell for the benefit of the younger generations of those families.

Besides these sources, the writer is indebted to various members of the family for information taken from their records, or incidents recalled by them, as well as some of her own recollections of the earlier days, and in particular, of her Uncle Bennett Copley.

Settled In New York

The A. B. Copley we knew was descended from a pioneer family whose early home was New York State. His father, Alexander Copley, who was the youngest of nine children of Thomas and Mary Copley, was born in 1790 in Granby, Hartford County, Connecticut. What brought this young cabinet maker to Champion, Jefferson County, New York, we do not know; but the records tells us that, in 1814, at the age of twenty-four years, Alexander took for his wife Esther Nott, a girl of twenty, then living in Jefferson County. The story goes that the marriage took place at Champion.

Alexander's diary giving an account of his journey from Watertown to LeRoy, New York, to bring home his bride, gives us a side light on the thrift, combined with the simple living of that day. He had been promised horses and a wagon to get his wife; but when he went to get them, he was unable to do so, greatly to his distress. However, he was fortunate enough to make arrangements with another neighbor, who furnished him with horses and wagon for the trip.

He arrived at his destination at about 7 o'clock in the evening, "loaded up and took his wife and started for Watertown." They stopped at Gardner's Inn, where he bargained for 500 feet of clean stuff pine boards, stopping later at Brown's Inn. From there he went to a mill near by, where he had agreed for some wheat, but found there was none to be had at the time. They went on, arriving at Watertown at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Both were much fatigued after riding "in such very bad going." The diary covering this part of the story stops with the entry on Monday (evidently a day or two after the return), "Finished my choring ready to go to work tomorrow."

Established Home In Watertown

Alexander and Esther established their first home in Watertown, New York, although they did not remain there many years. By 1818, they had moved to Champion, presumably to locate in the same town where Alexander's brother William lived. William was something of a rover and sometimes influenced Alexander to follow him in his moves. While the Copleys were living at Watertown, and later at Champion, five of their children were born, two of whom died early.

Some interesting details appear in the letters of William B. Copley to his brother, Alexander, showing the difficulties of himself and others engaged in the cotton manufacturing business of that early day. Evidently William, who was also a cabinet maker, was what might be called a hustler, and must have possessed considerable mechanical ingenuity, as he speaks in one letter of having placed himself in a position to "make some of the most complicated machinery that has ever been made in this country." His location then was Whitesboro, New York,—in Oneida County near the town of Utica.

Knowing the interest which William took in his brother, Alexander, it need not surprise us to know that Alexander and Esther moved from Champion to Whitesboro in 1823. At that time the family consisted of Charlotte, eight years old, her brother, Almon, six, and Baby Alexander Bennett, who had been born at Champion March 11, 1822, and was the fifth of the thirteen children born to Alexander and Esther Copley.

Much Moving

Whitesboro in the Mohawk Valley did not long remain the home of the Copleys. For, in due time, William moved to Walden, New York, and from there wrote Alexander as follows:

> I commenced work this day. There is plenty of it to do but I am at present very poorly supplied with tools to do it with. I am first to put into operation some looms for flannel and some spinning jennies which they have on hand.

His letter written in April, 1824, brought out the following information regarding the tariff:—

> If the tariff does not go into operation, I am afraid we should be put to it for a livelihood here; in which case it would be better for only one of us to be here. . . . Since writing the above, I hear that the tariff has passed the House of Representative; we believe it will pass the Senate this session.

This evidently influenced Alexander and Esther to move from Oneida County to Walden. For, in William's letter dated May 16, 1824, he gave Alexander explicit directions in regard to landing in a sloop at Crawford's dock, adding the following details regarding his own moving expenses:—

> If I could know when you would be at Newburgh, I could manage it so as to save you considerable expense, but that is probably out of the question. I am well acquainted with Mr. Joseph Treck on Terry dock,—he brought my family out from Newburgh; but he charged me three dollars for my family alone, which is too much. It cost me $9 to get my family and effects up from Newburgh, but you will get up for much less.

Leave New York

By the time the family settled in Walden, near the southern edge of the Catskills, Almon was getting to be a big boy, and little Bennett must have been a toddler of three. Meantime, a new baby, Esther Evoline, had arrived. However, it was not long before Alexander and Esther and their four children were moving again—this time across the Hudson

to Mattewan in Duchess County. There only two years passed before the restless cabinet maker, driven by hard luck or ambition, or a mixture of both, began the longest trek yet. It took him and his wife and five children (four others had died) to Dayton, in Southwestern Ohio, in 1829. There two more daughters were born. In 1830, as superintendent, he started in operation the first cotton mill at Dayton.

William had finally moved to Philarelphia, and his letter to Alexander, dated March 20, 1835, mentions the type of fabrics woven there:—

> Thousands—and I don't know but I may say millions—of yards of jane twilled goods of various figures are woven in this city and its suburbs. ..... The woolen factories are mostly making Cassimeres and Satinettes.

In the same letter, the following comments give us a hint as to the progress of benevolent institutions at that time:—

> I began to hear distinctly the voices of a multitude of children and when I got in front of the yard I stopped, and looking through the poling I beheld, sure enough, a multitude of boys from 4 to 8 years of age in groups, all neatly dressed alike, not bawling and yelling—or quarreling, but innocently engaged in talk and mirth, apparently happy as heaven. This place is the Orphans' Asylum—all poor children that have no parents are taken here; fed, clothed, and educated at the public expense—so humane an institution certainly does credit to Philadelphia. I hardly expected to find so much humanity on earth.

Arrives in Michigan

What led Alexander Copley to make his first visit to Michigan, is not entirely clear; but, presumably, it was the adventurous spirit of the pioneer. Rowland's "History of Van Buren County" tells us that, in 1832, he made a journey on horse-back from Dayton, Ohio, to that part of Michigan Territory called the St. Joseph Country, reaching the home of Dolphin Morris on September 4th of that year.

It appears that, up to that time, there had been entered at the land office sixteen eighty-acre lots in the township of Decatur, four in Waverly, and five in La Fayette (now Paw Paw). For nearly two years, Mr. Morris and his wife had been the only settlers in Van Buren County; but, at the time of Mr. Copley's arrival, there were six families in the county, namely: Dolphin Morris, his brother, Samuel H. Morris, H. D. Swift, George Tittle, David Curry and LeGrand Anderson.

Evidently the new country met with Alexander's approval, for, in the following summer, he, with his wife and family of five children, made the journey from Dayton, Ohio, to Little Prairie Ronde, by ox teams, covering eleven miles a day and camping out each night, reaching their destination on July 1st of that summer, which, as nearly as we can learn, was 1833. They bought land on the site of what is now the village of Nicholsville. Their first stock and farm implements consisted of two head of Durham cattle and three sizes of Wood's patent cast iron plows.

It so happened that at about that time, the Lawrences, another prominent Prairie family, came from Dayton, Ohio, to Michigan. Both families were first located on the picturesque site of the Nicholsville millpond; the Lawrences camped at the "Little Bridge" to the East between the mill-pond and Finch Lake, while the Copleys settled and built their first home on the north side of the Mill-pond, at the point where the road enters the causeway crossing the bridge and leading south into Nicholsville. This site later became the home of Joe and Maria Haight Rigles, and is more recently known as the Chamberlain place.

First School and Tools

Evidently, Alexander Copley was not lacking in enterprise; for we learn that it was he who built the first saw mill (in 1833) in Volinia township, locating it on the little stream running from Nicholsville into what later became known as Bunker Lake. At that time, the boys, Almon and Bennett, were both old enough to help their father with the mill, and also to assist him in a cabinet shop which was run in connection with the sawmill.

For a while, Alexander Bennett's older sister, Charlotte, taught school at home. Then a schoolhouse was built and was used by the first school district organized in that township, until it burned.

A glance into the history of Van Buren County in the early 30's gives us the following inside information about the construction of the first settlers' homes:—

> At the time of which I am writing (the early thirties), it is doubtful if there is a cabin with rafters and board gable in either Cass or Van Buren County, and for years thereafter one could distinguish the eastern settler at the corners, and the chimney built on the inside without jams and supported on the curved timbers of a natural crook.

Anyone who wishes to pause in this busy machine age to recall what kind of tools the farmers used in the early day, may be interested in reading the following paragraph, quoted directly from Mrs. Johnston's article:—

> The farming tools of the pioneer were of the simplest kind, hardly differing from those of their ancestors of fifty to a hundred years before. An ax, iron wedge, bar share plow (which was a plow with share and landside combined) to which a wood-end mould board was attached, shovel plow (sometimes iron barrow teeth, more often wooden ones), a heavy hoe, and a sickle for cutting grain, which after being cut was stacked around a circular threshing floor of dirt, upon which it was tramped out by horses and winnowed by one man throwing it into the air, while two men flopped a sheet to fan it.

The fanning mill was not introduced into the settlement until 1831. The wheat was necessarily in poor condition for flour because of the presence of smut and dirt which the rude mills of that day did not have the appliances to remove.

Some of our older residents will recall stories about the primitive style of dress of the early settlers. The following quotation from Mrs. Johnston's article gives us rather a vivid picture of the type of clothing the farmers wore in the early '30's:—

> The dress of the settlers was of the most primitive style, both as to fashion and material. With the men the old time hunting shirt had given away to a garment called a "wamus," a loose blouse with a narrow binding at the top and a single button at the throat, the shirt reaching to the hips when loose, or to the waist when tied by the corners as it was usually worn. The material was linsey, a homespun cloth of cotton and wool woven plain. Pantaloons were of jeans, blue or butternut, with different shades of color as the different skeins of yarn took on a light or dark hue in the dyeing.

(Second Installment.)

Seven Days to Market

In the '30's, various considerations governed the choice of farm land, one of which seems to have been the securing of land that was easy to work. The early settler chose the level prairie because it was easier to work than the rich lands near the St. Joseph River, even though this stream was navigable to Lake Michigan.

According to some of our older settlers, however, there were cases in which the hilly lands in the southern part of Volinia township, were selected before the prairie lands, because the wooden plow points in use at that time would not scour on the heavy prairie loam, but would do for the sandy soil of the hillsides.

Some readers of our Decatur Republican may recall tales of marketing with oxen and horses and wagons in those days. One such trip was made by John Shaw, a prominent Volinia settler. On the 21st day of September, 1834, he started from Little Prairie Ronde for St. Joseph with a wagon and a three-horse team, accompanied by a hired man from the Copley farm with a wagon and two yokes of oxen. Quoting from "Pioneer Pictures," by Alexander B. Copley, in the "History of Van Buren County," the story reads as follows:

> The first day they reached Paw Paw; the second day, Prospect Lake; the third day, camped in the woods, and the fourth day reached St. Joseph, the fifth day they sold their loads, made their purchases, started home, and reached Rulo's, a French settler ten miles from St. Joseph; the sixth day they got to Paw Paw, and the next day they reached home, having camped out every night except two nights at Dodge's tavern, Paw Paw, which at that time was little more than a

shanty, he having just commenced building his hotel.

An interesting side-light on how far the farmer's products would go at that time in exchange for other commodities, may be had from the account book of Alexander Copley:—

> 36 bushels of wheat at 60 cents, 21.60; one barrel of salt, $2.50; expenses $1.94, cash brought home, $1.82; the rest in sundries."

Further information along this line from "Pioneer Pictures" by Alexander B. Copley may also be of interest:—

> This year (1834) was the first opening up of trade and business between the prairie and Paw Paw. The next year, the winter of 1835 I accompanied my father on a trip to St. Joseph, with a load of oats to be exchanged for salt. The oats sold for 37½ cents a bushel and the salt cost $2.62½ per barrel. We accomplished the round trip in six days.

How true were the words of Will Carleton that "Neighborhoods meant counties in those days," may be seen from the fact that a Frenchman (the John B. Rulo mentioned above), who lived in the township of Bainbridge, Berrien County, was the only settler between Paw Paw and St. Joseph. A log barn at Prospect Lake, and a log house with no roof a little farther west, were the only other evidences of attempts to settle the country. However, as soon as the snows of winter vanished (in the spring of 1835), the road which had been so desolate, became an artery of life and the on-rush of civilization in Van Buren county began.

The Copley Family

While the Copley family still lived at Nicholsville, the youngest son was born, in '34,—Napoleon Eugene. How did he happen to have two French names? Bringing in a little European history, it was only a few years earlier that Napoleon the Great had been defeated and exiled to St. Helena. Other members of his family were also exiled from France; and one of them, at least, his brother Joseph, had come to the United States, for many years a place of refuge for Europeans in trouble. He or some other member of the family had obtained considerable land in New York state. So it happened that in St. Lawrence county, New York, a lake was given the name, "Bonaparte," on whose shores stands a fine and spacious house known as the "Castle." Bonaparte Lake was only twenty-five or thirty miles from Champion; and no doubt, Alexander Copley knew of this lake, and possibly had even visited it. In 1834, the Bonapartes were again stirring in France, and Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the first emperor and destined later to become Emperor Napoleon III, made an unsuccessful effort to get control of the French Government. This may have aroused memories of the grand mansion on Bonaparte Lake and led Alexander and Esther to name their youngest son Napoleon. This does not explain the "Eugene"; but perhaps the parents thought it harmonized with the name, "Napoleon."

The youngest child in the family was born in '36—a girl, sandy-haired, blue-eyed Harriett Chestina. When she was a year old, the last move was made, this time to a farm a mile or more north of the village of Nicholsville. There they occupied the house which Alexander himself built, and which continued for many years to be the Copley home.

The Copley Homestead

The farm, consisting eventually of 273 acres, all in Cass county, was bounded on the North by the Van Buren county line and extended to a point nearly opposite the old Henry Morris home. The house, like the Morris home, was far back from the road. It was a half mile south and a half mile west of the Rosewarne corner, and the road leading to it left the "East Prairie Road" near the Elias Morris place.

The frame house in which they lived was built of lumber cut at the mill, and was sometimes known as the "Glass House", because it had so many sash windows filled with glass, —not common in those days in frontier Michigan. The trees planted about the new home grew and later led to giving the place the name, "Locust Grove." Inside the house was a big fireplace, with andirons and crane, and above them on the mantel-place was displayed some of the family pewter ware. A winding stair-case led to the second story.

In the early days, the house and yard were enclosed by a fence, and inside this fenced enclosure were five family graves, which many years later were removed by Bennett Copley to the Nicholsville cemetery at the time the Copley monument was erected.

This house was later restored by Ward Copley (A. B. Copley's second son), who made it his home for a time. According to the writer's memory, it was occupied in 1905 (and perhaps longer) by Cass Rosewarne. Still later it became the home of the Gale family from Illinois, and in the days of his young manhood, was the home of our well known and respected hardware merchant, Raymond Gale.

Here the Copley children, including our own Bennett, grew to young manhood and womanhood, and from here scattered to their homes.

It was no doubt during the early days of the Copley family's residence in the home just described, that Alexander Bennett wrote a letter to a cousin, in which he gave the following description:—

> The place where we now live is very near the centre of Little Prairie Ronde but for fear you might not know where that it, I will tell you the exact spot we live on and if you will take the pains to look on the Farmers Map of Michigan, you will find it just eighty rods east of the centre of section two in Volinia township, Cass county, Michigan. I am going to school this winter to a Mr. Smith. The schoolhouse is situated about a mile and a half off in a direction bearing a little east of south. It is fine sporting here, there is game of all sorts in abundance, small game in particular; rabbits and quails are not very plenty at present but if they continue to increase as fast as they have within a few years past, we shall soon have plenty. Squirrels are so numerous and bold that in the fall they run all over the prairie and are easily caught.

This sounds very much as if the location of the school that Bennett attended at that time was that of the present "Huycktown" School.

Alexander, the father, passed from this life on January 6, 1842, at the age of fifty-one years. It then devolved upon Bennett and his older brother, Almon, to care for the farm home and the family of five children.

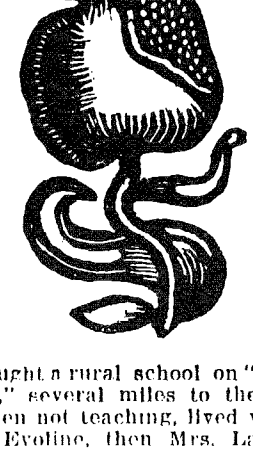
Settlement on Little Prairie Ronde

It was evident that in 1849 Bennett was contemplating marriage; for in that year a new house was built,—the one which Decatur residents have known for many years as the Copley farmhouse. It was located a little north and west of the "Locust Grove" home and faced the county line road. Only the low east wing of the house was built at that time. The upright was added a few years later.

It was to this home in 1850 that Bennett took his bride,—Jane Helen Hathaway, who was one of a family of pioneers that came to Michigan from Cayuga County, New York, in 1838. She was a sister of Benjamin Hathaway, who will be remembered as a forester, nurseryman, practical farmer, and a poet, the author of "The League of the Iroquois" and other poetical works, as well as a contributor to various periodicals along agricultural lines.

In the meantime, Mother Esther had also passed on. The daughter Evoline had married Levi Lawrence, one of the Lawrence family previously mentioned, and they lived in the big brick house a little way down the "East Prairie Road," a short distance north of the Huycktown corner, where three sons were born,—Linneus, Archie and Austin.

There were then left only the three youngest of the Copley family to divide the possessions and close the doors. One daughter, Euphemia, went to Oswego Normal School in New York to prepare for teaching. Harriett taught a rural school on "Young's Prairie," several miles to the South, and when not teaching, lived with her sister, Evoline, then Mrs. Lawrence.



Napoleon Copley

Something more should be said of Napoleon, whose adventurous spirit fitted his name. He left an interesting diary, now preserved in the Mich. Historical Collection of the University of Michigan. This diary mentions something of interest, among other matters,—namely, that he helped his brother Alexander Bennett build the shop (at the new farm home occupied by Bennett and Helen) in 1854.

The diary also recites with a flourish how Napoleon with three other young men, set off with a wagon and four horses in the fall of '56 for the country across the Mississippi to "turn new sod and found homes." They, like many others, must have been obeying the injunction of Horace Greely, "Go West, young man."

Settlers were then pouring into Kansas, partly to win that territory for slavery or for free labor, and partly because the western prairies offered an excellent opportunity to take up new land. Napoleon staked out claims in the new town of Emporia. Unfortunately, the high hopes and restless ambition of Napoleon were doomed to disappointment, as, somehow in that western country, he contracted tuberculosis. The journey of his sisters, Euphemia (or "Phim") and "Hattie" to Kansas, part of the way by canal and stage-coach to bring him home, is another story, but one which reveals their love and devotion to their brother. Napoleon's career was thus terminated in 1857, at the age of twenty-three years.

(Third Installment)

Napoleon Copley's Career Was Terminated in 1857 at the Age of 23.

The sisters Olivia and Flora also died young. Almon married Anne, the sister of Redmond Anderson. The couple located first in Missouri, and later in Paola, Kansas. They had a son LeGrand, whose grandson, Frank Copley, is now instructing in the Latin Department of the University of Michigan, and who is on the Board of the International Center maintained for the benefit of the University foreign students.

Prairie Neighbors

Now to go back to the year 1814, let us see how events shaped themselves in the East to bring another interesting family to Little Prairie Ronde. In that year a young widower in the little town of Newport, New Hampshire, Chalker Buell by name, took for his wife Sarah (Bascom) Noyes. Their family of six children consisted of Amos-Noyes; Sarah-Noyes; Emmons; Barber Grinnell; followed by two daughters, Eunice and Experience ("Spedie"). In 1829, when Barber Grinnell was six, the Buells moved to Oakfield, near Batavia, in western New York, thus crossing the trail of the Copley family. In 1854, Emmons and Barber bought in Little Prairie Ronde, Mich., a farm whose northern "40" cornered at Locust Grove, and whose northern and eastern boundaries were the Copley and the Lawrence farms. On the West lay the holdings of the Hathaway family, where Bennett had already found his wife, Helen.

At about that time, Little Prairie Ronde became a rather outstanding country community, with its moral and intellectual standards, in which plain living and high thinking were blended. The families who may perhaps be best remembered by some of our readers were the Copleys, the Lawrences, the Hathaways, the Morrises, the Rosewarnes, the Huycks, the Kerns and the Morlans. The Thorps of Nicholsville might also be mentioned, since Mrs. Charles (Amanda) Thorp will be remembered along with the Little Prairie ladies, and her sister, Catherine, or Kittie Richmond, who later became the wife of Benjamin Hathaway.

Enter the Buells

In this neighborhood the Buells took their place. The family consisted at that time of Emmons; his young wife, Hannah; his mother; his sister, Eunice; and Barber, a tall, slender bachelor of 31. It was in 1862 that Barber G. Buell, as he always signed himself, married Harriett Chestina Copley, and their home just across the fields from the Copley home, was the well known and loved "Greenwood."

Those were the days when the Little Prairie Ronde ladies, of whom Mrs. Buell was one, took their Chautauqua courses and received diplomas in them.

From the Buell family came Lincoln, for many years State Y. M. C. A. Secretary; Jennie, prominent for fifty years in the work of the State Grange; Bertha, who for many years held a professorship in History in the State Normal College at Ypsilanti; Harry, who has for many years been located in Spokane, Washington; Frank, who was especially popular with his circle of friends, and who passed on some years ago; and Flora, whose vocation was teaching, and whose phenomenal success as a teacher of the Lyle School still lingers in the memory of those who were her pupils in that district.

The Subject of Our Sketch

From this point, our interest centers in the life and career of Alexander Bennett Copley himself. He continued for a number of years to reside on the farm, about four miles south and east of Decatur, and his mail reached him through the Decatur post-office. On August 8, 1854, the son Eddie Bennett was born. The only other child of Bennett and Helen was Alexander Ward, born in 1868.

Bennett Copley was not a politician in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was something far greater; he was civic-minded and took the keenest interest in public affairs in his town, county and state. He filled various positions of public trust, the first of which seems to have been that of Supervisor of Volinia township.

The Civil War days must have held a challenge for Bennett Copley; for at that time he went about the state, delivering speeches regarding the bravery of Michigan soldiers, the purpose of which was, evidently, to acquaint the state of Michigan with what our Boys in Blue were doing to help preserve the Union.

In fact, his ability as a public speaker was early recognized as a strong factor in the success of his career. He made use of this ability in many good causes, not the least of which was the journeys he made up and down the state, speaking in the interest of Prohibition when the issue became a live one.

A Leading Legislator

He was first elected to the State Legislature as a Representative of Cass County, while Henry H. Crapo was Governor. He seems to have served continuously from 1866 to 1874; and it is recalled that he was also in the Legislature as late as 1881. An incident that occurred during the time he was in the Legislature, is recalled by his niece, Mrs. Lillian Eddy, now of Douglas, Michigan.

At that time, each member of the Legislature had the privilege of appointing two pupils, free of tuition, to the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, then the only Normal School in Michigan. Mrs. Eddy, who may be remembered as "Lillian Grimes" at that time, wrote her Uncle Bennett to see if he would appoint her as one of these pupils. He replied, however, that, while appointments were often made by members from any place in the state, he felt that it was intended that they should be made only from the member's district, and he never appointed any one out of his district. He sent her the name and address of the member from her district, to whom she wrote, receiving the appointment. She believed it quite likely that her uncle had helped her a little by writing the other member about her. This incident serves to show the straight-forward, conscientious type of man that Bennett Copley was.

Becomes a Banker

In the year 1870 a new field of activity opened for Mr. Copley, which had a definite bearing upon his later years. It was in the business world, and meant that Bennett Copley became a banker. He was from then on connected with what later became the First State Bank of Decatur, and he was the first of four generations of the Copley family to direct the affairs of that bank. A. B. Copley became the first president of the bank; his son E. D. (Eddie) Copley, succeeded him; followed by his son, E. E. Copley (Earl), its present president; while Earl's son, Allan B. Copley, had attained the rank of Vice-President when he stepped out to enter the service of his country, which has taken him to the islands of the South Pacific.

In Rowland's "History of Van Buren County," Volume I, pages 348-9, the following paragraph gives us the beginning of the bank's history:—

> "On the 15th day of October of that year (1870) the First National Bank of Decatur was chartered with a capital of $75,000 which was afterward reduced to $50,000. The first Board of Directors was composed of Charles Duncombe, Charles W. Fish, Alexander B. Copley, Levi B. Lawrence, E. Parker Hill, Q. S. Abbott and H. S. Hathaway. Mr. Copley was chosen President and Mr. Hill, cash-

ier. This bank was afterward reorganized under the general banking law of Michigan and has since been a state institution. The present officers are as follows: Pres. E. B. Copley; Vice-Pres. Arthur W. Haydon; Cashier, L. Dana Hill."

Active in State Affairs

In 1871, Mr. Copley's conscientious nature began to feel the pressure of public affairs. In the early part of that year, he received a letter from R. C. Kedzie, Professor of Chemistry at the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing, concerning a matter in connection with the expansion of that department. The need was urgent, for the laboratory would accommodate only sixteen students, while almost forty were expected for the fall term. This was a problem to present to the State Legislature. During the same term, the question arose as to

tur swamps and the old swamp roads, to improve their condition. Mr. Copley was the leader in getting legislation passed to drain the big swamp.

With this increasing activity in public life, Mr. Copley began to turn over more and more responsibility for the farm to his elder son, Eddie. Eddie's marriage occurred in 1873, and at that time, Mr. Copley, with his wife and younger son, Ward, moved to Decatur, and Eddie was given the management of the farm, which he then rented from his father. While Mr. Copley had formerly represented Cass County in the Legislature, he was now elected on the Republican ticket as Representative of Van Buren County.

In the correspondence of 1874, an announcement appears of "Our first annual meeting of the Pioneers of Cass county, and Mr. Copley received notice that he would probably be asked to speak at that meeting.

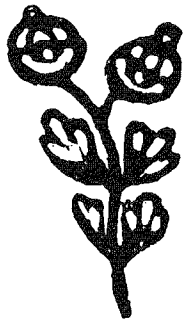
One of the most important of his duties during his last term as Representative for Van Buren County, was to participate in the choice of a United States Senator to succeed Zachariah Chandler, whose death had just occurred. Honorable Henry P. Baldwin was elected for the unexpired term, ending March 4, 1881. His successor, the Honorable O. D. Conger, was elected for six years, commencing March 4, 1881.

The committees upon which he served during this last term perhaps show his interest in both Agriculture and Welfare work—i. e., on the Standing Committee for Agriculture and the Committee for what was then called the "Reform School for Girls," now known as the "Girls' Training School" at Adrian.

Bank Changed From National To State

In 1889 or 1890, Mrs. Copley's health began to fail. Mr. Copley left no stone unturned in the way of providing medical attention and showing any kindnesses he could offer that might bring her relief or comfort.

In 1890, the bank's twenty-year charter expired; and it was typical of A. B. Copley's conscientious devotion to the best interests of the public of Decatur and Van Buren County, that he



favored a change from a National to a State Bank, feeling that the latter would serve a rural community better, since a State Bank's charter permitted more loans to be made on real estate.

It is recalled by members of the family that, on the day the change was made in the charter and the bank became the First State Bank of Decatur, Mrs. Copley lay at the point of death, and did finally pass away; and Mr. Copley himself went back and forth between the home and the bank all the afternoon. No doubt, his hands and his heart were full that day. So on September 20, 1890, at the age of sixty-three years and eight months, Jane Helen Copley was taken to her Heavenly home.

A few years later, Mr. Copley married Mrs. Emma Pritchard, who was a younger sister of Helen, his first wife.

(Fourth and last Installment.)

Rest. Periods

Mr. Copley was accustomed to spend a portion of his summers at his cottage in Bay View, Michigan, and he continued this custom with the second Mrs. Copley. The writer has pleasant memories of the summer of which she spent a few weeks with her aunt and uncle at the Banner cottage, which was located on the topmost of Bay View's terrace, overlooking the green trees interspersed with cottages, and commanding a magnificent view of the Bay below. This was the summer of 1898 and was Mr. Copley's last summer on earth.

There is a variation in the recollection of different relatives, as to the period of time over which Mr. Copley and his wife spent their winters in Florida. One relative recalls that he bought a winter home somewhere in Florida and spent his winters there with the first Mrs. Copley. Another relative recalls that it was between the passing of the first Mrs. Copley and his second marriage, that he spent the winters in Florida, as Mrs. Emma Copley was so devoted to her club work at home that she preferred to spend the winters in Decatur.

A Public Speaker

Referring again to the subject of Mr. Copley's activities as a public speaker, there are still some of us who can well remember him as he appeared before audiences on various occasions. In this connection, his interest in education generally, and in the schools, particularly the Decatur school, was outstanding. He was sometimes called upon to act as a judge at high school debates.

It is unfortunate that more of his speeches were not preserved in writing. His last public speech of which a record was taken, was one given in 1895 at a school rally. It deserves a place in the History of Education and is worth quoting here, as nearly as can be gleaned from the record:—

"Of the time referred to, there were no schools in Michigan as we term them now. The mission school at Niles, a few at Detroit and the adjacent river settlements near, were all that could be termed such in name even . . . and as early as 1785, in laws regulating the settlement of the west they dedicated, and set apart for the support of schools every 36th section of land. Section 16 of every township is known as school lands.

In 1787 the ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory (consisting of all that region west of the Alleghanies, north of the Ohio, east of the Mississippi and south of the Great Lakes) gave the reason for the liberal bequest as follows: 'Religion, Morality and Knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.' How well posterity has kept the trust imposed on it sacred, let the continued interest and improvement of 108 years attest.

In 1826 the general government gave 2 townships of land for a university. In 1817, the territorial government and legislative Council passed an act to institute a university. In 1827 the Council passed an act requiring every township containing 50 inhabitants to have a school master to teach reading, writing and arithmetic and English and French languages as well as decent behavior (which might with propriety still be maintained with advantage) 6 months in the year under a penalty of 50 to 150 dollar assessed tax subject to the supervision of the supervisor of the township. Any township might annul its provisions however by a two-thirds vote. This was the law until 1833 when something like the present system commenced by having schools under the supervision of 3 commissioners and 10 inspectors. . . .

This part of Michigan was thus originally settled—Van Buren Co. first by Dolphin Morris, March 26, 1829. I mention this as in his log cabin the first school was taught in Van Buren Co., commencing in January 1835. . . . This school was taught by William Alexander, a Virginian who was visiting his relative Le Grand Anderson for the winter and was persuaded to teach. . . . In 1831 the population of Michigan territory (comprising Mich. and Wis.) was about 32,000. . . . In 1834 the population had increased to 87,000. . . . Ste-

vens T. Mason was chosen first governor of the new state and Crary elected to Congress who was consulted by the Governor and recommended Mr. Pierce for Sup., who was appointed July 26, 1836.

Mr. Copley's continuing respect for education was illustrated by his life-long interest in the Decatur Alumni Association.

He was very fond of children, and it was his custom for years to give a Christmas party for the children in the family. Some of those occasions are still recalled with great pleasure on the part of those members of the family who were present.

His influence upon the children and young people of his day is no doubt greater than can be measured. The writer well remembers a call at the First State Bank sometime in her younger years, when a pile of coins of small denominations was placed before her at the window by the President, A. B. Copley, her uncle. She could not see at that time why she should count that money herself, but Mr. Copley insisted upon it, thus giving his young niece a lesson in business accuracy that she never forgot.

Church Affiliation

In the "80's", Mr. Copley's interest in the Little Prairie Ronde Sunday School still continued. He came to visit it from time to time, and on such occasions, usually gave a talk to the Sunday School, and he always had something interesting and inspiring to present.

In religion, Mr. Copley was a Swedenborgian, or New Church-man. His church was the Church of the New Jerusalem in Detroit, which was then located at the corner of Cass Avenue and High Street. This was also the church of the first Mrs. Copley. The younger son, Ward, who was at one time a member of the State Legislature from Detroit, sometimes attended the church, in memory of his father's interest in it. The present church, now given the name, "Church of the Holy City," is located on Forest Avenue, about a block from the First Congregational Church, near the corner of John R. Street.

Meets Death In Cuba

Mr. Copley's last visit to the South was to Havana, Cuba, in the winter of 1899. He and his wife were riding in a carriage, the driver of which rode in a box in front. Suddenly Mrs. Copley felt a jolt and became aware that Mr. Copley had fallen out of the carriage. With great difficulty, she finally attracted the attention of the driver and they returned to the spot where he lay. He was carried into a drug store, where an attempt was made to revive him; but he died in a few minutes, without regaining consciousness.

Bringing her husband home from a foreign land in a casket was a serious ordeal for Mrs. Copley, but it was accomplished. His last rites were held in the Decatur home, with a minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem officiating, who, as nearly as relatives can recall, was Reverend Henry Mercer, who was then preaching in Chicago. His text was, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." All that was mortal of Bennett Copley was laid to rest in the Rose Hill Cemetery at Nicholsville, scarcely half a mile from the site of the first home to which he came as a pioneer from New York State.

In bringing to a close the life story of one who wrought so faithfully and well for his own and for future generations, it would seem fitting to quote the following lines from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," in which we can well believe there is a lesson for us all:—

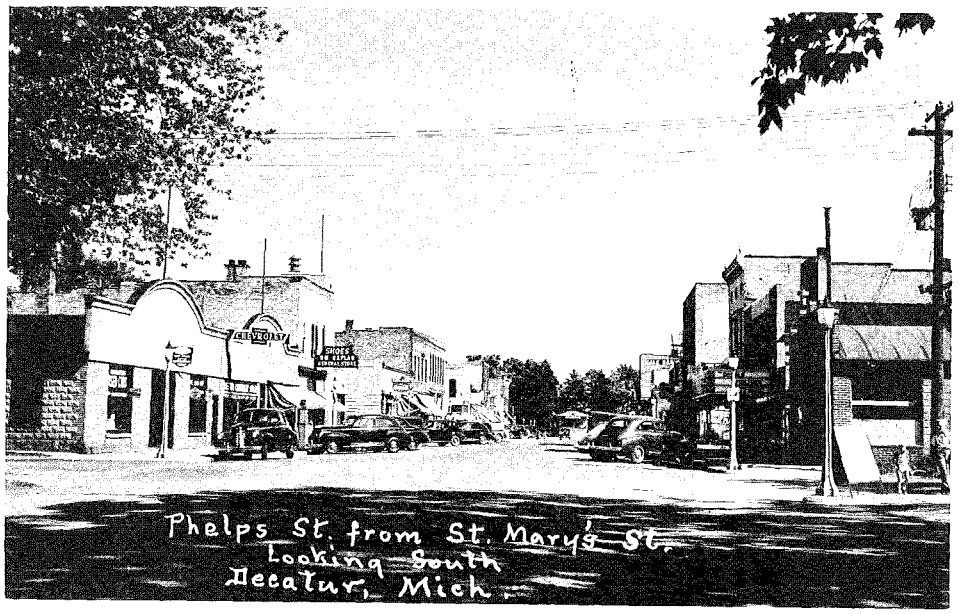
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecker brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The Sahara desert has an area of more than 2,000,000 square miles.

Only 17 per cent of American men reaching majority remain bachelors.



DECATUR'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Decatur had a glorious Fourth of July celebration in 1876. Hon. J. C. Burrows was the orator of the day, and Hon. A. B. Copley delivered an historical address covering Michigan and the township and village of Decatur.

An effort is being made to make Michigan young people more familiar with the history of their state. It is commonly known that during the war, when the boys of the United States were located in distant places, one could ask a Texan something about his home state and learn its history, but the boys of other states knew but little about theirs. This was particularly true of Michigan boys, they knew but little about Michigan.

To help inform them the Republican will from time to time publish some interesting facts of Michigan history.

Following is the speech of Hon. A. B. Copley of Decatur delivered on the Fourth of July, 1876. It will be published in sections as there is available space: :

Address by Hon. A. B. Copley at the Fourth of July, 1876, Celebration in Decatur.

Two hundred and one years ago last May, in the year 1675, had any person been standing on the bluffs that line the northwestern boundary of Van Buren county, formed by Lake Michigan, they would have seen a novel sight for that period. A fragile birch bark canoe, propelled by two white men, a third reclining on a rude bed formed of blankets and skins, an invalid you would say at a glance at his wasted form and emaciated features, though you did not hear the racking cough and short, nervous breathing that marked him as a victim in the last stages of consumption; yet the lustre of his eyes, the intellectual brow, would have proclaimed him as the leader of that little band. The curling smoke of their camp-fire at night on the banks of Black river, was the first that ever ascended from a fire lighted by a white man within the confines of Van Buren county, of which we have any record. Father James Marquette—for he it was who led the little party — had founded Mackinaw in 1669, in furtherance of the ambitious designs of Louis XIV, of France, who sought to extend the power of that Kingdom throughout the hitherto unexplored region of the Northwestern country.

In 1673, Marquette and Joliet left Mackinaw with five men, founded a station at Green Bay, ascended Fox River, crossed the portage to the headwaters of the Wisconsin, followed that stream to the Mississippi, which they reached June 17th, 1673, following that noble stream to the mouth of the Arkansas, they retraced their route, ascended the Illinois, established friendly relations with the Indian tribes of that region, taught them the simple elements of Christianity, and left them only by promising a speedy return.

Following the Illinois to its source, they crossed the DesPlaines, descended that stream to its mouth, where the city of Chicago now stands, thence to Mackinaw by the western coast of the lake. In 1674, being sick at the time, Father Marquette started with two companions to visit the Illinois Indians, as promised—this trip going by way of Green Bay, to its head, thence across the portage back to Lake Michigan, following the western shore to the Chicago river; built a hut and wintered there, and early in the spring paid a short visit to the Indians, but becoming worse, he turned back again to the head of the lake and started for Mackinaw by the eastern shore of the lake, and on what proved his dying trip, made the first visit of any white man to our county. About ten days later he died on the banks of the river which bears his name, near Ludington, this state.

Four years later that indefatigable explorer, Chevalier LaSalle, built the Griffin, the first vessel on the lakes, at the outlet of Lake Erie, in which he reached Green Bay, started the Griffin back with a costly load of furs, and with fourteen men reached the Miami (St. Joseph River, called Miami by the tribe of Indians living there then) by way of the western shore. Nov. 1st, built a fort 40x80 feet, surrounded by palisades, spending a month in exploring the country, being reinforced by his lieutenant, Tonti, with nineteen men from Mackinaw. The Griffin was never more heard from and probably foundered on Lake Huron. There is not much doubt that Lieutenant Tonti landed on our borders, or that LaSalle's exploring parties passed up the Paw Paw river and examined the country. LaSalle's fort was vacated shortly after; still trading posts were started and maintained at St. Joseph, also at a place one mile above Niles, which were kept up with varying success until 1763, when they both fell under the conspiracy of the noted chieftain, Pontiac. The Indians holding the country at the time of the first visit of the white men were the Miamis, hence the name of the river and fort. About 1720 the Pottawatamies were displaced by the Menominees from the country around Green Bay, and they in turn drove the Miamis south and held the country in this portion of Michigan until the present white settlers took possession —so that we are no more carpet-baggers than the Pottawatamies before

In 1775 a trader by the name of Burnett started a trading post at St. Joseph, and a son of his kept it when the present settlers came. Fort Wayne, in Indiana, was established by the General who bore that name, in 1795, and was the advance station in the northwest to protect the white settlers. In 1820 Isaac McCoy, a Baptist missionary, started a school at that place, but his adventurous spirit was not satisfied and he made application to Gov. Cass in 1821 for permission to establish mission stations among the Indians in Michigan territory, and through the influence of Col. Trimble, of Ohio, and Ottawa and Pottawatomie each granted a mile square of land on condition that the Government would maintain a school and blacksmith shop thereon. In 1822 the agent for the Government, Chas. C. Trowbridge, selected for the Ottawa station the present site of the city of Grand Rapids, and for the Pottawatomie Station, the country on the St. Joseph river opposite the city of Niles. The boldness of the enterprise will be more fully comprehended when we recollect that it was barely ten years from the Chicago massacre, the battle of Tippecanoe and the disastrous defeat of our army at Brownstown. It was the first advance movement of emigration since the Indian war of Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet. The richness of the St. Joseph Valley tempted the daring pioneer, and the mission station formed the nucleus of the first real settlement of the State of Michigan outside of the French settlements that fringed the eastern border.

In 1825 the Chicago road was laid out and built as a military measure, leading from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, Chicago, by the U. S. Government at an expense of $250,000. The Erie Canal had just been completed, steamboat navigation had been successfully inaugurated on the great lakes, and the descendants of the Puritans and followers of Hendric Hudson, came hand in hand by aid of these improved facilities for migration. Landing at Detroit, they divided, one party following the Chicago road, peopled the southern tier of counties, the other stream went directly west on the line of the Territorial road, established about the year 1834, and settled the second tier of counties—but when they reached the counties of St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo and Van Buren, they found themselves preceded by the adventurous Daniel Boone and his coadjutors, who having crossed the Cumberland and Alleghany mountains, had spread themselves over Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and following in the track of Gen. Wayne, this advance army of civilization had established their pickets in these counties, picking out the choicest portions of the country. All honor to these daring spirits whose habits and disposition were such that they waited not for canals, steamboats or roads, saw-mills, gristmills or stores, hardly for the extinguishment of the Indian title, but came with their teams, stock and implements, with their wives and little ones, camping out by the wayside—no base of supplies to fall back on, their resources the forests around them—exchanging the comforts of civilized life for the privations of the wilderness; the security of towns and villages for the dangers of ravenous beasts of prey, venomous reptiles and the deadly miasma incident to the opening up of a new country. In-

stead of friends and neighbors, their companions were the descendants of the followers of Pontiac, the warriors of Tecumseh, whose heir-looms were perchance, the scalp locks of their ancestors. All honor again to these brave men and women who cut roads, built bridges, and spent weary days in toilsome marches to lay the foundations of our present prosperity.

"I'm going home to mother," sobbed the young wife. "I don't want to see you again."

"You're too late," replied the husband. "Yesterday your mother went home to your grandmother."

Forty-seven years ago (1829) an Indian hunter on his way on the Grand River trail from the Mission at the Rapids to Cary Mission, near Niles, might have been seen traveling leisurely along the banks of Swift's Lake, in this township, passing through the Indian corn fields on its southwestern border, the old stalks of the previous year's growth yet standing. As he came in sight of Little Prairie Ronde on the hill, the site of the old house on the Rosewarne farm, he was startled by the distant sound of an axe. He paused, Indian like, to look and listen. The beautiful prairie stretched out before him to the southwest three miles in length, carpeted with its bluish-green grass, here and there dotted with flowers; occasionally dark green spots crowned with pale white flowers marked the red-root shrub (better known as the Indian tea-plant). The blue smoke curled lazily upward that bright summer morning about one and a half miles distant west of south; but that was not an unusual sight, for it rose from the wigwams of his chief, Weesaw, located near the pond on the Buell farm, in Cass county. As he stopped his quick ear detected the sound of cow bells in the distance, larger than those that located the feeding ground of Indian ponies. Glancing nervously around, his sharp eye missed an apple tree, the pioneer tree of the county, had been dug up and removed. The apple from which it sprang had been brought from the Mission orchard at St. Joseph in his shot pouch as a rare treat for a favorite papoose, and his squaw had planted it by the big trail, where they would often see it, and their descendants partake of its fruit as enjoined by the good Father at the Mission. A French fur-trader was not an unusual occurrence; but the settler's cabin, his truck patch and little field of sod corn (i. e., seed dropped in every third furrow and let alone) the cowbells of his stock feeding on the rich native grass of the prairie, all marked a new departure, and it is no wonder that the hunter turned aside to have a closer view of this first innovation of his rights on the soil of Van Buren county.

This cabin was located near the centre of the southeast quarter of section 35, and no one familiar with the history of Van Buren county, need be told was the home of Dolphin Morris, the pioneer settler of Decatur township and Van Buren county. November 3, 1828, Mr. Morris with his family, left Deer Creek, Scotia county, Ohio, arriving at the residence of Joseph Gardner, Pokagon township, Cass county, where they wintered. During the winter he visited Little Prairie Ronde, and in the spring, in company with his father, H. D. Swift and Jacob Morlan, arrived at the Prairie on the evening of March 26, 1829, camped out at the outlet of Finch Lake, near Nicholsville, and on the 27th commenced cutting logs for a cabin, which work was suspended in a few days, by a heavy fall of snow, he in the meantime returning to Pokagon, bringing his family to their new home during the first week of April. Jacob Morlan built a shanty for temporary occupation until he built his own cabin in Volinia township.

H. D. Swift, father of A. B. Swift, of Decatur, worked for Mr. Morris, but did not bring his family or establish a claim at once. For two years nearly, Mr. Morris was the only settler in this county. His rude cabin not only sheltered the first white family resident in this now prosperous county, but under its roof the first school was taught by Wm. Alexander in the winter of '34-'35, a Virginian, a relative of LeGrande Anderson. Here was born the first white child in the county—Lewis Creighton Morris, Aug. 4, 1830, and here the little fellow left for his angel home, the pioneer of his race, Dec. 20, of the same year. Here was born May 11, 1832, Elias Morris, the oldest living white person in the county. Here it was that Daniel Alexander and Margaret Tittle (Peggy she was called then), the second married couple in the county, spent their honeymoon, or at least set up housekeeping. A building that served to shelter the first family, was the first hotel, church, school house, where the first birth and death occurred, where the first domestic altar in the county was set up, deserves more than a passing tribute, and its site should be marked as a reminder of our early history. In the fall of 1832 there were 16 80-acre lots sold to that time in Decatur township, 4 in Waverly, to R. Sherwood; 5 in Paw Paw, 1 to John S. Agard, 1 to S. Barber, 1 to P. Barber and 2 to Peter Gremps. Dolphin Morris, Samuel Morris, his brother, LeGrand Anderson, H. D. Swift, David Curry and George Tittle, were the only settlers in Decatur. A Mr. Van Dozen was the only settler in Porter, on what is now known as the Gibson farm.

The first marriage in the county was Elijah Goble to Miss Eliza Tittle, September 28, 1833, by John Shaw. In 1831 seed corn failed,and John Tittle, a boy of 15, and a Mr. Kirkendall, working for Mr. Morris, went to Fort Defiance, on the Maumee River, a distance of 100 miles, and got two bushels of seed corn, which the settlers turned out and planted on Sunday, being most of the corn raised that year in the settlement. In 1832 the Black Hawk or Soc war occurred, and though no one was hurt, or likely to be (as the Indians did not reach Chicago by at least 100 miles), yet every man was ordered out, and though telegraphs were not in use then, rumors were plenty, and visions of tomahawks, scalping knives and burning dwellings were not favorable to sleep.

About this time Dolphin Morris went to a mill near Niles; a severe snow storm came on, which, with the state of the roads, prolonged his absence 14 days, and then only with the fore wheels of his wagon, his team and a bag of flour. On the night of the 20th of June, 1835, a severe frost occurred, destroying most of the vegetables, corn and wheat unprotected by the vicinity of small lakes. In the fall of 1834 a railroad survey was made from Detroit to St. Joseph by Lieut. Berrien, of the United States engineer corps. This survey passed within a mile of Decatur to the east, entering the swamp from the east just south of the VanHise farm. The Territorial Road was laid out and partially completed the same year. An actual trip to St. Joseph with wheat from Little Prairie Ronde in the autumn of 1834 occupied seven days, as follows: 1st day to Paw Paw. Mr. Dodge had just put up a small house for a tavern, and the saw mill was in operation; 2nd day, to Emerson or Freeman, Christie's Lake; 3rd day, half way from there to St. Joseph; 4th day, reached the river and crossed; 5th day, load sold and back 10 miles to John B. Rulo's, a Frenchman living in the township of Bainbridge, about two miles northeast of Millburg, the only inhabitant of that time between Paw Paw and St. Joseph; the 6th day, back to Paw Paw, and the 7th home.

The spring of 1835 brought the first permanent settlers to Hamilton and Keeler—Sabina Stearns in the first named and Tobias Byers in the last named township, being the advance guard of the eastern hordes which spread over the entire county within the two following years. The earliest settler aside from those mentioned being Judge Monroe, at South Haven, in 1834.

Civil Government

April 12, 1827, all territory west of Lenawee county on lands to which the Indian title had been obtained by the treaty of Gen. Cass in 1820, at Chicago, were organized in one township called St. Joseph, and an election held at Timothy Smith's, who was supposed to live on White Pigeon Prairie, as the Lenawee records have since burned. Nov. 5, 1829, Cass county was organized in 4 townships, Pokagon, LaGrange, Ontwa and Penn. Van Buren county called one township Lafayette and attached to Penn and an election ordered for the last named township at Martin Shields in Penn township, sec. 20. It seems that no election was held until 1831, which was the first election in which citizens of Van Buren county participated. It may not be inappropriate to mention here that Ira Nash, a merchant of 20 years standing in this village, and one of the Directors who located and built the present Swamp Road to Lt. Prairie Ronde, was elected township Clerk at this first election, a position which he held for 11 consecutive years, during

8 of which he held the office of Justice of the Peace.

In 1832 Henry D. Swift was School Inspector at the Penn election, being the pioneer officeholder in Van Buren county. It is shrewdly surmised that there are a few persons yet in the county willing to follow his footsteps and sacrifice themselves for the public good. In 1833, Volinia township was organized and Van Buren county attached to it for judicial purposes. In 1834 a road district was formed consisting of the north half of Volinia, Decatur and Paw Paw townships. LeGrand Anderson, Overseer, and the whole settlement performed their road work on a swamp crossing a short distance west of Lawton, Job Davis, Hinkley and Agard from Paw Paw, Samuel Rich and Brookfield Gard, from near the Warner School House in Volinia, and all settlers intervening, working.

The first power exercised by Van Buren county, politically, of any importance, was in 1835; James O'Dell and Thomas Burk were elected representatives from Cass county, and received certificates as such; but when the returns came from Van Buren county it was found that Joseph Smith was elected over Burk. Armed with the returns, Smith went to Detroit and secured the position. In 1836 the records of Cass county show that at the October session Peter Gremps represented Lafayette township on the Board of Supervisors and that Edward Shults was collector (as the treasurers were then termed) for the same township. No other mention is made on the record in regard to Lafayette township. In 1837 the county was organized in seven townships—Decatur and Porter one, called Decatur. In '44, the last election while the townships of Decatur and Porter were united, there were 70 votes cast, S. Kinney being elected Supervisor. In 1845 Decatur township commenced her official existence alone, the elections being held in a log school house near the Greenman farm; Lyman Sanford was chosen Supervisor, 16 votes being cast. Sanford was chosen Supervisor in '46, 23 votes; '47, 23 votes; '48, 14 votes; '49, 40 votes. In 1850 A. N. Lefevre, 50 votes—the meeting probably held in the passenger house, as the bridge was done, and May 8th of the same year an election for delegates to constitutional convention was held there.

Village of Decatur

Previous to the building of the Michigan Central Railroad, there were no settlements near. As early as 1834 the site of the village was well known to the hunters of that time and used as a favorite camping ground. A lovely place in the state of nature almost surrounded by swamps, a beautiful level plain with but little timber and scarcely any underbrush, the annual fires recurring every spring destroying the shrubbery growth of the preceding year; beautiful flowers of varying hue from early spring to autumn, with occasional bunches of tall prairie grass intermixed, rendered it a welcome spot to the tired hunter, especially after one or more miles of tramping through the Big Swamp. In the fall of the year, during the running season, it was no uncommon occurrence for a party of from five to ten of Wayne or Volinia hunters to spend a week camping out on the hard land nearest Pickerel Lake, more famous 40 years ago for its fine fishing than now, hunting and fishing, with no other outfit than their fish lines, rifles, blankets, a dog or two for wounded deer, a loaf of bread, a lump of salt and several gallons of whiskey.

In 1847 a change came over Decatur. The M. C. R. R., owned by the State and built as far as Kalamazoo, was sold to the present company in 1846. Various surveys were made and the road located as at present. Grading was commenced in '47 and during '48 the depot buildings were erected, the iron laid and passenger trains which reached Lawton in the fall of '47, ran to Niles about October 1st, '48. An excursion train from Detroit to Niles celebrated the opening of the road to that place, October 2d. C. S. Tucker kept a boarding shanty a short distance south of the passenger depot, and in '49 kept boarders in a small building erected for an office by Beers and Sherwood, village proprietors, on the site of the Duncombe House. A. H. Dixon, Goss & Dixon, and T. E. Phelps were the earliest merchants, in the order named, being here in '49. Hiram Lee is, perhaps, the oldest settler here resident, having bought the first village lot in '48, previous to the laying out of the village in '49, designated as the third lot west of the Public Square, on the Railroad side, being the lot next to the livery barn. Still it was a town without a country. From east to west it was environed by an impassable swamp, and the Railroad Company and village-owners both knew that a road southeast across the swamp was an absolute necessity for the success of the town.

A road meeting was held Nov. 2, 1848, near the residence of Jacob Charles, at the school house mentioned as the place of holding the town meetings, to determine the site of the road. Two routes had been surveyed, one just east of Pickerel Lake, and the other nearly east, leaving the swamp at Mr. Charles' place. The lower route was chosen, and the road built of split puncheons 8 to 10 feet long, laid on pole stringers, except perhaps one-fifth of the distance, which had plank instead of split timbers, a saw mill having been erected by Beers & Sherwood just west of the village. This road had turnouts at intervals, it being but a single track and was rough and tedious passing over it. The road was completed so that teams crossed Saturday, November 3, '49, and was the connecting link that bound the townships together, as prominent citizens had seriously contemplated a change of boundaries, making the swamp a dividing line.

This first road was built under the supervision of A. N. Lefever, agent for Beers & Sherwood, at a cost of $2,000, the Railroad Company giving $500 and the citizens $300, L. Sanford acting as trustee for them. Miss Hathaway (Mrs. Copley now) came by boat and rail from Chicago, Nov. 6, '49, to Decatur, Mr. Godard, station agent, taking her home with horse and wagon, and she was probably the first passenger leaving for the south side of the swamp.

In 1855, the first road having become much worn, to project for a new one was instituted. Subscription papers were circulated and $1,000 was pledged from each side of the swamp from private means; the present route selected west of the lake and the road built under the supervision of three directors from each side of the swamp—Geo. Bennett, T. E. Phelps and Ira Nash from Decatur, and Abram Vought, Hubbel Warner and A. B. Copley from the south side, the township of Decatur building the bridge over the Dowagiac river. In 1865 the Legislature passed a special act authorizing the townships of Decatur and Volinia to raise by tax, for the improvement of the Decatur and Little Prairie Ronde road, a sum not exceeding one-half of one per cent on the previous year's valuation. Under this act $1,370 were voted in Volinia and $2,487 in Decatur.

The present road and the one it was substituted for, as near as can now be estimated, cost $15,000. In Decatur township there have been raised by tax for road purposes $18,056, besides $6,172 from other sources, making a total of $24,228 besides the regular labor assessments, a sum far in excess of any adjacent township. After the completion of the road across the swamp the village grew rapidly, its trade extending to Lake Michigan on the northwest and Inland 12 to 15 miles. The village was incorporated by the Board of Supervisors in '59 and by special act of the Legislature in '61, in which was this curious provision, deserving of mention at least: "The President and Trustees shall receive no compensation, but may once in each year provide for themselves and fellow officers a dinner or supper at the expense of the village." The officers never have taken advantage of this generous offer, but worked without pay and boarded themselves.

The first President of the village was E. Parker Hill; the first Recorder, Orrin S. Welch. The citizens of Decatur village and township, notwithstanding the great expense incurred in grading and graveling the beautiful streets of the village and building the splendid road across the swamp and other roads in the township, thereby providing for their financial interests, have not neglected their intellectual wants.

In 1862, School District No. 4 was organized as a graded school, and June 17 (the anniversary of Bunker Hill) 1863, ground was broken and the main building finished during the summer of 1864, at a cost of $12,000—school commencing in September following. H. A. Northrup, Esq., now President of the village, was Director of the District at its reorganization and for 4 years following. There were raised and expended during 1862 to 1875 inclusive, a period of 14 years, for school purposes in that district $64,754, and in the township from '66 to '75—ten years, for all districts, $68,338. In 1870 a Town Hall was built in the village of Decatur, of

brick, costing over $11,000, an ornament to the village and a substantial evidence of the public spirit and liberality of the citizens of the township. Though our history does not reach back to the revolution, it includes revolutionary times. The State records do not show to what extent each township or county participated in the late civil war. A special township meeting was held Feb. 16, '64, to vote a $100 bounty to volunteers. 35 bonds were issued during the following 10 months. 113 persons voted, ten of whom said no bounty; a like bounty would scarce reveal their names today. Where all did well, it were wrong to make invidious comparisons. Enough remains to show that Decatur township and Van Buren county performed well their part. There was no draft in Decatur; her gallant volunteers were represented in Sickles' Brigade, at the east, and Douglas' at the west, and in almost every regiment of their own State, participating in nearly every battlefield from the firing on Sumpter to the capture of Jeff Davis, where Van Buren county soldiers won a coveted distinction.

In thousands of places over this broad land today historians are recounting the sacrifices, privations and hardships endured by ancestors from one to two hundred and fifty years ago; their struggles and progress and final triumph at last; and now they point with pride to their schools, colleges and other institutions of learning—to their mills, machine shops and manufactories in general; their canals, vessels, railroads, warehouses and other facilities of commerce, all evidences of their great progress in art, science, learning, agriculture, commerce and manufactories, monuments (and justly so) of the triumph of civilization over barbarism.

Van Buren county utters no word of disapproval, and would not pluck a single laurel from their brows, but would simply remind Plymouth Rock, with its history of 256 years, and other places of like age, that in progress and prosperity, she stands the peer of the proudest. Instead of tracing her great advance to the deeds of a long line of ancestors from one to two hundred years ago, she has the men and women in her own fruitful borders who in the forty-seven years from the first stroke of the pioneer's axe, have passed through all the toils, privations, struggles and hardships incident to the settlement of a new country, and today are enjoying the distinction of being the living witnesses of a march in civilization hitherto unparalleled in the history of the world's progress.

"OVER THE CREEK"

(This story was printed in the Decatur Republican April 15, 1872, known then as the Van Buren County Republican. E. A. Blackman was the editor. The story met with some criticism and a reply followed in the next issue, so look for the reply next week. The stories are taken from the scrapbook of Mrs. David Christie.)

"There is where there were two log shanties built by Indians for hunting camps; just the other side of the inlet to the Lake of the Woods." So said our informant, a lady.

She continued: There was no Decatur then, but a huckleberry swamp occupied the territory where now the village is located, when the old settlers of Hamilton came down to the Indian shanties to fish and hunt. In the spring of the year traps were set for the fish that came up from the St. Joseph river. These traps looked lake a crockery crate made of willows, and set near the mouth of the creek, while the fisherman rested nights in these rude shanties, frequently taking at different intervals the same night, a whole wagon box full of pickerel and bass and suckers.

Those were golden days for the lovers of sport and fresh fish, while now, the boys with spears and hook and line do well to catch a few pitiful perch and sunfish. The pickerel of the olden time with head resting on a tall boy's shoulder, while his tail dragged on the ground, made a meal for a large family, and there were no delicate appetites at that time with those who wielded the axe. The fishing and hunting were extras then thrown in between days work of more than ten hours each.

Caleb ———, then nicknamed "Kep" went down to the lake shore to shoot a deer, which he did at the first shot, and the poor deer fell bleeding, while "Kep" jumped astride of him to cut his throat, when the other hunters were astonished to see the wounded deer jumping with fearful strides toward the lake, and "Kep" on his back holding on for dear life, for there was no time then for reflection, nor for a "change of base," which would have been a frightful experiment among the brambles and logs. Fortunately, for "Kep", before reaching the lake the wounded deer became weakened and fell again beneath his uncouth burden.

Soon after, the now deserted old log tenement was built on the east side of the creek less than a mile from the present village of Decatur. The owner of this put in a conspicuous place his shingle bearing the interesting intelligence to the traveling public, in tar letters, that this was the "Halfway house." Half way from where to where, never was quite clear, for it was a long way to Prairie Ronde, the Egypt to which Van Buren County wended their way to buy corn, and the road, which never had scarcely a traveler, was as rough as the most up and down corduroy road that ever a Michigan Swamp boasted.

The "huckleberry patch" was only bounded by the inaccessible mudholes around the Lake of the Woods and Mud Lake, so the Hotel, alias the "Half way House" was not probably overburdened with travelers. When Decatur commenced building up, it was a very slow process, for there was almost no attraction to the place, until the Michigan Central Rail Road was surveyed through there. The construction of the depot building brought almost the first sounds of the saw and hammer, except the occasional buildings constructed one at a time in different interests in the scattered town.

The first hotel, on the same corner now occupied by the Duncombe House, kept the boarders who built the long Swamp road south of the village. This house, known then as the Barker House, kept the "O be Joyful" beverage, by the dozen barrels, and the work was done under its unnatural stimulus. From that time until the present, peace and happiness have been strangers to many an unfortunate household from that cause, and no other.

Since that starting point of the sale of intoxicating liquor in Decatur, six of the residents of the village, all men, who were heads of families, have come to violent deaths, all at different times, and all having their origin in the same traffic. All but one of these, met their untimely fate within five miles of that hotel, and three of them within a few rods. However worthless these lives might have been at the time, they owed their insignificance to the poisonous draught.

But we will go back to the condition of the swamp road in its first days, when it was so narrow that there were only two places in the whole length of miles where teams could pass each other. While the road was in that condition the water on each side of it, in some places, was three or four feet deep, and sometimes horses would become frightened and unmanageable and throw their loads over into the water and deep mud where the wagons could not be extricated. At these most dangerous points, the ground was too soft to keep the spiles firm and the pressure of teams on them made the water shake like the troubled pool of Bethesda.

It was in one of these places that one of the men above referred to came to his death by being crushed beneath a heavy load of lumber. In this connection we have only spoken of the few, comparatively, who were speedily taken from the scenes of the earth, under the immediate influence of that unfeeling tyrant, King Alcohol. We have no room or heart to mention the hundreds who have experienced years of suffering in their living graves from the same cause, or of the children whose sun of happiness has set in sorrow, in houses made desolate by this money making traffic. There are such within hearing sound of the church bells which every week call together christians who pray to God to bring peace on earth, while they themselves are scattering terror; and the rags of these very children make them unfit to appear in the Christian's Sabbath School. To such, and we hope for the honor of humanity there are few, the words "Our father" are a solemn mockery.

An agitated young man ran frantically down the ferry slip and leaped across the water, landing with a crash on the deck of the boat.

"Well," he said, as he picked himself up, "I made it."

"What's your hurry?" asked a deck hand. "This boat's comin' in."

"OVER THE CREEK"

CORRECTED AGAIN

(This story of early Decatur days was begun in the Republican of April 15, 1872. The first correction was in the issue of April 22, 1872, and the second correction printed here is from the Republican of April 29, 1872. It appears to be an argument between citizens of that early day. We can remember the one who signs "L. T. O." as L. T. Olds, but cannot recall anyone of that time whose initials were E. M. A. Perhaps some older resident of the community can name the person. This is the final chapter of the controversy.)

In which there is an attempt made to show the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee."

Mr. Editor, your correspondent L. T. O., who it seems helped make Decatur, and therefore knows all about its history, from the beginning, has made out a sad case of misrepresentation.

The points which he controverts, in the article entitled "Over the Creek," are very unimportant. For instance, about the first house; very likely the one mentioned at Foster's Corners was the first inhabited house, but the Indian shanties erected for the convenience of hunting and fishing near the Creek were there, notwithstanding his contradiction. According to his own statement, the Nesbitt house at Foster's Corners was built several years before L. T. O. came to Michigan, and about the shanties near the Creek, perhaps the writer of "Over the Creek" was as correctly informed as he was. We were neither of us there to see the Indians when they threw rude structures. So much of Decatur was built without L. T. O.'s immediate the bark and poles together for the supervision.

Twenty-three years ago, (1849), he says, Decatur had communication east by the Michigan Central R. R., and there was no huckleberry swamp within a mile of the place. If this story is a fabrication, L. T. O. is responsible. For proof of this we will refer the reader to an article containing the history of Decatur, published in the True Northerner, of May 18, 1871. At that time L. T. O. himself furnished the facts for that article to the writer of "Over the Creek." In this the writer says:

"No more than twenty-two years ago, the lawless hunter could sit on a hummock of wild grass, where Main street in Decatur, Michigan, now is, and shoot a deer almost any hour of the day, and without moving from his seat, pick a peck of huckleberries, and catch the fever and ague in less time than either of the others could be accomplished. It is no matter which way the wind might blow, his brow would be fanned by a breeze from some miasmatic swamp." Oh, the deer story is true; we are glad to get one truth out of so many errors.

Now about the "O be Joyful." The truthful L. T. O. told the writer all that was known, by her, of that very precious article sold at the Barker House. His identical words were: "They kept enough whiskey there all the time to swim in, and sold it to the workmen on the swamp road, and everybody else who wanted it." A few barrels too high, eh? That was the starting point he said of the liquor traffic in Decatur. Now he says that he "wishes he knew who the six were, that died such violent deaths." Go to the friends of the wretched men, who nearly all live now in Decatur, and they will tell you. Two of them were crushed under the wheels of the iron horse, one about three miles west of the village, and the other very near the village east. One of them was shot in the Downs' House, by Marshal Sweet, and one, who had been for several past days on an intoxicating revel, was burned alive in the Post Office building. Another who formed the appetite and kept it as long as he lived in Decatur, ran away to avoid the third arrest for selling to his neighbors, and committed suicide in a fit of delirium in a neighboring state.

The other L. T. O. says was not killed on the swamp road, but on another road, and that the water was not deep on the swamp road, and there were several places to turn out instead of two. These are none of them essential, but the road was used though, before there were more than two turn outs, and the water was as deep at times and places, as the writer mentioned.

The Morgan Abduction Case

By James Chamberlain

Fort Worth, Texas,
March 4, 1946

Dear Arba:

Perhaps you have wondered why you have not had a letter from me recently so a little explaining is in order.

We have had our place for sale for some time, but as we have tenants, we could not give immediate possession. The O. P. A. requires 90 days written notice in case of sale, before tenants are forced to give possession of their quarters, and as the prospective purchasers wanted immediate possession we could not close the deal.

We have wanted to sell for personal as well as business reasons and we lowered our price enough so that we found a buyer who would buy subject to O. P. A. regulations. As we did not sell the furniture with the place we will have to stay here until about May 1 by which time we will have to dispose of our furniture and get out ourselves.

We had planned on getting a house trailer, and as our son has a good Lincoln car, to go to Tucson, Ariz., as a possible location and if not pleased with that section to move on to other sites, but reading from the Tucson newspapers and Chamber of Commerce literature we changed our plans. Our son has just returned from a trip to Arkansas where he visited several localities in search of a healthful spot where he could buy a going business but results were unfruitful and our plans are again up in the air. The reason I have not written sooner is that I expected any moment to have something definite to write about our plans.

It is probable that we will be taking a trip north soon after the first of May. I will keep you informed in case of change of plans.

Morgan Abduction Case

You asked in the Republican for some reader to write about the Morgan abduction case, an incident which shows how great a fire a spark can kindle.

William Morgan, a broken Virginian, after a brief sojourn in various places, settled in Batavia, N. Y., about 50 miles from where my father was born and reared and it was from him that I obtained much of my information of this famous case.

Morgan was a mason by trade and claimed to be a Royal Arch Mason. In the summer of 1826 he was reported to be writing a book to expose the secrets of Freemasonry to be published by a local newspaper. This rumor made the Masons highly indignant, but the other citizens regarded it merely as a catchpenny scheme, and it is probable that if Morgan had not been abducted, it would have had little or no effect.

If the Masons had waited for the book to be published and then denied the published statements probably no damage would have been done, as Morgan's word would have carried no weight with the populace. Unluckily about this time several suits were filed against him for debt and bail was refused or disregarded.

Finally on August 11 he was taken to Canandaigua on a charge of theft, released and rearrested several times and then seized and never reappeared. The public connected the order with the abduction rather than the three men who were convicted of abducting Morgan and taking him to Fort Niagara, an unoccupied place at the mouth of Niagara River.

The evidence produced at the trial makes it seem probable that his abductors murdered Morgan and threw his body into Lake Ontario. A corpse was later found which Morgan's family claimed to be his, but as the body was badly decomposed it never was thoroughly established as that of Morgan, so the abductors could not be charged with murder. However they were convicted of abduction but received extremely light sentences.

Cheeseborough was one of the abductors, but I cannot recall the names of the other two.

The excitement over the abduction, fanned by the light sentences given the abductors, was turned into a fury by the publication of Morgan's book, "Freemasonry Exposed and Explained." Along with a dreary ritual for working the degrees, of no importance if true and its betrayal, a scandalous violation of good faith and included some passages which if true should have caused him to have made them public at once after initiation. Such an oath requiring a Mason to place his duty to a brother Mason above their oaths in court and bidding Masons to execute dire vengeance against any that should reveal lodge secrets.

Antimasonry became the important issue of the times. Candidates who refused to withdraw from the order were scratched and a large number of lodges had to give up their charters and dissolve. The feeling spread throughout the Union and before the storm blew over more than 3,000 lodges surrendered their charters.

In the campaign of 1828 the National Republican party dared not nominate anyone who belonged to the order. The leading Antimasons were William H. Seward, Millard Fillmore and Thurlow Weed, who all became prominent through their Antimasonic activities.

Weed, when questioned about the corpse whose identity was in dispute, was reputed to have replied, "It is a good enough Morgan till after the election," which became proverbial for an expression of political deceit.

The Antimasons flourished to such an extent that they formed the chief opposition to the Democratic party by joining hands with the National Republicans. This was a most singular fact since the National Republicans were distinctly as well as the Whigs and later the Republicans, the party of the upper classes which formed the strength of the Masons, again exemplifying that old adage, "Politics makes strange bed fellows."

My only explanation is that President Jackson was a Mason. The Antimasons movement gradually declined but retained enough strength to nominate Harrison over Clay in 1840.

Weed achieved prominence through his Antimasonic activities and for thirty years dominated the New York Whigs and Republicans.

Indians Had Burial Place near Paw Paw

It's Gone Now, Pe-Pe-Yah Cemetery, Where Many Brave Ones Slept.

(The Republican is indebted to Harvey Franz of Benton Harbor for the following story of Van Buren county Indians. It was printed in his home city paper in 1939, and follows very nicely the stories about Pe-Pe-Yah and his family published in the Republican during the past few weeks. Mr. Franz is well informed on the history of the American Indians, and especially on Michigan Indians. Our old friend Dana Smith is gone. He knew the early history of this part of Michigan as well as anyone living here, and his death is a severe loss to the County Historical Society. Attorney Carl Benton of Paw Paw and Lawton is a good local historian and the work of rediscovering events of the time of and before the coming of the white man will go on. There is much of interest yet to bring to light and the Republican welcomes all of the local history stories it can get.)

Paw Paw.—Three miles southwest of Paw Paw is a spot that once was a famous Indian burial ground. It's gone today, with nothing to indicate that here were interred some of the most notable of the Indian leaders and braves who roamed this section a century and more ago.

To Dana P. Smith, Paw Paw historian and something of an authority on Indian lore, the destruction of Pe-Pe-Yah Indian cemetery, for such it was, is a matter of keen regret. The old Indian burying ground occupied a knoll covered with hardwood trees and was surrounded by a Tamarack swamp. In the open spaces of these great trees the tribes buried their dead for years before the coming of white settlers.

How Dead Were Buried

The Indians, in the layout or rather the lack of layout in their cemeteries, made the graves without any special system or plan. Among the older Indians, however, it was customary to arrange the grave with the foot toward the rising sun, in accordance with the tradition that when the great spirit came to visit his Indian children, he would come from the rising sun.

It was possible to determine nearly the time of the year the burial took place by observing the pointing of the grave. If it pointed well toward the northeast, the burial was made in midsummer; if east, it was made in spring or fall; if southeast, it was winter.

It was in this old Pe-pe-yah burying ground under the majestic green trees, symbolic of renewed life of spring and covered with a carpet of dead leaves in the fall, that they expected to be left to rest undisturbed.

With the coming of the white settlers, with a soul only for the utilitarian and with a contempt for all things Indian, the sheltering trees of the cemetery were destroyed and finally as the crowning act of gross utilitarianism, the cemetery was plowed up.

Chief Buried in Canada

While it has long been known as the Pe-pe-yah Indian cemetery only one of that family was ever buried there. Chief Pe-pe-yah, himself, was buried in Canada. His son, Noninequa Pe-pe-yah, was buried here. He died while a young man shortly after his marriage. Chief Pe-pe-yah's squaw, it is believed, was buried near Rush Lake at Hartford. Nanequabe Pe-pe-yah is buried in the Cuddeback cemetery, also two of his sons are buried there. Old Ka-Ka-ack and his squaw rest with many others in the Indian cemetery.

Perhaps the most prominent of all Indians buried there was White Wolf, a medicine man and his squaw. They were the parents of the squaw of Chief Pe-pe-yah.

According to Mr. Smith, the story goes that an Indian was buried in the Pe-pe-yah cemetery by the name of Shavehead, who died on the south shore of Four Mile lake and whom the late David Woodman, grandfather of County Agricultural Agent John G. Woodman, recalled seeing carried past his cabin in a hollow log to be buried in the Indian cemetery.

Later, history relates, some men led by a prominent doctor in Paw Paw, made a night visit to the grave of shavehead, cut off his head, boiled off the flesh in the back yard of the doctor's home and put the skull on exhibition as a curiosity.

Many others of the tribe were buried on these hillsides facing the "setting sun." The world forgetting and the world forgotten, they are resting in the land of their fathers.

L. G. STEWART, DECATUR'S OLDEST CITIZEN, DIES

Lewis G. Stewart, Decatur's oldest citizen, died at 5:30 last Saturday evening, January 5, 1946. He was 96 years old the sixth of last October.

He had lived in the home of Mrs. Florence High at the southwesterly corner of Delaware and George streets for the past 14 months. It is the house in which he courted his wife, the beautiful and lovely Fannie Trowbridge, the home in which they were married, and their daughter Ethel was born. In fact all of these important events in his life, and his own death, occurred in the same room, which looked out upon Delaware street, the main thoroughfare of the village of Decatur.

Two weeks before the final summons Mr. Stewart began to show signs of breaking down and Dr. Greenman, who was called to see him, said the end would soon come. His daughter had left word that when this time arrived he should be taken to a hospital where he might receive the best care possible.

The next day he called Mrs. High to his bedside and said to her, "I'm going away, but I don't want you to take me to a hospital, I want to die right here in this room. Fannie and I were married in this room, right over there in that corner. Ethel was born here and her grandparents died here."

Mr. Stewart was given his wish and Mrs. High gave him as good care as he could have received in any hospital. From then on he was peaceful and contented, and quite discernably happy. After he could no longer talk he smiled knowingly at the one who was caring for him, and there was a smile on his face as he breathed his last. He slipped away so quietly that Mrs. High could hardly tell when he went.

The house in which he died was the home of Mrs. Stewart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Trowbridge, who were among the early residents of Decatur. It remained in the Trowbridge and Stewart families for many years and was sold to Mrs. High about twenty years ago. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. Stewart should return to it for the last year of his long and eventful life.

Lewis G. Stewart was a son of Mr.

and Mrs. Charles Stewart, early residents of Hamilton township. He was born October 6, 1849, and that was about the time the village of Decatur began. He went to school in Decatur when the school was first established and Decatur has always been his home town.

He was born in Battle Creek and the family moved to Hamilton township when he was a small child.

He went into the grocery business here early in life, first in partnership with L. D. Roberts and later by himself. He was originally located on the corner now occupied by Narregan's drug store and about forty years ago bought the three-story Chadwick store now occupied by Gale's hardware, in which he continued to do business until his retirement.

Mr. Stewart was always a public spirited citizen and handled public business as carefully and economically as he did his own. He was director of the school board for many years, was a member of the village council and village president. It was during his term as village president and through his efforts that the Michigan Central Railroad Company was induced to create the railroad park. The company gardeners made the crushed rock paths and every summer for many years maintained beautiful flower beds. Citizens of the village set out the trees which have now grown old, and some have died.

He was married to Fannie Trowbridge about seventy years ago and they were parents of one daughter, Mrs. Ethel Lewis of Cincinnati, Ohio. After the death of Mrs. Stewart and her sister, Miss Ida Trowbridge, and his retirement from business he lived a part of the time with his daughter, but he enjoyed coming back to Decatur in summer. This winter Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are living in Orlando, Florida, and he was quite content to stay here with Mrs. High.

Funeral services for Mr. Stewart were held at Newell and Son's funeral home Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Leroy Cabbage, pastor of the First Presbyterian church with which Mr. Stewart was long actively associated, officiated, and burial was in Lakeside cemetery.

Real Culture

By C. C. Evans.

The primary aim of culture is to make the soul a musical instrument which will proclaim "Good tidings of great joy to all people."

The more elaborate the culture, the richer and more composite the music. Another of its aims is to make us better company as men and women of the world.

Some of us have had the full gamut of experiences,—society, sorrow, love, travel, romance, remorse, distraction, —yet we may not be cultivated. We have not recognized what life should be.

Now, to turn this raw material of conditions into culture we must become familiar with art and poetry. Poetry is the developing solution of life, the magic mirror in which we see ourselves surrounded with issues viewless to the common eye.

The fragrance of the autumn woods, the color of dying ferns, a red sunset and a windy seashore may make such an impression on our lives that in memory they will linger with us for a lifetime.

In defining life we say that it is animated existence. Happiness is the favor of God. But we allow ourselves to degenerate into an idolatry of the senses, a worship of material goods, which has its end in selfishness, envy and jealousy.

In traveling around through observation I find people's attitude in life is actuated by an external pleasure in their pursuits in which penitence and faith in God are rigidly ruled out. People turn from the serious to engage in the trivial affairs of life. They say, "Let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." This is the vanity of life. It is the corrosive element that rusts away the pure gold of Christian principles and higher aspirations.

A Bit of History

By Nellie Sibley

The little creek called Red Run in West Valley south of Decatur used to be much wider and deeper than it is now. It got its name because the water always looked red. It crossed the old Goble farm, and was a boundary line to Grandma Bentley's little place.

Many years ago, there was a grist mill on this creek. It was situated near where the Goble and Bentley places cornered.

The mill was only ruins when I was a little girl. Brother Frank and I often played on the old mill wheel. When we jumped upon the wheel it would slowly turn, making us walk fast to keep out of the water. Many happy hours we spent there.

One day after a big rain, we found that the wheel had fallen in the creek, but there was a large beam upon which we walked to it. Another part of a beam was still sticking up from the wheel. This was hollow. Childlike Frank stuck his hand in this hole and pulled out a small leather pouch, which had not gotten wet. It contained money, bills of $10.00, $20.00, $5.00, and one $100.00—over $200.00 in all. We bought about $1,000.00 worth of toys with this money—in our minds. Finally we hurried to the house, to show grandma our find. She said we must find the owner, and she did, to our great disappointment. The money belonged to John Chevalier, an old gentleman living alone, nearby.

Does any one remember this old grist mill?

Who Killed Philbrook Munson?

Who killed Philbrook Munson has been the question of greatest interest in Decatur the past week. He was seen carrying coal into the box car in which he lived on Monday evening, February 11, at 8:20. At 9:30, only 70 minutes later, his lifeless body, head crushed by 7 blows from a club, was found by the railroad tracks within a few rods of the place he called home.

It seems incredible that the killer could make good his escape in that short time, yet no one saw the deed and no one was loitering near the scene of the murder when the officers arrived.

The general opinion has been that it was a local job, but Decatur people knowing practically every resident of this small community, are loath to mention any individual in connection with the crime, or to believe that any Decatur resident would do it.

The case has been in charge of Sheriff Englesby and his Decatur deputies and the state police have been working with them.

Rumors that certain persons were under suspicion broke last Saturday. Sunday a report came back from Keeler that a suspect had been arrested in Jackson. Officers of the New York Central were working with the county officers last week. Up to Monday morning they said that as far as they knew there was no clue. As late as one o'clock Monday afternoon Deputy Doyle Wilder said the same thing.

Then rumors began to spread through the village. Chief Woolfe stated that he is going through his files to list all of the calls he has received of disturbances for the past five years. At 3 o'clock Monday it was common news on the street that two Decatur people had been arrested and were in jail at Paw Paw.

The First Murder

In all of its 98 years of existence this is the first murder ever to take place in the village of Decatur. It recalls the Morris murder which occurred in the South part of the township on the 19th of September, 1879. Aside from these two instances no very serious crimes have been committed here, and Decatur has a good reputation as a law abiding commur ity.

We May Soon Know Who Killed Philbrook Munson

ARE THESE SOME CLUES?

Let us recall the details of the crime.

Just to refresh our memory. On the night of February 11th, he was murdered near his train-car home on the railroad tracks near the Decatur station. These facts are known. Munson was drinking at a nearby tavern. From here he went to his home. He left his home to return to town, and just outside, and within a few inches of the tracks, he was found. The coroner said he was beaten to death by a club—a piece of wood the size of a thick board, like a 2 by 4. The board was found near him. The clubbing was done on

Munson's head, with no signs of a struggle, and no other visible signs of robbery.

Let us again examine possible motives. He got into a quarrel, and drink incensed the brain and led to a fight. The murder then was unintentional, even though quite real. Or he may have been robbed of his money by some one who knew him and also knew no relatives would check on him.

Or he had enemies that deliberately planned to murder him. There was a long past which only a few people know, and this is in the background of the murder. Or he might have even been mixed up with another man's wife, and so, at the opportune time, came the pay-off.

What the murderer does not seem to reaize is that he left behind some of the clearest evidences anyone could leave to be caught. A careful examination of the slant marks on Munson's head and face reveal the possible height of the murderer, within less than an inch. Photographs of these marks will keep for permanent record how the blows were delivered, and the size of the person who gave them.

Then, too, the murderer is forgetting the footprint experts. Footprints of that section were taken immediately after Munson was found. And unless the murderer chops off his feet, and grafts on new ones, the size of his shoe, the slant of his foot, the very way he walks are all on record, as clear as anything can be. Even though he had been drinking, and this shows in the photographs, it doesn't blur one bit the things I have just mentioned. He must also remember hand and finger prints; even blurred prints can't be erased. With a new process they show up clear and distinct.

Actually there were some words that passed between Munson and the murderer. But Munson didn't even have a chance to put up his hand to ward off the blows. They fell one after the other, until he lay there dead. Then the club was dropped and the murderer ran.

Decatur being a small town with a small police force, and Munson, being alone, it seemed rather safe for the murderer to suppose that after the funeral, nobody much would care, and the matter would be dropped. Actually, however, the Decatur Republican and the law care, and several times have warned of both justice and action.

Several things have happened since the murder. Some people have left town and some for no reason whatever. Others come in and out more frequently, and ask some funny questions when they are in town. There are some who get, indirectly, and who never did before, the local paper, to see what is being said. Some people are far more fidgety at work than they ever were before, and jump off the handle without cause. There are some who are drinking heavily, and once in a while they accidentally say something in their drinking.

What the murderer of Munson doesn't know is that all the law is waiting for now is one little misstep he will soon take. He has done two things that are peculiar already, but not enough to bring him to justice. His friend is keeping still, although he can't much longer, because within a very short time the murderer will have to confess—if he doesn't, he is going to get into trouble, and when he does, the whole thing is going to be known and it isn't going to be pleasant.

Knowing this much about the murderer, it would be a lot better if he made a clean breast of it and told his story. It would be easier for him But if the ring around him continues to tighten, as it is, the law will have no mercy. One thing the murderer must realize. His good judgment, if he has any left, will tell him this is true. He can't hide, even if he stays in Decatur, and he certainly isn't going to hide in any other town because he is soon going to break and make a mess of himself.

The kind of man who killed Munson is well known—and much of his whereabouts are also well known. I could tell you more, but I am not free to do so. I want to tell you just enough, so if you want to print this, you may do so.

"Philo."

Was Blacksmith Man or Woman?

Masqueraded in Woman's Clothes Doing All the Work of a Blacksmith Shop.

The Republican of September 12, 1946, gave a short story of Anna Starcy. It was taken from a copy of the Republican of 1880 contained in the scrapbook of Mrs. David Christie.

The story brought out further accounts of Hamilton's mysterious blacksmith who posed as a woman but really was a man. Older residents of the township remember the character and Mrs. James Osborn furnished another story of him, her or it from her scrapbook.

The second story gives the name as "Farcey," a native of France, and Mrs. Osborn says he was living there in 1872. A young girl by the name of Emma Miller lived with him, but she was later taken away by the officers.

When Farcey died the body was taken to the undertaker at Hartford and he gave out the information that it was the body of a man. We have been unable to learn anything more about his history or who fell heir to his property, and should like to follow the story further if any reader can assist.

L. E. Wright sold the farm last summer and is now living in St. Petersburg, Florida. The story from Mrs. Osborn's scrapbook is as follows:

THE "WOMAN" BLACKSMITH

Workmen on the Dixie trail this summer will pass near Osborne's corners, six miles north of Dowagiac, the farm on which was located Ann Farcey's blacksmith shop, writes Abner Moon in the Democrat. This strange woman came into the community in the fifties from no one knew where, and bought 40 acres of land. She was a powerfully built woman, silent and uncommunicative, probably through a misfortune which had befallen her—the loss of one of her limbs. She supplied this loss with a wooden one.

She established a blacksmith shop on the place, and for a great many years operated it, always alone, and doing any kind of repair work which came to the shop, as well as shoeing horses, making wagons, sleds, etc. Owing to the location she was always busy. She was a good workman. On Sundays, she seldom missed one, she walked from her home to the Catholic church in Silver Creek, a distance of four miles, and she was an exemplary, valued member of that faith. She was as exemplary in other ways as she was in religious matters—courteous, but never sociable and talkative. In her Sunday attire she was attractive, but she made few friends. Many stories were told by the older residents of her great strength and skill, and when she finally sold the property and moved away she was missed. Later came the news that she was dead, and came rumors that Ann Farcey was really a man.

Just why this mysterious person should pose as a woman if really a man, could only be explained on the theory that he, or she, might be a fugitive from justice. The place was owned by the Holliday family over 40 years. Nelson Phelps later bought it, and it is now owned by Lewis Wright. The blacksmith shop long since disappeared, and there are but two or three persons in that vicinity who, as a child, remember Ann Farcey, the woman blacksmith, and the only one the state ever had, probably.

SUBSCRIBERS

September 12, 1946.

NICHOLSVILLE

U. E. Goodspeed paid the Republican his annual visit last Friday to renew his subscription to the Decatur paper and the Chicago Tribune. He lives in an interesting country, the lake country of Cass county. His home town is Nicholsville which once had a post office and stage route. Now it is only the name of a nice little settlement near a chain of lakes.

His son is Edwin Goodspeed, the chemist, and his daughter-in-law is Iole Fuller Goodspeed, the writer, of Detroit. Edwin is in a Detroit hospital where he has undergone an operation for the removal of the thyroid glands, a trouble which will take some time to fully overcome. Mrs. Goodspeed is engaged in writing her third book which she has not yet named. Those who have read the first two know that the new one will be good.

Nicholsville is the central settlement of six lakes, Big and Little Fish, Saddlebag, Finch, Mud and Bunker. Dr. Harold Rose of Marcellus was in while we were locating them and said there is an east Saddlebag and a west Saddlebag lake.

Echoes From The Plains

By Nellie Nelson, Frazer, Montana
September 18, 1946.

I'll relate an incident that don't sound like much, but looms large in our minds yet. It was in the early days when we freighted with horses.

Margaret Wilson's homestead is fifteen miles from us, and we always fed our horses, and ate our lunch at her place, going to and from Frazer.

On one trip, after eating lunch, Ed. decided to go into Margaret's one room homestead shack, which we bought years later. The cattle had no doubt pushed her door open, and rains had caused it to swell. Anyway, for some reason the door would not go entirely shut.

As Ed was about to go in, he saw a man through the crack of the door, and could see his eyes looking at him. He said he felt his hair raise up, trying to push his hat off. (Had it been my hair and my hat, it would have made the grade!) Ed. said he didn't have any more of a desire to make an acquaintance than that fellow did, so he went to his team and hitched up, and was glad to get away.

This may sound sissy to you, but when you're in a country like this, and the neighbors so far away, an honest man will run toward you, and not be trying to hide in an abandoned house.

A few days later, the radio reported an aged couple slain in North Dakota, near the Montana border and described the killer. Ed. always believed this man was the murderer.

I often went to Frazer and Oswego, alone, with the wagon and horses, and I sometimes took an extra outfit and went with Ed. I was glad he was alone this time. I mean well, and felt sorry for him, and all that, but I just wouldn't have been in a mood to comfort him. Whoops, No!!

Until this happened, I thought we were safe in these hills at all times. My father always told me it was the perfect place for criminals to hide. He said more. He said he believed if the truth was known, we would find out a lot of the people here had been run out of other places.

Since our cattle were stolen, Daddy's words came back to us full of truth. Years have proved he did a good job reading some faces he came in contact with. I can't read anyone. I don't know if it's because I love people too much to want to believe evil of them, or else I'm not smart enough to read them. It could be a mixture of both.

As soon as I can I will write you the story of a man who proved up on a homestead, and lived among us for eight years, and was a murderer on a large scale. Before the law caught up with him, he murdered one of our Montana women. I won't tell his name, because he was a native son of the state of Michigan, hiding in our county under an assumed name.

Nellie Nelson.

Tall and Short

"There was a chap just in here looking for you, Smith."

"Was he tall or short?"

"Both."

"What do you mean?"

"He was a tall man and wanted to borrow a dollar."

JOHN McVAY
Lawrence Man 92

John McVay of Lawrence Has 92nd Birthday Today

LAWRENCE, Mich. - John McVay, Lawrence, is 92 today. Sunday, July 30, his family and some of his friends met at his home to help him celebrate the event.

He was born Aug. 3, 1853 near Marshall, the only child of Henry and Ellen McVay. His father died when John was seven, and with his mother he moved to a farm near Decatur, which his father had previously purchased. In 1912 he and his family moved to Paw Paw and in 1914 they moved to the farm 2½ miles northwest of Lawrence, where he now lives.

He was married to Catherine Conway, Decatur. Six children were born to them: Mrs. Eleanor Connaughton, Henry (deceased), Mrs. Paul Lafler, John, Jr., Carl, and Edward. He has four grandchildren: Dr. H. W. Connaughton, Fulton, Ky., and John, Clarence, and Paul Lafler, Jr., Keeler. Mrs. McVay passed away in May, 1946.

CIVIL WAR MEMORIES

The Civil War played a very important part in his memories of childhood: three uncles—all veterans of that war, lie in Decatur cemetery. He remembers their going away and their return. He lived near and knew the first white child born in Van Buren County. Horses, lumber wagons, sleighs, scythes, plank, and corduroy roads, oil lamps, wood stoves and long, hard winters were part of his early days.

He was always a farmer and a lover of horses. He says the people of today know nothing of the way the people of those times had to get along.

FAIR HEALTH

His health has been just fair in the last year. Failing eyesight prevents his enjoyment of reading history and current events.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lafler and son, Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McVay of Watervliet, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seger, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howland, Decatur, were among those who helped serve birthday cakes and other refreshments Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Foley have a pleasant summer home at Nicholsville. Mr. Foley was night editor of the Chicago Tribune for many years. Last year he reached the age of retirement and now they spend more of their time in this delightful place.

A motorcycle cop stopped a car, pulled out his book to write a ticket and said to the driver:

"I clocked you at 55, mister."

Said the woman in the back seat:

"Give him a ticket, officer. Serves him right. I told him he was going too fast. He is a reckless, inconsiderate, dangerous driver."

"Your wife?" queried the cop. And when the man nodded gloomily, he snapped the book shut and added: "Drive on, brother."

Caller Recalls Early Decatur Days

A. E. Spicer of Paw Paw called on the Republican one day last week. He came over to Decatur with Charles Morton and wife, but they did not call this time.

Spicer likes to come here and talk over old times, and the Republican editor is one of a small number who can talk with him. He recounts with pleasure the time he lived in Decatur and learned to be a telegraph operator at the Michigan Central railroad station. That was back in '79, the year of the mysterious murder of young Henry Morris and his beautiful wife.

Franc Castro was the day operator and Will Tuttle the night operator. They worked 12 hour days, and Spicer was the student.

Women operators were few and far between in those days, as they are today, but we have heard others beside Spicer say that Franc Castro was a good one. Her home was in Niles and she was an aunt of John and Horace Dodge. She earned her $40 per month and was prosperous. The little Dodge boys' parents were poor and she was good to them, remembering them with gifts as much as she was able to out of her salary.

In later years Franc Castro married

the Banker Rogers and lived in a nice home here in Decatur. Banker Rogers was much older than she, and in the course of a few years left her a widow.

The little nephews grew up and went to Detroit to work. They prospered and became the Dodge Brothers of automobile fame, making money so fast that they overloaded the banks, and no one bank would take for deposit all that they offered it. Then it was that the once poor little Dodge brothers of Niles showered the luxuries of this world upon their Aunt Franc and their Aunt Sarah Burlingham who lived with her. Once when the brothers made her a particularly nice present Mrs. Rogers protested that they were doing altogether too much for her, but one of them replied that all they had done for her up to that time did not mean as much to them as did the quarter she would give them when she went home to Niles from her week's work at the telegraph office in Decatur.

A. E. Spicer likes to recall those early days when he learned to be a telegraph operator in the old Michigan Central station here. He learned the trade and worked in stations up and down the line, and one of the places he worked was at Glenwood; so he likes to read the Glenwood items in the Republican. Spicer was 85 years old last July, but is well preserved and still gets a fair amount of enjoyment out of life.

ANOTHER REMINDER

Reminded again of the old swamp road
Where one would say there could be no abode,
When back in horse and buggy days small chance in stormy weather
To reach a refuge left or right, or place a horse to tether.
Yet the air pervading there brought instant admiration
As such a state of Nature's wilds failed not to claim attention;
But long years have robbed us of the beauteous wilderness.
As modern transformation brought its present usefulness.
And although much time is saved by good roads of today,
Our thoughts will wander back to the rough plank way;
Where far in the depths of the calm dense shade
A flower embowered home for the fairies was made.
To be dreamed of by lovers who could not hurry on,
As horses' steps must then be watched as they trudged along;
So the forest held enchantment for the traveler from the farm
And he never yet can quite forget the Old Swamp Charm.

Dowagiac Swamp

By Capitola Fassett.

One time about 73 years ago when this writer acted somewhat in the capacity of errand boy (or girl) with horse and buggy, or saddle, she was unavoidably caught in a severe thunderstorm so common to the swamp in those days.

The rain beat the horse in the face until she had to just stand and take it, and it seemed to the driver that the tall trees were almost wiping the ground with their tops; needless to say that she was thoroughly soaked in driving the remaining way to Dowagiac. But with all the disadvantages incident to crossing the old swamp on a roadway built of railroad ties, and with but four places where one could turn out when meeting others, and often being obliged to wait for them, there was still a charm in the old swamp.

A Reception In The South

By E. D. Scott.

(As stated in the Republican of January 24, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Scott were invited to attend the 100th birthday anniversary of General Julius Franklin Howell at the Bristol Hotel of his home city, Bristol, Tennessee. Mrs. Scott was unable to make the trip because of sickness, but Mr. Scott was present and we are all indebted to him for this interesting account of his visit.)

I reached Bristol and found it a busy, prosperous city, in a sense peculiar, because at the center of the principal street are brass plates in the pavement; on one side is Bristol, Tenn., and on the other, Bristol, Va.

I went to the Hotel Bristol in mid-afternoon and found guests assembling rapidly; I had my invitation in my pocket as I might be called upon to prove I had a right to be there. Befitting my station as an outsider, I got back in a corner resolved to remain obscure, contented to be present that I might witness the events, and not force myself upon the hospitality of strangers. It was an assemblage of all Southern people, this was their beloved general, and their party given in his honor. Though invited, I thought it best to remain inconspicuous, but a very pleasant gentleman came up, took me by the hand, and said that his name was Miller, of Bristol. Then he looked at me expectantly, waiting for me to introduce myself. I told him my name was Scott, and I had come from Decatur, Michigan, at the invitation of General Howell and his wife. Next I was introduced to a Mr. Barker, and both were warm hearted, agreeable men. After that, introductions came rapidly, and everyone expressed surprise that I had come so far to be present for the celebration.

It was a large crowd of beautifully dressed people and they had gathered from all over the South, regardless of distance, for this was one of their big days. The Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy were out in force, smiling and cordial.

A small platform, banked by flowers, was placed at one end of the ballroom, and on this were seated the general and his wife, she being dressed in the mode of 1860. Along the wall on three sides of this room stood a volunteer welcoming committee, shaking hands, giving their names and expecting yours. It was a wonderful display of mass friendship. The guests filed slowly along this line to meet the general.

I had just started along this line when I gave my name to a truly charming lady. When she found where I lived she enthusiastically passed the word along, and from that time on I was known as "The Man From Michigan." Also it was a waste of effort trying to be retiring. I had come to pay my respects to their well loved general, so I was treated as though I too was from the deep South. General Howell is a remarkable man in many more ways than in the mere fact that he has attained a hundred years of life. Physically he is more active than most men of seventy; he has a shock of silver gray hair, and his original teeth. He walks from his home to his office where he conducts an insurance business; then he climbs the hill to his home again, unless the weather is bad. Also his fingers are still nimble on the typewriter keys. His voice is still vibrant, his eye clear, his wit keen, his appetite good, and his language reveals a choice of words attained by few. He was a college professor for many years. Before he was seventeen years old he enlisted in the Confederate cavalry, taking his own horse, and soon became a courier for General Ewell; thus he met many high ranking officers. I had the honor of spending an afternoon and evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howell, and receiving many stories first hand about Lee, Ewell, Johnson, Mosby, Longstreet and others.

He likes to tell jokes lampooning both the North and the South. He told me many anecdotes of those days of the long ago, about when he was wounded, the battles he was in, and of his capture a few days before the war ended which resulted in his being held captive sixty days. Once more the pages of school history flashed before my eyes, but this time they were sheets of flame, pulsating,

and vivid.

He gave glowing accounts of those troubled times, and always without rancor, or bitterness. I could not help gazing at the man in wonderment; yet this heroic old warrier needs no glamorous background, for he would be a gallant figure in any walk of life. He knows personally many of the greatest and best men and women of our country, from the man in the street all the way up to the president. Navy men, soldiers, statesmen, and the stars of Hollywood are proud to do him honor.

He volunteered that he liked the people of the North, because they had been so good to him. This is but a short, faint glimpse of the man the South had gathered to greet on his hundredth birthday, January 17th, 1946.

In the ballroom, after the guests had passed the general's platform, they were given plates with cake, ice cream, and tea, or coffee, as preferred. Then there were several speeches by celebrities; also there were many letters and telegrams from all over the country containing kindly greetings, far too many to be read in one short afternoon.

The general had an old silver key-wind Elgin watch which he had carried for more than 70 years, and the Elgin Watch company thought that one should be retired, so they gave him a nice new gold one. The presentation speech was made by Helen Dortch Longstreet, widow of the celebrated Confederate general. It was quite a lengthy speech, too, but it was done perfectly, without any hesitation.

There were many fine gifts; President Truman sent a large autographed picture of himself, all framed. Also there were several cash gifts in quite respectable sums.

A committee was receiving donations for a large structure to be known as "The General Howell' Memorial Fine Arts Building," to perpetuate his name. From the start made it seemed assured of success.

Late in the afternoon the general was showing some signs of fatigue, so over his protests, his doctor ordered him carried in his chair by his National Guard of Honor to the elevator, and thence upstairs where he was compelled to rest; thus scores of people failed to see him. But at night, at the big dinner given in his honor by "The Sons of Confederate Women," he came back full of fire ready to start his second century.

After everyone had indulged in a lot of free lance gossiping, those who were fortunate enough to possess tickets filed into the ballroom to take places at the long tables stretched all the way across the room, and I got down near the end of the line. Soon it became evident there was not room for all, so I dropped out entirely, for this was their celebration, a party given by the South for the South. I had already been extremely well treated, and this was the last place in the world where I would be guilty of intruding. But one of those fine fellows on the general's staff caught my eye, and motioned me to a seat beside him, and of all places, it was at the general's family table, almost across from his grandchildren. Extra tables were set, so there was room for all, and I was glad no one was turned away because of my presence. During the afternoon and evening I met and talked with many fine people from that great Southland, and the conversation carried us from their historic shrines to the fishing grounds of Michigan, and the beauty of the Porcupine Mountains in our upper peninsula. Everyone was so friendly that I felt perfectly at ease. The war was frequently mentioned and all in that throng were both proud and thankful that they had been born Americans. To give a list of the celebrities there would be almost like printing a complete edition of Dixieland's "Who's Who"; I would like to give a list of the noted guests, many of them known to fame, but there were so many I would not know where to begin, or stop.

At night there were more gifts. One was quite a handsome, lifelike bouquet with the flower stems of fuzzy wires with a hundred blossoms made from crinkled one dollar bills; last year one son-in-law gave him a bag of ninety-nine pennies; this time he gave the hundredth penny, framed, and with appropriate verses.

Again Mrs. Longstreet, over eighty years of age, the only surviving widow of a Confederate general, the same little old lady who many months ago went to work in a war plant, and insisted on working overtime, that she might do her part in the defeat of Germany and Japan, was there. She had written to Ambassador Harriman, in Moscow, about a Russian discovery, a magic essence made from flower pollen that would greatly prolong human life. Without glasses she read the letter she received from him, and made several humorous comments about it; it was all in fun anyway, and soon she had everyone laughing, including herself. It was wonderful to see her.

A huge birthday cake with a hundred lighted candles was placed in front of the general, and a mighty roar went up when he blew them all out with one puff; all were quite pleased at this feat. He then proceeded to cut the cake with what is said to be the same saber he had carried as a Confederate cavalryman.

The dinner itself was something long to be remembered. The food was truly excellent, the walls were decorated with both Confederate and American flags. Those splendid gentlemen and beautiful ladies, intensely southern, made a brilliant setting for the only event of its kind ever to happen. The day was a fitting tribute to a fine representative of that glorious old, old South that still rises Olympus-like above any description ever given of it, the land of hospitality and romance, and the home of chivalry. As I stood there watching that happy crowd, proud without vanity, passionately loyal to their long cherished ideals of refinement, culture, and honor, I realized that before me was the cream of Southern aristocracy, elegant, friendly and wholesome; yes, stately, and yet without a trace of pomp, or arrogance. It was a scene for the memory to treasure throughout the years.

Arthur Shaw Writes of Early Days

It is pleasant to get in touch with Arthur Shaw again. As stated in the Republican of May 16 he is nicely located in the Florida Christian Home at 1071 Edgewood avenue, Jacksonville 5, Florida.

Mr. Shaw celebrated his 89th birthday April 30 and the Republican sends him hearty congratulations.

The sketch following was received from him last week:

Arthur LeGrand Shaw was born April 30, 1857, in Decatur township, Van Buren County, Michigan, on a farm 4½ miles southeast of Decatur.

He remembers Abraham Lincoln and his being shot. Arthur has been in the room in which Lincoln was shot, and in the room on the other side of the street, in which the President died the next morning.

The first Sunday after Lincoln's death, Arthur Shaw's father, John A. Shaw, took his family to the Bell district school house in Porter township to church service. Some one said that he was glad that Abraham Lincoln had been shot. Objection was taken at once. The women massed between the men who were going to fight. The women prevented the fighting. But there was no preaching service. The school children committed the lines

"Revenge is a cruel sword.
It has neither hilt nor guard
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord?
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?
But the firmer the grasp of the blade,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made.
And when the blade from thy hand has flown
Instead of finding it bathed in the heart of the foe,
Thou wilt find it sheathed in thine own."

Lincoln's Address

After Lincoln's death, school children were asked to commit Lincoln's Gettysburg address, in 10 sentences and 267 words, (delivered in less than 3 minutes).

"Four score and 70 years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final rest-

ing place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Temperance Pledge

Abraham Lincoln rode on horse back to churches and to school houses in central Illinois warning against liquor. He invited the people to sign a pledge as follows:

"Whereas the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation, and crime, and believing it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

When A. L. Shaw became Superintendent of the school at Valley, Nebraska, he was asked by the school board to teach The Good Citizenship Pledge. 1 was to turn, 2 was to arise, 3 was to commence repeating the pledge and 4 was to be seated. It took only three minutes to repeat the pledge,

"I am a citizen of America, an heir to all her greatness and renown. The health and happiness of my body depends upon each muscle, and nerve, and drop of blood doing its work in its place. So the health and happiness of my country depends upon each individual doing his work in his place. I will not fill any position nor pursue any business where I can live upon my fellow citizens without doing them useful service in return. For I plainly see that if I should that it will bring pain and suffering upon some of them. America has given me birth and nourished me, and I will love her and do my duty to her, whose child, and servant, and civil soldier I am. I will do nothing to desecrate her soil, or pollute her air, or degrade her children, my brothers and sisters. I will try to make her cities beautiful and her citizens healthy and good so that she may be a beautiful desirable home for her children in time to come."

In one home in which three pupils repeated the pledge, the mother asked the father what he was going to do with that pledge. He did not answer her. But he resigned his position as partner in the saloon business. Then another man in a licensed saloon came to the Superintendent of the school and asked him if he thought it was right to receive money for a license and then try to destroy the license. The Superintendent had to confess that he didn't think that it was an honest thing to do, to accept the money for the license and then try to destroy the license. This led many to believe in prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Finally prohibition became a law in the United States. Why and how was prohibition of the liquor traffic prohibited?

There is now more money used for the purchase of intoxicating drinks than ever in the history of America. What was the attitude of President Roosevelt? What will be the attitude of President Truman in licensing the liquor traffic?

What should be the attitude of citizens of America today toward prohibition of the liquor business throughout the United States of America?

RECALLING MORRIS MURDER

(The story of the Morris murder as published in the Paw Paw Free Press and Courier of October 2, 1879, was completed with testimony before a coroner's jury and the jury's verdict. The paper is faded and worn in creases and difficult to read, but Operator Howe has done a good job of deciphering and has here preserved the manuscript which otherwise would have been lost to the world.)

THE TESTIMONY

Below we give in full the proceedings on the inquest:

The Coroner's Jury

A jury was impaneled by Justice Haynes, of Decatur, consisting of Dr. J. T. Keables, Dr. G. L. Rose, Dr. H. M. Brodrick, W. H. Clark, and L. D. Roberts, and testimony was taken as follows:

The Testimony

Jennie M. Bull, (a girl who had worked several years for the family) testified—"I went away to Geo. Reits', at Charleston, yesterday about quarter past eleven; came home about 4 o'clock; found the house locked; I went home to father's, then came back about half past six. They (Mr. and Mrs. Morris) told me they went away about noon to John Gould's in Porter; they had a horse named "Raish" and single buggy. The clock struck 8 as I blew out my light before retiring. They were both at the barn feeding colt when I went up stairs. There was no one around here when I came home. I heard them talking after they came back from the barn; don't know when they retired. I walked to Charleston alone. I heard no noise in the house during the night, but a jar. (She explained that she did not know what it was or suspect anything wrong,and went to sleep again.) I slept over the dining room, just over the door where Henry was found on the stoop. My stair door was shut but not fastened—was ajar. The inside lock on the porch door was fastened by a catch for fastening the bolt of the lock. While we were eating our lunch, Mrs. Morris said, "Jenny, did any one bring you home?" I said no. She said, "there are buggy tracks that turned up the lane from the east"; but nothing more was said about the buggy.

When I awoke this morning my arms were numb. I awoke and saw the sun up, and wondered why I was not called, because they always called me earlier than I got up this morning —about half past six o'clock. I came down stairs and saw Henry lying on the porch as I went by the door. The door was open, but the screen door was shut. All the rest of the doors of the house were locked.

I went out at the woodshed door, and went to Mr. Gillitt's, in the tenant house. The hired man was not here. Mrs. Morris while at lunch told me she thought he would not be here to-morrow on account of the sickness of his wife. His name is John Klinger. I did not see him when he came. I was at Gillitt's. It was about an hour before I came back.

I ran to my father's from Gillitt's, and came back again with my mother after a little while, for I was afraid to come back alone, and found John Klinger, Mr. Rosewarne, Charley Rosewarne, and my father at the barn and Elias Morris and wife in the house. They came out as soon as I got back. There have not been any strangers here for several days or weeks.

No one working for Henry but Johnny Klinger, he has been here six or seven weeks. Before him Riley Huntley worked for him nearly four years. Johnny came to work Monday and Riley left Tuesday afternoon. Levi Reits worked one month with Klinger. When Reits left here he went to his father's. He lives on the Goble place, now owned by Austin Charles.

Riley quit work because Henry did not like his drinking, but parted good friends as far as I know.

Mrs. Morris always kept her jewelry in the right hand drawer of the bureau and always locked the drawer when she went away. When I have made the bed I have often found the revolver under his pillow, but sometimes saw it on the washstand, to the right of the door as you enter, after the bed has been made. He generally slept on the front side of the bed next the door. I have been here with them 4 or 5 years, and was intimate with them, so much so that Mrs. Morris would tell me to be sure and lock that drawer if I went away. I guess they hid the money about the bureau but do not know.

He sold I think $122 worth of hogs at Decatur on Wednesday." (She did not know whether he got the money.)

John Klinger testified:—"I am 21 years old, and live in Volinia, 1½ miles from here. Knew Henry Morris and wife; have known them two years and a half. I have been at work for Mr. Morris two months. I boarded here when I worked for him. I was here every night last week. Drew wheat to Decatur last Saturday for

Mr. Morris. He was at Decatur with me.

He went over in a buggy; got home about six o'clock; he got home about 10 minutes before I did. Don't know whether Mr. Morris got any money Saturday for his wheat. I stayed here Saturday night; left here Sunday noon. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were at the barn when I left here. I went home yesterday when I left here, and did not return until about six o'clock this morning. Met some parties at Nicholsville, but did not have any particular conversation with any one.

When I came home I rode to the barn and fed the horses; came out and found Mr. Morris' pants at the barn as I came out. I lifted them up and dropped them; came to the house, found Hank, took hold of him to lift him up, thinking he was sick and couldn't get back to the house. I saw the door open and discovered him bloody, so I left him. Did not notice any tracks on the lane, but thought it strange the gate was open. No bridle or halter is missing from the barn.

Mr. Morris said (yesterday) he was going to John Gould's for a while and make a call, and would probably be back at 4 o'clock. Levi Reits was working here about four weeks ago. I get $13 a month wages on this farm. There is a horse missing; there were five horses in the barn last night. The one that is gone was the best one he had."

The Verdict

The jury in their verdict, say: "That the bodies of the said Charles H. Morris and Esther Morris were found lying dead in the house of the said Charles H. Morris in the township of Decatur, in the county aforesaid, and that said bodies, when so found as aforesaid, appear to have been shot—Esther Morris having received one shot entering the thoracic cavity below the lower angle of the scapula, on the right side, which shot came out on the left side between the third and fourth ribs, on a line with the nipple; another shot entered the left breast above and to the left of the nipple, either of which would have caused her death. Chas. H. Morris received two shots, one of which entered between the fourth and fifth ribs within an inch of the nipple on the right side of the chest, and came out beneath the shoulder blade of the left side; another penetrated the neck on the right side, its course being downward and to the left, lodging under the skin one inch to the left of the spine, on a line with the exit of the other, either of which was sufficient to cause his death.

RECALLING MORRIS MURDER

A few weeks ago Mrs. Hazel Millard Kelsey brought to the Republican office a copy of the Paw Paw Free Press and Courier of Thursday, October 2, 1879. It was addressed to her father, the late H. H. Millard, and had been in the family all these 67 years.

The paper contained a graphic account of the Morris murder which occurred on the night of September 28, 1879, and has never ceased to hold the interest of people of Southwestern Michigan. Now that Decatur has had another murder this first great crime is again recalled.

MURDER!

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morris, of Decatur Township, Foully Murdered in their Own House.

A Most Terrible and Mysterious Affair.

On Sunday night last, in Decatur township, occurred the most awful murder that has ever darkened the history of this region. A happy young married couple, well situated in life, retire in health and hope, and are found in the morning both brutally murdered.

Charles Henry Morris

The murdered man was the youngest son of the late Dolphin Morris, the earliest settler of this county. He was born May 9th, 1847, and was thus a little over 32 years old. He was a pleasant, kind, good-hearted man, without a personal enemy in the world, so far as known. His wife,

Esther A. Morris

The other victim of the double murder, was a daughter of Asa Jones, of Edwardsburg, Cass county, and was about 30 years of age. She was a beautiful, well educated, able and lovely woman. The couple were devotedly attached to each other, and were universally loved and respected among a very large circle of friends. They had been married some eight years. Their only child, a babe a few months old, died about a year ago, which was a terrible blow to them.

The Place

where the murder was committed, was the old Dolphin Morris farm, in the southern edge of Decatur township, adjoining Cass county. It is one of the best farms in the country.

The House,

an old fashioned comfortable frame farm-house, stands on a rise of ground back about 80 rods north from the road, approached by a lane; and is also about the same distance from a road on the east. The barn is located about twenty rods from the house, on the east. The nearest houses are a tenant house, on the farm, about 80 rods distant, occupied by a man named Bull, the father of the young woman who worked for the Morrises.

The Manner of the Murder

The testimony before the coroner's jury (which we publish in full elsewhere) is very meager as to details or facts. The hired girl slept soundly through the whole, and the hired man only discovered the dead bodies in the morning. It is only from different circumstances that have come to light, the position of the bodies when found, and the marks of the bullets from the deadly weapon that an idea can be formed.

From these it would seem that Morris was aroused by some one at the back door of the dining room, opening on the porch; that he came out without dressing, and opened the door; that the person had stepped down from the porch and back a step around the corner of the building out of sight; that as Morris stepped out on the porch to see what or who had called him, he was fired at, the ball passing through his body and entering the building at the place indicated in the diagram. (This ball passed through the partition and was found in the pantry.) Then as he fell he was shot a second time, this time at so close range that his face was burned and filled with powder, the ball entering his neck and passing downward into his body. Mrs. Morris hearing the shots, sprang from her bed and started to the assistance of her husband, doubtless taking the revolver which it was his custom to keep under his pillow. The murderer strode over the body of his first victim, and pursued the brave but terror-stricken woman, her white night-dress making an excellent mark for him in the dim light of the room. Through the dining room and into the sitting-room he pursues her, and as she is about to re-enter her bedroom he fires at her, the ball probably wounding her in her left arm, and then striking the wall near the casing of the door into the parlor. Still he follows her, and as she attempts to escape into the closet he fires again from the direction of the door, but the ball strikes the upper right hand drawer of the bureau, shattering the lock and burying itself in the other side of the drawer. It is a close shot however, for as she passes the blood from her wounded arm spatters the white marble top of the bureau. She thinks of a chance for escape, for the closet has another door into the front bed-room; but as it opens toward her, she fails to get it open before the monster in pursuit appears at the closet door. He fires at her again, this time giving her a mortal wound. She sinks down in the corner against the door, a dying woman. It would seem he now ought to be satisfied. But no! he wants no uncertain work. Again he shoots her through, this time standing over her with his weapon so close that it sets her night dress on fire, (only to be extinguished by her fast flowing blood) and the ball passes through the floor into the cellar. His hellish work complete, his poor victim thoroughly and certainly killed, he picks up Morris' pants and starts for the barn. Not finding in the pants anything of value he throws them in a corner back of the stable door. He then goes into the stable, passes by the first horse in the stalls, and takes the best one of the four or five in the stable, one known through all the neighborhood for its excellence, good breeding and endurance, having before taken off the halter, and put on the bridle and saddle or cloth he brought for the purpose, and gallops down the lane and out at the gate he has left open for the purpose. A few minutes later, (between nine and ten o'clock) a young man (Chas. Rose-

warne) returning in a buggy from a Sunday school concert, is nearly frightened out of his wits by meeting a terrible-looking masked man on horseback, about three-fourths of a mile west, who nearly runs over him as he passes at a rapid canter, on a horse which the boy remembers, after his terror is over, that he recognized as Henry Morris'—a horse so peculiarly marked that any person who knew it could not fail to recognize it. So terrified is the young man that he forgets to feed or care for his horse, but hurries into the house and buries himself under the bed-clothes, not caring to expose his timidity to his family by saying anything to them about it.

The Horse Was Found

the next morning in the yard of a man named Neddo, at South Bend, Ind., about 35 or 40 miles distant, and was fully identified by Mr. R. H. Lyon, local editor of the Tribune at that place, a warm personal friend of the Morrises, and whom they had visited only the Sunday before, driving this same horse with another one. It is said that this Neddo belongs to a bad lot of fellows at South Bend, who have frequently figured in the criminal courts there.

Murder, Not Plunder,

was apparently the object in view in this horrible affair. In the bureau drawer, the lock of which was shattered, there was $110 in money, and in the drawer of the bureau were two (or three) good watches, one (or two) of gold, and a valuable gold chain. Not a thing was taken away, so far as can be discovered, except the horse used to escape, not even a bridle being missing.

The Weapon Used

was evidently a large sized navy revolver, carrying a heavy ball, about 42 caliber—a most deadly and powerful weapon. Morris' revolver was a medium sized one, and was found lying near Mrs. Morris, all the barrels loaded.

The Excitement

is greater than has ever been caused by any crime in this part of the country. There is no possible doubt that could the murderer be found and the crime fastened upon him,

Judge Lynch and a Rope

would deal very summarily with his case. Old law-abiding citizens, never known to counsel violence, do not hesitate now to say that the law is too slow and too uncertain for the one who committed such a deed.

Rumors and Theories

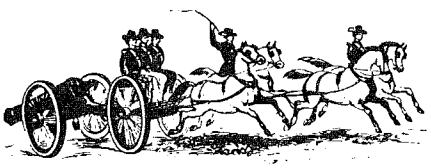
are of course current as to the perpetrators and causes which may have led to this murder. In the present state of the public mind, we believe it proper to refrain from alluding to or commenting on them, until there is something—as it is hoped there may be soon—that will lead to certain discovery.

The Funeral

of the ill-fated couple occurred on Tuesday afternoon,and was attended by an immense number of people, there being several hundred teams in the procession.

Mr. Morris was a Royal Arch Mason, a member of Decatur Chapter.

Mrs. Crosby, of Battle Creek, a sister of Mrs. Morris, was at the house on Monday, and was almost overwhelmed with grief. At the time of our reporter's visit, her parents were momentarily expected. Her mother is in feeble health, and it was feared she might not survive the shock.



The Civil War Diary of Captain Charles B. Haydon

Of Company E, Second Michigan Infantry.

(A section of Captain Haydon's diary between July 11, 1862, and August 22, 1862, is missing.)

Instalment No. 119.

August 22, 1862

Marched to Alexandria and bivouaced in the street. Many of the men were drunk in spite of the guards. Nearly all the 1st N. Y. were tipsy. It rained at night.

August 23, 1862

About 9 a. m. we went on to the cars and set out for Pope. We passed famous Manassas Junction (perhaps to be still more renowned ere another week), and reached Warrenton Junction about 2 p. m. We bivouaced for the night, got supper, detailed the picket and then we were ordered back 1½ miles to Cedar Creek to guard the bridge. About 30 officers and all General Pope's private baggage were captured by rebel cavalry at this place last night. Pope's stragglers are coming in and all sorts of rumors are afloat in regard to the battle which has been plainly heard all day. There was a heavy shower at dark.

August 24, 1862

We marched about 9 a. m. and halted on the R. R. about 3 miles beyond Warrenton just before noon having forded a creek about 3 feet deep. About 3 p. m. we moved forward ¾ of a mile. All sorts of eatables which the country affords are suffering. Some guards of Binney's Brigade were trying to protect a field of corn. The 2nd halted near and the advance was within two minutes after at the fence. Guards, Halt there! Halt, can't come in here! Halt. By this time about 20 men were over the fence. Guards: Say, hold on there; wish you fellows would go around to the back side and not go in right in front where we are guarding.

August 25, 1862

The night was clear, quiet and unusually cold. The following promotions were announced this morning: Capt. W. L. Whipple of H. to be Lt. Col. 21st M. I.; 1st Lt. Augustus Goebel of A. to be Capt. of C.; 2nd Lt. C. H. Hoodskin of C. to be 1st Lt. of A. D. C. Morrison, Company Sergeant, to be 2nd Lt. of C.: myself to be Adjutant from Aug. 10th; 1st Lt. R. H. Mahon assigned to Co. I. This suits me very well as I am advanced one degree and can hold fast the Adjutancy or be Captain at no distant day as I may prefer. We are about 45 miles from Alexandria and in a fine country but provisions are short and living confounded poor.

August 26, 1862

We were much rejoiced to see our good Surgeon Dr. Bonnie and our paroled Hospt. Steward as Apt. Surgeon. About 4 p. m. we marched out 4 miles on the Fredericksburgh road to relieve the 3rd M. I. who were lying in wait for rebel cavalry. Living is much improved. Sheep, chickens, etc., are to be had on requisition properly presented. A citizen was shot last night at his own house by a trooper. He was a notorious rebel and some justify the act while others are in favor of shooting the soldier at once. Much drunkenness and shooting both on the part of citizens and soldiers are reported at Alexandria.

August 27, 1862

The night was quiet with us but the enemy made a dash in our rear and destroyed the R. R. bridge at Broad Run. An orderly came early in the morning to tell us that our Brigade had marched an hour before he started. We marched to camp, took rations and at 10 a. m. were at Warrenton Junction and soon after at Cedar Creek Bridge. Porter's Corps came down with us retreating from the front. We halted a while at Cedar Creek, then crossed and marched toward Greenwich where we arrived about 8 p. m., having marched in all about 24 miles. I left my blankets with Lowrey to go on the train, supposing that we should follow the R. R. In consequence I am without either supper or blankets.

August 28, 1862

At 2 a. m. I was called to convey an order to march at 3 a. m. I find myself cold and very stiff in the legs. We started at the appointed hour for the R. R. bridge across Broad Run where we arrived at 9 a. m. The Rebs had destroyed the bridge, 2 engines and a train of cars. The cars were still burning. After some delay in crossing our Brigade moved forward in column to Manasses Junction.

We expected a battle at that place. The Rebs left before we arrived. They had destroyed loaded trains nearly a mile in length. A great profusion of incombustible articles were lying around but aside from a few barrels of flour we could get nothing eatable. We halted here about 3 hours for reports and learned that one large bridge and several small ones were burned between here and Alexandria. We then moved forward towards Centreville by way of Blackburn's Ford crossing from the opposite direction our first battlefield.

Just as we were about to leave the open field a company of our cavalry (several saddles empty) came back from the front on a run. We filed out to give them the road. Our regiment might have been put in position to do something but Dillman never sees anything when he ought. The Rebs came to the edge of the woods and several of them followed 30 to 40 rods into the open field and all but one of them returned unhurt. Our regiment opened fire on them but from their position it was in effectual.

This little dash being over the 2nd was deployed as skirmishers and advanced through the woods and fallen timber towards Centreville. Nothing occurred save the capture of two prisoners. The sun was just sinking behind the Bull Run Mountains when we planted our colors on one of the principal redoubts. The enemy had made a sharp turn to the left and the dust of their column was plainly visible about 3 miles off. The troops which marched from Manassas Junction to the left of us opened a brisk fire of artillery on them but the day was too far gone to do much execution.

It would have been fortunate if we had arrived two hours earlier but we did our best. We have marched 15 miles today. The men had little sleep last night and hardly anything today to eat. I have had nothing but a half ration of hard tack.

August 29, 1862

We moved at 5 a. m. down the road towards the old battlefield of Manassas. Cannonading opened in front at about 7 a. m. We were the advanced guard and captured about 50 prisoners before we joined the troops which came in from the left. As soon as we came near the field Kearney seized on us and sent one company to hold a house, two companies to support a section of artillery, two companies as skirmishers in a piece of woods nearly in front, and 5 companies with which I went to deploy as skirmishers on the extreme right.

Going out we crossed Bull Run near the Stone Bridge. We now moved forward about a mile and a half through woods and fields recrossing the Run and finally took position in a piece of woods about half a mile from Jackson's (Stonewall's) headquarters. The Rebs soon got sight of us and opened with a section of artillery. They fired high and the shots splintered the trees at 8 to 10 feet from the ground most gloriously. Dillman had the "shell fever" badly and was much wilted. The firing continued with solid shot and a few shells above an hour.

I had a hearty laugh at Lt. Barden's expense. A solid 10 lb. shot struck a large black oak about 10 feet from the ground, under which he was lying. The splinters (the size of stove wood) knocked off his cap and battered his back sharply but without doing much damage. As he scrabbled up rubbing the dust out of his eyes and feeling wildly around for his cap his face wore a look of astonishment which would have made me laugh if I had known that the next shot would be mine.

One of our batteries now opened on them from a hill behind us with most remarkable precision. The Rebs waited for about six shots and then made off as fast as possible. A solid shot, however, cut down a span of horses on one gun and it was delayed long enough to get several shells which burst right among them.

We now received orders to fall back across the Run. In doing this we had to cross an open field where they opened on us with shrapnel from another battery. As many as 10 pieces of the first struck within as many feet of me and Lt. Plumb who was near had one arm badly torn. At this some of the men took the double quick but immediately came down to a walk on being ordered to do so. Their shells all exploded a little back of us and no one else was injured in crossing.

We took very favorable ground on the right bank of the Run where we remained till night. Toward the centre the battle raged hotly, with occasional intervals from 7 a. m. till dark. We could see nothing in that direction but the contest seemed pretty equal. I think the battle will be found to far surpass in obstinacy that of last year. We saw during the afternoon another rebel battery put to flight in great haste. Some cannister shot from our own guns fell among us but luckily did no harm.

The night was clear and quiet. We hold the same position as yesterday. I awoke destitute of rations but a soldier gave me a pancake of flour and water fried in grease and a piece of pork about 2 inches square. This was very good but deficient in quantity so I picked up a bone which some more fortunate comrade had thrown away. This I washed and roasted and ate what little meat there was on it. I then ate 6 to 8 green peaches and pronounced my breakfast finished. Good luck, however, seemed in store for me. Co. I came, Octavus being along with hard tack and coffee. I at once made a fourth addition to my breakfast.

Our indefatigable Comy. (Johnston) came soon after with fresh beef and I made a fifth addition. I also procured a haversack and supplied myself for the future. My legs which before were quite limber were now fully adequate to the task of bearing my body.

There were only light skirmishes and a few shells till 1 p. m. This led to a report that the enemy had retreated. Others supposed that great move was preparing. The fire opened pretty briskly on the centre and right soon after one but attracted no great attention on our part as we could not see that part of the field. It continued about the same till after 4 p. m. when there commenced by far the most terrible fire of musketry I ever heard. The men (except those on watch) had previous to this been quietly cooking, eating, playing cards, etc. They now began to lay these aside and give attention to the progress of the battle.

It was perfectly certain that the centre and left were falling back. It was, however, reported that a body of troops on our extreme left and heretofore liable to be cut off, having now effected a junction the line was purposely swung back to draw the enemy from their strong well covered position. I did not believe this report but saw its object and said nothing. The right continued to fall back farther and farther till about sundown. Our brigade was now more than a mile in advance of the centre whereas in the original line it was somewhat retired. The order now came for the Brigade to fall back and for our regiment to move in as skirmishers by the right flank down the stream towards Centreville.

The line had not moved half its length before it received the fire of the enemy's advance. The fire being promptly returned they did not press. Subsequently the left of our line and their skirmishers became considerably mingled but Rebs were so tired with running that they could do nothing. We moved in this way about 1½ miles. A battery on the other side of the stream fired over us all the way at the brigade. Some of our men (not our regiment) perhaps 20 were across the stream and being unable to get over were in no little trouble, but seeing the cavalry coming they threw away everything and crossed where the water was about 5 feet deep. Four or five short fellows who could not swim were taken. Soon after we came to a short turn in the stream where there was a ford about knee deep.

About half the line has crossed at this point when we were fired on from another direction (our proper front and those who had not crossed went down the other side of the stream. The fire being returned the enemy gave back. I was with the last who crossed. Our line was near 100 rods long and we had a half mile of open field before us. We had gone but a little way when about 2 companies of cavalry came around the bend at full run in pursuit. Two-thirds of the line by brisk running reached a cornfield and formed under cover of the fence. Some 40. Benson and myself among the number, were too far behind for that though we ran our very best. We shouted to them to halt and rally. They did so and we had a respectable square in short order.

We were none too quick for the leader of the cavalry, a gallant fellow, was within 15 rods and the rest were close behind. We gave them a volley. Two dropped at once and the leader turning his horse short around, then to the right, back to the left, fell headlong to the ground. The rest

went back nearly as fast as they came but as they turned gave us a volley from their carbines which wounded 2 men.

We at once took the double quick to escape the battery which now opened on us and rejoined our comrades in the cornfield. We then made for the main road where we found the balance of the regiment, Col. Poe and the brigade. We marched in good order to Centreville. The men seemed to bear all with the utmost indifference though they swore horrible at being beaten again at Manassas. We were obliged to ford two creeks where the water was near 3 feet deep. I brought off a sword and gun extra but lost my blanket. The night was cold and sleep out of the question. As for the retreat it was orderly so far as I saw. When the cavalry were coming down on us I could not help laughing, though I had very little breath to spare, at a soldier of a N. Y regiment. He had thrown away everything but his haversack. He was now hard pressed and cried out in his grief, "Oh my God my God, what shall I do? If I throw away my haversack I shall starve and if I don't the Rebs will catch me."

August 31, 1862

There was a heavy rain nearly all day. We remained at Centreville. There was some firing toward the left

The Navajo Indians of Arizona

RED LAKE TRADING POST CO.
"The Home of Navajo Rugs"
Tonalea, Arizona

November 22, 1946.

My dear Mr. Moulton:

The Decatur Republican was welcomed with this week's mail, which reminded us we are still Michigan farmers and not Arizona Indian traders. It also reminded me I had promised to write you a supplement to my letter of last year about the Navajo Indians, so here goes.

This is our thirteenth trip to this land of vast distances, of colorful rocks, sand and canyons, of dry sunshiny days and clear moonlit nights. On the mesas grow juniper and pinyon pine, on the sand flats and dunes the sagebrush and rabbit weed predominate and in the eastern portion of this vast area, the largest reservation in the United States is a plateau some eighty miles long and twenty wide covered with a solid stand of Western Yellow or Ponderosa Pine, straight boled and clean of branches for one hundred feet and often over four feet in diameter. Large sections of this area also consist of hard clay of varying hues, devoid of vegetation, but beautiful in its own coloring, of which the Painted Desert is an example.

The Navajos (or Dineh, meaning the People, as they call themselves) who along with the Hopis and a few other scattered tribes inhabiting this region are like the country, colorful and interesting, and form by far the largest and most primitive tribe in our country to-day. Their principal income is derived from their sheep and goats, the beautiful wool rugs woven by the women of which we have many examples in our home in Decatur, and the turquoise and silver jewelry fashioned by the men. While there have been some apparent changes in clothing and attitude mostly in the past few years the majority of the fifty to sixty thousand members of this tribe have resisted so-called civilization and live as carefree, contented and unspoiled as they did at the coming of the Spanish Conquistadors. Long hair, native costumes and the soft spoken Navajo language are still the rule even in the white man's trading post or the fe wgovernment offices.

The women, as with all Indians, do almost all the work and own most of the property. Many are pretty and all show strong and intelligent character. Both men and women are kind and loving to a fault to their children. In the good old days when they were the scourge of this country they frequently brought back children from their raids on the surrounding tribes and adopted them into their families. Incidently the Apaches are an offshoot of the Navajo nation.

Some years back the government found it expedient the adopt the colonial policy of the British in dealing with the Indians. Instead of trying to convert them into civilized white men it now seeks only to make better Indians and interferes as little as possible with deep rooted customs. Accordingly, outside of pleasant persuasion little has been done to change the native practice of polygamy. We know one old buck who has four wives and some twenty-four children and is quite proud, with good reason I believe.

The Navajos have a very practical variant of the mother-in-law jokes. No man ever looks at his mother-in-law or she at him. If either sees the other blindness will result prevented only by a long and expensive ceremony. The foundation of this rule is the evidence of family quarrels and as a lawyer I can attest the soundness of same. When a mother visits her daughter the husband takes to the prairie. When there is a separation, unlike us, the man and not the woman, goes back to his mother.

Anthropologists maintain that all primitive people follow similar plans of progress and this sameness is quite evident in the type of home construction of tribes all over the world where they are about in the same stage of development. The most natural manner of building a strong weather and wind resisting insulated home without anything but the simplest tools is to use materials immediately at hand and fashion it in a round or dome form. For example we have the ice igloo of the Eskimo, the skin covered yurt of the Mongolian both of whom are supposed to be related to the Navajo, but we also have the mud or adobe shaped houses of many African tribes especially on the Island of Madagascar and the palm and rattan homes of the same shape of many other African and some South Pacific peoples who are very remote from our Indians. Following in order the Navajo uses cedar logs about four foot long set on end in a circle some eighteen feet in diameter topped with a dome of logs laid horizontally closing in the roof up to a four foot smoke hole, one opening for a door facing the east and the entire structure covered with clay to be baked by the sun into native adobe. It blends so harmoniously into the landscape that it frequently escapes detection by the tenderfeet driving thru this country.

A blanket is hung over the door opening which also serves to control the fire in the center of the hogan. This type of shelter is surprisingly firm and is used only in the cold weather, the Navajo prefering to sleep in the open with his flocks of sheep on the move in the summer or in the brush hogan set up temporarily near the small fields of corn and squash that he occasionally sets out in spring.

The most startling characteristic of the Navajo is his unconquerable fear of the dead. Everything associated with a person at the time of death is "tchindi," the native word for "taboo." If a person dies in a hogan a hole is broken thru the wall and the body passed out and the hogan is then burned if it is of wood construction or if made of rock as some are where wood is scarce it is destroyed, or in any event it is deserted. Never again will a Navajo so much as come close to the spot even generations after all traces of the building has disappeared. The body is buried or deposited in a rock niche along with saddles, horses and many personal articles and those attending the burial must undergo a long purification ceremony. Many of the present dances are revised versions of ceremonies for those who had looked on enemy dead in the tough old raiding days before Kit Carson changed their habits. Because of his fear of the dead the Navajo never took scalps which I understand was a custom established by the French and English as a bounty system by which they could measure the results of their Indian allies in the wars of the colonial era.

To-day the Navajo attempts to get the few white traders or government agents to do his burying. There are many tales of amusing incidents which have arisen because of this superstition too long, however, for this already lengthly epistle. It has served good purpose in the prevention of the spread of disease which may have contributed to the increase of this tribe while others are disappearing. This reservation is practically littered with ruins of the prehistoric cliff dwellers in which have been found many valuable artifacts including mummies and pottery all undisturbed because of the Navajo's fear of the dead.

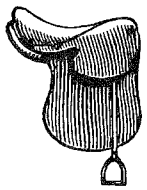
Here at Tonalea in the desert at the comparatively low altitude of one mile the days are warm and dry and we have a fire only in the evening. Our

first week was spent in the pine woods on the high plateau which I mentioned earlier. There was much snow although the days were warm and pleasant and the green woods beautiful with showers of glittering snow sifting down from the tufted branches in the bright sunlight. By day the wet clay was slippery and impassable but by sundown the temperature would begin to dive and the trails freeze hard.

One night we bounced and lurched over a little used trail on the verge of car sickness to a scene well worth the ride and the trip out here. Two rows of immense campfires lined a cleared flat strip extending from a large log ceremonial hogan. Inside was a continuous singing chant by the Hahtahlis (singers or medicine men). Around the campfires were hundreds of squaws, their carefully washed and brushed hair shining in the firelight, children awake and sleeping and men in long hair tied in back and topped with ten gallon hats and everyone wrapped in brightly colored blankets. On most fires coffee pots were steaming, mutton ribs roasting and squaw bread baking. Outside of both lines of fires were covered wagons, horses, dogs and sheep, a typical Navajo camp. Down the center line from time to time came teams of ten or more dancers, heads covered with square fox skins decorated with grotesque faces, wearing green pine bough neck ruffs, ornamented hand woven breech clouts, moccasins and much silver and turquoise jewelry and arms and bodies protected from the biting cold only by a thin covering of white clay. Wild animal sounds announce their entrance, two majestic squaws anoint them with corn pollen, gourds begin to rattle, gutteral rhythmic chanting grows louder and you are transported back thru the ages as the dancers stamp and turn and sing in perfect unison.

The climate, beautiful scenery, the primitive unspoiled Indians and the warm pioneer hospitality of the isolated white people make this an ideal place for a complete change and rest.

Cordially yours,
Allen E. Hoban.



THIS WEEK

By Anna N. Moulton, *Editor*

Hon. Chase S. Osborn, Michigan's most unusual citizen and Grand Old Man of the state's entire history, was reported last summer to be approaching the end of his earthly career. He had fallen and broken a hip and that, after 85 years of wear and tear on his physical frame, was considered by many who wished him well to be more than any individual could withstand. But the fall broke only the hip, it did not break the spirit of this remarkable man.

Despite his injury, which occurred in his Georgia home, he came to Michigan for the summer, and on his return submitted to an operation for removal of the pins which held the fractured hip bones in place. Since then he has shown improvement, has surmounted his physical troubles and gone back to work.

One of his accomplishments for 1945 was the correction of errors in official area figures, and that was made the title of a book on the subject written by himself and daughter Stellanova Osborn and published by the Lancaster, Pennsylvania, press late in the fall.

The Foreword, which is quoted here, explains the purpose of the book and shows the tenacity with which our former governor holds to a cause that appeals to him until he sees a wrong made right.

THE FOREWORD

The total area of the United States of America is 3,082,809 square miles: 2,977,128 square miles of land and 105,861 square miles of water.

If you compare this total area figure with that in your atlas, or any current reference book, you will find that the two do not agree.

The reference books are wrong!

The same situation exists with regard to the total areas of the Great Lakes states.

The reason for it is still more amazing. The incorrect figures are based on tabulations issued by United States government bureaus.

Difficult as it is to believe, the currently quoted official total area figures for the United States and Great Lakes states leave out all the American-owned portion of the Great Lakes. This began years ago, perhaps originally through misunderstanding.

When the matter was first threshed out with the Census Bureau, they agreed to correct it in 1940. However, when the immensity of the region gave rise to statistical and political difficulties, they decided it was easier to continue, as in the past, to omit this part of the country from its total area figures. In other words, for statistical convenience they are ignoring established legal boundaries, sacrificing accuracy and justice, and still excluding from the picture of the total area of the United States a major possession of 60,422 square miles, which may easily be of greater value than any equal area in the world.

This book is published to spread knowledge of these errors in our national official statistics and to expedite correction of the inaccuracies.

The writer received as a Christmas gift a copy of the book with this inscription on the flyleaf, which makes it priceless,—

"....from his affectionate friend Chase S. Osborn (Uncle Chase), with his unending, heartfelt good wishes, and those of Stellanova Osborn.

Christmas, 1945."

Chase S. Osborn, who was governor of Michigan in 1911 and 1912, gives his profession as that of a writer. He may be known best as a writer, but he made a record as governor that is still referred to for the constructive and efficient work performed for his state, and he has been a traveler and philanthropist known throughout the civilized world.

He was born in Huntington county, Indiana, January 22, 1860, and in a few days will celebrate his 86th birthday. He has the hearty congratulations and sincere good wishes of the Republican.

THE SOO NEWS MAKES AN INQUIRY

If Gov. Osborn "found" the area of Michigan which stands to bring $9,000,000 to Michigan, what better use could be made of the money than to build the bridge the former governor wants over the water of the Great Lakes that Gov. Osborn "found"? Four of five years of that $9,000,000 income would be enough to pay for the bridge.

—Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

"SUPPLY"

Who is it that each day fulfills our
every need?
Who is it that each day helps us to
succeed?
It it not God?

Who is it that sends forth unlimited
supply
And answers our petitions when we
humbly cry?
Is it not God?

Then should we not accept the blessings we have here
Instead of always asking God to lend
an ear?

His wondrous works are manifold;
So help ourselves we must—
Living each day the best we can
And in God above to trust.

Vilo Coleman.

5549 N. Lakewood ave.
Chicago 40, Illinois.

The writer of this poem is a sister of Mrs. Chas. L. Dine of Decatur. She wrote the beautiful tribute to her nephew, Bernard Dine, who lost his life in Iwo Jima, and the lines entitled, "Birthday Surprise," dedicated to our townsman, Charlie. Both were published in the Republican.

A subscriber of many years, when renewing for the Republican remarked: "Sometimes we think we can get along without it, but when it doesn't come we miss it." Also when a subscriber fails to renew we miss that subscriber.

What is a more beautiful sight than the outline of a giant tree against the sky?

Did some one say, drawing a bead on a ten-point buck, or pulling a pickerel out of the water?

Since when did it become proper to spell "freight" f r a t e, and "bomb" with only one b? George Bernard Shaw and other literary freaks would like to change the English language, modernize it till the Old Continental boys and the Boys in Blue wouldn't have recognized even the swear words. But there are some things which cannot be improved upon, and one of them is the English language as the Puritans brought it over from Europe, as Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster spoke it, and as Longfellow, Whittier and other famous authors wrote it.

We have plenty of time to write "through" and "thoroughly" and "freight" and "bomb" as we learned them in school. It can be possible to travel so fast in this country that all the beauty it offers is lost for the speed.

There is no authority in Webster's dictionary for the so-called simplified spelling of English words and their beauty is gone with the abbreviation.

The bitter complaints of some Decatur land owners were recalled when reading this part of the weekly news letter of the state department of agriculture:

LAND DRAINAGE IN MICHIGAN

"Land owners of the state of Michigan apparently realize the importance of proper drainage as evidenced by the number of drains petitioned for during 1945. A recent report submitted to Charles Figy, Director of the Department of Agriculture, shows that at the beginning of January, 1945, the Drainage Division of the Department had on file 147 petitions for the cleaning out, deepening, widening, straightening, or extending of inter-county drains. During the past year 110 more petitions were received, making a total of 257 drains to be worked on during the year. Of this number, 90 drains have been constructed according to plans and specifications and 10 have been declared not practical by the drainage boards."

About the time the agricultural news letter was received there came also a letter from a friend in Detroit asking advice concerning a small property which she has owned here for many years. This is a paragraph of her letter:

"For many years, until last year, the winter tax was only about $25. Last year the drain tax brought it up to nearly $50, and this winter the Mud Lake tax raises it to about $150, and the assessed valuation is only $1,200. I received this year not one cent of income from it. Do all Decatur property owners have to pay at that rate?"

The Mud Lake drain tax falls heavily on about 25 land owners who were assessed for benefit from the drain. Its cost was around $5,000 and even those who favored it did not expect such a heavy expense. Several have been assessed from one to three hundred dollars on small acreage.

The drainage laws need some revision to protect property owners against unduly heavy assessments.

Jessie Savage, An Appraisal of Her Life

By Her Pastor, Rev. Leroy Cabbage.

It does not take a dictionary to describe the life and character of a truly great soul. A very few words suffice. In the case of Jessie Savage four words seem to summarize the principle qualities by which she will be remembered longest.

Mrs. Savage was one of the busiest people in her community. She was an example of the saying, "If you want a thing done well ask a busy person to do it." In her home, her church, her school and her community she gave unstintingly of her time and talents. Few people have done so much so well. She was never idle. One can not imagine her being unemployed. She was ever engaged in doing useful tasks. She embodied the spirit of Industry.

Mrs. Savage possessed an alert mind. Her success as a teacher was due, in large measure, to the fact that she was a great student. Her mind was always hungry for knowledge. No fact was too small to interest her and no problem too great to challenge her. Her advice to a young friend who was interested in one particular field of art was this, "Study world government also." She was at home in her garden among the vegetables and flowers, but she also was at home in the realm of ideas where the destiny of civilization is determined. She knew how to cook a good meal but she also knew the significance of the currents of world history. She embodied the spirit of intelligent inquiry.

Although she had exceptional ability and knowledge in many areas of life Mrs. Savage possessed the beautiful simplicity of a child. She was unspoiled by selfish pride and egotism. When for publicity she was requested for information relative to her accomplishments she recently replied, "I am only a country gardener." When elected to the highest office which her church could bestow upon its members she was reluctant to accept because she felt herself unworthy of the honor. And it was only when her pastor reminded her of the opportunity to serve the youth of the congregation that she accepted the office. She was not interested in prestige. Ostentation was foreign to her nature. She could laugh at pomp. She judged herself and others by truer standards. She embodied the spirit of humility.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of Mrs. Savage was respect for the opinions of those who differed with her. Her own ideas were well grounded. Her convictions were deep seated. She based her beliefs upon logic and reason. "She was not blown about by every idle wind of doctrine." But the spirit in which she held her views was always irenic. She could be a friend to those with whom she could not agree. She believed in free discussion. She knew the truth is too great for any one mind to comprehend. She followed the light as she saw it and expected others to do likewise. She regarded all honest thinking as a search for the truth and believed sincerely that the cause of truth is best served by encouraging people to think for themselves. She was always willing to share her ideas but refused to impose them upon others. Her life was a rebuke to bigotry. She embodied the spirit of tolerance.

The four words that seem to describe the life and character of Jessie Savage are Industry, Inquiry, Humility and Tolerance. Our best memorial to a great friend is to emulate the good which we have found in her. Let us not merely talk about her, let us put into practice the virtues by which she is best remembered.

THE PASSING OF MRS. H. H. SAVAGE

Decatur people were shocked last Friday morning when the news spread through the village that Mrs. H. H. Savage had passed away. She had seemed to be in good health and a recent check-up by her physician verified this impression. She had com-

joyed another successful school year in June and was enjoying work in her garden and keeping up with the numerous activities which always crowded upon her. She was bright and active, buoyant with good cheer, the joy of living and doing for others. In her quiet way she did so much to give happiness to those with whom she came in contact that her own cup of happiness seemed always to be running over.

Two weeks ago Tuesday Mrs. Savage went to Lowell, near Grand Rapids, to spend a week with her daughter, Mrs. Richard Court, and family. Thursday evening they went to the movie, and when the play was about half over she fainted. She recovered sufficiently to walk out of the theatre and was driven home. The local physician did not at first consider her dangerously ill, but she did not improve. Mr. Savage went to see her Sunday and remained. Wednesday she took a turn for the worse and was taken at once to Blodgett hospital, Grand Rapids, where she passed away at 7:25 last Thursday evening. The cause of death was given as cerebral hemorrhage.

The body was brought to the Newell and Son funeral home Friday and a funeral service was held in the Presbyterian church at 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Rev. Leroy Cabbage gave an eloquent sermon in which he paid tribute to her upright generous life which had won the admiration and esteem of the community.

Early Monday morning the body was taken to Chicago for cremation.

Jessie Edna Kern was born in Volinia township, Cass county, Michian, October 28, 1886, and passed away at Blodgett Hospital, Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 18, 1946. She was the daughter of Frank L. and Edna Huyck Kern. Her early girlhood was spent on the farm of her grandfather, Richard Huyck, north of Nicholsville.

[illegible] graduation from Decatur [illegible] school in 1905, she attended [illegible] Michigan College in Kalamazoo.

She was united in marriage to Hollister H. Savage of Marcellus, October 23, 1907.

In 1923 the family moved from the farm home southwest of Marcellus to Decatur where she became a teacher in the Decatur public schools. During her teaching career she took an A.B. degree from Western Michigan College.

CARL SQUIER A WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

Harry Stern writes from his home in Clinton, Illinois:

"I am enclosing some pages from the latest Time magazine as I believe you and some of your readers will be interested in reading about a former townsman and native son of Decatur who has done things in a big way. I hope you and my other friends in Decatur are enjoying the best of health."

The enclosure was the story of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and of Carl Squier, one of its organizers and one of the five men responsible for its remarkable success.

We received also a copy of the magazine from Merle Leighton who seldom lets anything of interest about the home town get away from him.

Carl Squier is a son of Harley Squier who now resides in Buchanan, but has lived the most of his life here in Decatur. Carl's grandfather was David A. Squier and his uncle Emory H. Squier, the two having held the office of supervisor of Decatur township over forty years. Carl went to school here, was in the first World War and afterward got his start in business in Detroit. He has made his way up in the business and financial world by his own efforts and unaided. His mother was the lovely Sadie Brown Squier, daughter of Amos Brown of Columbia township, who passed away many years ago.

Following is a portion of the Time story which refers to Carl Squier:

"In Burbank, Calif., one day last week, a big shark-bodied plane rose from the Lockheed Air Terminal, circled out across the San Fernando Valley and headed east over the mountains. It was a notable event and a red-letter day for Pan American Airways: that was the first of the fleet of Lockheed Constellations for Pan Am's globe-girdling routes.

"One day Bob Gross (a Detroit financier) got a phone call. The caller introduced himself as Carl Squier, general manager of the Lockheed Aircraft Co. Gross had never met him, but Squier, a crack salesman who made it his business to know people, had heard of Gross. Over the phone, Squier sold Gross the idea of forming a syndicate to buy the moribund Lockheed Co. He did, and they did—for $40,000. Bob Gross got 40,000 shares of stock, still owns 36,000.

"Bob Gross and gregarious, sport-jacketed Carl Squier began operations with 15 employes and only $800 in the bank.

"Gross knew what the trouble had been with Lockheed. It had been making planes for the small private-plane market, instead of for the big airlines. Lockheed could not hope to buck Donald Douglas, whose DC-2 dominated the two-engined field. The only hope seemed to be in the small transport field. Gross decided to gamble. He spent $139,400 on the Electra, a ten-passenger, all-metal plane for small airlines. The gamble paid off. Gross sold 40 of them the next year and put Lockheed into the black. Lockheed then tried a bigger plane, Model 14. It sold, too, and Howard Hughes dramatized the plane to the world by flying one around the globe for a new record: 91 hours, 17

mln.

The Big Time

"When war was near, Salesman Gross sent Brother Courtlandt to London to sell Lockheeds to the British. The answer was no, thanks, British industry was "quite adequate." Months later, Gross learned that the British were sending a commission to the U. S. to buy planes after all; the commission would be in California within five days.

"In that time, Lockheed's engineers turned out a complete wooden mockup of a reconnaissance bomber adapted from the Lockheed 44. When the British arrived at Burbank, those who liked golf were put up at the Riviera Country Club; those who liked city life were quartered in a midtown hotel. Result of these tactics: Lockheed got a $25,000,000 order for 175 military versions of the Lockheed 14, which the British called Hudsons. It was the largest single order any planemaker had ever received.

By spring, Lockheed landed another $65,000,000 order for Hudsons. Said Gross: "That really put us in business." When war came, Lockheed, like other plane companies, did not merely expand, it exploded.

The Job

Lockheed's payroll, which had risen to 2,500 workers in 1939, skyrocketed to a peak of 90,000. Its planemaking spread the plants over 7,688,000 sq. ft. of floor space (v. 59,600 sq. ft. in 1932). Still there was not enough to take care of the flood of war orders. The assembly line for the Lightning (P-38), a flashy two-engined fighter designed for the Royal Air Force, finally ran right out of the shops in a weird S curve. Eventually 30% of Lockheed's production was being done outside."

The men at the head of the Lockheed plant are Bob Cross who receives a salary of $112,500 a year, his brother Courtland, 41 years old, who receives a salary of $60,750 a year, Cyrel Chappellet, 40, salary $58,500; Hall Hibbard, 42, salary $58,500, and Carl. Of the last named Time says,

"Carl B. Squier, 52, the $58,500-a-year vice president in charge of sales and service. An Army pilot in World War I and later a barnstormer, Squier is the only top executive at Lockheed who can fly an airplane."

THE STORY OF DECATUR

(This brief but well written history of our village was written by one of our townsladies and read by her before a meeting of the rural letter carriers of Southwestern Michigan held at Grand Junction Saturday evening, March 16. The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Rural Carriers Association of Michigan is compiling stories of all of the towns of the state which have rural carrier routes, and this story of Decatur will be one of the collection. The writer's name is withheld at her request.)

The township of Decatur, which was named in honor of Commodore Stephen Decatur, one of the nation's naval heroes, was organized in 1837, by legislative enactment and embraced within its limits the present townships of Decatur and Porter,—the latter having been set off and organized into a separate township in 1845.

Joseph Beers and Samuel Sherwood of New York had become owners of a large tract of government land in which was included the site of the present village of Decatur. In 1848 the Michigan Central Railroad had been completed to Niles and these gentlemen conceived the idea of laying out and platting a village along the line of that road, which they did. They donated the site for the depot buildings which were erected the same year.

Two streets, one on either side of the railroad and running parallel, were laid out and named Beers street and Sherwood street. Buildings lots were surveyed and a few humble homes were erected. Hiram Lee was the first to purchase a village lot.

C. S. Tucker opened the first boarding house which later was converted into a hotel known as the Decatur house. A school was established for the twenty children with Miss Sarah Cook as teacher. Church services were held in private homes. Thus at the end of two years we find the beginning of a little community to be known as Decatur, being named after the township in which it was located.

Prior to the coming of the railroad, transportation was over plank roads and by stage coach, or if the distance to be traveled was not too great, oxen were hitched to the farm wagon. Shopping was done in Kalamazoo or at a little settlement about 12 miles distant known as Lafayette, later named Paw Paw.

This little settlement of Decatur, located at the edge of a large impenetrable swamp, was surrounded by forest on every side in which various kinds of game abounded. Many stories are told of encounters with panthers and wolves. Timber was plentiful and the hum of the steam saw mill soon became a familiar sound.

Other early industries were the manufacture of staves, hoops, barrels, heading, measures and various wood products. Two huge grain elevators stored the crop from the outlying farms and it was a familiar sight to see a long line of loaded wagons waiting their turn to ascend the inclined driveway to the storage pit. The first flour mill was destroyed by fire at an early date; was rebuilt only to be destroyed by fire the second time.

In 1849 a road was completed across the swamp south of the village, thereby giving the early settlers of Prairie Ronde access to a trading center. Decatur was growing slowly but surely. Cattle were driven in for shipment to market. Tan bark was hauled from Bangor to a local tannery where hides were made into leather.

At the end of five years after its incorporation the village had 75 buildings, including a new school house and church structure, within its boundaries. Stores, shops, taverns and a post office came into existence. Mr. Sherwood was the first postmaster. These were boom days.

Gradually the forests disappeared and the wood working industries faded from sight for lack of material with which to keep them going. Meanwhile the swamp lands were being cleared, drained and brought under cultivation, which was an enormous task.

Only the early pioneer farmers can ever know the true meaning of this reclamation project. Blasting stumps, pulling and piling roots for burning,

water flooded areas, sink holes, mud shoes and rattle snakes were common topics of conversation. The dredge helped to channel the excess water into a main drain, smaller ditches were dug and tile was laid, turning this waste area into a vast garden.

Decatur is nearly 100 years old now and is planning to celebrate its centennial anniversary in 1948. Let's look at our little village today and observe the outcome of 98 years of progress.

We are located on the main branch of the Michigan Central Railroad (now N. Y. C.) between Detroit and Chicago, which gives us easy access to several large cities. M-40, a two-lane paved highway, passes through the town and good tarvia and gravel roads reach out in every direction. Our system of city water, electricity, gas and telephone are considered essentials and no longer luxuries. Our shops and stores supply our every need. Eight churches minister to the spiritual needs of the community, each has its own pastor and enjoys a goodly attendance.

We have one of the finest schools in southwestern Michigan, with two modern well-equipped buildings, college trained teachers and an enviable enrollment. From its doors many favored sons and daughters have gone out into the business world. Names like Dr. D. K. Rose, Film Editor R. J. Kern, Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, Lockheed Vice Pres. Carl Squier and Financier Floyd Odlum were once familiar on the campus and in the halls.

Educationally ambitious, Decatur made a strong effort to locate the Normal College on the banks of the Lake of the Woods in 1903-4, but lost out to Kalamazoo. Excitement and interest ran high and in our dreams we pictured our beautiful lake shore the campus of today's Western Teachers College.

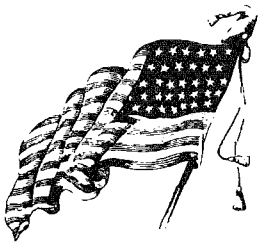
Our postoffice enjoys second class rating and does a prosperous business. Three rural routes are served therefrom covering a total mileage of 162 miles. The Decatur rural mail service was established in 1902 when William H. White was postmaster. Guy Calbetzor and Maynard Thomas were the first carriers, but three more routes were soon added and Stephen Calbetzor, Arthur Brigham and Hal Jones were made carriers. The office continued to support five carriers until about 1930 when two were retired on pensions and the routes re-arranged for 3.

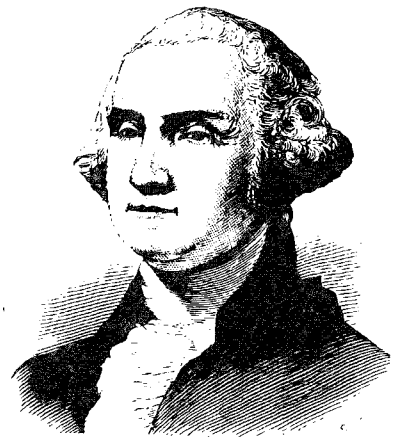
Decatur's industry today centers around her muck land. This fertile black soil yields every kind of vegetable, the principle one being celery. The Kalamazoo Gazette once said jokingly that "Decatur raised the celery that made Kalamazoo famous." Numerous cold storages and warehouses give employment to a limited number of people. Muck land farming is carried on mainly by farmers and gardeners of Holland descent, who have settled here in large numbers.

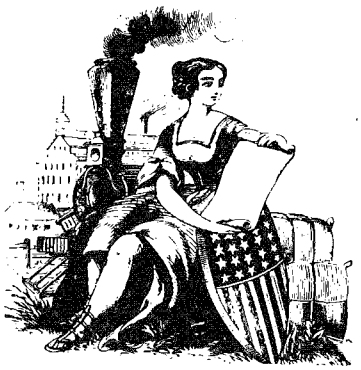
It is a fine sunny afternoon in the spring of 1946 and I shall invite you to take a ride with me over one of the several roads that today cross the big swamp. The deep sandy road bed has been replaced with tarvia and our '42 Chevy covers the ground much easier and faster than did old Buck and Brindle.

Soon we are at the foot of Fifield hill which we will ascend and seek a lookout at the top, enabling us to look back over the road traveled, toward Decatur. Overhead the skies are blue with perhaps an airplane skimming by. The sun is bright and visibility is 100%; such a view. Decatur unfolds before our eyes in a beautiful panorama. A big engine puffing great billows of smoke into the air and laboring with its 100 freight cars is pulling into the station. To the left spreads out the buildings of the big Iodent farm and to the right the sun reflects on the large Becker greenhouses where young plants are grown. In the distance is a tiny spire which proves to be the standpipe of the water works plant. Buildings large and small dot the landscape in every direction. If we remain until evening the electric street lights of the village may be easily seen.

When Stephen Decatur said those famous lines, "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong," could he also have had in mind "Our home town"?







LUCY MILLARD'S LETTER

Kendall, Michigan — Feb. 1, 1838

Dear Parents:

With what emotions of soul, I now attempt to address you, is known only to that Being who searches the heart and trieth the veins of the children of men. The Lord has sorely afflicted me, he has made me pass through the deep waters of affliction, he has brought me down to the dust — far from my native soil, in a land of strangers, the Lord God has made me a widow — and my children fatherless — He has taken the companion of my life — the partner of all my joys and sorrows, has taken his flight to the World of Spirit. OH, may that God who has afflicted me pour the balm of consolation into my wounded heart.

Our dear Calvin was sick only eight days and died on the ninth, he was taken ill on Wednesday — but kept out all day clearing timber. That night complained of a bad sore throat with a constant rising of phlegm in the throat. We sent for Mrs. Luke our nearest neighbor, who thought it the quinsy — We applied a piece of fat pork around his neck. Next day said he was better, his right foot then pained him severely — and swelled very large, we sent for Mrs. Luke again — she said it was the inflamatory rheumatism. We bathed it in red pepper and vinegar — she advised him to sweat over a pot of boiling herbs with a coverlet thrown over him. I tried to persuade him not to do it, but he was anxious to try every remedy. This was Monday that he took this powerful sweat. Said he felt better that night. Tuesday night thought he would lie in the bed. We put him to bed, bolstered him up, he was very restless all night. Said he felt an awful pressure upon him, and had a cold damp sweat upon him all night. I got up at two o'clock and made him a bed on the floor. I forgot to tell you that his left foot swelled the same as the other foot — except that it turned black and blue. Wednesday said he was better — appeared very comfortable. Thursday morning Mr. Luke called in to see him. He told him he rested better the last night than any night he had been sick.

I cooked some dried venison and he ate two or three mouthfuls and then we got him on the bed. He slept sometime. I then noticed he sweat profusely, asked him what made him sweat so much, said he did not know. I then felt of his hands and found they were cold and damp. He then wished to get up. I got a chair — said he would have a cushion in it — Louisa and I got himinto his chair and drew it to the fire. I then, for the first time began to be alarmed about him. I saw a change had passed over his countenance. I spoke to Brother Ralph and told him to go after Mrs. Luke, for I thought he was dying. He lived about one hour and half after we got him up. I asked him if he was sensible that he was almost gone and that we thought he had but a little while to stay with us — he bowed his head, but could not speak. Louisa said, "Father, father, have you not one word to say to me?" He was too far gone to notice it. I supported him in his chair until a few minutes before he expired. I was so overcome that Mrs. Butterfield took my place and supported until he breathed out his last. He expired without a groan, struggle or sigh. His countenance was placid and serene in death. He died Thursday, January 25, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and Saturday the 27th, we followed his remains to the grave. He deceived himself with the idea that he should soon be about his work again, and we were deceived in the same way.

A few days after he was taken sick, said if his feet were not swelled, he would work on a shave horse he had begun. We sent 12 miles for a Physician but he was sick with the fever and ague and did not come — he gave it as his opinion that not any Physician on earth could have helped him. We sent 15 miles for a minister to attend the funeral — he was interned on a little rising hillock in front of our door. A spot that he and I used often to admire — and where he said in a few years he should build a handsome house for us. There on that spot of ground rests the mortal part of my beloved Calvin, he was carried to the grave by strangers and by strangers morned. Yes, here was a side field of usefulness open before him, at the time of his death he was much engaged in the foundation of a school — he used often to say that he felt so happy that his family were on a place of their own — and that he was to work on our own land. He was very ambitious and worked too hard. He said he intended if he had his health, to clear ten acres this winter. They have cleared about five of the ten. — It was my impression that his complaint was lung fever — he could not lie in his bed, unless bolstered up, like a person sitting up. I never saw any person taken so violently as he was and so distressed for breath. I have given you the particulars as well as I can thinking it will be a satisfaction to you. We did all in our power, but the arm of God alone could save him.

God has seen fit in His all-wise dispensation to remove him from the land of the living. He has, I doubt not, obtained an incorruptible crown. My earnest prayer is, that we may bow with submission to the will of Him, who has given, and who has taken away. Write me as soon as you receive this. In my next, I will write you what I intend to do. Whether to go back to Connecticut or not. Do not fail of writing us. Tell Julia to write me or Louisa. I am now writing to Hannah Martin and will tell her to show my letter to Betsy Russel.

The children all send love to you all,

Yours in affection,
SIGNED: Lucy Millard

THOMAS F. MAHONEY 25 YEARS IN BUSINESS

Thirty-five years on the business street of Decatur! That is the record of Thomas F. Mahoney, and Wednesday, January 22, 1947, he celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of being in business for himself. He, the editor of the Republican and Dr. Bope hold the records for length of service in the village.

Tom clerked in the Knight's Grocery Store five and one-half years, in the Potts Grocery Store two and one-half years and in the Rawson Candy Kitchen two and one-half years. On January 22, 1922, he and Jim Hooper bought the building of J.T. Fletcher and opened the Gem Cafe. The latter's health failed and Tom bought him out the first of June. He died in August of that same year.

When the business was formally opened on January 22, Hooper had a more important engagement, that of going to see his girl, and Harold Hudson took his place in greeting and serving the first customers. This week, twenty-five years later, Tom has sent greetings to his old friends, now president of the Alpena Savings Bank in Alpena, and invited him to a return engagement.

Tom Mahoney has stuck to his job through good times and bad, and Mrs. Mahoney has been his faithful helper. Their son, Mike, came home from the army about a year ago and is fitting nicely into the business. We look to see him keep it up and make another record of long and efficient service on the street.

Tom was seventy years old the twenty-ninth of last June. He went through a hard sickness last year but is now going along with his old-time enthusiasm, greeting his friends and serving them the best in his line. His soup is known from coast to coast and will not run out so long as there is water in the standpipe.

1/23/47

THE BELLING OF JOHN FRY

This is another of Ab. Moon's stories:

John Fry was a Decatur carpenter and a world renowned humorist. His son Charles of the Decatur schools resembles him.

John Fry lived in Nicholsville when that once thriving village was an infant, and this is the story:

Away back in the days from the forties to the sixties the belling of newly married couples on the prairie was a religious observance, and the couples who didn't get a visit of this kind felt slighted.

One notable belling was that given John Fry when he was married to Laura Lawrence. Both were highly respected young people and John had himself been a leader in many an affair of this kind and knew he would get his call.

So when he got married he secured a 3 gallon jug of whiskey, and when the boys arrived he came out lugging the jug. He invited the boys to help themselves, which they did.

Now there was something else in that jug besides whiskey, for no sooner had the boys begun to drink than pandemonium broke loose. They got to fighting and acting like crazy men. One fellow had a drunken fit which lasted till the next day and they thought his time had come. It was noticeable that John did not drink any of the stuff, but returned to the house and went to bed.

Some of the boys slept in the fence corners that night, and some slept in the door yard. They all had headaches the next day. John lives in Decatur now, respected and prosperous, and to this day has never told what was in that whiskey.—From the Republican January 12, 1911.

All-Out Version Of Man

Six months-All lungs.
Age 5—All ears.
Age 14—All hands and feet.
Age 21—All muscle.
Age 45—All paunch.
Age 90—All in.

The Village Of Decatur

First Settled Ninety-nine Years Ago.

Accurate information concerning the beginning of the village of Decatur was brought to the Republican by Mrs. James Tweedy. It is in the form of a newspaper clipping of a paper read by Mrs. W. H. Tuttle at the meeting of the Every Tuesday Club December 26, 1899.

The first move toward creating the village was in 1847, one hundred

years ago, and building began in 1848. It was because of the coming of the Michigan Central railroad that the settlement was established and the first train passed through here October 7, 1848. Next year being its one hundredth anniversary we can begin early to prepare for the biggest celebration in its history.

Following is the paper by Mrs. Tuttle:

I love to hear old people tell their tales of the past,. for history told by a man who has set his foot on the borderland, where the past and the future meet and blend, in a consciousness of both past and presnt, is more charmingly told than by him who recalls it from dry statistics or coldly stated facts.

The first settlement in Van Buren county was made in what is now the township of Decatur in 1829, and in 1847 Charles Tucker settled on the present site of the village and built a house. In 1847 Beers & Sherwood of New York City had acquired government grants for 5,000 acres of land, in which was included the present site of Decatur, and when the Michigan Central railroad began to push its way westward from Kalamazoo they determined to lay out a village on the line and call it Decatur, in honor of our country's celebrated naval officer of that name. They donated land for depot buildings, which were put up in 1848, in which year the railway was completed from Detroit to Niles. October 7 of that year an excursion train from Detroit to Niles, in celebration of the opening of the road, passed through Decatur.

Hiram Lee bought the first village lot in 1848, before the village was platted. The first village school was opened in 1848, on the lot now occupied by Mr. Greenman. A school was taught in it during the winter of 1848 and '49 by Miss Sarah Cook, who's pupils numbered twenty.

In 1848 L. R. Barker built a hotel on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets. In the following year Col. Phelps, who was the postmaster for a long time and for whom our main street was named, opened a store on the lot now owned by Mr. Brigham, and for a year it was the only store in town. At this time most of the trading was done in Kalamazoo and Paw Paw. The Dixon store now owned by E. P. Hill was esteemed a fine establishment for that day,. some thought it finer than was needed.

The completion of the swamp road in November, 1849, opened communication with the surrounding country and gave to the new village a decided impetus.

The village was first incorporated by the board of supervisors in October, 1859, and afterwards rechartered by the legislature, by an act approved March 16, 1861. The first president of the corporation was E. P. Hill, the first recorder, Orrin T. Welch. One curious provision existing in the act was that the president and trustees should receive no compensation, but may once a year have a free dinner at the expense of the village.

In 1850, Beers and Sherwood engaged Nathan Wilcox to put up a steam sawmill at the west end of Delaware street, just out of the village. This mill was afterwards converted into a distillery, which has happily disappeared, leaving only rank grass to mark the spot it once defiled.

Decatur's first physician was Dr. Bartholomew, who put up in 1848 a small office and drug store on Sherwood street, the building afterwards doing duty as Shulters' hotel.

During Dr. Bartholomew's time Dr. Wells of Little Prairie Ronde visited Decatur frequently to teach singing school and occasionally practiced the healing art in the town. In 1851 Dr. J. T. Keables opened an office in Decatur and for years had the field to himself.

In 1851 the main street of the village boasted the stores of A. H. Dixon, Theodore Phelps and E. Ingals and a bar room kept by Robert Willis. Mr. Willis was known as the wealthiest man in town. At that time the spot now occupied by the thriving village of Decatur was literally in the woods, and the sight of deer and wolves in the very heart of the village is said to have been no uncommon one.

Decatur's earliest newspaper was called the Van Buren County Tribune and its publisher was Charles P. Sweet. The Decatur Clarion, edited by Moses Hull, was the successor of the Tribune.

A postoffice was established about 1852 and George Sherwood appointed postmaster.

Previous to October 15, 1870, Decatur village had enjoyed only such limited banking facilities as were furnished by the private banks of Joseph Rogers and John Tarbell. On this dato the First National bank of Decatur was chartered with a capital of $75,000. A. B. Copley was chosen president and E. P. Hill cashier. Mr. Copley was a member of our state legislature in 1865, '71 and '75.

Oh, What's The Youth?

Visitor: "How old are you, sonny?"

Boy: "That's hard to say, ma'am. According to my latest school tests, I have a psychological age of 10. Anatomically, I'm 7; mentally, I'm 9. But I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That's 8, but nobody pays any attention to that these days."

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shown in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below:
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school . . .
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
'Twas a glorious world, down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head. . .
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

Goorge Arnold (1834-1865)

Camp Lake Of The Woods and Camp Greenwoods

The Lake of the Woods camps were opened by Mrs. Florence Greenberg June 30 with an attendance of 145 boys and girls ranging in age from 6 to 16 years. The camping season is eight weeks. The camps were built and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg until the former's death six years ago, and since that time Mrs. Florence Greenberg has been the sole manager.

In 1934, a married couple purchased a tract of land about two miles from the town of Decatur in lower Michigan, with the purpose of establishing a boys' and girls' camp called after the neighboring lake—Lake of the Woods.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg were well qualified for the task that lay before them. Mr. Greenberg founded the first Jewish Orphan Home in Canada, and was head of the Marks Nathan Orphan Home in Chicago. Mrs. Greenberg had been a social worker in Chicago and worked hand in hand with Mr. Greenberg after their marriage in directing the home.

The first year at Lake of the Woods was successful enough to insure a bigger and better camp the following year, and this has been the order of events ever since. Two years later, a cornerstone was layed for a separate boys' camp,—Camp Greenwoods. The boys in Lake of the Woods were moved across to this camp, and Lake of the Woods became a camp for girls.

The children now live in lately rebuilt modern cabins with fluorescent lighting, as the camp has become increasingly modern. We boast of running water inside our cabins, separate shower and bath houses, electric cooking equipmentt, and the most modern tools and machinery. Our food is one of the main attractions in the camp due to its abundance, quality, and excellence of cookery.

An exceptionally distinguishing feature of the camp is the health department. When a child has any ailment whatsoever, he is examined by a licensed doctor with the assistance of a registered nurse. If he needs confinement to bed, he is sent to our infirmary which, upon remodeling this year, has been judged so outstanding by the Van Buren County Health Department that they are taking pictures with the purpose of sending them as examples of a model infirmary. We might here mention that the general cleanliness and sanitation of our camp was judged so commendable that a permanent health license is being issued to us, obviating a yearly renewal.

The wide variety of activities have distinguished this camp from others in quality.

We have one of the finest riding camps. It started when the camp was founded and has grown with it in size and quality. A large riding staff, a special site for barns and pasture, and an expensive supply of tack has made this department equivalent to the better riding stable two months out of the year. The horses were once kept all year—either rented out or moved to a neighboring farm for the winter, but at the present time they are bought at the beginning of the season and sold at the end of it. The riding instructors have always been experts in their field with varied types of experience behind them such as service in the Austrian Cavalry or western "bronc busting."

Swimming or waterfront activity is the most important of all in the camps, and one which we may be very proud of. Constantly under Red Cross supervisors, who hold degrees in life saving, water safety, and Red Cross instruction, there has never been a drowning or even a serious accident, although the campers sometimes swim as much as three or four times a day. The boating section has afforded much pleasure to the children, steadily enlarging the number and kinds of boats to include canoes, rowboats, motor boats and even sailboats.

Another important part of the camp may be grouped under the heading of "Athletic Activity." Almost every sport known to man is taught here, under the supervision of trained instructors who are usually physical education instructors or renown in elementary or high schools. They all have many years of experience in working and coaching both in school and out, handling classes in the form of clubs and organizations beside regular school. Such sports as riflery, under the supervision of ex-army instructors, archery, baseball, tennis, soccer, basketball, wrestling, boxing, volleyball, tumbling, ping pong, and others are taught to the boys' camp, and the more gentle ones on the girls' side.

Handicraft has always been an important part of camp. Both camps have set aside an entire cabin for the explicit purpose of teaching handicraft and harboring the materials. Such subjects as leathercraft, ceramics, craft strip, wood burning, plastics, plaster mold, painting, macaroni beading, drawing, and wood model building are taught. The children always have something to take home as a sample of their efforts.

Many outdoor camping activities are gradually being worked into the schedule, as the war has ended and equipment has become more available. A new station wagon has already arrived, and another is on order. With the use of these wagons, the children are being taken on all day "hikes" to Palisade Park, near South Haven, where they play, swim, and eat in the open air. Boat trips to a plot of land across the lake are made early in the morning, on which breakfast is cooked out doors and eaten. Similarly, a group may leave early the night before, and sleep overnight in this same place in bedrolls fashioned from blankets. All this valuable experience is topped by the fact that again we have trained and experienced guides to supervise and instruct on these hikes.

Cultural subjects are also stressed on both sides of camp. The girls are tutored in charm, dancing and dramatics, to develop self confidence and personality. A camp newspaper and library are run for boys and girls to help the campers develop literary skills. The addition of such activity helps to round out the camper's day and insure a full development of all his capacities. The teachers in all these subjects are professional degree holders in this field, and some are active as teachers and principals in the city.

A great deal of miscellaneous activities add variety to the camper's life. After supper activities include plays, stunts, athletics, campfires, quiz programs, contests, and movies. Almost weekly a special day is worked into the program such as "Pirate Day" on July 12, when the boys dressed up as pirates and played pirate games all day. Other special events include Visitor's Day, and several special dinners as the one on Mrs. Greenberg's birthtday. Inter-camp dances are held weekly, as are religious services. One of the most enjoyable events for the children takes place when they are allowed to go to town, see a movie, enjoy some delicious sodas, and mix with the friendly townsfolk.

It very rarely occurs that a camper leaves at the end of a season with any other feeling except that of exaltation at a very happy experience and a deep wish to return.

Things to Come . . .

Vibration is isolated inside a new type automatic washer avoiding the need for bolting it to the floor.

The Missourian

Lelia Brinkley, Ewing, Mo.

HIDE AND SEEK

Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye,
How swift those days have all passed by,
How I'd like to live those days once more,
The days of my childhood so long ago.
Those days so free from care and strife
So full of the mysteries of life,
Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye,
All tain't ready holler I.

On grandpa's farm at the close of day
How we loved to hide in the new mown hay.
Out in the cornerib, up in the mow,
In the horse's manger, beside the cow,
Behind some loose lumber ,or the pig pen door.
Seeking a place never thought of before.
Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye,
All 'taint hid holler I.

1, 2, 3, for Maggie and Clare
O, you have changed aprons, well I guess that's fair,
You both get in free for that clever trick.
One, two, three for Johnnie and Dick.
O, you have changed shirts, and pants too I see,
That puts you in free and the joke's on me.
A bushel o' wheat, a bushel o' rye,
All 'taint hid holler I.

When Our Community Was Young

Local History Papers to be Written by Junior High Pupils for the Norman E. Webster Award.

Norman E. Webster of New York City, graduate of the Decatur high school class of 1884, delivered the commencement address to the class of 1945 and at its close returned the check for $40 he received for traveling expenses with the request that it be awarded as prizes for the best papers by pupils on local history.

A definite plan has been worked out which is in a fair way to be developed as time goes on into an interesting feature of the school work.

Miss Catherine Howland has been given charge of the work and the papers will be written by pupils of the Junior High. The project is now under way and the pupils have become decidedly interested in it.

The money will be divided into four awards,—first $20, 2nd $10, 3rd $5, and 4th $5.

Two conducted tours will be taken in the school bus to points of historic interest near Decatur. The first will be to the south and include the Benj. Hathaway farm, the Anderson, Charleston and Nicholsville cemeteries, the site of the old town of Charleston, and of the Morris murder.

The second tour will be to the northwest and will cover the old territorial road, Indian tree near Haydon school, Haydon homestead, site of old Brown tavern, tavern on Rosevelt farm, Rosevelt homestead, early colored Baptist church, site of Millard homestead, etc.

Among the subjects suggested for history papers are the following:

1. Why we wrote these stories.
2. The founding and naming of Decatur.
3. Indian lore—in and around Decatur.
4. Embryonic life in Decatur.
5. Among our pioneers.
6. Early farms and industries.
7. Early churches and schools.
8. The Michigan Central Railroad.
9. The Decatur Republican.
10. The Duncombe House.
11. Men in Public Office.
12. The old town of Charleston.
13. The old brick yards.
14. The old Nesbitt sawmill.
15. Early colored settlement north of Decatur.
16. The old tannery.
17. Old taverns.
18. Saloon days in Decatur.
19. Our community in the Civil and Spansh-American wars.
20. Our Donnybrook fair.
21. Local men of achievement.
22. The Morris murder (unsolved mystery).
23. The old and new swamp roads.
24. The G. A. R. in Decatur.
25. Early lodges.
26. In appreciation.

The Jont and Ellen Goble Museum

By Anna Broekhuizon

(This is the twelfth story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science in the Decatur public schools.)

A quaint, rambling old frame house on Wheeler street houses some interesting antique pieces collected by Ellen and the late Jonathan Goble, both descendants of early pioneers of Volinia and Little Prairie Ronde,—the Gards and the Gobles respectively.

Ellen, her older sister Elma, and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Shockley, came to Decatur to live in 1871. In 1907 Ellen married Jonathan Goble, whose great grandfather and Ellen's great-grandmother were brother and sister.

After the death of Ellen's parents she and Jont occupied the house until his death in 1940. Since then she has lived alone.

Jont and Ellen loved to re-live the events and scenes of their youth and with that end in view they saved and collected family heirlooms of several generations. The house is furnished with old-fashioned furniture and handiwork of various periods.

Ellen has inherited from her mother an inherent aptitude for all kinds of needlework and handicraft. Besides this natural talent she combines originality and creativeness with a taste that amounts almost to genius.

One of the most unusual pieces of her handiwork is a picture of a girl in a hoop skirt on a black velvet background, made entirely of old and rare buttons. Two other pictures which show originality of design and materials hang in conspicuous places in the home. One has a frame which is made of scalloped black leather from outdated high-top shoes. An unusual cross fashioned of the same material forms the central point of interest. The other, made by her mother, occupies a prominent place over the sofa. Colorful clusters of fruit, birds, and flowers are arranged on a background of spatter work set in a rustic frame of natural wood made by Levi Lisk of Decatur about 1882. This type of picture is known as a "medley." Brass candlesticks, which came from her grandfather, Joseph Gard, occupy a position on either side of the picture. She also has several paintings which were done by her in pastel colors and oil paints.

An interesting ornamental piece in her living room is an old stone jar which was covered with putty and then, while the putty was still soft, was stuck full of small, odd household trinkets and a coat of gold bronze applied over all. Above this, hanging on the wall, is an oblong mirror which was made in 1857. As a decorative touch, a small picture in colors has been painted at the top.

A trunk in her bedroom contains old-fashioned bedding and a complete wardrobe of an early day. One of the prized articles in this trunk is a white linen, homespun, candlewick bedspread made by her grandmother when she was a girl in 1829. The design is an all-over pattern in leaves. She borrowed the idea from Mother Nature while boiling sap in the sugar bush. Her old-fashioned quilts are really masterpieces of needlework. Several of them were made by hand in intricate patterns by her mother before 1857. Other items of wearing apparel which deserve mention are two white cotton petticoats which are over four yards around. The tucked underflounce forms a background for very fine deep eyelet work which was done with painstaking care. The pattern was designed and executed by her mother's hand and she worked on it intermittently for 35 years. The trunk also contains a pair of white wool, homespun, knitted socks which are about 75 years old.

One of the hobbies which Mrs. Goble enjoys is making and dressing dolls. Some of them have been dressed in the authentic styles of the early 80's.

There are many valuable old pieces in the museum upstairs. Among them are the first clock owned by the Shockleys, a very old bed with a high head board, old chairs, and three authentic Currier and Ives pictures—"The Little Sisters," "The Little Brothers," and "The Bridal Couple," which are set in homemade walnut frames. One article of interest is an old, old butter ladle which belonged to Mrs. Sarah Goble Gard. It must have seen great service because one portion of it is completely worn away. In one corner of the museum room is a cast iron kettle which once sang its merry song from the "crane" over an open fire place. Near it are several old powder horns, old stone fruit jars, and pewter spoons. Books of great age, and old letters, some of them past the century mark, are among the other relics. Old newspapers form an interesting part of her collection. One paper, called "The Van Buren Republican," is dated back to December 3, 1879. Another, "The True Northerner," is dated December 5, 1873. One of the Decatur Republicans is dated October 6, 1886.

Mrs. Goble's grandfather, Joseph Gard, owned a small, embossed, leather-covered trunk which is among her treasured possessions. It is very old and is lined with a French newspaper which has the date, November, 1667, on one part of it.

The prized keepsake among her old dishes is a copper lustre pitcher which belonged to her Grandmother Gard. The latter died in 1842. Probably the oldest piece which she possesses is a handleless cup and saucer of blue willow ware. Other pieces of china are a Bonning ware teapot, a snuff jar which belonged to Grandfather Gard, and a heavy, stone beer mug.

One section of the museum is devoted to old-fashioned clothing. Hats which were worn at the turn of the century and earlier bring forth amused smiles from visitors. Yards and yards of ribbon went into their construction and feathers and plumes were popular too. At that time any-

one who aspired to the milliner's trade had to spend several months as an apprentice before she could practice her art. Mrs. Goble was one of the accomplished milliners of her day.

Among the dresses are some which she and her mother made 40 years ago. They are long and heavy, each one containing many yards of material. Some of them are interlined and fitted with stays to give them shape. It required the precision of an artist to make a dress at that time. This trade, too, required careful training and a long apprenticeship.

One of the most elaborate of the dresses which she has is a fine, white, lace-trimmed graduating dress which was her sister's (1878). The skirt was done in fancy pleating, and the sister must have been very proud to wear a gown of such fine material and workmanship.

Many other interesting relics are to be found in this fine old home.

Jont used to run a column in the Decatur Republican which ran like this:

Jont says—

Does your mind get to running in certain channels such as to wonder how the telephone can talk to you over a wire of short or long distance?

Then there is the telegraph and last of all the phonograph.

Then there comes the radio that tells you all of the news from all over the world just by sounds in the air.

Did you ever stop to think how men and women have had all of these wonderful things for hundreds of thousands of years, that they can talk, and by signs impart everything that has happened in the world?

We would not enjoy any kind of flowers if we had no sense of smell or sight to see them. There is the ear that takes in all of the sounds, and there is the sense of feeling that seems to me to be ahead of all the other senses.

They created man and woman in this world and they are ahead of all other earthly things.

Did you ever ask yourself how many kinds of milk there are in the world? In counting them over do not forget the milk weed and the lettuce, then there is the milk of human kindness.

This is just to get you to thinking.

Jont Goble.

A famous psychologist had finished his lecture and was answering questions from the floor. A meek little man asked: "Did you say that a good poker player could hold down any kind of executive job?"

"That's right," answered the lecturer. "Does that raise a question in your mind?"

"Yes," was the reply. "What would a good poker player want with a job?"

LETTERS

RECALLING EAST DECATUR DAYS

The writer of this letter was one of our classmates in the Decatur high school, and at about this time 58 years ago we were getting our pictures 'took' and worrying over our graduating essays. Bessie was a good pupil and probably knew just what she wanted to say and how to say it. She has made her own way these many years since and has given a good account of herself.

Miss Howland served in the First World War as an army nurse, and now in her years of retirement she has a home in the Women's Cottage, Veterans' Administration Branch, at Los Angeles.

Los Angels, Cal., April 27, 1947.

Dear Arba:

Enclosed is for paper for coming year. Had intended getting it to you before receipt of notice, but as it is becoming increasingly difficult for me to write, I find it is getting much easier to put off writing from day to day. That is my alibi.

I was pleased to receive a call from Homer Howe a few days ago. He was one of my pupils when I taught in East Decatur school about fifty-six years ago.

Homer is well preserved and very active. Of course I would not have known him had I met him on the street. He says he would have been unable to recognize me had I been outside this home. We had a pleasant visit and recalled many of our former East Decatur friends.

I enjoy the letters in the Republican, and especially those late ones which tell of the old East Decatur settlers. I have most happy memories of the home of my uncle, James Howland, where I stayed during the time I taught in East Decatur.

I wish to add my congratulations, 'tho belated, to the many you have received upon the successful completion of 50 years as editor of one of the most interesting papers in the country.

Trusting this finds you well, and that you may edit the Republican for many more years, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Bessie M. Howland.

East Decatur Reminiscenses

The East Decatur picnic will be held at the grove on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lemcke the second Sunday in August, which will be August 10.

The Lemcke farm is perhaps better known as the Lewis farm, John Lewis, father of Mrs. Lemcke, having bought it of a man by the name of Jones some fifty years ago.

The Lewises were among the early settlers of East Decatur. Mrs. Orrie Carpenter Clark gave the writer the following sketch of the family:

The spring of 1867 saw a stalwart young man, John Woster Lewis, by name, trek westward, leaving his family behind in New York state, to become one of the early settlers of Michigan.

He settled on an 80 acre farm in East Decatur, spent the summer there, and becoming convinced that it was a good place for a future home, returned to New York that fall for his family.

The family consisted of his wife, Orpha Jane Lyman Lewis and three sons: Millard, aged 13; Henry, aged 11; and Johnny, aged 2 years. That fall of 1867 saw the family settled and beginning in earnest the task of wresting a living from Michigan sand.

Sometime later John Woster Lewis' parents came to Michigan and he sold the south forty, with the buildings on it, to them. He built his own home on the north forty where he lived for over forty years, or until his death in 1910 at the age of 84.

His widow remained some years on the farm until her age and health compelled her to live elsewhere. She passed away in May, 1920, lacking only 20 days of being 91 years of age.

The oldest son, Millard, became a doctor in Boston where he made his home until his death in 1921. He married but had no children of his own and his widow passed on several years before his death.

The second son, Henry, made his home in Hartford, Connecticut, many years. A few months before his death he and his wife went to his only daughter's home in Rochester, N. Y., where he passed away in the early summer of 1930. He left to mourn his loss his widow, Nellie R. Lewis, the daughter, Grace L. Coachman, and two grandchildren, Lawrence and Martha Coachman.

The youngest son, John Lyman Lewis, spent most of his life on a farm in East Decatur, near the old homestead. He passed away in February, 1928, after a very short illness of pneumonia, leaving his widow, Mary Luella, two daughters, Bernice and Helen, and one grandson, Lewis F. Bissell.

A few years later Mrs. Lewis married Melvin Lyle and both are now passed away.

THE NEW POSTOFFICE

Decatur is scheduled to have a new post office location and it will be a jump from the north to the south end of the business street. When a government inspector informed him that he would recommend a new building for Decatur, Postmaster White was ready with a plan. He offered to build a building and rent it to the government for $328 a year. He was so sure his offer would be accepted that he went to Chicago and bought the Duffin lot of May Duffin for $675.

But the First State Bank made a lower bid which was accepted. For $300 a year and a ten year lease it proposed to erect and equip a building 22 x 60 feet with a pressed brick front, and the $300 per year included light and heat.

Postmaster White went on and erected his building anyway, and finally sold a part of it to Frank White, the barber, and the rest to O. W. New-

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TRIBUTE TO THE DECATUR PAPER

Fifty years an editor,
Upon the selfsame paper,
With never one peep from you
(That was a naughty caper.)

I think our little paper sure is superfine,
Seems to me it's getting better all the time;

It isn't full of scandals and everything that's bad,
'Tis the nicest country paper, I think, we ever had.

"This Week" is interesting with different topics, nice;
And just that little column is worth the paper's price.
I'm glad to call its editor a sort of special friend,
May he continue many years, are the wishes I extend.

—Nellie Sibley.

When Jesus comes to claim his own,
And we gather 'round that great white throwm,
Will we be as pure as in day's agone,
When we played hide and seek in grandpa's barn?
As we look on those nail-scarred feet and hands
And gaze into the Promised Land.
What will our answer be as we hear Him cry
"Let all who are ready answer 'I'.

Forty Years Ago In Decatur

From the Republican of January 17, 1907, and the Memory of the Editor.

DR. ROSE

We met Dr. Gilbert L. Rose coming out of his office on the evening of New Year's Day forty years ago. It was about six o'clock and bitter cold. The wind was blowing furiously and the air was filled with snow which was relentlessly driven against the unfortunate ones compelled to be out in it.

The doctor had just returned from a drive to see a sick patient in Volinia six miles away,—a twelve mile drive in an open buggy in that terrible storm! He had sent his driver on home to care for the team and himself, while he stopped for a moment at his office. When he came out it was for the last time.

We walked along together to the Thomas (now Brigham) corner, where he turned west. He was suffering from exposure to the cold and could hardly talk, and said he was going to bed as soon as he could get there. He was a sick man. The doctor's home was in the second block on Delaware street.

He went to bed that night and did not leave it alive. A week later we were among the hundreds of sorrowing people who crowded into the big town hall to attend his funeral.

We have told the story of Dr. Rose and his great heart many times and never get tired of telling it. It was brought to our attention this year by T. J. Rosevelt who brought to the office a copy of the Republican of January 17, 1907, containing the tributes to Dr. Rose of Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney and Elder J. H. Hammond. They are both beautifully written and undoubtedly can be found in the scrapbooks of our older residents.

This issue of the Republican contained other news stories which might interest older readers.

Albert A. Abbott was in the real estate business here at that time and Roe Warner sold muck land.

Burrell Van Curen was a Volinia farmer and George B. Rogers was the Decatur township treasurer.

CARL SQUIER

Carl Squier received an appointment as page in the House of Representatives and his grandfather, David A. Squier, took him to Lansing Tuesday morning to begin his duties.

(We were sitting at the typewriter in the office writing items for the paper, even as we are today, when the telephone rang. It was a call from Lansing, and a call from so long a distance was a rare thing to this office in those days.

The call was from Representative Nathan F. Simpson and he said, "I have been given the privilege of naming one of the pages of the House of Representatives and am turning it over to you if you would like it." Somewhat excited we asked, do you mean that I can name a boy for that appointment? "That is right," he replied. Our next inquiry was how much time could I have and the reply was, until one o'clock p. m. It was then 10 a. m.

We rushed to the schoolhouse with two boys in mind, and after talking with Superintendent Hungerford, decided on Carl Squier. Next we saw his father, Harley E. Squier now of Buchanan. He too became excited and said that on a matter as important as that he should have a little time to think it over. We gave him a half hour in which to be at the printing office with his decision. He was there on time with the word that Carl could go. It was then about noon.

At one o'clock we called Representative Simpson and named the boy. At four o'clock we received another call that Carl Squier had been appointed a page in the Michigan House of Representatives, and to have him there the following Tuesday. The appointment was made Friday. It was quick work, and it was the beginning of Carl's unusually successful career.

Carl Squier today is vice president and sales manager of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and one of the most valuable men in the aircraft business.

The Old Measure and Stave Factory

Employs 25 Men and Manufactures 60 Dozen Measures A Day.

Taken from the files of the Decatur Republican, Sept. 14, 1899.

(Continued from last week.)

BUSINESS GROWING

The enterprising citizen of our village enjoys a drive with his visiting friend past the vast fields of fragrant peppermint which our muck land so abundantly produces, and with a feeling of pride for his home village, tells of the great work which has been accomplished there, of the many men who find employment and the prosperity which this industry and its promoters have brought to our community.

He should not forget to stop on his return at the Hinckley, Roberts and Co. measure factory and show his visitor another of Decatur's industries which is enjoying a prosperous growing business and is giving steady employment to about 25 men. Mr. Roberts informs the publisher that their business was never better than it is now. Their output is 60 dozen a day and they are nearly 30 days behind with their orders.

A new feature of their business is the manufacture of candy pails which are made similar to the measures with the exception that they do not require the iron bands and are furnished with a cover and handle. The pails are used by wholesale candy houses for shipping candy and the company has sold large bills of them to firms in Chicago, Louisville and the East.

Roberts, Hinckley and Co. Purchase Timber

N. Peterson has sold 300 acres of timber to Roberts, Hinckley and Co., consideration $2500. The timber is on his land west of the village and is to be taken off within a period of five years. To the measure factory this is an important sale, it insuring them plenty of material for the factory for the next 5 years at least. It is also important to Mr. Peterson as it will hasten the clearing of the land which he is already planning to convert into a stock farm.

Reminiscences Of Volinia Township

From the Dowagiac Herald of January 5, 1911.

Two Iron Kettles

Volinia township has two iron kettles which have a history. One of them belonged to Amos Huff, father of Honest John Huff, and is now owned by Frank Judie. It weighs over 1,000 pounds.

The other was owned by Sammy Rich and also weighs over 1,000 pounds. They would hold over 100 gallons each. They are known to be over 75 years old and their origin is lost in darkness.

In the early days the Rich kettle, which now is owned by Will Wright, was used to make potash in. Later it was used in hog killing time.

Once, over 50 years ago, Bennett Copley borrowed it and in one day with the help of 12 men he butchered and dressed for market 65 hogs. Scalding a hog in this huge kettle was a short affair.

The kettle, which was four inches thick on the bottom, was cracked and lead poured into the crack so that its usefulness was not impaired. Loomis and Harvey Warner used this kettle for many years in their sugar bush.

(This story was first printed 36 years ago. Would like to learn the present location of these two kettles. Mrs. Will Wright (Clara Warner) is the only person we know who can bring the story of them up to date. Mrs. Wright had an auction sale of her household goods and farm tools last week Monday and Guy Rutherford was the auctioneer. She is residing in the home of Frank Curtis.

In the sale she advertised two 30 gallon iron kettles, but they have shrunk considerably if they are the 100 gallon kettles of the Dowagiac paper's story.)

Old Settlers of East Decatur

Nina Lee Wertz of Walkerville, Montana, was a daughter of the late Fred and Laura Barnum Lee, who lived in East Decatur from about the years 1870 to 1900. Nina and her brothers Van and Harvey, were born there. Perhaps there are more in the family and if there are will leave it to Nina to correct or add to this story.

Ira Roberts, who now lives in the home of Mrs. Florence High, will celebrate his eightieth birthday the 11th of next April. His parents were Thomas and Lidia Carpenter Roberts, but his mother did not belong to the Frank Carpenter family.

The Tomas Roberts family consisted of the father and mother, and five children. They were Mrs. Edward McAdams, Orris who conducted a meat market in Decatur for many years, Herbert, Ira, and Mrs. Rena Hayden of Kalamazoo. Ira and Rena are living. The family came from Chatham, New York, and located in East Decatur in 1870. They bought their 40 acre farm before they came here. The parents lived there all of their lives and when they died it became the property of Ira. He sold it to Asberry Gayner in 1936. It is located just west of the East Decatur schoolhouse.

Ira and the writer have been planning for some time to drive over the old familiar neighborhood and write a story about it, but the time and opportunity has not appeared. Mrs. Wertz wrote in her recent letter of the families she remembered there, expressing a desire to know more about them and their farms. So we decided to make our trip sitting at the typewriter in the printing office, and this is the story as Ira dictated it.

The families she spoke about were the Carpenter, Howe, Clark, Burhans, Gates, Graham, Ray, McGowan, Elliott, Tip and Levi Caldwell, Ackley and Dunnington families. We will take them up in the order she gave them.

The Carpenter Family

Frank Carpenter and family must have located in East Decatur about the same time as the Roberts family.

The family consisted of himself and wife, Susan Powers Carpenter, and children, Will, Mrs. Ora Clark, Mrs. Belle Barnum, Mrs. Maude Howe, Ross, Erwin, Mrs. Nellie McAdams and Mrs. Altha Elliott.

The Carpenter farm consisted of 80 acres located just south of the railroad and at the fourth crossing from the Decatur depot. They sold it to John Motycka about 15 years ago. The parents spent the last years of their lives with their daughter, Mrs. Elliott, and family in this village.

Ira says they were mighty good neighbors, and always willing to help others when they could. One thing that could be said about Frank Carpenter, and for that matter the whole family, was that if he could not say a good word about a person he did not say anything. He never said an ill word about anybody.

The Howe Family

Enoch Howe and his family lived at the end of the road and his farm adjoined the Carpenters on the north. Enoch's father bought the farm which consisted of 90 odd acres, some time during the sixties. Enoch took it over when the parents died. His family consisted of himself and wife and their children,—Will, now living in Kalamazoo and past 80 years old, Ora, Arthur, Homer, Edith Fletcher, Mary Miller, and Eva Tenpound.

Enoch Howe died on the farm and it was sold over 30 years ago to Ben Bosma. In 1917 it became the property of Joe Lapekas who has made considerable improvement on it. Joe and his wife have raised a big family there and they have all worked and prospered. Three of the sons served in the army and they are all fine young people. Ira expressed his opinion that Joe is one of the best Americans we have in the county, and that he bought the most war bonds. The writer concurs in his opinion.

The Clark Family

Marvin Hinkley owned an 80 acre farm about a mile north of the Joe Lapekas corners. He sold it to Ben Clark sometime in the eighties. Ben's first wife was a Tinkham, an aunt to Hattie Tinkham Hill of Seattle, Washington. She died there and Ben later married Ora Carpenter. Some 40 years ago he sold the farm to John Andrews and moved onto a farm north of the Ormsby school house. He died there and sometime later Mrs. Clark moved into a home in town. Ben had no children but adopted Clarence Clark when he was a baby.

The Burhans Family

The Burhans family lived on the farm next north of the Ben Clark farm. They lived in an old log house, locating there in the sixties. Ira cannot remember the first name of the elder Burhans. They were old people when he first knew them. They had two sons, Charlie and Ike, and two daughters, Anna and Stella. Anna married Bert Caldwell and he can't remember about Stella. Charlie had a daughter Minnie who lives in California and visited here a year ago last fall. Ira remembers that Stella was the first wife of George Crossman.

The late attorney Earl Burhans was a son of Ike Burhans.

The Gates Family

Michael Gates, senior, was a soldier of the Civil War. They were located in East Decatur when the Roberts family came here in 1870. The family consisted of Mick, Jr., and three daughters. One of them married Alonzo Lyle, one married Stephen Pepper and the other married George King.

The Gates farm was located on the town line just north of the Burhans farm. It contained more than 200 acres, and is now owned by Joe Matoucek.

Mick Gates, Jr., became the owner of the home farm and he and Mrs. Gates lived practically all of their lives there. They had three daughters and one son. The daughter Lilly died some years ago, and Allie, Jennie and Elmer live in Battle Creek.

The Graham Family

John Graham was also a Civil War veteran. He located in East Decatur before 1870. The Graham farm consisted of 80 acres and was located a half mile west and a half mile north of the schoolhouse. It has been sold several times since the Grahams owned it, and we do not know who lives on it now.

The Graham children were John, Lizzie, Elmer, Jennie, Marshall and Charlotte. John and Charlotte (Mrs. Sherman Deuel) have passed away.

The Ray Family

Edward Ray and family located in East Decatur before 1870. The farm consisted of 118 acres and was located across the road from the Graham farm. The children of this family were Alonzo, Edward, John, Ida, Eva, Jim, Will and Bert. This farm is now owned by Alex. and Louis Popp.

The Ray family are all dead.

The McGowan Family

The Garfield McGowan farm was the William Powers farm. Garfield McGowan married Anna Cook and they bought the farm in the nineties. Their children were brought up there. They are Ray, Ralph, Maurice, Emma, Edith and Alice. All are living but Ray and Alice.

The McGowan farm consisted of 80 acres and was located a half mile west of the East Decatur school house. It is now owned by Arthur Slaughter.

James Caldwell Family

He was always known as "Tip," but I do not know where he got the name. Most all of the old timers had nicknames.

The Tip Caldwell farm consisted of about 60 acres and was located on the corner just a half mile east of the school house. This Caldwell family came from Cooper township in Kalamazoo county in about the year 1870. The four children were Bert, Jay, Ina and Edith.

Bert married Anna Burhans first and they had one son, Verne, who was killed on the railroad about 15 years ago. The first wife died and Bert married a Williams of Kalamazoo. She also died and he finished his days in the home of his daughter-in-law in this village.

Jay now lives in Berrien Springs and will be 80 his next birthday in August. Ina and Edith both died when they were young women.

The farm changed hands a number of times and was owned once by J. G. Hirst.

Levi Caldwell Family

Levi Caldwell was a cavalry soldier of the Civil War. He came to this community after the war and was no relation to the other Caldwell family. He married the widow of Ed. Campbell who was killed at the second crossing from the depot when driving home, back in the seventies.

His first wife died leaving him two daughters, Nora and Mary, and so far as I know both are dead. Nora married Doc. Halsted.

The Ackley Family

Charlie Ackley came to Decatur with his parents and grew up here. He married Clara Jackson and moved onto the Jackson farm. They had two children, Hugh, now living in Kalamazoo, and Bessie Vanderwoude, who lives in Hamilton township and teaches the Lee school. Charlie Ackley, now well up in the eighties, lives in Kalamazoo.

The Robert Dunnington Family

Robert Dunnington's farm consists of 40 acres and is located on the town line just a mile north of the school house. He married Cynthia Sherburn and lived on his father's farm.

Bob Dunnington was what I would call a darn good fellow. Everybody liked him. He didn't take too strong to farming, but he and his brother-in-law, Leu. Salisbury, ran a threshing machine for many years. He ran a threshing machine when they drew the steam engine with an ox team. It was the first steam engine that came into East Decatur.

But what Bob Dunnington could do the best was to play the fiddle. He surely was a dandy fiddler. He and Neal Oaks were a team back in the last century. They played for dances everywhere within driving distance. I remember the last time Bob Dunnington ever played for a dance. He and Neal played for a barn dance at Ben Clark's. It was a wild party and didn't break up till daylight in the morning. That was in 1893.

The fiddlers were disgusted. When Mr. Dunnington got home he threw his fiddle under the bed and told his wife that he would never play for a dance again, and he kept his word.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunnington had five children,—Will, Nellie, Sadie, Arthur and Velma. Arthur and Nellie are living. Arthur is in the State of Washington and Nellie still carries on the farm. She taught school in East Decatur until retiring. She and Mabel Schuneman taught together for something like 30 years. Then the school was reduced to one teacher and Miss Schuneman is still there. All of this time her home has been with Miss Dunnington.

Colored People Of Decatur Give $1500 For Hospital

The colored people of this community are combining their pledges to the $200,000 Lake View Hospital Building Fund Campaign to dedicate a $1,000 Memorial Tribute in the name of the Colored Baptist church, it was announced by General Chairman George Schutt.

Mr. Schutt's announcement, made at the campaign's first report meeting last Wednesday night, brought forth a storm of applause from the assembled workers. "I think this is a splendid thing," said Mr. Schutt. "It thoroughly demonstrates that this campaign has no barriers of race, creed or color."

Already, $782 has been subscribed toward the memorial, according to pledge cards turned in by William Ampey, of rural route 1, Paw Paw, who is directing this special solicitation. The memorial, he said, will be the work room adjoining the nurses station and the pediatric ward.

Pledges totalling $50,180 were reported from the various divisions last Wednesday night. Chairman Schutt complimented workers on their soliciting accomplishments to date and urged them to boost the total to $100,000 by the next report session Thursday evening, August 7.

As yet, no solicitation of pledges for the campaign, aside from that by the Negroes, has been started in Decatur. Chairman Schutt said he is still hopeful that a soliciting organization will be formed for solicitation of business and residential sections of Decatur, saying, "I'm sure that Decatur wants to do its part."

Decatur and vicinity has had 792 patients in Lake View hospittal during the last six years.

The Passing Of Bessie Rogers

And Sketch Of The Lives Of A Once Prominent Volinia Family.

Written for the Republican by Helen Hathaway of Ann Arbor.

The passing to the higher life of Bessie Rogers, late of Los Angeles, California, formerly of Volinia, Cass County, Michigan, marks the end of the life cycle of a family that made a worth while contribution to the history of Cass county.

It may be remembered by at least a few of our community that it was Howard Rogers, who built Volinia's first store, and also wrote the county's first history, which was a work of recognized merit. Some of the older settlers may recall the days when Howard Rogers and his wife, Eliza, lived on a farm at the southern edge of our famed Newton Woods. Among the early memories of the writer were the occasions when she and her mother, Mrs. Kittie Hathaway, gathered bouquets of the beautiful and abundant wild flowers with which that woods abounded, when on visits to the Rogers home. A delightful little creek meandered across the Rogers farm south of the house—one of the joys of the younger generation at that time.

So much for the early setting of the Rogers family. Mrs. Rogers was a sister of the poet, Benjamin Hathaway, and at one time the Rogers family resided on the Hathaway farm. It was at that time that the well known "Dryer" was built, from which the apples of the Hathaway farm and of the neighborhood were turned out as "dried apples" for shipment to the big markets. The old dryer, which had had its day, was taken down in 1910.

The three daughters in the Rogers family were Emma, Ella, and Bessie. Bessie, the youngest, was born November 3, 1868, at Volinia. According to the writer's memory, all three of them taught school; Emma, for about twelve years; Ella, for perhaps five or six years; and Bessie, for just a short time.

A number of those who can remember back for a period of years will recall the Rogers store in Volinia, a general store where just about everything was sold—dry goods, shoes, groceries and candy, then a special treat for the children.

In 1893, the family moved to Copemish, in Manistee County, in northern Michigan. There they continued in the store business and also acquired a farm a short distance from the village. The writer recalls a very pleasant visit to their home in 1905. Mrs. Rogers was still living at that time, but passed on before many years. Howard Rogers had already met an untimely death by being struck by a passing train on a railroad track not far from the Copemish home.

After the passing of Mrs. Rogers, the three sisters made a number of trips about the States, including points in Florida, Texas and California, in search of a desirable spot in which to locate and spend the remainder of their lives together. Bessie spent one winter in San Antonio, Texas, and it is recalled that she spent several winters in Florida. Some of our Decatur people may remember that Bessie spent some time in the home of her uncle, A. B. Copley, in Decatur, helping to care for aunt, Mrs. Jane Helen Copley, during the protracted period of illness that preceded her death on September 20, 1890.

The eldest of the three sisters, Emma Rogers, preceded the other two sisters to California, in 1910. There she was joined by Ella and Bessie two years later. The three lived for a time in Pasadena and Long Beach, but eventually located for good in Los Angeles on North Figueroa Street, right in the heart of that prosperous and growing city.

Emma preceded the other two sisters to her Heavenly home a few years ago, followed by sister Ella sometime in the winter of 1940-41. Since then, Bessie has lived alone in her home, except for the near presence of tenants who rented one, two or more units in or about the home occupied by herself.

It was always considered by the other members of the family that the Rogers sisters were good business women, and the business ability of Ella, in particular, was recognized by all. She had acquired her higher education at what was then the Ypsilanti State Normal College, and her scholarship was, we understand, of a high order. While she taught for a few years, she did not make teaching her life work. Along with the business of the family which she was the major factor in managing, she did a great deal of writing, especially for the Michigan Tradesman, to which she was for many years a regular contributor.

During her later years, Bessie read and studied what is known as "Science of the Mind," which is somewhat on the order of Unity or New Thought. She was a dear, gentle little woman, whom to know was to love. As each sister had her particular part of the work about the home, Bessie did her part; and the writer recalls one letter from the sisters, in which it was related that "Bessie painted the high parts of the house" when it was being painted.

Bessie Rogers passed on May 29, 1947, at her Los Angeles home. Services were held for her at the Chapel of W. A. Brown & Son, on Saturday, May 31st, at 3:00 p. m., Dr. William H. Hunter officiating, with Miss Josephine Hovland acting as organist.

Cremation took place at the Rosedale Crematory, Los Angeles, and the ashes of the three sisters were to be sent back to Copemish.

The following poem appeared in the little folder issued by the Chapel "In Remembrance":—

THE OTHER ROOM

"In my Father's House there are many rooms." John 14:2.

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my father's mansion,
Living in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like yon child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight at desk or school-book,
Busy in another room.

Nearer than the youth whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Serving in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshhold
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
When I know my love is happy,
Waiting in the other room?

—Robert Freeman.

The Michigan Central Railroad

By Kathryn Stanard

(This is the eighth story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science in the Decatur public schools. It is the most complete history of the great band of steel that was laid across the state of Michigan we have yet seen, and it also contains other interesting reminiscences which should be preserved for future generations.)

INTRODUCTION

The story which is about to be unfolded to you is actually one of the Michigan Central Railroad, although there will be special mention of Decatur because of the importance this section played in the building of the railroad.

On March 28, 1846, the state of Michigan passed an act which gave the Michigan Central Railroad Company authorization to purchase the Central Railroad of Michigan for two million dollars. That railroad had been started in 1836 by the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad company through a charter by the state of Michigan on June 29, 1832. This company was operated by our State Board of Internal Improvements, as property of the state and not of an incorporated company.

The Michigan Central Railroad was not the only one that was to cross the rivers and streams, pass over the hills and through the valleys; and carry the many products of this state. The Southern, Northern, and Central Railroads were also to perform these duties, although the Michigan Central was to play the leading role in the building and growth of the railroads in the Wolverine state.

The rails on those early tracks were not like those of today; instead they were strap rails. These rails were flat and were spiked onto wooden stringers. The rails often loosened and curled up, coming through the floor of the coaches, and quite frequently disabled or killed the passengers.

The early railroads were so dangerous that at last the legislature of 1842 made two resolutions, the first being that "the Commissioner of Internal Improvements be instructed to cause a train of passenger cars to run over the Central Railroad on the first day of the week, at the same hours that it does on other days," and the second "required the Board of Commissioners of Internal Improvements to restrain Sunday trains, when in their opinion, it was not for the interest of the state to run them."

The building of this railroad was very slow. It took nine years to complete the railroad from Detroit to Kalamazoo, a distance of one hundred forty-four miles. By the time the railroad was finished thus far, the funds of the state had been exhausted and the people were tired of having the state politicians build the railroads and wax fat, while the people of the state paid the bills.

The original route planned was not used and the only requirement was that the railroad be constructed at some point in Michigan which would make it accessible to steamboats. This one requirement proved to be somewhat of a hindrance to the state. Van Buren county, which was a new county, changed the route and made New Buffalo the western terminus instead of St. Joseph as was originally planned. This action caused the railroad to cut off only a small part of the southeastern corner instead of going diagonally across the central part of the state. New Buffalo was to become the terminus although it had no harbor of any consequence and never could have.

The success of the railroad is largely due to H. B. Ledyard. In the year 1848 when the state had more funds the road from Kalamazoo to Niles was completed and the next year it was completed to New Buffalo. In 1851 the road was extended to Michigan City, Indiana, and in 1852 extended to Kensington, Illinois. At the same time Michigan Central trains were run from Kensington to Chicago over the Illinois Central Railroad by agreement with that line.

In September of 1848 Mr. J. S. Tuttle traveled the distance from Detroit to Lawton, and gave the following account of the trip:

"In September, 1848, I came from Detroit to Lawton over the Michigan Central, the passenger trains running only as far west as Lawton. From there the four horse stage line took passengers westward."

Early in October the road was completed to Niles, and on or about October, 9, 1848, an excursion train went from Niles to Detroit. The Detroit railway officials furnished free tickets to a number of the citizens of Niles.

The following year the great gold rush for California occurred. The pioneer Californians have since been called the forty-niners.

The state of Michigan commenced railroad building and completed a road from Monroe to Detroit, and from Detroit on west, probably to Marshall, using the flat rail spiked to a piece of square timber laid on the ties.

The state sold the railroad to a New York Company and then continued extending the road west, reaching Niles in October, 1848.

By the time this great road was ready and on its way westward across Michigan, Sherwood and Beers of New York City had acquired a government grant for 5,000 acres of land including the site of Decatur. When the railroad line was laid out, Sherwood and Beers decided to lay a village out and call it Decatur after the famous naval hero, Stephen Decatur.

The Nesbitt saw-mill which for many years was the only one for miles around, ran day and night supplying the railroad's demand for lumber for construction work.

Mr. C. S. Tucker owned a boarding shanty a little way south of the depot in 1849. He kept boarders in a small building which was erected on the site of the Duncombe House by Beers and Sherwood, for an office.

In 1848 Mr. Hiram Lee bought the first village lot. It was the third lot west of the public square near the railroad side which made it the lot next to the livery stable.

Decatur became the main station for the railroad in Van Buren county. Decatur actually sprang into existence at the scream of the first locomotive in 1848.

The property for its depot was donated by Sherwood and Beers and because of all the things these men did for Decatur the streets on both sides of the railroad are named in their honor.

Decatur was an important wheat and lumber shipping point. One of the records of shipments from Decatur is included in this story.

Shipments from Decatur

Month	Grain	Lumber	Stock
June	31	23	2
July	10	22	
August	70	15	9
September	58	22	12
October	68	19	17

November	3	13	13
Totals	240	114	53

In the early days the railroad engines burned wood only, and took on water from a big tank next to the stand where they took on wood. The tank was filled by a large horse walking all day on a treadmill.

All the land in early times was covered with oak timber. The owners cleared it away as quickly as possible so that they could put in crops. The M. C. R. R. bought all the wood and ties they could get. All the property south of the present station was covered by wood and railroad ties. Once every year the railroad would bring a sawmill and crew to saw wood into proper lengths for use in the engines. It was then piled in sheds to dry for use next year.

Today in 1947 we find Decatur still exporting much stock and produce, although lumber is no longer exported.

Decatur had two citizens who played an important part in the railroad business too. They were Mr. Hendryx and Mr. William Howland.

In the year 1853 the Michigan Central established an office in New York City, and Mr. Hendryx was given an important position in it. He accepted the position and advanced rapidly until he was contracting freight agent on this great road.

Engineer Wild Bill Howland

One of the outstanding engineers on the Michigan Central was William Howland, born in 1859 in East Decatur, son of Margaret Code Howland and James Howland. He hired out in 1872 as water boy for the section gang for his uncle, James Mahoney. This was followed by a job on the section gang. When he was old enough the following advancements were made: brakeman and later a switch fireman in 1881. He was promoted to fireman in the same year and engineer in 1887. He continued in this job until he was pensioned in 1929 with a record of fifty-six years and seven months. He piloted nearly all of the crack trains and was often called upon to take specials carrying visitors and officials. His pride was that he never over ran a station and had to back the train up. There were no offenses against his record after such a long career, and his time table was law. He brought the first train into the present M. C. R. R. depot in Detroit.

He said the first wreck he ever heard of on the Michigan Central was in the early fifties. A train and a road train met head on during a late November snowstorm at a place known as Spring Hollow about one and three fourths miles east of Dowagiac. The conductor was Lyman Rawson of Decatur.

A Tragedy of the Road

Dr. Mahoney of Chicago, a former resident of Decatur, gives the following account of one of the worst accidents which occurred there. It happened about 1889 or 1890. The fast train going east in the early evening was not scheduled to stop at Decatur, but for some reason it was ordered to stop so the telegraph operator turned on the red light as a stop signal. As the train slowed down, the conductor, Arthur Daily, a fine gentleman, stepped off to go into the office to get his order. He either slipped or made a mis-step, and his feet went under the wheels. The feet and ankles and both legs were mangled. He was carried into the waiting room at the station and laid on the floor. A boy came running up Phelps street for Dr. Rose, but he was not in town and so Dr. Mahoney was called . The doctor found him in great pain and so gave him a hypodermic of morphine to relieve him. Then four men carried him on a stretcher to the Duncombe House and put him in a room on the second floor where they made him fairly comfortable. About that time Dr. Rose came in and, after seeing the patient, wired Dr. Bonine, Sr., to come down from Niles. Dr. Rose did this because Dr. Bonine was division surgeon for the M. C. R. R. He and his son, Fred, also a doctor, came down. The patient was given a general aneesthetic and both legs were amputated about midway between the knees and ankles. He died about midafternoon the following day from shock. He was conscious Sunday so he made his will.

This poem expresses how people used to feel about the trains and perhaps some people feel the same today.

SEEING THE TRAIN COME IN

Oh they's fun enough in Bowersville
Ef you only know the way to find it.
You kin put in time
The whole enduring day
They's lots o' things a happenin'
To make a feller grin;
But the mos' fun's at the depot
When the train comes in.

Of course, they's some excitement
When the mornin' mail gits here,
An' 'lection day's a picnic,
But that's only wunst a year.
But you bet the population
'Ud regard it as a sin
Ef they wuzn't at the depo'
When the train comes in.

The bes' way is to git there
'Fore she whistles by the mill,
'Cause then you git to see her
Come a-sailin' down the hill.
An' she pulls up at the crossin'
Sorta puffin', "How've you bin?"
Oh, they're all down at the depo'
When the train comes in.

You see they wuz a brakeman
Met a girl f'm Bowersville,
An' he married her an' lives here
In that house up on the hill.
Yep, they're doin' well I tell ye—
'Twas Hen Roger's daughter Min—
Sence then all the girls is boun' to
See the train come in.

There is very little more I can say except that ninety-nine years ago the Michigan Central Railroad made its way across Michigan bringing with it prosperity. It has, as have many other things in the world, stood the test of time and has lashed out its shining silver rails across the North Central portion of the United States and has indeed become the lifeline of those states which it crosses. The same road which many years ago began its existence as a road sometimes thought of as a folly, has lived to make a history all its own to enrich the world.

Early Churches of Decatur

By Marion Houseman

(This is the fifth story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest, written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science in the Decatur public schools.)

The first church services in Decatur township were held in the log home of Dolphin Morris, south of our village. Rev. William Sprague, a young Methodist, preached the first sermon there in 1830.

After that, services were held near the Morris farm often and people rode for miles to attend them.

The first church that was organized was the First Methodist Episcopal Church. It was started in 1833. Their first quarterly meeting was held in the home of George Tittle in that year. In 1860-61 they built a church on Delaware between Phelps and Williams Streets. It cost the 125 members $4,000. At one time the Sunday school had 170 members. The average attendance was 120. E. F. Ruggles, the superintendent, had eighteen teachers working under him.

The First Presbyterian Church was organized by Rev. Marcus Harrison, an Evangelist, in 1852. Mrs. Lydia Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich, and Joseph McClintock, the ruling elder, were the first three members. Their first building was finished and dedicated September 18, 1856. The cornerstone of the second building was laid May 26, 1868 on Delaware Street. It cost $6,500 and was dedicated on September 1, 1868 by a Paw Paw pastor, A. C. Tuttle. Rev. Mr. Harrison left after serving three years. The church burned in 1918. It was rebuilt on the same foundation and is still used by the Presbyterians.

A priest from Marshall, Rev. Father Koopman started the Holy Family Church here in 1855. The sacrifice of the Mass was first offered in the homes of Dennis Jordon and Michael Mahoney. Father LaBelle from Kalamazoo served Decatur for ten years.

In 1877 they purchased a building from the Universalists. It was located on the corner of Mills and Delaware streets. Services were held every three months for twelve years. Then they were held every month. They now occupy the old Christian Reformed Church on Delaware street.

Rev. J. Merrifield organized the Universalist Church on May 12, 1868. It had twenty-seven members. In 1869 they bought the old Presbyterian building on St. Mary's street. They sold it to the Holy Family Church in 1877. Their church burned in 1891. It was rebuilt the same year. This building was sold to the Christian Reformed Church. They, in turn, sold it to the Catholics who occupy it now.

On February 10, 1869 a Baptist Church was started in Decatur. It was composed of twenty-six members and the pastor was Rev. Nelson Crandall. It was located on the corner of School and St. Mary's streets. This little church didn't last long.

The Protestant Episcopal Church was organized in 1877 as an auxiliary of the St. Marks Church of Paw Paw. There were thirty members. Trowbridge Hall was rented every four weeks for services. This church, too, has gone out of existence.

The Disciples Church or Christian Church had its beginning in 1855. In 1935 the membership was sixty. Elder J. J. Terry served as pastor. Many of Decatur's most prominent people belonged to this no longer existent church.

In March, 1909, Rev. A. Van Arendonk, Rev. William Pool, and Elder Niesink were commissioned by the Classis of Grand River to start a Reformed Church in Decatur. In years before, Dutch families had moved into this vicinity. They had joined other churches, but it seemed the right time had come to start a Reformed Church here. On March 30, 1909 the families that were interested in the new project met in the Adventist Church. People were received by letters from the former pastors and others were received as members through confession of faith. Some of these first members are still with this church. Mr. G. Mepjans and John Den Herder were the first elders. Mr. John Borst and Frank Vanden Berg were the first deacons. Rev. J. Meeter, the third minister called, became the church's first pastor. The church was first located on Bronson street. Some time the name was changed from The Holland Reformed Church to the First Reformed Church which it now goes by.

On December 12, 1926 a group led by Rev. Brink left the Reformed Church to form one of their own. They called it the Christian Reformed Church. Rev. Steen succeeded Brink in 1927. In May, 1930 Steen left. He was followed by Rev. Hoogland. John Steenwyk came in 1937 and stayed until December 2, 1946. They have no pastor now.

New York C. P. A. Society Honors N. E. Webster

We have received a copy of the Monthly Bulletin of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants which announces the retirement of Norman E. Webster as an officer of the society.

Mr. Webster was a resident of Decatur in his youth, graduating from the high school in the class of 1884, and Decatur has always been home to him. He came here from New York City in 1945 to give the commencement address, and returned the money received for his services to the Board of Education to be given in prizes for a contest in papers on local history. This spring under the direction of Miss Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science, the pupils have become enthused over the offer. The result is some very interesting stories on the founding and early life of this community which will be preserved for future generations, and they will all be published from time to time in the Republican.

The following is taken from the C. P. A. bulletin:

To Norman Edward Webster

"The New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants on the occasion of the retirement of one of its most highly esteemed members, Norman Edward Webster, from the post which, for seventeen years, he has filled so admirably on the New York State Board of Certified Public Accountant Examiners, desires to record its appreciation of his outstanding services; Therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Board of Directors on behalf of the Society, that we here record our appreciation and admiration of the skill and sympathy with which our friend and companion, Norman Edward Webster, has guided the activities of the Board of Certified Public Accountant Examiners, ever watchful of the rights of all who came under its influence, and ever careful to uphold and foster the dignity and independence of all Certified Public Accountants; and that we here extend our thanks to him for his lifetime of work for the profession which he has so signally adorned by service to this Society as vice-president and director and to the profession throughout the nation, through his writings, his wise counsel and his stimulating and inspiring leadership in all things that have to do with the advancement of our profession. The influence of his busy, eager life will continue through all the years ahead."

Hamilton Cemetery

I have been requested to give a little write up on the Hamilton cemetery which I will do now. I have worked in this cemetery much of the time for the past fifty years, and have been the sexton for the past 34 years. The first sexton that I know of was Philo Selby, my great uncle. John Young was sexton for a long time and so was my grandfather, S. W. Richmond, Sr. I took the job over from one of these men. Being sexton of Hamilton cemetery has been pretty nearly a lifetime job. There is something about the job, I don't know what, that one gets interested in it. It may be a desire to have the resting place of our relatives and friends who have gone before as well kept and attractive as possible. I know there is never a time that I cannot see something to do to make it more beautiful, and I am not always able to do everything I would like to do.

According to history, Hamilton township was first called Covington, and then Alpena, before its permanent named was fixed on as Hamilton.

The cemetery was laid out in 1840. The township was called Hamilton then, and the cemetery was named for it. It was laid out in section 16 on the Territorial road about half way between Decatur and Keeler.

The first plat consisted of 2½ acres and there have been three additions that I know of. I think the last one was added in 1910, and now the cemetery contains between eight and nine acres.

When I first knew about Hamilton cemetery it was enclosed with a nice board fence about four feet high. It had one double gate and a flight of stairs leading from the east and west side to a platform above the fence, and another flight of stairs leading down into the cemetery. I was told by the late Minnie Nesbitt that a Mr. Searles was the first to be buried there.

Calvin D. Millard once told me that his grandfather, Calvin Millard, died in 1838, two years before the cemetery was laid out. He was buried on the King farm northeast of Decatur, where he lived. His body was removed to the cemetery and may have been the second one buried there.

Some of the first settlers of the township who are buried in Hamilton cemetery are Robert Nesbitt, who became a resident of the township in 1835, Aaron Barney, who became a resident in 1835, Reason Comley, who moved to the township in 1836, Joseph McClintock in 1836, Philotus Haydon in 1836, Henry Collins in 1859 and G. G. B. Yeckley in 1860.

There are 675 lots and from 1,500 to 1,800 graves in the cemetery. There are a thousand monuments and markers of all sizes, shapes and materials. 56 veterans of three wars are buried there. Forty-five of them are veterans of the Civil War and I am unable to furnish the names of all of them.

The Spanish-American war veterans are Charles Cook, Henry Cook, William McIntyre, Curtis Johnson and Bret Cockett.

The veterans of World War No. I are Jay Hamilton, Clarence Broadhurst, Leland Johnson, Jack Kruger, Lawrence Grice and Norbert Neville.

People who have relatives buried in Hamilton cemetery are living in Arkansas, Texas, California, Washington, Florida, Indiana and Illinois, besides Michigan. Every city, town and village within forty miles of the cemetery have relatives buried there.

At Decoration Day time many of the relatives drive here for the day and it is the greatest event in the township during the year. One of the nice customs of the township, adopted many years ago by the township board, is that at Decoration Day time a flower is planted on every soldier's grave.

The Memorial Day observance is placed in the hands of a different committee each year. This year the committee is composed of Mr. and Mrs. John Vandenberg.

Henry Richmond, Sexton.

BROWN'S TAVERN

The old building once known as Brown's Tavern is being removed from its original site to the farm of Lyman Phelps.

It was built in 1837, the year Michigan became a state by Henry Coleman, father of Jerome Coleman who became a prominent lawyer of Decatur. Henry Coleman was also the great grandfather of Donald, Hal and Bess Kern.

The building was first called "Coleman's Stand." It was located on the stage road between Detroit and St. Joe. More through stage coaches stopped there each day than there are passenger trains on the Michigan Central today, and the 'Stand' was known the whole length of the line.

Horses were changed there.

Mr. Coleman sold the tavern to Isaac Hall and he sold it to John Brown (but not the John Brown who was hung to a sour apple tree.)

John Brown changed the name to Brown's Tavern and it became a noted place in those wild Civil War years.

After Brown's time the tavern was run by Bartholomew and then by Kirk Stearns, uncle of Frank and Bine, and Mrs. Chaffin of Niles. Finally Mrs. Lampham got it and has just sold it to Mr. Phelps.

The building was abandoned as a tavern and used as a dwelling house. For the past two years it has been vacant.

Many wierd stories have been told about the place when it flourished as the old Brown's Tavern.

The Oldest and Biggest Living Thing

By C. C. Evans

Through the lens of the camera we are shown and told the story of the giant Redwood trees. Chronology informs us that when Joshua demanded the surrender of Jericho, these giants were over 3,000 years old.

I stood beside the General Sherman tree, the oldest in the grove, estimated to be 5,000 years old. I thought for thousands of years these trees have been silently absorbing for their sustenance and growth the elements which nature has provided here in such abundance.

Some of the stupendous specimens, still healthy and vigorous were already giants when Cortez first stared at the Pacific, and all his men looked at each other with a wild surmise, silent, upon the towering peaks of the high Sierras. And here these same monarchs of the forest stand today in all their majesty and splendor, linking the present through the hoary centuries to a far distant past.

These trees are the supreme example of the earth's vegetation. They are remnants of an ancient family that now survive to "connect us by hand touch with all the centuries they have known."

Well I think I should first speak about Michigan's largest tree. You have merely to drive to a point about 8 miles south of Decatur, to what is known as Newton woods in Cass county. It is a tulip tree 6½ feet in diameter at a point about 5 feet above the ground and is 150 feet high. Geologists claim this tree is about 250 years old and contains some 8000 board feet of lumber.

Now for California I saw some trees in Redwood Empire that really dwarfed my mind when I think of our Michigan's largest tree. I saw one that measured 107 feet in circumference, and I saw one, the tallest tree on earth, 364 feet high, and estimated to contain 125,000 feet of lumber. Then I saw another tree called the Neckbreaker, 300 feet high, a splendid specimen of clear redwood, free of limbs for a distance of 200 feet, also the Cathedral group of 18 trees from one base. The base is 110 feet in circumference, height 300 feet, and said to be 4,500 years old. These supreme examples of the earth vegetation stands on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada range in California.

The Weaker Sex

"Women are not very strong physically."

"Perhaps not, but they can put the lid on a fruit jar so tight that it takes a man twenty minutes to get it off."

"You are not past hope mentally if you can remember that you have forgotten something, even if you can't recall what it is."

East Decatur Pioneers

(The chapter of the pioneers is written by Marietta McDole Taylor, whose ancestors located in East Decatur over eighty years ago. The Eastman family have been mentioned in several of the articles, and this more complete record of them comes in nicely here. Others of the younger generation are invited to follow Marietta's lead and help to keep the rugged pioneers from being forgotten. We owe much to them for clearing the land and building the homes in which today their grand children and great grand children and some entire strangers to them, now enjoy the comforts and luxuries of modern life. Our thanks to Marietta for her much appreciated congratulations.)

East Lansing, Mich.
Route, Box 363,
Feb. 28th, 1947.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

Just received this week's issue of the Republican and have been interested in the articles about "Early Settlers of East Decatur." I wondered how my grandparents' name had been omitted, but I notice that Mrs. Strang remembers the family in part.

I have a few dates and facts as Mother used to tell them.

My grandfather and grandmother came to Michigan from New York state, and before coming to East Decatur to live, they located in Grand Ledge, Michigan. My mother, Hattie Eastman McDole, was born in Grand Ledge in 1860. My uncle Will, mother's youngest brother, was born in 1864 on the old homestead in East Decatur, so the family of Lyman and Margaret Eastman moved to East Decatur between the years of 1860 and 1864.

The Eastman family or children were Anna, Lillian, Carrie, Hattie, Neuton, Charlie and William.

My mother was the last of the family to pass away, and she passed away at 83 at my home August 3, 1943, in East Lansing and was buried on the family lot at Lakeside in Decatur.

However, my aunt Celia Eastman, the widow of Neuton Eastman, is living at their old home in Arlington township, Lawrence, Michigan. She is in her late eighties and has partially recovered enough to be about the house since she broke her hip and collar bone about a year ago. Her daughter and family live with her and Myrta Eastman Alderman, the daughter, has the family Bible and might be able to furnish you with any additional information you might need.

My mother and father were married at the East Decatur home in 1880. She used to speak so often about the schooldays, singing school and neighborhood get-togethers they had at the old East Decatur schoolhouse with all the named families of the community you mentioned in previous articles. They must have had grand times.

She liked to attend the East Decatur annual reunions, held in recent years, and I have wondered if the secretary of that group ever had a record of the families. Perhaps Mary Roosevelt might recall, as she most always attended with her Mother, Allie Durkee Roosevelt.

My grandfather died before I was born, but I remember my dear little grandmother very well and after the East Decatur home was sold she bought a home in Decatur (present home of J. G. Hirst). The back acres on the farm were sold to the Lewis family. My grandmother Eastman died about 1905 in her home at Decatur.

There is not much sequence to these facts, but it may help you and Mr. Roberts to complete your story.

I have been using any spare time I had, these long winter days, making a scrap book of all our trips to the West and Southwest we have made in recent years. To make it more interesting, I am typing all the interesting details from our trip logs and inserting pictures (many in color) maps, racial customs, geographical data, etc. We collected plenty at our many stops in the various states. We crossed twenty states, some of them twice on different highways on return trips, all of them have their different climates, customs, crops, even wild flowers and we think this will be a nice way to keep such a delightful experience fresh in our memory,—sort of a preparation for "rocking chair days," which some days don't seem too far away.

We also have several movie films in color which we took on our trip last year. Some of the highlights were Rodeo and parade at Phoenix, Arizona and the Grand Canyon. Film was hard to get at that time or we would of had more pictures from Salt Lake City, which we found to be a most interesting city. It sets in a large valley surrounded by high snow capped mountains. We spent an extra day here and then had to leave plenty that we would like to return and see some other time.

On the way up to the Grand Canyon from Phoenix, we took the alternate route so we could go through the Oak Creek Canyon. By the way, the National Geographic says "The Oak Creek Canyon is the most beautiful 17 mile drive in the United States." We liked it even better than the Grand Canyon because it was small enough so you can ride along down in the canyon beside a lazy river, under trees and overhanging cliffs of the mountains of every color. As you ride along this awe inspiring highway you are so spellbound by its grandeur and beauty, that you feel out of this world. Often wish I had your gift of words to describe such scenery.

I just dashed this off to you for a little friendly tip on those East Decatur dates, and to let you know I still think you have the best little paper in the United States.

This being your 50th year in the business, you must expect congratulations all year long. You have been the hub in the wheel and kept it spinning well over all kinds of roads in good and bad weather, and here's hoping it keeps spinning well over these new highways we are building in our fast changing world of today!

In your Golden Year, and years to come, may it be a glistening, golden wheel rolling over smooth roads, and continue to shine out light to its readers, like the star in the hub that has worked so faithfully to make it roll and shine all the way.

Very truly yours,
Marietta (McDole) Taylor.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

This seems to be the right week to print the poem on shutting the door. It is printed once a year for the edification of some readers and a reminder to others. It has its followers who expect to see it in the Republican some time during the winter.

THE REFORMATION OF GODFREY GORE

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really do wish you would shut the door!"

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore;
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"

They rigged out a Shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said, 'No more!
Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a Shutter, and then I will shut the door!"

"You will?" said his parents; "then keep on shore!
But mind you do! For the plague is sore
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

William Brighty Rands (1823-1882)

Second Military Man To Be Secretary of State

Fr. Ceru answers the question asked in this column last week with the following information which we are glad to receive:

The radio commentator who stated that General Marshall is the second military man to receive the appointment of Secretary of State is right. President James Buchanan appointed General Lewis Cass in 1857 as his Secretary of State. General Cass held this office until 1860. Prior to this time General Cass served as Governor of Michigan Territory from October 29, 1813, to his resignation August 1, 1831, in order to accept his appointment as Secretary of War by President Andrew Jackson.

President Buchanan while not classified as a military man served as a volunteer in the defense of Baltimore in the War of 1812. He, too, became a Secretary of State in 1845 under President James Polk.

The Republican this week contains an announcement of the candidacy of Lewis R. Williams of Paw Paw for the office of circuit judge to succeed Judge Glenn E. Warner.

He is one of the leading attorneys of Van Buren county. In fact he is an outstanding attorney. He is known as a close student of his profession and enjoys a large practice. He has acquitted himself, both in civil and military service, with credit to himself and his fellow townsmen.

Attorney Williams' campaign is in keeping with the dignity of the office he aspires, he is in every way competent to fill it, and Van Buren county is proud to be able to present a candidate so well qualified to succeed Judge Warner.

Attorney Carl Benton writes from his home in Lawton to congratulate this editor upon attaining his "fifty years." His letter speaks the language of a long time friend and is deeply appreciated. He writes in part:

"I have been intending to write you for some time and congratulate you on your fifty years of 'successful operation.' I do not mean that you have acquired great sums of money, for this seldom happens to the editors of small town newspapers. Whether or not a person is successful is determined not by what he acquires in a monetary way, but the true measure of any person's success is determined by how much he has given to the world. And you have given your best, for you have brought cheer and hope to the sick and discouraged; you have given comfort to the unfortunate, and you have unfailingly pointed out to the young the paths that lead to happiness and success; you have always been on the alert for an opportunity to better the condition of your community, and have always been ready to lend a helping hand to those needing assistance and to any worthy project. You have stood firmly for right and justice and the preservation of our form of government. These things, the things that money cannot buy, are the only things of real value in this world.

"In return you have received the respect, the affection and the gratitude of your community, which money cannot buy, and which sickness or misfortune cannot take from you, to warm your heart and brighten your life for the rest of your days.

"I say these things to you while I may, for our time grows short and we still have much to do."

Thanks to Mrs. Vedah Dewey Rouse for a copy of the Bulletin-News, published in Los Angeles, California. It is the paper on which her husband, Eugene Rouse, works. Thanks to Mrs. Otis Howe for a kodak picture of Mrs. Rouse and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Dewey Rice standing in front of the Howe automobile, taken while the ladies were guests of the Howes during their recent visit to Michigan. The ladies are cousins of Editor.

Thanks to Mrs. Thomas M. Heap, better known in Decatur as Irl Hathaway, for a book entitled "Intimate Glimpses of Old Saint Mary's." Have been holding back to give a better account of this nice gift, but are being troubled for lack of time to do the things we want to do.

Thanks to Mrs. Leo Rose for an illustrated folder descriptive of Brownsville, Texas. That is where the Roses have gone to escape the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lurkins of Paw Paw township and Charles Haefner of Decatur are also there.

Brownsville is a city of 30,000 located in the most southerly point of Texas. It was founded in 1846 when General Zachary Taylor established a Cavalry Post there. It is on the Rio Grande near the gulf with the Mexican city of Matamoros just across the river.

Charro Day is Brownsville's annual fiesta. The city goes Spanish for this [illegible] colorful costumes,

THIS WEEK

The annual stockholders' meeting of the First State Bank was held Tuesday. E. B. Copley, A. W. Copley, A. E. Lawrence, A. W. Haydon and Mrs. Belle Baker were elected directors. The bank declared a semi-annual dividend of 6%.

The Citizens State Bank was also going strong 40 years ago. It had an annual election of stockholders and these were they: E. J. Rawson, A. J. Goble, J. E. Maxwell, S. J. Sherrod, S. B. Monroe, D. E. Brigham, J. C. Dunnington, George T. Pomeroy and George B. Rogers. The changes wrought by time are sometimes brought to light with startling clearness. Of these nine men, who 40 years ago were in their prime, only one, Dexter E. Brigham, is now living.

Durkee and Lammond, who conducted a drygoods store on the corner now occupied by the druggist Narregan, took a page of the paper to advertise their eighth annual January clearing sale. Mr. Lammond now has a lucrative real estate business in Lawton.

VOLNEY R. HUNGERFORD

In this paper also we introduuce Superintendent Volney R. Hungerford to the Van Buren county public as Decatur's candidate for county commissioner of schools.

The announcement states that Superintendent Hungerford was born in Branch county in 1874, and graduated from the Coldwater high school at the head of his class. After many years he went back to Coldwater, bought a farm there, and that city is his permanent address. The friends he made in Decatur 45 to 40 years ago, if they are among the living, are still his friends, and he has thought enough of Decatur to take the Republican all of these years.

JOHN BRITTON

John Britton of Bangor was sheriff of the county from 1903 to 1907. He was a rough and ready old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, and as near fearless as a man can be. He once had a pistol fight with some thugs on a tug boat at South Haven and brought his man in handcuffed.

We sat near him in the county convention which nominated him for sheriff in a spirited contest with Charlie Chappell and one or two others.

Old Taverns of This Community

By Raymond Titus

(This is the ninth story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science in the Decatur public schools.)

The taverns of the 1800's were similar to our small town hotels and were quite different from the modern roadhouses or taverns of our time.

These old inns sometimes were built with three stories and served both as eating and sleeping places.

On the first floor near the front entrance a small space was set aside for the bar where liquor was sold in abundance, and at a nominal price. Transients registered at a desk in this room. A large dining room and kitchen also occupied a space on the first floor. The dining room was furnished with a side-board, a substantial and cumbersome dining-room table and other furniture. The table was usually set with old-fashioned blue and white willow-ware and pewter dishes. Knives and forks had black handles and resembled our common kitchen variety. To the rear of the dining-room was the kitchen and here also was the ladder which led to the loft where the maid slept. In a prominent part of the room stood an old-fashioned cookstove. A host of pewter dishes, iron kettles and wooden milk pans were hung about in conspicuous places.

The second floor was devoted to sleeping space. Massive spindle or cord beds were the order of the day. Braided and hand-crocheted throw rugs were scattered around over a bare floor. Family pictures, in oval walnut frames, hung on the walls.

Gruesome tales are told of men coming into this country on horseback, as prospective buyers of government land. Quite often they met with mishap because they carried considerable amount of money on their persons. An occasional blood-stained floor gave mute evidence that some unsuspecting traveler had met with foul play.

The third floor was ordinarily used for a ball-room, and many a step was tripped to the music of some fiddler's lively tune. Often the parties were rough and a drunken brawl now and then added to the entertainment. A great deal of finery was displayed on these occasions. Ladies' gowns were fashioned from yards and yards of silks, satins, and laces.

There was always great excitement as the coaches approached the tavern to unload their passengers and baggage. Often from five to ten coaches, each drawn by four or six horses, passed daily. There was money in carrying passengers at five cents per mile and it was profitable for inn-keepers also.

Among the taverns of this vicinity were Reynolds, on Sand Beach Lake; Freeman's at Christie Lake; Brown Tavern of Fritzburg; Syke's Tavern at Keeler; Greenman Tavern south of Decatur where the Lewis Sherburn home now is located; Elkhorn Tavern on the John Rosevelt farm; and the Draper House, Brown Eagle, and Little Taverns of Charleston.

I shall now try to describe some of the taverns of this vicinity. There are many fascinating and exciting stories concerning them.

Brown's Tavern

This tavern was built on the Territorial Road in the township of Hamilton by Henry C. Coleman.

It was a part of the small town of Fritzburg. The tavern is still standing today but has been moved from the original site to the farm of Lon Phelps and is now used as a horse stable. An old-fashioned house marks the spot where it stood as a tavern.

There was a tavern in the town of Keeler which competed with the Brown tavern for stagecoach passengers but Henry Coleman won in the contest and procured most of the stage business. He enjoyed a profitable trade when the stages were running from Detroit to Chicago. Not only did he put passengers up for the night, but about a year after he built the tavern he borrowed seven hundred dollars to buy merchandise which he sold in one corner of the building.

Shortly after this he got a postoffice for Hamilton and he was elected postmaster. The postoffice was kept at the tavern until the end of stage days, then it, too, came to an end.

Coleman then moved to a farm where he died in 1857. After he left the tavern it changed hands several times, and finally came into the possession of a very old lady named "Teeny." Since the stage coaches were no longer running she, too, had to abandon the tavern because there wasn't enough business to make a living.

During its earlier history back in the 40's or 50's the tavern had an unsavory reputation. Sensational tales of men who disappeared after taking lodging there were widespread. One of the tales related runs like this:

The owner of the tavern knew that a stranger had considerable money. After he registered he was invited to sit in a special chair which was standing on a trap door. The man then fell into the cellar where he was probably robbed and killed.

There is another yarn to the effect that the tavern was probably a popular station for horse thieves between Chicago and Detroit. The stolen horses were hidden in the marsh nearby. There were two log taverns on the line of the Territorial Road be-

tween Decatur and Lawrence. They did business as long as the stages continued to run along that route. The first one was near Reynolds Lake and lasted for about ten years. The other was opened by H. N. Phelps in 1837 and was of considerable importance at the time, as it was a place where the stages changed horses. These stage houses went out of existence when the Territorial Road ceased to be a stage route.

John D. Freeman, during the prosperous times of 1837 and '38, tried to establish a town on the banks of Prospect Lake which he named the "Village of Van Buren." It was an ideal spot for a town and it contained 238 lots, some of which were actually sold to speculators for $150. apiece. Mr. Phelps, landlord of Phelps' tavern, became the purchaser of quite a number of them. Robert Christie and Charles Chadwick also were purchasers.

The village of Van Buren unfortunately never materialized and eventually fell into the category of "paper towns." Robert Christie finally exchanged his Hartford property with Phelps for the tavern, and Phelps' interest in the village of Van Buren. Christie converted the village lots into farm property and such it has ever since remained. Christie then became landlord of the tavern, until the stage coaches stopped running on the Territorial Road. He continued to live there with his family until 1865 when he died.

His five sons moved to three different towns, three moved to Lawrence, one to Hamilton, and one to Decatur. David Christie moved to the lake later named for him.

Elkhorn Tavern

The first white settlers to come into Keeler township were James and John Nesbitt in 1834. Mr. Keeler came from Vermont in 1835 and bought land from the Nesbitts at five dollars per acre. He then built his tavern in 1837 on part of the land known today as the Charles Rosevelt farm.

The Territorial Road was finished in 1836, and the stage coaches had started to carry mail and passengers, hence his desire to build an inn. An elk horn was found near a lake in the vicinity and was used as a sign for the tavern.

Mr. Keeler was the postmaster of the town which was named after him. He also owned a store there. He thought that the railroad would use the same route as the Territorial Road when it came through and was very much disappointed when it followed a course farther to the south.

In 1850 he sold the tavern and 400 acres to John Rosevelt. John Rosevelt and his family lived in the tavern until their own house was built. The tavern is now standing on the Rosevelt farm and is used as a tenant house.

The Rosevelts still have the elk horn which was used as the sign for the tavern. President Lincoln and Stephen Douglas once stopped there and stayed over night.

Taverns in Charleston

The Brown Eagle was owned, built, and run by Elijah Goble, and was one of the colorful spots of Charleston.

The stage coach came through and stopped there every day. A large crowd of curious spectators were always gathered at the tavern to watch the stage unload its passengers and baggage. The coaches carried the mail, too, which made it a double attraction for the Charleston residents.

Dances were held in the tavern on special occasions and they were well attended by wayward lads who seemed to be always looking for trouble. Our townsman, Mr. Albert Calbetzor, who lived in Charleston until he was twelve, remembers picking up coins off the ground in front of the tavern after some of these wild events. He also remembers a big Fourth of July celebration which took place in Charleston. A quantity of fireworks had been gathered together in one place and covered with a blanket to prevent contact with moisture. Some mischievous prankster drew aside the blanket and ignited the entire store of fire-crackers. The town boomed for a few moments.

Other taverns of Charleston were the Draper House and the Little tavern. The former was built and owned by Mr. Draper and his son. Jim Tittle operated the latter. The owners of both taverns put up travelers for the night and sold liquor at a bar in the front part of the building. The business of both places was very good while the stage trade lasted, but after the opening of the Michigan Central the stage trade became a thing of the past and so also did Charleston and its taverns.

Jim Chamberlain Will Visit Decatur Again

Ft. Worth, Texas, Dec. 27, 1947.

Dear Arba:

I wrote brother Oliver's obituary while waiting the arrival of the train in Omaha, Neb., without notes or references of any kind and as you well know we older people have lapses of memory, but as I recollect my brother Oliver was born on what was then known as the Scott Powers farm in Hamilton township. Scott Powers was the father of Fred Powers, the baseball pitcher.

My earliest recollection of Oliver when we were living there was when, at two years of age, he got his feet burned while walking through some burning chips. The scars caused by those burns remained throughout the remainder of his life. Leona Youells can locate that farm for anyone who is interested.

After leaving there, father moved the family to Martha Kendall's tenant house in Decatur, east of where Jarious Hallock now lives. This was in 1877. Later we moved to the Sanford house on Beers St., and later to W. Sherwood street where brother Will still lives.

These four places are the only ones that I remember of living with father and family. I was born on what was known as the Pat Kelly farm just across the road from where the Fred Payne family now lives. I got this information from my parents. From the time our family left the Pat Kelly place until we moved to the Scott Powers farm my memory is a blank, which is one of the many reasons that I want to make a perhaps final visit to Decatur.

If no one else does it, I will write a series of articles on the early settlers of the Lee (Hamilton) school district and the Christie Lake district. Dr. Greenman, Ed. Plopper, Jarious Hallock, brother Will, and Mary Peterson, I believe, can give me valuable data in preparing such a series. I should also have included Mrs. Charles Warner.

My health is so much improved that, barring unlooked for reversals, I can make that trip this coming summer, and if so, I ask that all who possess any facts concerning the history of these two districts either send them to me or have them in readiness for me when I come to Decatur.

One Hundred Years

This seems like a good place to mark this letter continued till next week and to urge the old timers who can to assist Jim with the information he wants. This will be an important year historically for this community. It is the 100th anniversary of the building of the New York Central, then the Michigan Central railroad through to Niles and of the founding of the village of Decatur. Work will begin soon on a big celebration to be held sometime this summer in commemoration of the anniversary and would suggest that it be held during August so that former residents and others may attend in vacation time. The Republican will announce the date as soon as it is set. Jim should plan to be here at that time. He is the one to write the series of articles he suggests.

The Decatur Republican

Written by Anna Broekhuizen for the Norman E. Webster local history contest, under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science.

Rufus C. Nash was the first to try to publish a newspaper in Decatur. He started it in either 1859 or 1860. He printed a few issues in Paw Paw and circulated them in Decatur. He wondered why he had started it, because it ended so quickly.

Then sometime in 1860 C. P. Sweet started the "Decatur Tribune" which he published until 1864, when it went out of existence, and for a while Decatur was without a newspaper.

In 1865 Moses Hull from Kalama-

zoo started the "Decatur Clarion." He conducted it for about six months and then sold it to A. W. Briggs who published it about the same length of time and it, too, ran out of existence.

Then in 1867 E. A. Blackman and Prof. C. F. R. Bellows, the latter being the superintendent of the Public Schools, founded the "Van Buren County Republican." Mr. Blackman became sole proprietor as Prof. Bellows did not stay long with the newspaper.

As indicated by its name, it was a Republican paper. In 1872 both proprietor and paper turned Democratic.

In 1876 Mr. Blackman sold the plant to H. C. Buffington, who had been in the newspaper business in Cass county. The paper has turned to Republicanism since it was under the direction of Mr. Buffington.

After that Mr. Buffington sold the paper to A. M. Wooster in 1879. Mr. Wooster sold it to R. L. Warren and he to Andrew Johnson. Mr. Johnson sold it to O. W. and M. O. Rowland, father and son. The father had had several years of experience as the editor of the "True Northerner" and the son was an expert pressman who had some experience on different daily papers. Afterward the father sold the paper to the son who removed the plant to Paw Paw and once more Decatur was without a paper.

When O. W. Rowland and son took over the paper it was called the "Decatur Republican." Afterward Mr. Rowland became connected with the "True Northerner." The Decatur subscribers then took the Northerner because the Republican was suspended.

Soon afterward Secord and Dewey bought the paper and took it back to Decatur and started the "Decatur Independent."

Soon after that it was sold to A. N. Moulton who dropped the name "Independent" and took up the old name of "Decatur Republican," and it has so remained. Mr. Moulton is still the proprietor and editor, and under his skillful direction and management the paper has been prosperous and profitable. It is well equipped with power presses and all the material needed for first-class printing.

Here is a poem concerning the paper. The title is:

"THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN"

If golden anniversaries
Are much to brag about,
Decatur's many citizens
Should from their housetops shout.
Congratulations to their good
Republican today,
The paper which from year to year
Gives proof it came to stay.

For four score lacking five long years,
Decatur's citizens,
Have read both mild and startling news,
From facil pungent pens.
Portraying weddings, births and deaths,
Disasters, wars, and crimes;
The rise and fall of dynasties
Unheeding flight of time.

'Tis hard for one to realize
When it first went to press,
That Michigan was still quite young,
Whose future none could guess.
Nor that Detroit in time would be
A city of renown,
Or Decatur would become
A lovely thriving town.

No one had thought of airplanes,
Few railroads in the state,
No automatic telephones
By which to make a date.
No autos, movies, radios,
No bright electric lights,
And folks had never heard of tanks,
Air raids and black-out nights.

The editors were hardy men,
And stayed long on the job,
And no depression 'got their goat,'
So they'd lament and sob.
But they stood fast for principles,
And weathered every gale,
And never failed to go to press,
Before the news got stale.

Dean of Michigan Newspaper Editors

Arba N. Moulton, veteran editor of the Decatur Republican since 1897, half a century—has been tireless and stent in the building of his community. And his service to his home town is typical of more than 350 weekly newspaper editors of Michigan who safeguard the very grass roots of our democracy. Recently he was honored by other Michigan editors who paid tribute to his sterling character and his contribution to the newspaper profession. A real pioneer in the small town weekly field, he has always shunned the honors that high office might bring him, but has been fearless and bold in his fight for the right. —Printed from the "Michigan Tradesman.

Last week, June 5, 1947, the Decatur Republican was eighty years old. Mr. Moulton has been editor 50 years, while the newspaper has existed for 80 years.

East Decatur Pioneers

Ira Roberts and the Editor are collaborating on another chapter on the East Decatur pioneers. It is pleasant to recall the old residents of that community, to bring them back in memory and to live again the days of long ago.

We can see them as they came to town in lumber wagons and ox carts, and after they had lived on their farms a few years some of them began to come out with horse and buggy. They seldom came more than once a week. Saturday afternoon was farmers' day in Decatur. Most of the East Decatur farmers came here, a few went to Lawton and others to Paw Paw.

They brought their butter and eggs to town and traded them for sugar, tea, coffee, flour and other staple groceries. Few farmers bought meat, they butchered their own. None of them bought bread and very few bought any kind of bakery goods. Not much money changed hands, but the grocerymen were glad to have the farmers' trade.

Saturday morning was baking time. Cookies, friedcakes, pies and bread were the choice home baking that was done for Sunday and the week following. The women had this work all finished by noon, ready to start to town by one o'clock.

In the fall the clothing store of E. Smith and Company of Paw Paw drew a large percent of the farmers of East Decatur. They liked to trade with Old Captain Smith, and after he died his son-in-law, George Harrison, took over the businuess. They liked him just as well, and we wonder if Paw Paw people fully realized what an asset this store was to their village.

Following our first letter on East Decatur pioneers Miss Nellie Howland of Jackson wrote a letter to her niece, Mrs. D. S. Hanning (Margaret McAndrews) also of Jackson, giving more information about the early settlers.

James Howland and family moved into East Decatur in a very early day, probably before 1860. The children were born there. They were Maggie McAndrews, Mary Creagan, Anna Kelly, Nellie Howland, Will, James, John, George and Richard.

Their farm was in Decatur township but bordered on the Paw Paw township line. Miss Howland's letter follows:

To Margaret:

I never knew Nina Lee Wertz. She was of a younger generation. Her father, Fred Lee, went to the East Decatur school when Mary and Will did. A lot of those older ones had finished school before I started.

There were nine in the McAdams family and only one, the youngest, (she was Anna's age) went to school when I did. Carrie Durkee was also Anna's age. Her older sister, Libbie, taught school there later and I went to school then.

Your mother (Maggie) was born on the farm, I think in 1861, and the Rays and Grahams were living there before father and mother moved there.

Dan Carney and family lived near the railroad south of the school and Mallie Carney was one of your mother's classmates. The Carney family moved to town later.

Of the Eastmans I knew Hattie and Will, but there were older children. Ella Blades married Ned Lee. May Blades (Mrs. Will Clark) went to school when I did. Of the Lees, Lucy (later Mrs. Ellsworth Graham) and Herbert were in school with me.

Then there were the Gardners, Wiley Gardner and family. Mrs. Gardner (Louise) was a sister of Ira Roberts' mother. Lill and Earnest were their children. They lived just south of the Roberts farm, the farms joined.

There were three families of Newkirks. They lived on the Bert Andrews farm.

Then there were the Cordners and Lewises and many more. Abe Graham lived where the Waterses lived later. They moved to Paw Paw township, just north of the Threadgould farm which was north of Grandpa Howland's. The Thurston family lived across the street from Waterses, where Charlie Gibson now lives. Mrs. Thurston's grandchildren went to school with me.

The Murphys, all except Nell, went to the East Decatur school. They lived past John Graham's on the other side of the road, next to Will Lyle's. The Murphys moved to town when Nell was a baby.

Maggie Graham's grandfather and grandmother lived across the road from Rays and their children were older than any of our family. They

were Tom, Maggie's father, and Sarah, Mrs. Rolla Norton. Addie Green and her mother lived near the school. Mrs. Green married a Mr. Wiles who had four children, Henry, Hattie, Josephine and Ida. Ida was in my classes.

The Rosses lived next to them. The Pepper and George Cross families lived north of the school. Then there were the Lewises, Millard, Henry and John.

—Nellie Howland.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

THE OLD TOWN OF CHARLESTON

By Jack C. Rugg

(This is another of the local history sketches writen by pupils of the Decatur high school.)

On June 25, 1836, Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Elijah Goble, Alexander Fulton and his brother, David, laid out Charleston, Michigan. The location was on Little Prairie Ronde in sections three and ten, Cass County, and about 4 miles south of Decatur. One reason why the town was laid out there was because of its rich soil. But the most important reason was because it was a stage coach route from Detroit to Kalamazoo, and on to Niles and Chicago. It stopped daily in Charleston at the Tittle Hotel.

Elijah Goble opened a tavern there in 1837 and named it the "Brown Eagle." It was one of the town's biggest buildings. The tavern had a good-sized dining room and sitting room which was cleared for dancing. Dinners were from two dollars and a half to three dollars. That was in 1865 and 1866.

The first house in Charleston was built by James Huff.

Before Charleston was a town the land was Elijah Goble's farm. There were one hundred and sixty acres which later became Charleston, then the land was divided into thirty-two lots.

Among the buildings in the town were four taverns, two blacksmith shops, one general store, a boot and shoe store, and a schoolhouse.

The taverns were the "Brown Eagle" owned by Elijah Goble, the "Tittle Hotel" owned by James Tittle, the "Draper House" owned by Mr. Draper and his son. Austin Charles and Doc Curry, a mischievous pair, had a special sign made for Hallowe'en to hang on the Draper House. It said, "Hot Hellity Bum, Kept by Draper and Son." The Charleston House was built by Elijah Goble. One of the blacksmith shops was owned by Ezra Lawrence. He wasn't paid for his work in money because not many people had much money so instead of money he was paid in meat, butter and wheat.

The Charleston schoolhouse was made of brick, the seats and tables were made by hand, and the boards in the floor were very wide. A big stove stood in the middle of the floor. The teacher who taught the children stayed at each pupil's home for about three weeks or more.

People came to town in wagons and sleighs drawn by horses and oxen. Some of the things they got were clothing, black molasses, brown sugar, but not much flour—maybe a gallon or two of whiskey.

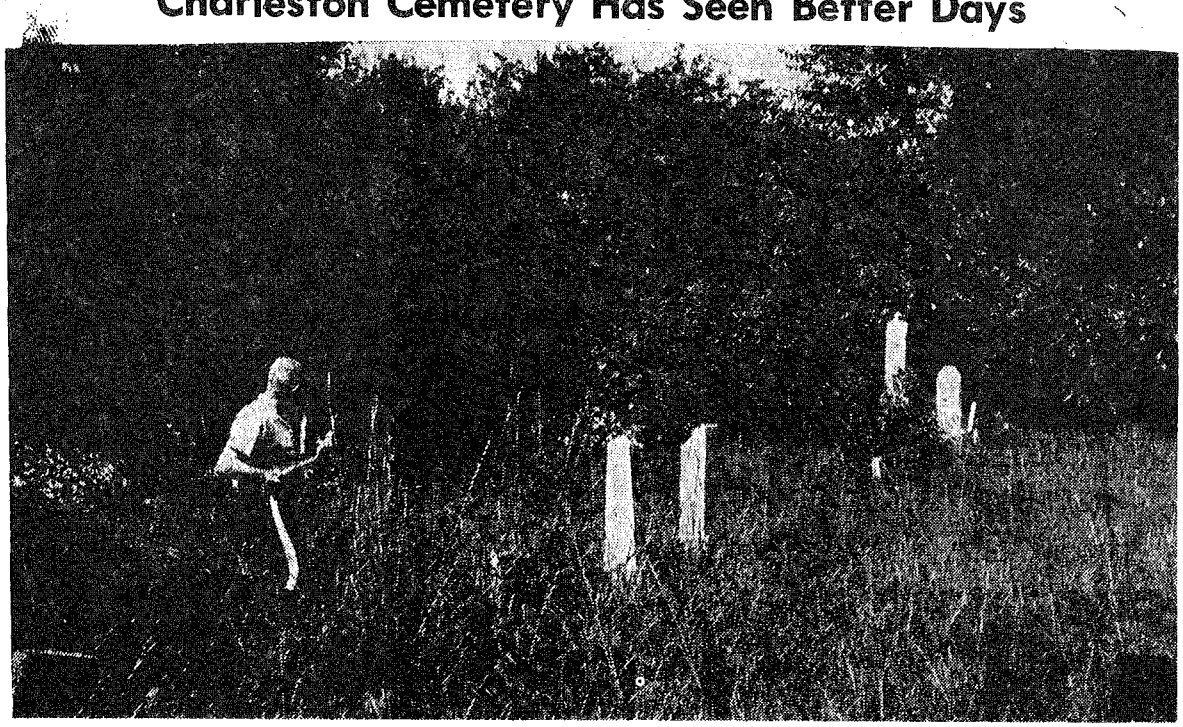
Charleston wasn't a dead town in its day. They had horse races from Main street to Morlan's corner. Fifty to one hundred people gathered to watch them. There wasn't a farmer who didn't have a horse in the race. Also they had sugar parties, spelling schools, sleigh ride parties, and dancing at Elijah Goble's tavern.

Some of the old timers say that there was a big circus once shown there.

Before the Civil War it was thought that Charleston would someday be a very prosperous town. In the early forties and fifties railroads were pushing their way all over the United States and the people of Charleston thought a railroad was going to be laid through their town. They were disappointed in this and gradually the town began to vanish.

Elijah Goble kept his tavern over twenty-five years, but in

Charleston Cemetery Has Seen Better Days



1869 not a building remained. Now it is only an historical record. It has only a cemetery and a foundation of a house next to the cemetery which used to be the old Charles farm.

Charleston is a ghost town today. There is nothing to mark its location but a cemetery and an historical plaque.

Miss Amanda DeBolt and her sister Rose have some furniture that came from Charleston and is over 100 years old. Their parents were Wm. and Cornelia DeBolt. Their father owned one of the blacksmith shops. Amanda DeBolt went to a dance once at the Charleston House but never went again because the people were too wild.

Mrs. Gertrude Charles Metzger, a descendant of the Charles family, attended many leading music schools in Southern Michigan. Later she went to Rome, Italy, to study music. She studied of Professor Moderati, and later sang before the elite of the ancient little city of Sala Umberto named after King Umberto the First. She sang four solos including one encore and two duets with Linda Chippa. Everything she sang was Italian except one solo. Nearly two thousand people attended the concert.

Grandparents of Mr. Norman E. Webster, who inspired this account of local history, lived in Charleston.

Sketches of Decatur's Fire Department

In the year of 1918 the only fire fighting equipment Decatur had was a chemical cart and a hose cart. My grandfather, Tom Elliott Sr. has told me the way the firemen got the equipment to the fires, they pulled it by hand.

Between the years of 1918 and 1933 Decatur bought two fire-trucks. One was an "American La France" and ithe other was a Model T Ford. The old carts were turned in to a museum somewhere near Detroit where there is supposed to be quite a little exhibition of old firefighting equipment. When the town hall and fire station burned in 1933 the equipment was destroyed.

In 1934 the village bought a Chevrolet fire truck. Then, in 1947 they bought another truck. It was an International with a front pump. Again in 1952 they purchased a new 1952 International fire truck. In 1957 they traded the 1947 truck for a new G.M.C. In 1958 they bought a 1951 jeep for a grass fire truck. They have four trucks ready to "roll" at the present time.

It was just getting dark on that winter day in 1933 when the shout "Fire" was heard in this small town of Decatur, Michigan. It was the fire station and the town hall. When the firemen arrived they found the doors were locked.

By the time the doors were unlocked the firemen couldn't get the trucks out because the flame and smoke would not let them advance. The only thing they could do was use the few lengths of two 2½ inch hose that were in the power house to keep the fire from spreading.

A call was put through to the Paw Paw and Dowagiac fire departments for the aid needed. Until the other departments arrived all the firemen from Decatur could do was stand by and watch the station burn.

Some say the way it happened was as follows: On a Saturday night two brothers were put in jail. They swore that nobody would ever be put in that jail again. Within the next couple of days the whole building burned to the ground.

It was in the spring of 1918, when the town had another disastrous fire. It was the old Presbyterian church which was constructed of wood. My grandfather was a fireman at the time of the fire. It was 2 a.m. when he heard the fire bell.

By the time he got there the equipment had just arrived. The heat was so intense that the men, including my grandfather, who were holding the hoses, had to have water sprayed on them to keep them cool.

It was a hopeless battle because the fire had gotten a good start before anyone noticed it. The wood was very dry plus the fact that the village did not have very good fire fighting equipment.

Decatur, through the years, has had quite a few big fires. I will list some; three churches have burned, a very big hotel, the fire station, the town hall, the high school building, a big store where the drug store is now, and an old mill.

By: Harry Elliott
(student)

Our Great Donnybrook Fair (Hamilton Township)

By Jeanette Dow

(This is the tenth story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science in the Decatur public schools.)

This is the story my grandmother told me about the history of the Donnybrook Fair.

In the Spring of the year 1876 there was a sheep shearing festival at the home of one of the neighbors. Farmers and their families from miles around arose early in the morning in order to get an early start for the festivities. Many things had to be done in preparation for the day. The women had to prepare lunches, and dress the children. Men hurried with their chores, and assembled the horses and wagons.

The day was perfect for a spring festival. Cherry, peach, and apple trees were in blossom, and their fragrance scented the air. Laughter and gayety were enjoyed by young and old.

The affair was so successful that about a month after the festival the Grangers held a business meeting in the Hamilton Grange hall, and decided to hold a similar festival every year. It was commonly called "Hamilton Fair." The name "Donnybrook" was attached to it at an early date, probably through the efforts of the early Irish people of Decatur, who still retained fond memories of the Donnybrook Fair in Ireland. It was not an uncommon sight on the opening day of the fair to see a group of barefoot boys trudging along the road on the way to Donnybrook. They were up with the dawn, had milked the cow, and had done the other simple chores. At last they announced to their mothers, "Ma, we are going to Donnybrook," and so they were on their way. They were a sorry looking sight at night when they returned home, tired, dusty, and footsore, but still satisfied, as only small boys can be, after a day of sightseeing, baseball and horse races.

Because of rainy weather, the first two years of the fair were unsuccessful. In 1878 the first really successful fair was held. Everyone came by foot, buggy, or wagon, and everyone brought some kind of farm produce to display. In the morning the prizes were given for the best exhibits of livestock, handicraft, canned fruit, and vegetables. Baseball and horse-races were the chief features of the afternoon, and the old race track is still to be seen in the woodlot adjacent to Grange hall. Booths of home made candy, taffy, and popcorn were popular with the young folk. In the evening anyone who could play a fiddle or a banjo was invited to play for the dance, which was always well attended.

Several public officials including governors and congressmen were invited to speak at the fairs, and these speakers always drew a large crowd. At one time Congressman C. E. Townsend gave an address at the hall. These occasions had political implications, as the speakers generally were there to solicit the votes of the people.

The Hamilton Fair was popular for many years, but gradually the complexities and distractions of modern living edged the idea of a local fair out of the minds of the people.

October 7, 1897.

The following articles were taken from the files of the Republican.

HAMILTON FAIR

"Hitch onto the big wagon, boys, get one-half dozen good boards to put across for seats, get the lunch baskets, and we'll pile in. We can stop and get our more unfortunate neighbor who hasn't any wagon and his family; they will want to go too, and there will be room for all."

Such is the proclamation of hundreds of the whole souled sturdy farmers who live within driving distance of the popular Donnybrook fair. The attendance at the fair is not confined alone to the farmers, the neighboring villages are always well represented, and Decatur is generally represented by a great majority of her population.

Hamilton Fair has attained its great popularity from the fact that it was originated and has been maintainly purely on a social basis. Everything in charge of the association is free, and no gambling, or games of chance are allowed on the grounds. It's a place where old friends and acquaintances can meet without reserve and enjoy a good visit. The history of this fair is a good example of the true public spirit and energy which was characteristic of the pioneers of Hamilton township and which has been faithfully carried down to the present generation.

The plan for a fair was first conceived by the Grangers. A meeting of that association was called for purposes of selecting a site for Grange hall and A. W. Haydon suggested that the building be located where land could be secured for a fair ground. The suggestion was heartily endorsed by Captain Hendricks, Gideon Osborn, Henry Smith, Daniel

Lee, A. S. Wise, James Weeks and others, with the result that the present site of that building was selected and two years ago the adjoining land, 40 acres, which has been used for fair grounds and race track was bought of the state and is now the property of the township.

The first fair was held in 1876, and was successful beyond the expectations of its promoters. The exhibits were especially attractive, there being 436 entries. The officers of the fair this year were A. H. Williams, president; Royal Abbott, vice-president; Erastus Osborn, treasurer; and R. T. Riddle, secretary.

The following year it was decided to hold a sheep-shearing festival and plow match at the Hendricks farm, and captain J. R. Hendricks was elected master of ceremonies. This year improvements began to appear, a vegetable hall 18 x 22 feet, the material being furnished by R. Nesbitt, was built at the west end of Grange hall and several sheds were erected for use of stock exhibitors. There were 650 entries at the second fair.

At a public meeting in January, 1878 it was unanimously voted that the officers of the society should allow no gambling on the grounds. This rule has been strictly adhered to and has helped to make it a great success. The sheep shearing festivals were held annually. The fair continued each year to be more popular, the entries to increase and the crowds grew larger. Children and older people alike looked forward to fair time as the gala day of the year. In 1883 a race track was built north of the Grange hall, the races before this time being held on the public highway. It is said that for a number of years Dr. Keables with his invincible sorrel horse remained king of the track.

In 1886 the fair received the name Donnybrook Fair, and some people prefer to call it the World's Fair.

In 1896 the attendance was the largest in its history. Conservative persons estimated the number of people at 5000, and, the weather favorable, we pridict a still larger crowd in 1897.

The Hamilton Fair has become an event of which its townsmen may be justly proud. It is worthy the patronage and support of every loyal and public-spirited man. Its high standard of excellence will ever reflect credit on its founders and to all who are instrumental in continuing its success.

Officers' Report

Secretary Frank Cole of the Hamilton Fair Association has issued the following official statement:

The Association held their 33rd fair October 7 and 8, the eighth being the big day.

It drew a large crowd estimated at 4,000 people. It was said to be the most orderly crowd ever seen on the grounds and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

There was a good display in the hall which was under the able management of Mrs. J. O. Cooper. The scene in the hall was enlivened by music by Miss Ruth Gurney and others to whom the association wishes to return hearty thanks.

The horse department had a good display. In the department of cattle and sheep there was nothing. There was but one lonesome hog in the hog department, but the owner of him took home $1.50 for his trouble and had a chance to see the rest of the show, too. And now the cry is heard on all sides, "I wish that I had taken something." We will say right here that you should keep that cry in mind and not be caught napping in the future. Then the Hamilton fair will be a still greater success.

The department of foreign manufacture was represented by Rob. Johnson with his potato planting and harvesting outfit and Roy Bond with fine carriages. Come again, gentlemen.

The speaking was the best of all. Everybody who wished had the pleasure of listening to two of the best speakers that ever honored our fair with their presence. They were Lt. Gov. Patrick H. Kelley of Detroit and Congressman Townsend of Jackson. They were introduced to the audience by President Geo. Conway.

We wish right here to extend the most hearty thanks of the officers of the association to these gentlemen and would call the public's attention to the remarks they made that the fair is an institution of learning.

We would ask the people of Hamilton to put their shoulders to the wheel and make the fair better next year than this. You can do it very easily by bringing stock and produce and whatever else you have to show and not be afraid that someone else has something better.

Concerning Manager Wilton Geer's department, the horse racing, and why the races did not come off:—the secretary has been jumped onto about that with the complaint that Mr. Geer did not turn them down. The ones who wanted to race turned themselves down by not making their entries in time. The bills called for entries to close at 12 o'clock Friday. Mr. Geer tried all the forenoon to get entries for the race but did not get any. It looked as though the sports had gotten their heads together to see if they could not get the $15, but it was too late. Mr. Geer had instructions to call the race off, such instructions being given about 1 o'clock p. m.

Our concessions were not quite as large as usual. McDole and Newell were in great demand. Their cries were heard early, "Come and get your red hots, come up and save your lives, come here for red hot sandwiches and coffee."

All of the officers have worked hard for the benefit of the fair, but none as hard as our treasurer Luke Tinney.

He worked all of the week before the fair setting posts and helping to clean up the grounds and is entitled to much credit.

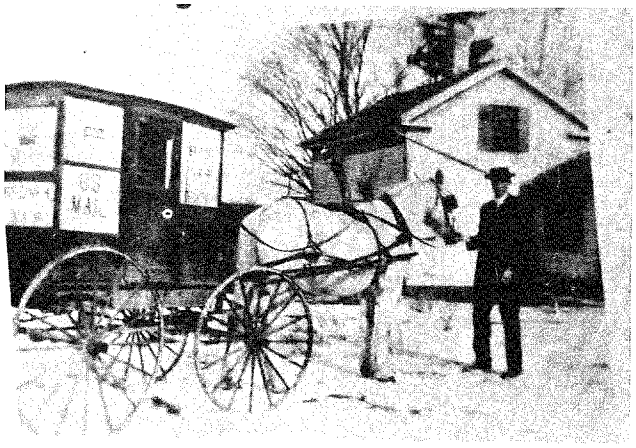
The financial statement of the fair is given herewith and shows that it will be necessary for the people of Hamilton to get busy if they want to keep up the fair.

Financial Statement

October 9, 1909.

Cash balance on hand from last year		$ 81.76
Cash received		$112.26
Paid premiums	$31.00	
Paid other expenses	40.96	
	$71.96	$71.96
Balance on hand Oct. 9, 1909.		$ 40.30

C. F. Cole, Secretary.



History Of R. F. D. 1, Decatur, Michigan

By Frank Barber

The state convention of rural free delivery carriers was held in Grand Rapids July 1, 2 and 3. The Decatur carriers, as their part in the program, presented histories of their routes. The Republican has already printed the history prepared by Albert Dwight, Carrier No. 3.

The story of route No. 1 by Carrier Frank Barber follows, and we hope to print the story of Andy Kemp, Carrier No. 2 next week.

The Post Office Department authorized the establishment of route one Decatur, March 1, 1902, and the first trip was made on that date by Maynard Thomas. As was usual with most routes when started it was about twenty-four miles in length and this route had about 125 patrons. It covered territory to the North and West of Decatur. Soon after it was established there was quite a high percentage of the patrons that took daily

papers, more perhaps than later.

Mr. Thomas used an old open buggy part of the time and part of the time a road cart. From the first and as long as horse drawn vehicles were used, the carrier had some place about midway on the route where he stopped for lunch and feed and water his horse. Sometimes it was a farmer's barn and sometimes a convenient place by the side of the road.

In 1909 Frank Brigham assumed the duties of carrier and through the addition of more routes from the office the routing was changed somewhat and the gradual increaese in mileage began having increased in 1909 to 29 miles. By this time there were four miles of improved roads, (improved roads meaning gravel). It was during Mr. Brigham's service that the experiment of using motorized equipment began, the first being a motorcycle with side car.

In March 1920 Elmer Graham was appointed to succeed Frank Brigham. Soon after this carriers were using the "old reliable" model T for service during the summer months. By this time there was two miles of pavement and an increase of gravel roads. It was during Mr. Graham's service that the mileage was again increased, first to 36 miles and then in 1935 to 47 miles. With this increase in mileage and the taking of the roads over by the county and the use of snowplows, the routes became strictly motorized routes.

Mr. Graham carried until 1937 when Frank Barber was appointed .Through two minor changes the mileage was increased to 49 miles. During the last ten years the volume of mail has nearly doubled. The number of collected insured parcels has increased nearly one thousand percent. The number of money orders has more than doubled although the peak was about 1940. The mileage of hard surface roads now is about fifty percent and most of the gravel roads are being improved some, but there are still too many miles of mud and poor gravel. While carrying mail now is not as tedious as it was in the horse and buggy days it is not yet that soft job that some of our friends think it is. We have the snow and mud and bad roads with us yet. But after all it is a pretty good job.

Jacob Charles of Charleston

By Robert Knight

A continuation of his story entitled "The Old Town of Charleston," first of the historical sketches of Decatur and vicinty. They were inspired by Norman E. Webster of New York City, graduate of the Decatur high school in 1884 and written by junior high school students, under the direction of Miss Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science.

Seventh Story

Jacob Charles and his wife, and at that time their only child Zerilda, and his mother, arrived on Little Prairie Ronde on the 27th of March, 1829. Mr. Charles took 320 acres of land of the government and built a log house on it.

Zerilda later became Mrs. Jasper Van Curen. She owned the west 160 acres of the land taken up by her father 118 years ago. The barn and tenant house of her property were on this quarter and her home was across the road from the tenant house and barn.

Mrs. Van Curen was a remarkable woman for her years. She was manager of her large farming interests and was a frequent visitor to Decatur.

Her brother, Austin Charles, owned the other quarter of the original grant of his father. In a little time Jacob Charles became one of the heaviest land owners on the Prairie. He believed with Mrs. Means in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" that, "while you're getting, get a plenty."

The Charles family came from near Chillicothe, Ohio. The distance from there to the Prairie was about 300 miles and the trip was made in an emigrant wagon drawn by horses. The Charles and Morris families were neighbors in Ohio and Jacob's wife was Betsy Morris, sister of Dolphin.

In 1837 he built a sawmill on his northwest eighty in Volinia on the stream known as Red Run. Red Run came out of tamarack forests of Volinia. The roots of the tamaracks gave the water a reddish tint from which it received its name. He built a dam which supplied plenty of power, the stream being at that time much bigger than it is now.

This was the second sawmill built in the township and it did a flourishing business for three or four years till the dam washed out. Mr. Charles never operated the mill afterward. In 1843 he sold it to Henry Wood, father of Frank Wood.

Mr. Charles bought the Greenman farm in Decatur township in 1833 and built on it a large one story house. This house was on a stagecoach route from Kalamazoo to Niles and was a convenient stopping place for the drivers. The Charles family did not make a business of running a tavern, but the latch string of their home was always out and seldom a day passed but some stranger in need of food or rest was accommodated there. He resided on his farm till his death.

Jacob Charles was a very active man, a money maker, but honest and square in all dealings. He was also an enthusiastic horse jockey. He was always trading horses and matching up teams. If anybody for miles around wanted to buy a horse he went straight to Uncle Jake and if he wanted to sell or trade he went to the same place. Uncle Jake was always ready for a horse deal of any kind.

He was the ideal horse jockey of the old school. He never would misrepresent his animal in trading or selling. He seldom got the worst of a bargain and if he did he never mourned about it. He was absolutely game. When he knew a horse was sound and all right he knew how to impress the fact upon his hearers. When the reputation of the animal was a bit shaky he would say to a possible purchaser, "Look the animal over and take him if you want to; haven't had him long and don't know enough about him to recommend him."

A Horse Trade

One story of a horse trade in which Mr. Charles got the worst of it is told as follows: David Gibbs, the tavern keeper of Whitville, lived for a time on the farm of H. D. Wickett. He bought the place of John Lookridge who took it from the government. While on this farm Gibbs became acquainted with Mr. Charles and knew from experience his fondness for trading. One time while visiting with the loafers around the tavern stove Gibbs conceived a plan of going over to Volinia and doing Uncle Jake. He drove a nice looking sorrel mare that was not worth a shilling but was doped sufficiently to keep up appearances. He also took along a small bag of nails with a bag of money. Along toward evening he arrived at the Charles home and said he came over to buy a horse to match his sorrel, pulled the bag of nails out of his inside coat pocket and remarked, "and here is the stuff to pay for it." Mr. Charles said he didn't think he could match the animal but invited Gibbs to put his horse in the barn and stay over night. Gibbs, before going to the house, took the bag from his pocket and threw it under the buggy seat. Mr. Charles said somebody might steal it there and he had better take it into the house, and Gibbs replied that it was safer there than it would be in his pocket. That evening they told pioneer stories until a late hour but Gibbs managed to keep his horse dosed so that he was looking like a thoroughbred in the morning. Mr. Charles was not an easy victim. He had his suspicions and when [illegible] was sleeping he took the lantern and went quietly to the barn to examine the beast. To all appearances she was a beauty.

After the chores were done in the morning the dickering began. Gibbs opened by remarking of one of the Charles favorites, "There is a horse that will just match one I have at home but I want a match for this sorrel and I am going to have it if I can find it. Mr. Charles replied, "David, that horse will be a hard horse to match." Gibbs said he had been looking for two weeks and couldn't match her but could not find an animal anywhere near her equal. Mr. Charles said he knew of a horse over by Paw Paw that would match her but thought it doubtful if the horse could be bought. He was beginning to be worked and concluded he would land Gibbs horse at any price within reason. He said to Gibbs, "David, how will you trade for that brown hoss, that will mate the one you've got at home?" Gibbs said he was always willing to accommodate and if he, Charles, was willing to make up the difference they might trade. Mr. Charles met Gibbs' terms and later hitched up the good sound Charles horse and drove home.

The next day Mr. Charles drove the Gibbs mare over to the blacksmith shop at Charleston to have Clark Morris, the blacksmith, put new shoes on her front feet. When he led the horse into the shop the dope had worn off and the quick eye of the blacksmith first discovered the signs of the heaves. In another minute the animal was heaving heavy enough to operate a forge and Mr. Charles concluded she was not worth the price of a pair of shoes. He took the animal back home and turned her out in the field and nobody ever saw her again.

The Colored Settlement North of Decatur

By Rudolph Gant

(This is the third story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science in the Decatur public schools. It is divided into two chapters of which the first is printed here and the second will be printed next week. Chapter II will be devoted to the history of the Colored Baptist church located 3½ miles north of Decatur.)

The people of the Colored settlement north of Decatur are descendants of a group who came from the South when this country was a wilderness, heavily timbered with beech and maple.

Among the early settlers were the Lowry, Weaver, Cotton, Winburn, Ampey, Vaughn, Jeffry, Lennox and Curtis families from Halifax county, North Carolina. The Mosses, Fosters, Coopers and Truman Smiths were from Ohio. The Mahoneys came from Pennsylvania to Ohio. The Revels, Manuals and Worrix families were from Tennessee. The two last named families were mountain people. The Hamiltons, Bradleys, Longs and Bennafields came from Kentucky. Stapleton Goens came from Virginia and Lewis Mallory who came from Kentucky was a slave. The families of Roberts, Brown, Watkins, Simpson, and Hill came from Indiana. One family of Wilsons came from Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River. All of these families migrated with either oxen or horses to Indiana, or in one or two cases, to Ohio, and then to Michigan.

There were only three slaves among them: Lewis Mallory, Henry Banks, and William Wilson. The former lived alone in a board cabin on the Hobart Millard farm until he died.

All of these families had a mixture of white, negro, and Cherokee Indian blood. These Indians were on the Atlantic coast at one time and then were driven farther west by the white man, and finally were sent to Oklahoma on the reservations. They are reputed to be the most intelligent of the Indian tribes.

These families took the oath of allegiance and became citizens of the country.

The authorities of the state of Kentucky thought that the colored people who owned slaves were teaching them to read and write so they passed a state law to give them one year to sell their property and leave the state. If they failed to do this the state would confiscate it.

Some of the families were compelled to leave before they had disposed of all of their property. The Hamiltons were one of those families. Years later a land agent came up from the South and paid them for the property that they had left in Kentucky so that there would be a clear title to the land. The late Sylvester Hamilton went back to Kentucky to see if the agent was paying them what they ought to get. It was settled to their satisfaction.

Because these people had Indian blood, another agent came through the country and told them that they had a certain amount of tribal money due them. When they investigated, they discovered that because they were citizens of the U. S. they could not draw the tribal money as the Indians did.

Mr. James Cotton, who gave me this information, is a mixture of seven different nationalities: Portuguese, Spanish, Irish, English, French, Cherokee Indian, and Negro. His Uncle Caleb Cotton, Civil War veteran, had the features and coloring of a Cherokee Indian. The Mahoneys from Ohio had Delaware Indian, Dutch, and colored blood.

Some of the farms occupied by these early people are now the Edward Lyle farm, settled by the Win-

DECATUR COUPLE MARK ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Goens, of Decatur, Mich., shown in the foreground center, celebrated their 48th wedding anniversary on March 24. They are shown in the photograph with their 11 children. Mr. Goens was born in Paw Paw township, Michigan, 77 years ago. His wife was born 65 years ago on the farm that is now their home in Decatur township, one mile from her husband's childhood home. All 11 of their children, six sons and five daughters, are living. They also have 30 grandchildren.

burns; the James McLeese farm, settled by Isaac Moss; and the Goens farm, first settled by Joshua Cotton. The Orr farms were settled by Jake Simpson and Martha Hamilton. Jane Williams owned the Sylvester Hamilton farm, and Alonzo Mahoney bought the Wilson farm.

The mother of James and Chloe Cotton (Mrs. John Bradley) was given the Quaker name of Penina by one of the Society of Friends in Indiana. She related the following story of an incident which happened on the long trip from North Carolina.

The family had two cows hitched to the back of the wagon. They milked them morning and night and put the milk into fruit jars. As they traveled along the motion of the wagon churned the milk to butter.

Quint Hamilton's mother told another story concerning their trip north. It was about a horse eating a fish. It happened on the way from Kentucky. The family were going to have salt fish for dinner, and the horse, who craved salt, snatched the fish and was going to devour it. The father took it from her and slapped her on the side. Later when a colt was born it had the imprint of a fish on its side. This makes a good fish story.

During the Civil War, ancestors of our colored population furnished their quota of soldiers. Peter Manual enlisted when he was fifteen, and was killed in battle. His brother Daniel enlisted too, and when he returned, married his brother's widow. She was the mother of Mrs. William Lennox. William Worrix was killed by a bullet in the forehead during the Battle of the Yellow Tavern.

Josua Cotton and one of the Winburns also enlisted in the Civil War. The former was in the same company with Maynard Southworth's grandfather. They were all in the First Michigan Cavalry.

James Cotton has a threadbare, silk handkerchief that was bought in the South by his father during the Civil War. The latter paid five or six dollars for it.

After the war these men returned to their homes North of the village where they and their descendants have lived in a prosperous and peaceful community. The people in this vicinity have always been a refined and law-abiding class of citizens. Sixteen of them have graduated from Decatur high school, nine from Lawrence and seven from Paw Paw.

Following is a list from Decatur high school: Gertrude Bradley, the first colored person to graduate from Decatur, taught school in Chicago for 25 years. Dr. William Bradley, graduate of Rush Medical College brilliant physician and surgeon of Chicago; Ella and Chas. Mahoney, the latter becoming a very successful attorney and business man of Detroit; Esther Goens, who taught school in Cass county and in Chicago, and Phyllis Wingate, who is a student at Howard University, Washington D. C. Others are Grace Winburn, Thelma and Luella Lennox, Elbert Sweat, Lena Earl, Harold Roberts, Viola Hamilton, Ruth Goens, Juanita Mahoney, Florence Wingate and Alba Mallory.

Adelbert Roberts, who was in the first graduating class of Lawrence, graduated from the University of Michigan law school and became state senator from Illinois. William Roberts his brother, had a position in the state capitol as auditor. He was also an expert penman. Thomas Ampey, also from Lawrence, is a postoffice clerk in Kalamazoo. Russell Ampey, who graduated from Paw Paw high school and Western Michigan College where he was a member of Kappa Rho Sigma honorary Science and Mathematics society is a professor in Louisiana. His sister, Maxine Ampey, has a position in Washington, D. C. Barbara Goens, also from Paw Paw, is a teacher in Detroit.

It is praiseworthy to note that descendants of these early colored people have attained distinction in the professional fields. Some of them have accumulated a fair share of material wealth. Lewis Goens' sister and three brothers lived in Arkansas and among his descendants are doctors, lawyers and dentists. His sister is a millionaire in Arkansas and maintains a beautiful home. She also owns a home in Chicago.

Harry Goens' four children of Benton Harbor were talented musicians and were known as the "Goens Quartette." They attained prominence in Benton Harbor and Chicago. They performed at the Century of Progress, and every summer they were booked at Mackinac Island. They entertained here at Eagle Lake several times and at entertainments in Decatur.

Prominent among our local people are Clifford Hamilton, Alonzo Mahoney, and Bert, Frank, Joshua and Howard Goens. They are successful as farmers and business men.

Howard Goens lives on the Cotton homestead. The present house replaces the old log house and was built before his grandmother, Mrs. Penina Winburn Cotton passed away. She lived on the farm fifty-nine years. After her death Howard improved and modernized the home, and today it is one of the outstanding farms in our community.

The colored Baptist Church is located about 3½ miles north of Decatur on the Decatur-Lawrence road.

For a number of years services were held only occasionally, but in the last year or two religious services have been revived. Mrs. W. Lennox says that the religious fervor isn't what it used to be. She says that people have too many other places to go now, and they seem to lack a deep religious spirit. She relates that the Baptist Association was held once a year in the old days and that delegates came from other churches in Southwestern Michigan. The Association would last a week and great crowds of people would come from miles around to attend.

It was not uncommon for forty to eighty people to stay at one house for a whole week. They filled old-fashioned ticks with fresh straw and slept on the floors and in the haymows. It kept the women busy with the cooking, but everyone had a good time.

The church wasn't large enough at such times to accommodate the crowds, so they built a "lean-to" on the side and covered it with brush. The minister stood in the doorway to preach. Sometimes a platform was built in the woods back of the church and on one occasion there were five-hundred people in attendance. Mrs. Lennox remembers when she attended the Association as a little girl. She and her mother sat under the improvised shelter. It was customary for the Association to hold its business meeting, and to appoint committees and delegates at this time. They also ordained their ministers during the week of the Association.

* * *

Following are two articles concerning the history of the First Baptist Church, which were taken from the files of the Decatur Republican.

Colored Baptist Church Settlement

The church was built in about the year 1868 on ground presented to the organization by Henry Lindsley. The gift was with the condition that it should stand so long as the organization is maintained and when it is no longer used as a church the land will revert to the Lindsley heirs.

There is not so much interest in the church as in the past. The old members have died or moved away. But the organization is still alive and services are held often enough to keep it in good standing.

The first of the settlers were two families of Winburns. They came from Indiana in 1850. Three families of Cottons came in 1852. Two families of Jeffries, two families of Vaughns, two families of Curtises, and one family of Lennoxes all came from Indiana about the same time. Four families of Fosters, one family of Coopers, one family of Mosses, one family of Battles, four families of Mahoneys came from Ohio; three families of Bradleys, one family of Longs, three families of Hamiltons, and one family of Bennafields came from Kentucky.

Granison Hamilton brought Lewis Mallory here as a slave in the early fifties and gave him his freedom, and for many years Mallory lived in a shack on the Hobart Millard farm and died there.

One family of Worrix, one family of Revels and two families of Manuals came from Tennessee, two families of Roberts, three families of Lowrys, two families of Browns, one family of Watkins, one family of Simpsons, and two families of Hills came from Indiana. One family of Wilsons came from Island No. 10, in the Mississippi River; one family of Ampeys and three families of Weavers came from Indiana. Frank Weaver, one of the descendants, was given an interesting nickname. Card playing was taboo on Sundays among the early people, so a group of young fellows used to sneak down to the tamarack swamp and have a game of cards. The nickname "Tammy" was indelibly fastened upon him.

We ought to include Aaron Burnett in this list. He settled in the village and so far as I know he was Decatur's first barber. He was a pretty nice old fellow.

Lived 130 Years

Henry Banks is another old-timer we ought to name. He was a slave and came to the settlement after he

was freed by the Civil War. He lived around the settlement for many years and then bought 40 acres of land up in the northwest corner of Waverly township, known as the Garden of Eden, and lived there until he died in 1930.

He had three children, Nettie, Oliver and Jim. Nettie is in Chicago, Oliver is in Ohio and I can't say whether Jim is living or dead.

Henry Banks lived to be one-hundred thirty. We have to take his word for that but the evidence bears out his statement. Lewis Goens who is 82, says Henry was a middle-aged man when he was a little boy.

He, Henry Banks, said that when he was twelve years old he hauled soldiers from the surrounding country to New Orleans to fight the British in the War of 1812.

He used to boast that he had a lot of brothers and sisters and that he was the best looking of all of them. Those who remember him will smile at this as he was about five feet tall and so bow-legged that he couldn't stop a hog. His mouth extended almost from ear to ear, and he was always in good humor.

One time when he was about 80 he came upon some of the boys of the neighborhood and proceeded to be a boy with them. He jumped up in the air and cracked his heels together twice. The boys tried it after he had gone but none of them could do it.

One time when the Plopper school was in session and it was warm and the doors were open, Henry Banks came along and walked up onto the platform in front and made up funny faces where the pupils could see him. They laughed and the teacher went out to see what was causing it. When she saw Henry she rushed back into the room and Henry rushed off down the road. The teacher said to the pupils, "If you were as interested in your studies as you are in what is going on outside you would not see so much to laugh at.

Many years ago a crowd of boys had assembled at the depot to watch the fast train go by. As the train approached at a speed of about fifty miles an hour, the mail clerk threw off the mail bag and it came rolling on toward the station. Henry saw it and became wildly excited. He grabbed his cap from off his head, ran out onto the track, jumped up and down and waved his arms and shouted, "Stop her! Stop her! You lost something." He came very close to being run over for the train did not stop.

* * *

Back in the early days when the settlement was being formed most of the founders came here by train and a conductor remarked that the best looking colored people between Detroit and Chicago got off at Decatur.

Clipping from Decatur Republican, (1932).

History of First Baptist Church

In 1868 the First Baptist Church of Decatur was established and dedicated by a community of Christian people. It prospered and was very prosperous during that time. It grew and did a lot of Christian duty. It was a church of large majority which contained during its seventy years of existence about one-hundred fifty members and by the hand of Providence they have most all been called away. Only about 12 members remain. During this time the church has had thirty-six pastors and seven deacons. The organizers were Isaac Moss, Thomas Winburn, Nathan Lennox, Grief Foster, Joseph Mahoney and Dosen Brown.

The following were among the pastors from Decatur: Rev. Isaac Moss, Rev. James Burton, Rev. Nelson Brown, Rev. Dosen Brown, Rev. Henry Manual. There were also a large number of visiting ministers.

The deacons of the church were: Isaiah Brown, Dosen Brown, David Moss, W. Scott, Joseph Mahoney and Melon Bradley. Deacon Robert Lennox is the only surviving one who has held this position for fifty years. The church has held Sunday School B. Y. P. U. of great importance. Sunday school superintendents were Grandville Foster, Mort Stafford, Sam Brown, David Moss, Robert Lennox, Henry Manual and Charlie Evans.

There have been a great many entertainments during the sixty-five years the Association has been held here. The Bible bears a history of the church. It was presented to this church by Dennis Brown who was one of the members. During the whole seventy-eight years it has never been taken out. Three years ago it was reconditioned.

The transfer of the land on which the church stands was made October 31, 1868, from Henry and Helen Lindsley to trustees of the First Baptist Church. The transfer was recorded at Paw Paw, September 19, 1871. The plot of land is nine rods square.

* * *

In years past the church has been in repair as needed. Three years ago the church was in extensive repair. Rev. Slaughter was in charge and at the present time it is in repair by Christian helpers under the guidance of our present pastor, Rev. A. Riley.

The following poem was written by Mrs. Essie Smith:

The Church By The Side of the Road

Through the mist of years I can seem to see
The Church of my childhood day,
And its memory so with joy complete
Shall live in my heart allway.
There on memory's page I can see the Church
By the side of the road,
Wherever I roam, it is guiding me home,
The church by the side of the road.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

Mrs. Essie Smith and Mrs. Lydia Lennox called Saturday and suggested two corrections that might be made in order to make the record letter perfect.

The first correction concerned Peter Manual, who the story said, enlisted in the Civil War when he was 15 and was killed in action. Our callers said that when Peter enlisted he was married and had three children and was probably between 25 and 30 years of age.

Mrs. Lennox furnished this additional information about that family: The Lennox family originated in England, came to Boston and most of them settled there. Nathan Lennox's father came to Canada and from there to Detroit. Nathan was born in Detroit. He came out here and bought the farm which is still owned by William and Robert Lennox and two grandchildren, Essie Smith and Edwin Hamilton.

This additional information was sent in by Mrs. Scott Monday: The farm two miles north of Decatur was first owned by the Foster family when they emigrated here. It was bought of them by M. U. Bradley in 1864 and is still owned in that family. The present owner is Eva Bradley Scott, daughter of M. U. Bradley.

Dean of Michigan Newspaper Editors

Arba Nelson Moulton, veteran editor of the Decatur Republican since 1897 — half a century — has been tireless and persistent in the building of his community. And his service to his home town is typical of the more than 350 weekly newspaper editors of Michigan who safeguard the very grass roots of our democracy. Recently he was honored by other Michigan editors who paid tribute to his sterling character and his contribution to the newspaper profession. A real pioneer in the small town weekly field, he has always shunned the honors that high office might bring him but has been fearless and bold in his fight for the right.

THE OLD DUNCOMBE HOUSE

By: Randolph Gale
June, 1947 – 7th. Grade

(This is the sixth story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland – teacher of Science and History in the Decatur public schools.)

Charles Duncombe, the third child in his father's family, was born May 30, 1822, at Ancaster, Canada, and until he was thirty-five years old helped greatly in the support of the family. In 1849 he went to California and sold supplies to minors. He came to Michigan in 1852, and in 1855 married Frances Knight of Saratoga County, New York, who died at Keeler, Michigan Dec. 22, 1882. They were parents of six children, all of whom lived to grow up except one son who died in infancy.

Mr. Duncombe passed away Jan. 3, 1900 in his old home in Keeler, where the winery now is. The house there now is the same.

For several years he was cashier of the First National Bank and one of its first directors. In 1867 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention and active in politics. He was supervisor of Keeler Township for twelve to fourteen years.

He was a very prominent man in Keeler, and Decatur owed many of its improvements to him. In 1867 he built a large grist mill which he ran until it burned down. In 1873 he put up a fine brick building for the use of the First National Bank.

In the '60s he had built a three-story frame building on the corner of Phelps and St. Marys to be known as the Duncombe House. The Gazeteer of 1869 advertises the Decatur and South Haven Stage Line with headquarters at the Duncombe House, also the Duncombe House hack, free, to and from the train. (Proprietor H. Galloway.)

This menu which Mary Rosevelt has in her possession tells why the Duncombe House became known for miles around.

Decatur, A Trading Center.

By 1880 Decatur was famous as a great

MERRY CHRISTMAS
FIRST ANNUAL GAME DINNER
AT THE
DUNCOMBE HOUSE
Thursday, December 25, 1873

SOUP
OYSTER SOUP

FISH
BAKED WHITE FISH

RELISHES
ONIONS, PICKLED GERKINS
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
PICKLES, MUSTARD, CHOU CHOU

GAME
PRAIRIE CHICKEN PIE, ROAST MALLARD DUCK,
ROAST WOOD DUCK, ROAST TEAL DUCK, ROAST PARTRIDGE,
QUAIL PIE, ROAST WILD TURKEY, SADDLE OF ANTELOPE,
SADDLE OF VENISON, SADDLE OF ELK (WITH DRESSING)

VEGETABLES
SWEET POTATOES IRISH POTATOES
PARSNIPS BEETS CELERY
BOILED SWEET CORN

PASTRIES
MINCE PIE APPLE PIE LEMON PIE
CUSTARD PIE PLUM PUDDING

DESSERT
TEA PECAN NUTS COFFEE
RAISINS ALMONDS PHILBERTS BRAZIL NUTS
CALIFORNIA PEARS SWEET ORANGES

W.H. CARROLL, PROPRIETOR
E.A. BLACKMAN, Printer, Decatur

trading center, an important grain purchasing point and one of the main stops on the Michigan Central Railroad. Shipments from this station for a six-months' period ending December first, 1879, were: 240 carloads of grain, 114 carloads of lumber, 53 carloads of stock. During 1878 Decatur shipped 10,000 barrels of apples.

There were already several hotels near the depot and after the stage line was discontinued Mr. Duncombe decided to move his hotel to the lots he owned on the corner of Phelps and East Sherwood street, to be near the station.

The moving of the hotel was quite a feat and caused lots of excitement and fun. It was done with horses and rollers and took about two weeks. All that time the hotel never shut down. Roomers slept in their beds, meals were cooked on the stove, and served as usual. Guests sat in their easy chairs by the open windows and in the big double front doors, laughing and joking with passers by, as the large three-story building moved slowly but gaily down the main street to its new location. From then on until its destruction the Duncombe House was the largest and best hotel in town. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall, fine actors of the early days, always put up there with the Tucker players, when their show came to town.

Ed Lindsley, Neal King, and Fred Mosier, young business men of the town, lived there before they were married.

There was a large entrance hall with an old bar on one side at the left and an open stairway on the right. Alumni and other banquets with Beckwith's orchestra of Dowagiac furnishing the music were often held in the large dining hall.

After the local option was voted in, saloons and bars had to go, when a lot of whiskey was sold illegally in soft drink places or in old barns and buildings hidden from sight and called "Blind Tigers." There was such a place back of the Duncombe House, separated by a hall from the rest of the hotel. In this hall all the lamps of the hotel were cleaned, trimmed and filled, so this part of the building was fairly well soaked with oil.

The pioneers of the town were hard-working, husky fellows and many were heavy drinkers. The old timers tell many stories about how the fire started in the old Duncombe House. This one is said to be the true one:

Four cronies had been drinking and playing cards in the back room, when one fellow said to his partner, "Go out and get a couple of the best chickens you can find and we'll cook them here for supper." Night after night this went on, until the fellow's wife complained that some of her chickens, as well as her husband, were missing every night. This made the fellow suspicious, and when his friend brought in the stolen chickens that night he saw that they were from his own flock. He accused his partner of stealing his chickens and called him bad names and threw a lantern at him. It missed and smashed against the wall. The flames quickly spread and ignited the kerosene-soaked hall.

The late Fred Mosier gives a first-hand account of the fire in an article he wrote for the Decatur Republican.

"We used to have an old hand pumper for fire protection that exhausted most all the willing workers who appeared in time of fire. A large cistern or reservoir in the ground in the center of our main four corners was partly filled with mud or sediment and often times clogged the apparatus and then we formed the bucket brigade getting water from pump and cistern. Time went on and changes came about. Waterworks were finally to be had in Decatur. A well was driven on the present site and a traction engine was set to pumping to test the water supply which was found to be inexhaustible and it still remains so. Trenches were dug and pipes for the mains lay along side them.

At this time fire started early one morning in the old Duncombe House. This was in March, 1895. I was living there and had a narrow escape. My room was on the third floor at the west end of the hall. George Rix was running the place and through the black clouds of smoke, Mrs Rix in her night clothes found her way to my room and woke me saying, 'The hotel is on fire! Get out ! Don't stop for anything!' I opened the door and couldn't see anything but smoke. Shutting the door quickly, I got into my trousers and grabbed an armful of my clothing, buried my face and head in it, and started down the hallway, bumping the side walls and banisters all the way down. At the foot of the stairs Mr. Rix grabbed me and led me out into the street. As I looked up the street I saw several traveling men dressing in the doorways of the stores. Around the band stand in the park stood the women employees of the hotel in their sleeping garments. Some had blisters on their feet and nearly all had chattering chins. I was the first one to give the alarm, all the others were too excited. The fire spread and burned all the buildings standing at that time as far as Buys Clothing store, and east on Sherwood as far as the Hotel Hart which at that time was the old Shelters Hotel. Mr. Shelters built the present Hotel Hart soon after the fire. Flying fire brands set the Universalist Church on fire.

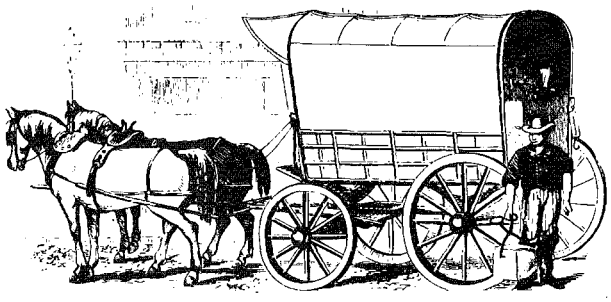
The countryside was lit up for miles around, so you could see to pick up a pin. The church bells were tolling to spread the alarm.

This was no doubt the worst fire in the history of Decatur and before it was under control, the Duncombe House, the Shelters House, the First State Bank, Edward Arnold's store, the John Shadd store, the Hotel Livery Barn, Niel Rasmusson's Wagon Shop, the Teed House, George Johnson's Shoe Shop on wheels, and the Universalist Church were in ruins. A strong wind was blowing to the East and other buildings were saved only by hard work. The Dowagiac Volunteer Fire Company came down on the morning train but did not get here in time to be of much help as we had no water. This was the last fire of the bucket brigade of which Frank Stapleton and Dr. Fisher were members. The waterworks plant was installed the year and the day of the fire.

A man who worked in the saloon part of the hotel went out to tell Mr Duncombe his hotel was burning and he replied: "Let it burn! It has made me a half dozen farms so I don't consider it owes me anything."

The corner lot where the old Duncombe House stood is still vacant and empty today.

Those who helped — Ellen Goble, Mrs Flora Taylor, Mrs. H. Hall, Mr. Neal King, Mrs. Cora Dwight, Miss Grace Weeks, Arba Moulton, Mrs. Fred Mosier, Mrs. G.R. Gale, Mr. Charles Duncombe, Keeler.



DEXTER E. BRIGHAM MASTER MUCK FARMER

Dexter E. Brigham
From a photograph taken when he was acclaimed leading onion grower of Michigan.
—Courtesy of Kalamazoo Gazette

DEXTER E. BRIGHAM MASTER MUCK FARMER

Dexter E. Brigham, whose death at the age of 86 was recorded in the Republican last week, came to Decatur with the L. Brigham family in 1887 when he was 25 years old. His father had traded land in Barry county for the Hathaway drygods store in Decatur, and for a short time Dexter was the manager, but he soon turned his attention to muck land farming and it became his life work. He raised celery, peppermint and onions on his model farm on the Deuel road but finally decided to specialize in onions. He discovered that the varieties which he raised did not keep satisfactorily in storage and he decided to improve his crop by producing his own seed. At that time he had not thought of offering it to other growers. He chose the Southport Yellow Globe as the variety from which to select his strain, picking bulbs for seed production which were a little more globe shape than the original variety and which had shown no indication of sprouting after being kept throughout the winter. Soon his crop was recognized as superior to that of his neighbors and others sought to secure his seed. Gradually these requests increased until he found his seed business requiring most of his time. Onion growers from New York, Ohio, Indiana and other parts of Michigan found his strain superior to others. Seed companies recognized this fact and the Brigham onion was listed in catalogues.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Michigan Muck Farmers' Association, held in East Lansing some thirty years ago, Dexter E. Brigham of Decatur and N. P. Beebe of Niles were honored by selection as Michigan Master Muckers. As a part of the banquet ceremony suitable placques were presented to each of them. In 1926-27 Mr. Brigham was president of the Michigan Muck Farmers' Association.

In 1905 he was president of the village of Decatur and it was during his term that the village was replatted. The original plat bearing his signature is framed and hangs in the Republican office.

Mr. Brigham also served for a number of years as a member of the Decatur board of education and throughout his long and active life here he has been an honest, public-spirited, outstanding citizen.

Superintendent Dodge Goes to Bad Axe

Superintendent Frank E. Dodge was last week elected superintendent of schools of Bad Axe, county seat of Huron county, with a population of about 3,000 inhabitants, and will receive a substantial increase in salary.

There are 27 or 28 teachers in the system and the school will have a Class B rating the coming year. A new cafeteria has been installed in the high school and a new high school building is to be erected within the next few years.

Mr. Dodge has been superintendent of the Decatur schools sixteen years and that fact alone is about the best recommendation he could have. Under his guidance the Decatur schools have held a high place among the schools of its class in the state. He has enjoyed the friendship and loyalty of the teachers under him and the good will of the pupils.

His many friends, both within and without the school system, rejoice that he has received this well deserved promotion.

Mrs. Dodge has served as a teacher when teachers were hard to find and their three daughters have known no other home town. Decatur loses a good, active and public spirited family. They plan to move as early in August as possible.

REPAIRING THE HOUSE OF MRS. FLORENCE HIGH

Vay Morlan, the well known roofing man of Paw Paw, has put a 3 and 1 asphalt roof of shingles on the residence of Mrs. Florence High, southwest corner of Delaware and George streets.

This is a well constructed house and one of the old ones now standing in the village. William E. Trowbridge and family resided there as far back as the sixties and he might have built it. His daughters were Mrs. Nearpass, Mrs. W. H. White, Mrs. L. G. Stewart and Miss Ida Trowbridge. The last two were graduates of the high school in 1870 and 1869.

When the health of Miss Trowbridge gave out she became a resident of the Stewart home where O. W. Newell now resides, and her home was sold to Mrs. High, who now furnishes a home for Charles Killets and Ira Roberts, and perhaps some one else who lives alone. Mr. Stewart himself lived with her the last year or two of his life, and passed away there at the age of 96.

W. C. Bates, Covert New Supt. of Schools

W. C. Bates, superintendent of the Covert consolidated schools, will be the new superintendent of the Decatur public schools, his term of service beginning with the opening of the fall term in September. He was tendered the position several weeks ago and the Covert board accepted his resignation at a meeting held Monday evening. He will be succeeded at Covert by the present principal and coach, Elmer VanDyke.

Our new superintendent was born and raised in Covert, obtained his B. S. degree at Western and his M. A. degree at the University of Michigan. He went back to his home town to teach school and was coach for three years, principal for seven years and has been superintendent five years. He has been a member of the Michigan High School Athletic Association Council for eight years and a member of that body's executive council for seven years. He is a Past Master of his Masonic lodge, and a member of the O. E. S. and of the Congregational church

He is especially interested in athletics, is popular in his home town and his neighbors and lifelong friends are reluctant to have him leave there. The advancement from a Class D to a Class C school is one of the reasons for his decision to come to Decatur.

Superintendent Bates' family consists of himself, his wife and their three children, Willis, Jr., 12, Linda 10, and Carol 8.

Teachers for Next Year

The Board of Education has signed contracts for the coming year with the following teachers, the most of whom are returning:

High School Principal — Henry Houseman

Grade Principal and Sixth Grade—C. Marion Davis.

Social Science—Kathryn Buehler

Coach and Biology—Emil Elsner

Science and History — Catherine Howland

English—Frances Karbadon

Mathematics—Mary Jane Leach

Science—Harry Walters

Music—Marjorie Frays

Homemaking—Marion Smith (new)

Grade teachers — Gladies Weaver, Dorothy Davis, Nina Suits, Effie Davis, Maxine WcWilliams, Bernice Robinson (new).

There are four or five places yet to fill.

The Passing of Thomas F. Mahoney

Thomas Mahoney is dead. One of Decatur's most colorful business men is removed for all time from the business street. The proprietor of the Gem Cafe has been known along the highways east and west and north and south for hundreds of miles. As he said in advertising his famous vegetable soup, he "is known from coast to coast."

He was born in Decatur June 29, 1876, a centennial boy, and from the time he was twelve years old, with the exception of a year or two spent in the west, he has been a familiar figure on the street.

In his early years he followed the trade of a grocery clerk. He began as a delivery boy in the store of A. M. Knights and Son, and every house in town was a familiar stopping place for him.

Later he transferred to the Star Grocery of Frank Potts where he and Dare Knights won the reputation of being the liveliest pair of grocery clerks in this corner of Michigan. They knew how to mix fun with service and they helped Frank Potts to build up the biggest business in town.

Those were gay carefree days, the golden era of American history.

But times changed and Thomas Mahoney went into other lines. Finally, on the first of January, 1922, he and Lester Hooper opened the Gem Cafe which from the start has been a successful venture. In a few months Lester's health gave out and Tom became the sole owner. With the loyal help of Mrs. Mahoney the business has always prospered, and now his son Mike will take over.

Thomas Francis Mahoney was a son of James and Mary Code Mahoney. He attended the Decatur public school and in 1919 was married to Anna Schonbok. They were parents of three children, Mary Angela Southworth, Loretta Newell and James Michael. Other survivors are: two sisters, Mrs. Mary Howland of Decatur and Mrs. Agnes Deering of Traverse City, and a brother, Will of Kalamazoo.

He had been in poor health for the past year, and about two months ago gave up his work and was taken to Borgess hospital. He was never able to return, and from that time on he gradualy failed.

He was public spirited and progressive, and his name carried weight in local municipal affairs. He served as a village councilman, was a member of the Elks and Knights of Columbus of Dowagiac, the Holy Family church and Holy Name Society of Decatur.

All of the business places in the village were closed during his funeral.

The Solemn Requiem funeral mass was offered at Holy Family church, Monday at 9 a. m., by Rev. Fr. Linus Ceru, assisted by Rev. Fr. Philip Cook, pastor St. Mary's church, Three Oaks, as deacon of the mass, and Rev. Fr. Justin Beauvais, pastor of St. Mary's church, Paw Paw, as subdeacon. The Rev. Fr. Albert Schmidt, pastor of the Immaculate Conception church, Hartford, served as master of ceremonies. Rev. Fr. William Cogley, pastor of St. Mary's, Morrice, Mich., and Rev. Fr. Michael Cassidy, pastor of Holy Maternity church, Dowagiac, assisted in the sanctuary.

Rev. Fr. Cook preached the funeral sermon. Miss Catherine Howland, organist of the church, sang and played the funeral chants, assisted by Mrs. William Snyder as soloist.

Nephews of Mrs. Thomas Mohaney were the altar boys.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MAHONEY

The high regard in which Thomas F. Mahoney was held on the business street was shown by the liberal outpouring of money for flowers sent to his home where the body was taken from the funeral home Saturday morning to await the service at the church Monday morning. Charles Hughey asked for the privilege of accepting contributions and in a couple of hours had collected $45, and there were other contributions from friends on the street.

Monday morning, while the services were in progress at Holy Family church the stores were closed.

Removal of the Van Hise Cemetery

There has been talk for years about removing the Van Hise cemetery, but nothing had ever been done about it. This cemetery is a plot of ground set aside by the original owner of the Van Hise farm in East Valley for the burial of members of the Van Hise family. When James Forbes bought the farm of the Van Hise heirs some 40 years ago this plot of ground, one half acre in size, was reserved and the cemetery probably would never have been disturbed had it not been for the board of county road commissioners which had designs on that particular parcel of ground for a public highway.

Last December Supervisor Parker received a letter from Chairman Dubuisson which read:

At a meeting of the board of Van Buren county road commissioners Friday, December 12, 1947, the following resolution was made, supported and carried:

"That the chairman be instructed to inform Mr. Parker, Supervisor of Decatur township, to remove that portion of the Van Huis cemetery, Sections 24 and 3, Decatur township which is in the way of the county road."

The proposed road in question is to extend from State Highway No. 119 to the Valley road, a distance of about three miles, and this little private cemetery lay directly in its path.

To remove the cemetery required legal procedure and an order from the circuit court. The township board engaged Attorney Warren Grosvenor to obtain the order and the requirements of the state laws were complied with. The order was obtained May 24, and one of its provisions was that the remains must be removed by the first of June.

The town board decided to move the remains to Harrison cemetery. There were 12 tombstones and two full lots were designated for them.

Ward Knoll was given the job of doing the moving and he was assisted by Earnie Ball, and also by Sexton Avery Mullinex and his helpers, James Lennox and son, James, Jr.

Ward first removed the stones, placing wooden markers to indicate the locations. The remains were dug up, placed in boxes and marked, and re-buried in the new location. There were definite remains in each grave, although the coffins in which they were buried were decayed and partly mingled with the earth. In addition to the individual markers there is a Van Hise stone containing only the last name. This was placed in the center of the two lots set apart for the graves.

The stones were placed in one long row and reading from the south to the north contained the following inscriptions:

1. A double stone. Oakey Van Hise. Died Oct. 13, 1846. Aged 73 years, 10 months, 8 days. Anna, wife of Oakey Van Hise, died April 26, 1846. Aged 73 years, 5 months, 22 days.
2. Benj. F., son of John and Anna McKinney. (Date not legible.)
3. Sarah, daughter of John and Anna McKinney. Died Sept. 6, 1848. Aged 5 years, 3 months and 17 days.
4. Infant son of (not legible) and Eliza Van Hise.
5. James, son of J. and M. Van Hise. Died July 16, 1839. Aged 1 year, 10 months, 8 days.
6. Fannie E., daughter of J. and M. Van Hise. Died Sept. 3, 1857. Aged 3 years, 7 months, 16 days.
7. Mother. Born 1813. Died 1894.
8. Eunice A. Born 1839. Died 1912.
9. Ida May, daughter of J. and C. Van Hise. Died Dec. 30, 1872. Aged 4 years, 5 months.
10. Joseph Van Hise. Died April 14, 1873. Aged 67 years, 5 months, 4 days.
11. Runyan Van Hise. Died June 27, 1868. Aged 34 years, 6 months.

These remains were the best preserved of all.

On the skull of little Ida May who died 76 years ago, was a circle comb well preserved. The casket of little James was a hollow log about 3 feet in length and hollowed to a diameter of 18 inches.

The three heirs to the Van Hise property gave their consent to the removal. Mrs. Inez Van Hise Maguire, who resides on George street, Decatur gave oral consent. Attorney Warren Grosvenor sent notice to Otto Van Hise of Roscoe, California, and to Mrs. Jaredine Grimes of Chicago, of the family of the late Ralph Van Hise.

Otto Van Hise sent this informative letter to Twp. Clerk Elmer Adams:

Roscoe, Cal., Jan 1, 1948.

Dear Sir:

Received your letter a couple days ago regarding Van Hise cemetery. If you will go to Paw Paw and search the records you will find the title of the place in the name of Jared P. Van Hise. About 30 years ago we sold the farm to James Forbes, reserving (as I remember it) ½ acre for the cemetery. So I suppose it would be in my name and my brother's daughter's, Jaredine Grimes, 4521 N. Walden, Chicago. I would not want to try to cause any trouble although I think common courtesy would require moving the graves to a good cemetery where they would be cared for.

Respectfully,
Otto A. Van Hise,
9321 Sunland Blvd., Roscoe, Cal.

Looking Backward

From the Files of the Republican 36 Years Ago Last June.

Came to Decatur 100 Years Ago

June 29, 1911

The first time Mrs. Aaron Sweet visited Decatur there was but one house here, and the one family living here was that of Charles Tucker where she visited. That was in the summer of 1847. Later she came here to live, and now after 60 years she is moving away. She is going to Arco, Idaho, to live in the home of her son Willard.

Charles Tucker, who married a sister of Aaron Sweet, had taken a contract to furnish ties for the Michigan Central. The track was laid as far as Kalamazoo, but the Company had purchased and surveyed its right of way as far as Niles.

Mr. Tucker lived in Paw Paw, which was already a small settlement. To fill his contract to best advantage he decided to locate on the right of way, built a log house on the North side of the sink hole back of the Walter Brown house on Delaware street, and in 1847 moved into it.

The railroad was built through Decatur during the summer of 1848 and it reached Niles the same fall. Mr. Tucker built the first hotel here in 1848 and was its first landlord. The Sherwood boys boarded with him when they platted the village.

This land all belonged to the Beers and Sherwood Company of New York city, a wealthy company that made a business of buying and platting large tracts of new land. They bought the land of the government at $1.25 per acre and the entire village of Decatur cost them but $768.75.

Neither Beers nor Sherwood ever saw Decatur, but the latter's sons, George and William, are well remembered by Mrs. Sweet as bright and capable young men. In platting, the owners were given alternate blocks.

The street running parallel with the railroad the boys named Sherwood for their father. The street west of Main street was named for William and the street east of Main street for George.

Charles Tucker, in 1850, took up land South of the railroad and built the house which until recently has been known as the Moulton place. (Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin live on it now.) Mr. Tucker was supposed to have discovered gold on this farm and great excitement prevailed throughout the community. The gold well which he dug on the farm was still there when the writer was at the imaginative age, and he and his brother Will dug it out again, but no gold was ever found there and the gold well became a joke.

Mrs. Sweet was Orpha White before her marriage which occurred in Otsego in 1845, when she was 16. Aaron Sweet and his wife lived five years in Mattawan and became residents of Decatur in 1851. They bought the property on George street, which Mrs. Sweet has just left, of the Sherwood estate fifty years ago.

Mr. Sweet worked for the Michigan Central as a track repairer, and later served 18 years as village marshal or nightwatch. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

Mrs. Sweet will be 82 in October. But two people are now living in Decatur (June 29, 1911) who were residents of the village when she moved here. They are Mrs. Mary McCormick Rumbaugh, who was but a few months old, and Mrs. Viola Pardee Smith, who was a child of six or seven.

The Cannon in the Railroad Park

This cannon is a relic of the Civil War. It was obtained from the Brooklyn Navy Yard and placed in the park in the fall of 1896.

The cannon was first fired in Decatur on Decoration Day, 1897. The Republican of June 3 following says: "In the forenoon the Grand Army boys satisfied a latent desire to fire the cannon on the railroad grounds. There was some objection to doing this, owing to the close proximity to Main street and the fear that it might break the lights in the nearby store buildings, but it was tested with a five pound charge of shot and proved that it could be loaded much nearer its capacity without danger."

Our Cannon

We take the following extract from A. B. Copley's historical report of the G. A. R. park cannon: There has been collected to date for the gun $158.63, of which amount $122.92 was paid for freight, $14.22 for unloading, placing in position and painting, leaving unexpended $21.22. The committee estimates a further collection of $30 in addition to that on hand to place the gun in a position befitting the gift, and a credit to the town.

This cannon is a 100 pounder Parrott rifled gun weighing 9,762 pounds, the carriage and mountings 6,208 lbs., and 100 balls, 13,000; total weight, 29,000 pounds. It was cast and fitted at the west point foundry at Coldspring, N. Y., by the inventor Robert Parker Parrott, superintendent of the works, and was shipped with five others to Boston or New York, presumably the latter place, on November 28, 1862, and was placed on the steamer Quaker City, August, 1863. This vessel was a side wheel steamer of 1,600 tons, chartered in March and purchased by the government in August 1861. The gun in question, No. 12, was placed on her in August, 1863, and remained till the close of the war. She served principally in the Atlantic blockading squadrons during the war, going to the western gulf blockading in 1865. The principal engagements in which she took part while this 100 pounder was on board were the two attacks on Fort Fisher, December 24 and 25, 1864. On the 25th of June, 1864, she captured forty bales of cotton, on the 5th of September she assisted in the capture of the steamer Elsie, a blockade runner; on the 12th of March, 1865, she captured the schooner R. H. Vermilyea; on the 16th of March, 1865, she captured the sloop Telmico; on the 17th of March, 1865, she captured the schooner General Burkhardt; on the 24th of the same month she captured the steamer Cora and on the 18th of May, 1865, went out of commission at the Philadelphia Navy yard.

In August, 1870, this gun, No. 12, was placed on the Brooklyn and remained there till July, 1873, when it was landed at the Boston Navy yard, where it remained till November, 1896, arriving at Decatur on the 6th of the month.

While on the Brooklyn the vessel was cruising in the European waters. She was a screw steamer of 2,000 tons, wooden, carrying a battery of twenty guns. In 1889 this ship was condemned and went out of commission, her name being perpetuated by one of the new iron clads.

Echoes From The Plains

By Nellie Nelson.

Harvey, N. D., Dec. 1, 1948.

WHATEBER AIN'T, AM RIGHT

By Carrie Taylor Eaton, R. 3, Cassopolis, Michigan.

Now chilluns, stop yo fussin',
Said an aged Negro man
To the young folks who were grumbling
O'er the failure of some plan.
'Taint gwine to do no good now
On the Lord to take yer spite,
For He knows what's His business,
And whatever ain't, am right.

If He'd wanted you to hab things,
Jes as yo's a plannin' fo,
He'd sholy gib um to yo
So yo needn't fuss no mo.
And you want to git dis lesson:
And hol it good and tight;
For no mattah what the Lord done do,
Whateber ain't am right.

Der ain't no sense in gwine 'round
Fussin', fo all dats out;
De Lord will leave no good undone,
He knows what He's about.
And if you'll jis remember it,
'Twill make yo dark days light;
Dat since de Lord knows what to do,
Whateber ain't, am right.

Huge Tulip Poplars

Near-Virgin Trees In Newton Woods.

From Prairie Farmer of Jan. 17, 1948.

"The Newton Woods," 700 acres of as near virgin hardwood timber as exists in lower Michigan, has been known to folks who live in Cass and Van Buren countes for many years. When the heirs of the Newton estate began selling or offering for sale this property, Mr. Fred Russ of Cassopolis bought 580 acres, later giving it to Michigan State College. They have renamed it the "Fred Russ Memorial Woods." The tract had 700 acres in the original area.

Three Distinct Areas

This timber is located about four miles north of Cassopolis on the road to Decatur. There are three different kinds of woodland. One tract has a distinct growth of beech, maple, walnut and elm. The person who wants to see the smooth, light-colored beech will be happy. Here is the kind of walnut the lumberman likes. It is tall, straight, without knots. In one place is an elm, six feet in diameter and 180 feet high.

Another tract is of solid oak, with black cherry undergrowth. Once these woods were all together. Why the difference no one knows.

One of the interesting trees growing in these woods is the tulip poplar, a white wood. This tree grows tall and straight, sometimes attaining considerable height. It has a rather distinct leaf. The fruit when it ripens looks like a tulip.

Before giving the forest to the college, Fred Russ collected tulip tree seed. He let the squirrels cut the fruit in the tree, and Russ collected the seed on the ground. They were planted in seed beds and the seedlings later planted to a permanent forest. Since 1936 Russ has been responsible for planting 130 acres of the tulip poplar and they are doing well.

A Mighty Big Tree

In the woodlot adjacent to the tulip poplar planting are many of these trees, one of which is six and a half feet in diameter at breast height. Its height is 150 feet. Lumbermen have estimated it would cut 8,000 board feet of lumber. Checking growth rings shows that the tree is about 250 years old.

If you want to see these trees go to Decatur on route 40 in Van Buren county. Turn south on the road to Cassopolis about eleven miles. The road runs through one part of the woods.

RAILROAD DAY

Thursday, September 9th, was Railroad Day and all are agreed it was a success. At 4 a. m. the official car of H. F. DeForest, assistant General Manager, accompanied by his wife and G. F. Wheeler, Freight Claim Agent, and wife, and W. E. Frackelton, General Passenger Agent, and wife, was set out on the stub track west of the depot. Under supervision of Supt. B. D. Maltby and Trainmaster John Dring, the exhibit arrangements had been completed by 10 a. m. This included flood lights, platforms, etc.

Visitors had access to the units of equipment on display between equipment and several hundred feet of snow fence which had been erected for safety. All passenger trains reduced speed through Decatur while the exhibit was open.

At noon the official car of Vice-President McKee and his guests arrived and was taken off the rear of the train by a switch engine and also placed on the stub track. Mr. McKee's guests were Mr. Hargrave, Mr. Munro and Mr. Roberts. The occupations of these gentlemen have been mentioned before. Mrs. McKee arrived shortly after by auto. The reception committee consisting of Queen Esther and her mother and Donald Stepnitz, Chairman A. C. Mack, W. T. Beek, E. E. Woolfe, Fred Pennell, Marshall Orr and E. C. Planck, together with their wives. After a brief visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mack and niece, Miss Doris Dodge, the committee provided luncheon for Mr. McKee and Mr. DeForest and their guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Carter Jenkins of Niles. At the luncheon Mr. McKee extended an invitation to all those present to a buffet supper at 6:30 p. m. in the two official cars which invitation was readily accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wickett, Mr. and Mrs. James Hirst, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buys, and Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Rudisill also attended on the invitation of Mr. McKee.

Directly after luncheon, cars were provided and the party taken on a trip in the country and stops included the Becker farms and storage after which the railroad officials and guests were assembled at the band stand and were present for the speech of Governor Sigler.

Fred Pennell acted as master of ceremonies and introduced those present to the Governor. After the buffet supper, which was thoroughly enjoyed as well as the visit with the hosts, Mr. McKee, his guests, Queen Esther and her court and Mr. DeForest and other officials assembled again at the band stand for the crowning of the Queen. This was performed by Mr. McKee who gave an appropriate speech embracing the relationship between the growth of Decatur and the Michigan Central railroad in the last 100 years.

Near the end of the program Edgar Bergen made a surprise appearance and impromptu speech which was greatly enjoyed. Later in the evening Mr. DeForest and Mr. Wheeler, also the three gentlemen with Mr. McKee, got into serious difficulties in the Kangaroo court and were summarily dealt with.

4,152 persons visited the equipment exhibit. Traveling Engineer Percy Elliott was in charge of the diesel units. He has 50 days to go before being pensioned. Mr. McKee, Mr. DeForest and others including Messrs. Hargrave, Munro and Roberts expressed to this writer and several others their appreciation of the hospitality and friendliness shown them by the people of Decatur.

DECATUR PUPILS OF LONG AGO

Jim Chamberlain of Fort Worth, Texas, has done another nice thing for the Decatur old timers of his day. He has had the school picture of the first primary pupils of 1877 enlarged, and has sent the Republican four copies, one for his cousin Jerry Halleck, one for his cousin Mattie McOmber, one for his brother Will and one for the editor.

He has them all identified and their names are as follows: Delos Nichols, Ed. DePue, Tom Carpenter, Cass Roberts, Andrew Long, Robert Acton, Frank Tuttle, Arthur Percival, John Chamberlain, Ed. Scott, Will Bottsford, Will Warren, Harry Smith, Albert Gantz, Leila Harlow, Flora Jacobs, Jennie Jackson, Kate Nesbitt, Cora Fry, Mary O'Leary, Kate Mahoney, Stella Maxham, Minnie Hawks, Kate Austin, Sarah Foster, Blanche Babcock, Jessie Hathaway, Pearl Hopkins, Winnie Babcock, Hattie Blue, Conde Upton, Arba Moulton, Sela Eckenberger, Louis Dwight, and the teacher, Ida Trowbridge.

They ranged in ages from five to seven years and of the 34 in the picture only seven to our certain knowledge are living. These are Delos Nichols, Albert Gantz, Leila Harlow, Stella Maxham, Minnie Hawks, Louis Dwight and Arba Moulton. Some of them we have not heard of for many years and shall be very glad if anyone can furnish information about others of the class. (Will and Mattie, call for your pictures.)

Jim also sends the following information about Aransas Pass, Texas, where Leo and Doris Rose and Dean and Lila Davidson went a few weeks ago with their house cars.

It is located on the Gulf of Mexico, near Corpus Christi, in Aransas Co., population 4095, 1940 census, has excellent fishing, shrimp and oysters also abundant. Settled in 1820 by Irish. Little population until railroad built in 1855. It has 18 foot sea wall, bay front surrounds town between north and south limits. It is the tide water terminus of several oil companies. Rockport is the county seat of Aransas county, population in 1940 1729.

Morgan steamship line company built Rockport in 1868 under guarantee of cattle companies that they would ship $1,000 worth of hides yearly and it soon became a flourishing sea port. Slaughter houses handled thousands of cattle taking the hides, rendering the tallow for shipment,

making fertilizer of the bones and throwing the meat into the bay. Later, however, the meat was canned, cattle being bought at three cents a pound.

General Taylor camped for a short time at Rockport and a large tree under which he is said to have pitched his tent is named the Taylor Oak.

Your friend, Jim.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Aug. 12, 1948.

Van Buren Gazetteer—1869.

"The village of Decatur was first incorporated by the board of supervisors in October 1859, and afterward rechartered by the legislature, by an act approved March 16th, 1861. The first president of the corporation was E. Parker Hill; the first Recorder, Orrin T. Welch. Since its incorporation the village has grown rapidly, and now especially since the close of the late war, village lots have been and are in constant demand and new plots are being constantly laid out and put on the market.

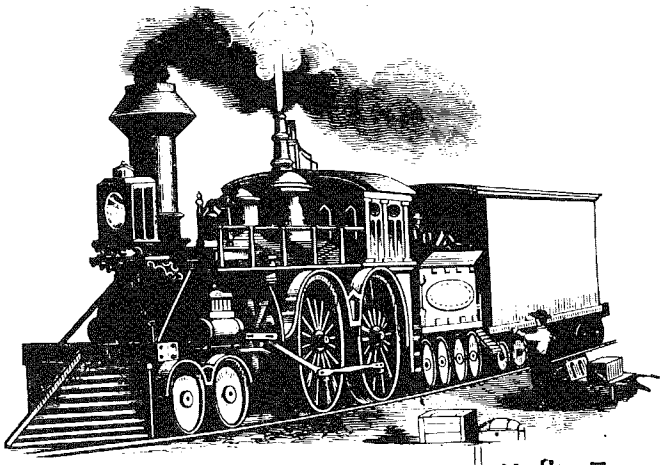
It is safe to say that no town on the line of the M. C. R. R. enjoys a greater degree of material prosperity. It now contains a population of two thousand five hundred. Among its notable institutions there is none of which it is more justly proud than its Union grade school. It consists of five departments and employs one male and five female teachers. The school building is a massive brick structure, occupying a most eligible site, overlooking the whole village, with ample and delightful play grounds ornamented with beautiful shade trees. It was built in 1863-64 at a cost of $12,000. The staff consists of J. H. Bishop, principal; Miss Carrie Roberts, first assistant; Miss Emma Minor, second assistant; Miss Helen Bradford, first intermediate; Miss Emma Hewson, second intermediate; Miss Helen Beattie, primary; Fletcher Coney, janitor.

Decatur Graded School

Edifice built in 1863-4 at a cost of $12,000. J. H. Bishop, principal. Miss Carrie Roberts, first assistant. Miss Emma Minor, second assistant. Miss Helen Bradford, first intermediate. Miss Emma Hewson, second intermediate. Miss Helen Beattie, primary. Fletcher Coney, janitor.

I received a card from Helen Hathaway from Almont, Mich., thanking me for sending the poem she wanted, "Talking In Their Sleep." Also a nice note from Elizabeth Price. Sister Elizabeth writes in such a generous way, with big round letters, I am sure Ivy May Monroe who used to write for the paper and understands graphology, could tell much of the character of Elizabeth by her writing. I am sure it would all be very good. I liked the way she closed her letter to me, "God bless you, yours in F. L. T."

Nellie Truesdell.



NEW YORK CENTRAL PASSES BY DECATUR

A new schedule of New York Central trains went into effect Sunday. It strikes a blow at Decatur by removing the two east-bound trains on which the train-traveling public have depended in coming here from Chicago and going from Decatur to points east.

Train No. 44 due in Decatur at 12:09 and No. 358, due at 11:10 p. m. no longer recognize Decatur as a station. The only passenger train going east in the entire 24 hours is a night train leaving Chicago at 2 a. m. our time, and due in Decatur at 6:03 a. m., our time, and the only west-bound train is No. 23, due here at 6:05 p. m. No. 341, a local train for many years, has been taken off.

We believe Decatur is entitled to better treatment than this and hope the officials will reconsider their action.

Train No. 44 had three passengers out of Chicago Sunday noon. They bought tickets for Decatur and on the train were informed by the conductor that it would not stop here. It was a most inconsiderate thing to do. These people were compelled to leave the train at Dowagiac and get to Decatur in the best way they could. The irony of the situation is that the train continues to stop at Lawton, a smaller town than Decatur.

In the village and throughout the nearby country there are commuters between Decatur and Chicago. These people are left without train service and they feel considerably hurt over the situation.

Protests have been sent and are being sent to the General Passenger Agent at Chicago, and we are not without hope that officials will reconsider their action and restore to Decatur their former service.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DECATUR, 1869

"The site of the village of Decatur was originally obtained of the U. S. Government by Messrs. Beers and Sherwood of New York city in a grant to them of 5,000 acres. These gentlemen, though never residents of the place, seem to have left their impress upon it and to have, to some extent, given character to its institutions. In 1850 they built a steam saw mill in the southwestern part of the village, on the land now occupied by Anthony McKay. This mill was afterward converted into a distillery, which, in its turn, has happily disappeared, leaving only rank grass to mark the spot it once defiled.

"In 1854 the present business centre of the village was occupied as follows: Ira Nash kept a dry goods store on the corner now occupied by Abbott Bros.; Trowbridge and Harris kept a general variety store on the corner now occupied by Aaron Hathaway; W. C. Tucker, a general variety store on that now occupied by Trowbridge and Hill; and Henry Canoll, a drug store where Higgins and Squiers now keep a grocery store."

Some way it seems good to think of Nellie Nelson back in Montana, the Treasure State. "The greatest length from east to west is 540 miles. The area is 146,080 square miles, of which 770 sq. miles are water. The population in 1900 was 243,329 of which 11,343 were Indians. The territory of Montana was first visited by the French in 1742, and later by Jesuit missionaries, fur traders, and trappers. The first permanent settlement was at Fort Benton in 1840. In 1861 rich gold fields were discovered, and in the following year mining began in earnest. The territory was organized in 1864, being formed of a part of the old territory of Idaho. In 1876 the famous Custer Massacre occurred on the Little Bighorn River. The development of silver and copper mines and the construction of railroads brought prosperity to the region, and in 1889 Montana was admitted into the Un-

ion."

Somewhere I read "Beautiful as a Montana sunset." Remember, Nellie—

"This is the charm by sages often told
Converting all it touches into gold;
Content can soothe where'er by fortune placed
Can rear a garden in the desert waste."

Nellie Truesdell.

A SONG BOOK AND THE GREENMAN FARM

The Republican published last week a letter from Miss Lucy Upton of Long Beach, California. It told of the search by Mrs. Wadsworth of that city, and the finding of a copy of the Golden Robin Song book. Mrs. Wadsworth wrote a few days later and her interesting letter is printed here.

William R. Greenman, to whom she refers, was one of the early settlers of Van Buren county. He came here from New York in 1845 and bought forty acres of choice hardwood timberland on the South shore of Christie lake. The story is that he traded a gold watch for it. He added to this forty until he had acquired around 400 acres which now comprise the fine farms of his grandchildren, Dr. Newton H. Greenman and Mrs. Doris Greenman Rose.

W. R. Greenman was a man of energy and business ability, but his matrimonial barques did not always have smooth sailing. One time while unattached, he decided to take a trip South to Louisville, Kentucky, where his son Miles, killed in action in the Civil War, was buried in a National cemetery. While there he met and married Mrs. Covington, a widow with two little daughters, Minnie and Cora, around 10 and 12 years of age. The older of the two is the writer of this letter.

Dr. N. H. Greenman was born on the farm and lived there until he went out to North Dakota to practice his profession. He was about three years old when his grandfather brought his new wife and the little girls to the farm. He remembers them well, although it is opening a chapter in his life which he had not thought of for many years.

Now that Mrs. Wadsworth has made this small start it may be that she will write more of these interesting reminiscences and they will be welcomed by the Republican. The impressions of childhood leave an indellible mark on our lives, and the older we get the more we look back to find pleasure in them.

It is probably in line with the thoughts of her childhood home that Mrs. Wadsworth expresses the desire that the Golden Robin Song Book shall eventually be added to the home town library. Her letter follows:

60 Via di Roma Walk,
Long Beach [illegible] Calif.

My dear Editor:

Some time ago I wrote your local librarian regarding the old Golden Robin song book they had in the Grammar school when I attended the school years ago. As you so kindly printed the letter I must compliment you on the circulation of your paper as I received many letters from different parts of the country. I subscribed to your paper for a short time. I wrote to the Congressional Libraray but was informed the book was out of print. They offered to photostat the book at a cost of $28 but I concluded that was a bit steep for just a whim to be satisfied. I heard of a fine old second hand book store in Boston and wrote them. They replied that they had a copy fairly well preserved they would part with for $3.50. I sent for it and have presented it to the Upton sisters here in Long Beach with the thought I'd like it willed to the Decatur Library as a memorial to my era in Decatur.

Miss Lucy Upton often sends me copies of the Republican and I have enjoyed so much seeing old names that remain in my memory. I do not see Dr. Greenman's ad any more. Has he grown rich and retired? I wonder if he is the son of George and Kate Greenman. She used to call him Newtie. His grandfather was William Greenman. I was the daughter of his 5th or 6th wife. I wonder if he remembers me, if so I'd surely love to hear something of him or from him.

Please excuse this lengthy letter, but you know as we grow older we love to reminisce. I am now in my 84th year and I ask your indulgence as to writing and spelling. All power to you and your good work.

Sincerely,
Minnie Covington Wadsworth.

Indian Trees

By Fred W. Green

Revised by Don Moline and Marvin Peterson.

(This is the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written by the pupils of the Decatur public schools under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science.)

Since many Indian tribes lived in and around Van Buren county, it is not strange that we have an Indian tree in our community. It is located on the Wooster farm in Hamilton township, and is now owned by Mrs. Phelps, Mr. Wooster's daughter. Its exact location is at the extreme eastern end of the farm, a little north of the center. It is in a good state of preservation. Its location was wisely chosen, as it stands on a little elevation, and was at one time in a densely wooded area. About 40 rods south there is a small hollow, evidently a small lake. No doubt this was the place where deer came to drink, and was the breeding spot for wild game. I draw this conclusion as so many arrow heads have been found there. They are picked up even today when the field is plowed.

It is wonderful what nature will do when given a little assistance from human hands. It will be noticed from the picture that the trunk of the tree was not allowed to grow too high. It is handy to the ground and was turned to the left as the first step. No doubt that was done when the tree was just a small twig. It was reinforced at the bend, and tied with some kind of lash probably made of reed or perhaps a thong from the hide of the [illegible] with which the country [illegible] at the time. After that branch was allowed to grow a certain length and was able to stand up by itself by being attached to the main trunk, it was again turned upward, indicating that the Indian had some idea that the Great Master was above.

The location is an ideal place for a camp. Even today there are wild lands that have not been turned into Agricultural usefulness. Wild berries and shrubs of all kinds abound there and no doubt the Indians put them to good use. I have in mind wintergreen, elder berries, blue berries, sassafras and all kinds of vegetation that grows in profusion in the Michigan lowlands.

Just how long the Indian made this location a hunting ground is unknown, but it must have been many years ago as the tree itself is at least fourteen inches in diameter and the first turn is about six feet in length. Another indication of its age is the fact that it stands up, paralleling the ground, without support except that received from the main stump.

The more one thinks about the Indians themselves, the more wonderful they seem. Reflect upon their idea about the Great Master being up there. They no doubt obtained their inspiration from the rising sun that awakened them from their slumbers. The eastern sun illuminated the world and was a symbol of activity; the setting sun was a signal of rest after the toil of the day.

It would be sad indeed if this Indian tree, which I visit very often, were to meet the fate of the woodsman's ax. There are very few left, and this is a wonderful specimen. Of those few that are left, there is one located in [illegible] marker. Another grows near Benton Harbor, and a third one is on the outskirts of South Haven.

QUATRAINS

By Alonzo Newton Benn.

THE WILL

E'er have the will to do a thing
And not the wish that it was done
And soon you'll find the thing complete
And then you may indulge in fun.

LIFE'S BEST THINGS

A better harvest comes to those
Who fertilize the soil;
And life's best things are more enjoyed
When earned by honest toil.

OUR PART

Someone once said "Sight is a gift
But seeing is an art;"
So let us use our sight to see
How best to do our part.

KINDNESS

A little bit of kindness shown
To one in trouble or despair;
May light the flame of hope anew
So he again may do and dare.

AT PAR

Exchange may fluctuate a lot
In all the leading marts;
But smiles are constantly at par
Because they cheer man's heart.

5000 East End Avenue
Chicago 15.

The Missourian

Lelia Brinkley, Ewing, Mo.

THE MARCH OF DIMES

I am a little lame child and I cannot go
To school and to play as other folks do.
My poor twisted feet would not ache all the time
If each of you gave just one little dime.

Just one little dime is all that I ask,
I hope you won't think it too great a task.
Just think what it means to children like me
To live all their life in great misery.

And now, my dear friend, just let me ask you,
If I was your child just what would you do?
Is it asking too much of your wealth and your time
To make some child well by giving a dime?

This poem has been read over WTAD, Quincy, Ill., broadcasting station, the last four years. Read again yesterday. Last year it was announced that several hundred dollars had been received due to this poem.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Mister Moulton kindly tells us
In his fine Republican,
Buy a hen and gently boil it,
Or make fricassee, and ban
All the grief that looms before us
With regard to grain and bran.

Do I heed him? Yes, indeedy,
Quickly to the shop I run,
Get a hen and slowly stew it,
Add some noodles, oh what fun.
Tuck beneath my chin, the napkin—
And, the chicken soon is done.

—Harriet Eleanor Williams, 1143 East 65th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois.

(The poem refers to the article in The Republican's farm column last week entitled: "Stew Hens Plentiful; Easily Prepared." Mrs. Williams wrote "I just couldn't resist that news item. It really is important, but there was something delightfully naive about it, so the enclosed arrived on the wings of song. I dare you to print it.")

Jim Chamberlain Will Visit Decatur Again

Ft. Worth, Texas, Dec. 27, 1947.

Dear Arba:

I wrote brother Oliver's obituary while waiting the arrival of the train in Omaha, Neb., without notes or references of any kind and as you well know we older people have lapses of memory, but as I recollect my brother Oliver was born on what was then known as the Scott Powers farm in Hamilton township. Scott Powers was the father of Fred Powers, the baseball pitcher.

My earliest recollection of Oliver when we were living there was when, at two years of age, he got his feet burned while walking through some burning chips. The scars caused by those burns remained throughout the remainder of his life. Leona Youells can locate that farm for anyone who is interested.

After leaving there, father moved the family to Martha Kendall's tenant house in Decatur, east of where Jarious Hallock now lives. This was in 1877. Later we moved to the Sanford house on Beers St., and later to W. Sherwood street where brother Will still lives.

These four places are the only ones that I remember of living with father and family. I was born on what was known as the Pat Kelly farm just across the road from where the Fred Payne family now lives. I got this information from my parents. From the time our family left the Pat Kelly place until we moved to the Scott Powers farm my memory is a blank, which is one of the many reasons that I want to make a perhaps final visit to Decatur.

If no one else does it, I will write a series of articles on the early settlers of the Lee (Hamilton) school district and the Christie Lake district. Dr. Greenman, Ed. Plopper, Jarious Hallock, brother Will, and Mary Peterson, I believe, can give me valuable data in preparing such a series. I should also have included Mrs. Charles Warner.

My health is so much improved that, barring unlooked for reversals, I can make that trip this coming summer, and if so, I ask that all who possess any facts concerning the history of these two districts either send them to me or have them in readiness for me when I come to Decatur.

One Hundred Years

This seems like a good place to mark this letter continued till next week and to urge the old timers who can to assist Jim with the information he wants. This will be an important year historically for this community. It is the 100th anniversary of the building of the New York Central, then the Michigan Central railroad through to Niles and of the founding of the village of Decatur. Work will begin soon on a big celebration to be held sometime this summer in commemoration of the anniversary and would suggest that it be held during August so that former residents and others may attend in vacation time. The Republican will announce the date as soon as it is set. Jim should plan to be here at that time. He is the one to write the series of articles he suggests.

In consideration of what the Republican has in store for its readers this year there should be a thousand new subscribers added to its list at once.

The Harrison Family of Kalamazoo, Relatives of Two Presidents

(In this article Mrs. Lura Young of Decatur describes a visit she and Mr. Young and Mr. and Mrs. Truesdell of Kalamazoo made a few weeks ago to Mrs. Emma Longwell, who resides about six miles out of Schoolcraft. Mrs. Longwell is a grand daughter of Bazel Harrison, the first white settler and first Judge of Kalamazoo county. Mrs. Young also belongs to this family. Her grandfather was Joseph Harrison. He and Bazel and the President William Henry Harrison were own cousins. Mrs. Young wrote this interesting story of one of our country's most illustrious families at the suggestion of Nellie Truesdell who is always looking out for good stories for the Republican. Our thanks to both ladies.)

Having intended for some time to visit Mrs. Longwell, I decided that I must be about it if I was ever going to visit her. So not knowing whether or not she would care about seeing strangers, and not knowing the condition of her health, I determined to write Mrs. Nellie Truesdell and ask if Mrs. Longwell would be able to receive a visitor? I was surprised at the reply, for Mrs. Truesdell took the pains to drive over to see her at her home near Schoolcraft. Mrs. Longwell said she would be glad to see me and sent me a "History of the Harrison Family," also some cherished clippings concerning her family. All this I thought very kind in Mr. and Mrs. Truesdell and also in Mrs. Longwell.

On a following Sunday we went to Kalamazoo, picked up Mr. and Mrs. Truesdell and went to make the visit. I found that Mrs. Longwell had that true kindliness so characteristic of the Harrison family. And of all the descendents of this family I have known she exhibits the strongest characteristics of the pioneer spirit that led her grandfather and Uncle William to make homes for themselves in a wilderness unknown to the white man. I think she is the true grand-daughter of a pioneering grandfather.

Of the things she told me she had done through life, one was the weaving of over a thousand yards of carpet, when woven carpet was the regular floor covering. She wove one hundred yards for the floors of her fine home. Though badly crippled with rheumatism, she had the week before we were there painted the floor of her large porch by sitting in her grandfather's rocker and moving it about as she painted.

She reminisced somewhat of her grandfather, telling how badly they, the children, felt when he passed away at 103, and they couldn't feel that God was quite just to take such a good man. But she talked mostly

of her Uncle William who was the oldest son of Bazel, and who was referrde to by every one as "Uncle Billy."

Mrs. Longwell mentioned, and we laughed together, about Uncle Billy's encounter with the bear. He, accompanied by his dog "Tearcoat," had gone to a neighbor's some eight miles away to grind his ax. While ascending a hill on his way home the dog growled as he did when wild animals were near, then rushed ahead. Through an opening in the upland shrubbery Uncle Billy saw a large black bear moving quite rapidly with the dog overtaking him. The bear turned, stood on his hind legs, and waved his paws defiantly. In an instant the animals were locked in a terrible struggle.

Catching the dog in his paws, the bear bit him in the shoulder until he yelped. Forgetting the ax "Uncle Billy" rushed to the dogs aid. He jerked the bear's hind legs and kicked him, whereupon the animal turned upon his human antagonist, biting off a boot heel. He fell down and the bear was instantly upon him. They rolled down the hill over and over, "Uncle Billy" finally getting free. The bear didn't seem inclined to continue the fight and climbed a tree. "Uncle Billy" remarked that both he and "Tearcoat" had learned something about bears that day.

Mrs. Longwell spoke of the courtesy shown Uncle Billy by the Grand Trunk railroad. She said the Grand Trunk would stop its trains anywhere for him, and my mind went back a good many years to a day when I was coming from Battle Creek to Scotts on the Grand Trunk. Part way between Battle Creek and Climax the train began to slow down and came to a full stop. I was wondering what could be the matter, when an old and much bewhiskered man came aboard and sat down very quietly. Some one back of me said the Grand Trunk will stop its trains anywhere for that old fellow. And I know now that I once saw "Uncle Billy." I have known of people having free passes on railroads, but I have never known of anyone else for whom the trains would stop anywhere along the line.

We talked on and Grace Harrison was mentioned several times. Grace married "Uncle Billy's" grandson and owns a large and very fine farm about four miles northeast of Climax. I had never known just where Billy settled, so as I had become interested in the Harrisons again, and Grace had visited in my home, I thought I would go and see her and find out just where he did settle. I found that his farm was just south of hers and faced on the next road south, making his home one mile north and 3 miles east of Climax.

Grace and I had never talked of the Harrisons before, and I was surprised to find she had an enlarged picture of the older sons of the four generations, Bazel, William, Joseph and Clarence. She also told me a story I had never heard before, but which showed the feeling of good will existing between Uncle Billy's family and the Indians. She said that when "Uncle Billy" went to Detroit with an ox team for supplies, that at night the Indians would come to his house, stack their guns outside the door, come in and lie down on the floor and sleep through the night, to protect the family from harm.

Mrs. Longwell came not only from hardy pioneer stock, but also from ancestors who were patriotic and prominent during the early history of our country. Her great grandfather's brother was a member of the House of Burgess, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, Member of the Continental Congress, and Governor of Virginia. Her great grandfather, too, was patriotic, but he was too old to go to the war, so he called his six older boys to him and told them that he couldn't go to the war because of his age, but that it wouldn't do to let the British get a foothold in this country. So they should go and fight and he would stay and raise the crops. Bazel Harrison cast his first ballot for George Washington, second term.

Mrs. Longwell showed us the picture of the first nice house her grandfather built. It was at that time the nicest house in Kalamazoo, and she was born in this house before it was all completed. She is now 86 years old. Later this house burned, and the present house was built.

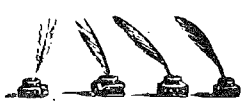
When we returned to Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. Truesdell invited us in to see their home and it is most pleasant. They have some very nice pieces of furniture that Mr. Truesdell made himself. We asked them to come out to the farm, but they didn't find time. So I do hope they will visit us here in Decatur some time.

Lura Young.

P. S. The sad part of it all was that the following Sunday after our visit, Mrs. Longwell's son died very suddenly of a heart attack.

Bazel Harrison was born in Fredric county, Maryland, thirty miles from Baltimore in 1771, and died in Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo county, August 30, 1874.

Bazel's grandfather, William Harrison was a native of Scotland, and his grandmother was of Welsh birth. William Harrison was a descendant of the Gen. Harrison who held a commission under Cromwell. These grand parents migrated to Virginia and settled either in Berkley or Charles City county, early in the last century. His father's name was also William Harrison and he was born in Berkley, Virginia, about 1730. William Harrison, Jr., was twice married and by his two wives was the father of 23 children. Bazel was the son of the second wife, whose name was Marlinda Davis. His father married her in Maryland about the same time his younger brother, Benjamin Harrison and father of the President and uncle of the judge, marrid her mother, Clara Davis, a widower.



ONE HUNDRED YEAR OLD FARMS

THE ROBERT CHRISTIE FARM IN LAWRENCE TOWNSHIP

Mrs. Leland Barnes of the fourth generation writes this interesting information to Marshall Orr who is collecting data on farms that have been in the same family 100 years or more.

Lawrence, August 26, 1948.

Dear Mr. Orr:

I am copying from a book I have and a portion of the abstract and adding a few facts told me by my grandmother. I trust that you will be able to get the date you want from this. If you still need more information I will try to get it from older cousins still living.

Robert Christie was my great grand father, Henry Christie was my grand father, and Bertha Christie Chase was my mother.

The first town laid out in Lawrence township was on the banks of Christie Lake to be known as Van Buren Centre. An 80 acre plot was laid out and some lots sold as high as $150 each. H. N. Phelps bought 23 of them. John D. Freeman and a Maj. Calvin Britain of St. Joseph did this and staked a site for a court house, published a map showing this village and a steamboat on the present Christie Lake.

Before any considerable result was reached wildcat paper money became worthless and Freeman's village failed.

However H. N. Phelps still saw prospects for this was on the Detroit-St. Joseph trail or old Territorial Road. He therefore erected a tavern opposite a store building previously erected by Freeman. This tavern, after it was purchased by Robert Christie became a very important factor in the old stage coach days. To the driver it meant a change of horses and to the traveler meals and an overnight.

In 1837 Robert Christie of Washtenaw County, came here with his family en route to Hartford where he had bought considerable land. He moved his family into the abandoned store building until the Hartford place was ready for habitation. He and his two eldest sons went to Hartford in July of 1837 and worked until Saturday night, then returned to spend Sunday with the family. They and the rest of the family were stricken with ague and from then until January lay helpless with fever. During this time the Hartford property was exchanged for the 23 village lots and tavern. Robert Christie became landlord and operated it as long as the stage coaches traveled.

This was in Sec. 26 where a portion of our farm is and the residence.

Robert Christie died in 1865.

Henry Christie purchased a portion of this section 26 of his father in 1855, and the portion of Sec. 35 that I gave you yesterday at an earlier date.

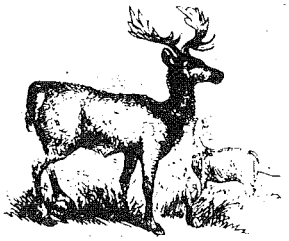
The abstract shows the owner of each of the lots and from whom my great-grandfather purchased them. I

nave found looking this up for you very interesting.

You asked for the range, town, etc. I find these entries in the abstract. South fifteen acres of the S. E. quarter of the S. W. quarter of Sec. 26 (1837).

Also the N. forty-nine acres of the E. half of the N. W. quarter of Sec. 35 all in Town Three south, Range fifteen West.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Leland Barnes.



Bonine Elk Farm One of The Show Places of State

From the Prairie Farmer

The elk, native to Michigan, is being preserved in Cass Co., Mich., and probably will be for many years to come. G. Elwood Bonine, owner of the elk from which his farm gets its name, says, "We've thought many times about doing away with the herd. But public opinion has always said no, so we have yielded."

"This herd is a landmark in the minds of many folks," Bonine added. He pointed out that the farm has been known as Elk Park farm since shortly after 1862. It was in that year someone gave his grandfather a pair of elk, from which the present herd is descended.

"Grandfather fenced in a 12-acre lot and grandmother took care of them with the result that a fair-sized herd was soon developed," Bonine says.

Though elk are native to Michigan, they are not very prolific in captivity. In the wild state each female would normally have a calf each year, but in captivity less than 50 percent of the cows average getting with calf annually. Nevertheless it has always been necessary to maintain a consistent butchering program.

The meat has generally been used for dinners and banquets of a public nature, such as conservation club affairs and service club dinners. The Boy Scout camp located in Cass county always gets a share.

Bonine says there are a great many little-known facts about elk. For one thing they can outrun a horse. While he has never timed one, he estimates that at top speed they travel as fast as 50 miles per hour. During the summer, elk will not eat hay, which means that if the pasture gets short they are apt to go hungry. This one factor has forced Bonine to keep the herd down to about 25, as he has only 40 acres enclosed in the park.

Will Not Eat Grain

Once when there were 35 animals in the herd, a drouth cut the pasture so short some of them actually suffered. They will eat some hay in the winter time, but will never touch grain or most of the other feeds accepted by cattle.

At two years of age the average elk has reached a weight of about 450 pounds, the age they are usually slaughtered for meat. The biggest ones never get any larger than eight to nine hundred pounds, regardless of age.

Elk shed their horns every year, another little-known fact, according to Bonine. He says they have a habit of rubbing their newly-grown horns on the side of a tree until the points are as sharp as a spear. "They have one tree that they all use to sharpen their horns on," Bonine said, adding, "It is going to be interesting watching what they will do this year, as the tree they have used for years was recently cut down."

Dogs, Beware!

Elk are normally shy and will not attack man, except during the mating season when the bulls are really dangerous. They are, however, death on dogs, which Bonine believes is a hangover from the days when they had to protect themselves from wolves. "They simply run down and paw to death any dog that happens to get in their way," Bonine said.

He also pointed out that the horns on an elk are pointed back enough so he can run through the thickest underbrush by simply tipping his head back a little.

LET ME SING MY SONG

I shall not tarry with you very long
Nor shall I ever pass this way again.
So let me sing to you my little song
And do my best to ease and entertain
My fellow pilgrim, on the lonesome way;
To have him trust me to the very end.
And when I'm gone, for him to speak and say
"I miss that man, he was my loyal friend."
To be a friend to someone is a boon
We cannot price or ever comprehend.
To walk with him is pleasant, but too soon
The journey ends and friend must part with friend.
The time is short, so let me sing my song,
To comfort those who climb the mountain steep
To mingle with the weary, hard pressed throng
And scatter sunshine ere I go to sleep.

— Chicago Tribune.

Early Decatur Days

From a Letter Written to Miss Catherine Howland by Dr. Geo. W. Mahoney, Well Known Chicago Physician.

It takes the older residents of Decatur to personally remember Dr. Mahoney, but in his youth and early practice of medicine he was an active and prominent resident of this village.

He graduated from the Decatur high school in 1878 and practiced his profession in Chicago far more than fifty years. We shall not here go into a sketch of his interesting life, for it will be one of our feature articles some time during this Centennial summer.

Dr. Mahoney is now retired and is a resident of Hines Hospital, Hines, Illinois. A letter received from him last week gave the welcome information that he would send the Republican sketches of two leading Decatur young men of his early Decatur days, Maurice Sheahan and William Brown, and they will be published soon.

The Doctor has also written his cousin, Miss Catherine Howland, a letter containing interesting local history from which the following is taken:

Hines Hospital, Hines, Ill.

My dear cousin,—

I have your letter mailed in Kalamazoo, and some things in it am sure I never answered.

You ask about the Cold New Year (1864). All I know about it is what my father told me. I must have been a very small child then and he said it was the coldest day he thinks he ever knew. His mother at that time was living in a house facing the railroad tracks, and a block or more east of the street at the mill crossing. (The old flour mill.)

She was living there alone and he was afraid she would be out of wood and cold, but he found her warm and comfortable. He was greatly relieved. This house in later years was the home of Christopher Reece and family. They had a son Fred who died quite young, and a daughter Aicea, who died of tuberculosis at about 14 or 15. Both the father and son worked for my father for some time on the railroad.

Regarding the old livery barn, I don't know who built it. The first man I knew who ran it was A. D. Scott. He ran it for many years and did a big business there.

In those days merchants bought their goods largely from traveling men who came around regularly with samples. As an example, an agent would get off the train at Decatur, and after finishing his business there he would hire a horse, buggy and driver and go to Paw Paw; then drive to Lawrence, Hartford, etc. So the livery business was very good. You could hire a horse and buggy for all day, drive it yourself, for $2.

Out to Riley's

When I was in high school, and a little later when clerking for Freschel Brothers, then Henry Stern, then Roberts and Stewart in their grocery store, four of us, after closing time would hire a team and two-seated buggy and drive over into Volinia to a farm home where a man lived named Riley who was a spiritualist and gave seances. We went for the entertainment. It was free and people from Dowagiac and many other places, even as far as Niles, went there.

One evening a man was there named Nesbitt. I don't remember where he came from, but he was a brother of Robert Nesbitt who built the Nesbitt flour mill in Hamilton and the big brick house. We from Decatur left Riley's early that evening because it was not entertaining enough.

A short time later we went out again and this same Mr. Nesbitt was there. He came up to me and said, "O, you should have stayed the other night, it was grand, it was wonderful! I met my brother Robert." I said, "Are you sure it was your brother?" "O, yes," he said, "I put my hand right on his shoulder and talked to him." There was something in the Riley family I cannot understand.

Going back to the old livery barn. I remember S. D. Scott very well, and a man, Meeker Shookman, worked there for a long time. Buggies were a luxury in those days and few people had them. Farmers and their families rode in lumber wagons. A farmer was quite well fixed when he could afford a spring seat in front for himself and wife, and children or others sat on a board across the box with a horse blanket covering it.

Those were the days when the circus would come to town for a one-day stand. Everything was moved by horses and wagons. For instance, a circus would show in Paw Paw one day and evening. Then, after the evening performance the tent and everything would be torn down, loaded on the wagons and with the animal cages, driven to Decatur. It would be set up again and after the day and evening performances, the next drive would be to Marcellus.

No circus moved by train in those days and we had no paved roads through the country.

In those early days many farmers did not have horses, they had ox teams. The best ox team I remember was Hobart Millard's.

(This letter from Dr. Mahoney brings a flood of memories. Readers are urged to help. Let us record this year all the interesting local history possible. Write a letter to the paper. Tell your reminiscent story in your own language. We will do the rest. This is one way that every old time resident of Decatur can help make the celebration of Decatur's 100th anniversary a success.

Two Bright Decatur Young Men of Long Ago

In the one hundred years that are past many bright young people have grown up in this community. Some have found other localities in which to develop their energies and some have gone on to the Great Beyond. The names of many of them are familiar in the community today, others have passed from the stage of life and are unknown to the present generation.

Two of the latter, friends of our childhood, were Maurice Sheahan and Will Brown. In their boyhood they lived on Beers street near the road we traveled daily on foot enroute to our home on the farm.

We remember Maurice Sheahan as he sat beside the window at his home, a hopeless invalid, but always with a friendly smile on his face, and we last saw Will Brown when he came back from England to go to Alaska in 1898.

Our thanks to Dr. Mahoney for the sketches. The story of Maurice follows and that of Will Brown will be printed next week.

Hines, Illinois,
Hines Hospital,
July 20, 1948.

My dear Sir:

My cousin, Miss Catherine Howland, has told me you would like to have me write you about the life of Maurice Sheahan who as a neighbor I knew very well, and of the life of Wm. Brown, also a neighbor in early days. In the case of Maurice Sheahan I knew him well not only as a boy but all his life until death claimed him, which seemed all too soon.

He was the only child of Patrick and Mary Sheahan. They lived on the south side of Beers street, the west block, and our home was on Beers street, next block east on the north side of the street. He was never a strong active boy, always of a retiring nature, never entered much into the sports and games of the boys of his age but he was always studious and did well in school.

In his first two terms in school, also mine, we attended a private school on west St. Mary's street, west block south side of the street in a house of two rooms. Our teacher was Miss Carrie Trowbridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philander Trowbridge and sister of Theodore Trowbridge, a well known druggist of Decatur in later years. The reason we went to that school was that our parents thought it more convenient and safer than to make the long trip to the north side of the village and walk through the business street to the old red brick school house. That ——— was many years ago.

There were several others who attended this school, Will and Belle Chadwick whose father was one of the Chadwick brothers, dry goods and millinery merchants in the store now occupied, I think, by Mr. Gale. Others who attended were Lillian Hendryx, whose father had a tannery on the south side of Beers street, east block, Lottie Young, whose father was the village carpenter, and Frank Priest. I never was very friendly with him for one day he stepped on my slate and broke it.

Miss Trowbridge later married L. D. Roberts who with L. G. Stewart was in the grocery business in Decatur for many years. After I finished school I clerked for them for some time and kept the books.

Maurice graduated from Decatur high school class of 1878. We were classmates, but I don't recall that he ever did much active work after graduation. He was not well but he had an active keen mind and worked a great deal on something he hoped to invent and get a patent on.

Soon after I located in Chicago I became very well acquainted with Dr. Archibald Church, one of the leading neurologists of this country at the time. I induced Maurice to come to Chicago for an examination by Dr. Church and made arrangements with Dr. Church to see him. I met Maurice at the train and we kept the appointment. Dr. Church took a careful and complete history of his life, then made a careful and thorough examination, very thorough and complete and he let me know that Maurice had some progressive and destructive changes going on in his nervous system, that he would never be any better, that he would never get well.

So with that dark cloud before him Maurice returned to Decatur. He had some arthritis in addition to his other trouble. I have always felt that if Maurice Sheahan had lived for a number of years longer he would have invented something that would have been of value to his fellow men. He might not have been a Thomas A. Edison or a Wright, but he would have invented something that would have been of benefit to the world.

George W. Mahoney.

Relatives and Friends Meet After Many Years

A Letter from E. W. Plopper.

About the time of the Civil War a family by the name of William Loveland came from the state of Ohio and settled on the southwest side of Four Mile Lake in Paw Paw township. He had two boys and one girl,—Wallace and William and Laura. Two boys, Horace and Cyrus, were born after they came here. They all grew to manhood and womanhood on the bank of Four Mile Lake. This lake is now commonly known as Lake Cora, after the daughter of John Ihling. The name was changed in 1884.

Wallace moved to Bangor, William lives on part of the old place, Laura remained single. Horace and Cyrus went to the state of Oregon many years ago.

Cyrus came back to Michigan to see the residence, and Sunday, June 20, a reunion was held for him at Milham park, Kalamazoo. About 60 of the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were there, and they had a big dinner and a great time.

William married my sister Cora and they celebrated their 61st wedding anniversary June sixth. They have about 75 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Horace and myself started to school the same day. There was only 16 days difference in our ages. He was 78 January 12 and I was 78 January 28. We grew up together and were pals all of our lives. Horace sent a letter and Cyrus read it at the dinner Sunday. It made me think of old times. I will send it to you and hope you can print it.

E. W. Plopper.

Instead of sending the letter our old time friend brought it over one day last week and we are printing a goodly portion of it here:

Porterville, Calif.,
June 16, 1948.

Dear Cy, and Julie,—

I should have written you last week but time goes fast and I didn't get to it. I hardly thought you would be in Grand Rapids so soon. I sure would like to have been with you when you looked the old place over. It must have given you a queer feeling to have seen such a change. I would like to have taken a boat and gone out on the lake. I think I would have felt more at home there. I have many pleasant memories of the things we used to do there, swimming and fishing, and even sailing the old boat, and washing the horses and the buggy.

I take it from what you wrote that part of the farm near the lake has grown up to locust trees. There used to be quite a quantity on the shore at the landing.

I sure would like to see Roll and Cora and a few others. Ed. Plopper for one, and I don't know who else. I would of course like to be present at a reunion, if you can get the clan together. There would be Wallie, Floy and Edith and Lila, and perhaps Earl and Lou and William and Grace and Mina, and I forgot to mention Emma.

Tell Willie that his Aunt Clara, better known to him as Mrs. Shreeve, sends her best wishes to him and the rest of the family, and all the gang.

We are having very nice summer weather now. We have been canning quite a quantity of fruit of late, and have plenty of garden stuff. Have a number of fine tomato plants and tomatoes as big as walnuts and plenty of beet greens, berries and apricots, and some figs are coming in to market. Almost any kind of vegetable you can think of can be bought if you have the price.

We are between the orange harvests—the navels will come on this fall and the valencies in the spring. The orange crop alone here is worth around three million dollars. That is just in Tulare county.

California is one of the largest cotton producing states and also a big stock country. Lemons, persimmons, figs and grapes are all raised in large quantities, and also olives and potatoes.

I suppose you will be in Paw Paw more or less. If you get a chance call on Labe and Fannie Mentor and give them our best regards.

You no doubt know all about the Portland and Vanport flood. It sure was an awful thing to happen to such a peaceful town and country. There was another break a couple of days ago that sent the workers on one dyke scrambling to get out of the way.

I had a letter from Phil this week and he said that Yakima also had a flood, took out a couple of bridges. We haven't heard from Doris lately, but they are high enough up so the water cannot reach them.

Hoping you and Julie will have a grand visit with all the folks, we remain

Sincerely your brother and sister,
Horace and Clara.

FARMS OVER A HUNDRED YEARS IN ONE FAMILY

THE HOWARD HOMESTEAD
1838 — 1948

Hosea Howard, the second, and his wife Elizabeth Leonard Howard came to Michigan in 1837. Hosea came from Feltsmills, a manufacturing community near Watertown, New York. Elizabeth came from Rossie in St. Lawrence County, New York.

They lived in Kalamazoo county (postoffice was Sweetland), for a year and in 1838 purchased 160 acres in Lawrence township. They bought this land from a Mr. Clark. There was a small log house on the place and there was several acres of cleared land along the present road. Their neighbors were the Dopps who lived where the Cullinane place is, the Marshalls, Irishes and Lamphears. They had to go to St. Joseph to have corn ground. One time they sold a wagon load of hogs and from them got enough money to buy goods for one calico dress. They walked to Keeler to attend church services.

At this early date there was nothing but dense forest all around with a few small clearings. The only way for them to get around was to take the foot paths that had been made by the Indians and wild game. One day Elizabeth went blackberrying, she got lost and after wandering for hours came upon a log house. She hesitated to go to it and wondered who lived in that shack, finally she went around the side to the door and found it to be her own home.

Following is a copy of a letter Hosea wrote to a friend in New York, giving instructions as to how they should come, things to bring and some of their own experiences in making the trip west to Michigan.

1839.

Dear Brother and Sister,

I received yours of the fifth inst. in which you wish my opinion of the route and things to bring. If you come by water come to Detroit, from there to Ann Arbor to Jackson to Marshall to Kalamazoo to Paw Paw, to a tavern eight miles from Paw Paw on the main road you can get directions to my place.

If you come by land it will be the shortest route to come to Buffalo and thru Canada. If on the American shore after you cross the Mamme River come to Adrian to Jonesville to Marshall then as before respecting a town. If you come by water you had better sell your team, put wagon and goods on a boat and buy a good yoke of oxen near Detroit. Oxen will be the best team until you get started you will get them cheaper there than here.

A tax receipt dated 1843 was for $2.90 on this 160 acres. In 1928 the taxes on 120 acres of this land were $201.00.

Hosea and Elizabeth had four sons. Hosea, the third, helped to build a new house in 1851. After that he enlisted in the Civil War, contracted an illness and died somewhere in the South. Turner Howard was the only one to live to old age. He married Marcia Cornelia Place whose family lived across the road to the south from where Lyle Stickney now lives.

When Turner was a boy he attended a 'donors' school where the Morrill house now stands, each family paying according to the number of their children attending. He used to walk to Decatur with eggs and sell them for six cents a dozen.

Turner and Marcia had five children, George, Effie, Fannie, Isa and Frank. George died in 1909. The two sisters Isa and Frank still live on the old homestead which is now 120 acres. They are the third generation of Howards to own this land. Richard Howard, son of George owns 40 acres of the 160 and he is the fourth generation of Howards.

These two Howard sisters have preserved many letters and documents, one dated 1791. In reading over some of these I made the following notes:

1837—Wheat 12 to 14 shillings a bushel; oats 3 to 4 shillings; cheese 9 dollars a hundred; butter 22 dollars a hundred.

1841—Butter $12.50 per hundred; cheese $5.00 to $6 per hundred; pork $4 to $5 per hundred; beef $3 to $4 per hundred; wheat 81c to 90c per bushel; corn 37c to 44c; oats 19c to 25c; cows $18 to $22; yearling colt $52.

1862—On a letter from a soldier serving in the Civil War. "The Star Spangled Banner Must Be Upheld."

1865—Receipt for a barrel of dried apples shipped to Mitchell, Iowa.

1872, New York.—School teacher got $3.00 per week and had to board herself.

Among the papers is a poem entitled "Lady Washingtons Lament," tells of the death and funeral of George Washington.

Captain's commission papers of Hosea Howard, the first, dated 1791. Captain in the regiment of Militia in the county of Herkimer, New York, signed by Geo. Clinton, governor.

1793.—Capt. of a company of light infantry in the Battalion of Militia in the county of Herkimer, N. Y.

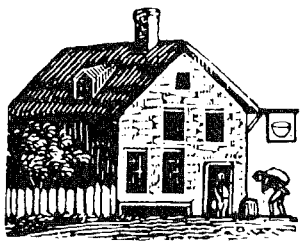
1824.—Capt. of Riflemen, in the Militia. Signed by Jos. C. Gates.

There also are the various bugle calls for the Revolutionary War.

Among the things Hosea and Elizabeth brought from New York there are: a cherry bed stead, a cherry desk, a tea canister, sauce plates, hand made mortar and pestle, hand made tuning fork, hand made long handled fork for use in fireplace, spinning wheel, flax wheel, cards and hetchels.

Written by Marcia Helen Wild Tinker, as told by her great-aunts Misses Frank and Isa Howard.

Location of farm:
S. E. ¼ of Section 32,
Town 3 S., Range 15 W.



A History of the Decatur Township Library

By Charlotte Huyck, Sec.-Treas.

About 1934-1935 the Decatur township library started as a WPA project with Mrs. Zella Benton of Lawton as county head. Space in Kaplan's store, located in the building where is now Gale's hardware store, was used for the showing and dispensing of not more than twelve books with Mrs. Martin Knoll in charge. After about a year, the few books which had accumulated were moved to Mabel Arnold's shop across the street where they remained for a short time before being taken to the Town Hall where they were dispensed from the front room on the west. The small collection was then moved to the Decatur Village Hall, then under construction, in which a room to house the library was provided in the front of the building.

On Monday evening, September 14, 1936, Mrs. Bessie Lawrence, appointed as librarian by Mrs. Zella Benton, under the WPA, with Mrs. Martin Knoll as assistant, called a meeting in the Decatur Republican office. The members of the library board, newly selected by Mrs. Benton, met for the purpose of organizing and discussing business concerning the library. The board consisted of Arba Moulton, Supt. Frank Dodge, Mame Bope, and Charlotte Huyck. Mrs. Bessie Lawrence called the meeting to order, after which it was moved and seconded that Arba Moulton act as chairman of the board and Charlotte Huyck as secretary-treasurer.

A check of $165.28, carried over from the emergency fund of World War I, and contributed by the citizens of the village, also the sum of $19.10, representing the balance from the funds of the old Ladies' Library destroyed by fire, were turned over to the Board.

Plans for furnishing the new library room were discussed, which eventually resulted in the purchase of the two oak tables and ten chairs from the Gaylord Library Supply Mfg. Co. of Syracuse, N. Y., through their agent, Miss Mildred Walker of Three Rivers. The order was received November 17, 1936, but not in time for the formal dedication of the Decatur Village Hall, including the new library room, on October 3, 1936.

E. R. Washburn, president of the village, dedicated the library, followed by brief talks by Miss Bement of Kalamazoo, WPA head of library work in southwestern Michigan and by Mrs. Zella Benton, who spoke briefly of the aim and work of the county library system. About forty books were contributed at this time by citizens of the town. Miss Walker gave thirty-five books, and J. R. Jones Sons & Co. of Kalamazoo gave twenty-five new books. Book clubs were organized in the village, each member contributing one book which eventually became library property, and in this way 120 books were added to the collection. Other gifts came from clubs, churches, and lodges of the village. Money was raised for books by the Board sponsoring basket-ball games, concerts, and yearly baked goods sales at the Celery Festival to which the entire community contributed.

Interested patrons and former citizens also contributed sums of money. The Village Council gave the library $200 for the purchase of a set of the Encyclopedia Americana, Compton Encyclopedia, and a Webster's International dictionary. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace gave 100 books. The Kellogg Foundation, which was a tremendous help in furthering the growth of the libarry, gave 577 books, besides loaning several hundreds of adult and juvenile books.

In June 1942 the first check to the amount of $102.60 was received from State Aid which had increased to the amount of $438.87 in 1948. Hamilton township also made gifts of $25 and $50 yearly. All of these gifts were an immense help in carrying on the library work.

On January 15, 1937 the WPA notified the Board that they were discontinuing the salaries of the librarians after January 18. The librarians worked for $5 a month each for a short time, and young people on the NYA, also paid by the WPA, were selected to help periodically with the work until other arrangements could be made.

On April 16, 1937 the WPA notified the Board they would resume payment of one librarian and Mrs. Knoll was accordingly dismissed and Mrs. Lawrence became the full-time librarian in which capacity she served until December 12, 1944, when she resigned.

July 14, 1941, notice having been received from WPA headquarters in Grand Rapids that they had definitely discontinued paying the librarian, steps were taken to see what could be done to provide a salary for the librarain. As the result of a meeting with the supervisor, Lyle Parker, a combined meeting of the members of the township board, school board, and library board was held in the council room. At this time, the township board voted to pay the librarian's salary until the library could be permanently reorganized as a township library, and regular funds be provided to pay expenses. The first check of $65 was paid August 1, 1941 to Mrs. Bessie Lawrence for the month of July.

A special library board meeting was called February 27, 1942 to consider the first steps to be taken in having the township assume the responsibility of the library. It was decided that a petition to establish a library (really take over the one already established) should be circulated to the township electors to be presented at the township election April 6, 1942. The ballot read, "Shall a tax in the amount of ½ mill be levied against the taxable property of the township of Decatur, Van Buren county, Michigan for the purpose of maintaining a free public library in said township?"

The proposition carried by a vote of 401 for and 148 against it and thus the Decatur township library was founded.

As the law required six persons to be on the board, two more persons, E. R. Washburn and Jessie Savage were added to the old board, all of whom were appointed by the township board to serve until the next election the first Monday in April, 1943.

The library was to continue opening, as it had always done, from 1:30 p. m. to 9 p. m. daily except Sundays and holidays.

In the April election of 1943, Mrs. Lyle Parker was elected in Frank Dodge's place, but failing to qualify for the place, Mr. Dodge was again elected to fill the vacancy on the board which placed Mrs. Bope as chairman and Charlotte Huyck as secretary-treasurer.

The $500 Edgar Bergen fund acquired in 1941 from his entertainment here at the Celery Festival was put into a G bond as the Bergen Bond in the name of the Decatur township library, to be used to enlarge the library when conditions would permit.

Mrs. Bessie Lawrence resigned as librarian December 12, 1944 after long and faithful service. Mrs. Salome Cabbage filled the vacancy until Gertrude Van't Zelfde was appointed by the Board as librarian on March 15, 1945.

After the April election in 1945, Frank Dodge, Marian Merriman, Beulah Hemenway, Arba Moulton, Charlotte Huyck, and Jessie Savage constituted the board. Arba Moulton was made permanent chairman and Charlotte Huyck secretary-treasurer.

Under adult educa[illegible]n library sponsorship the Study C[illegible] was organized and launched [illegible]ence in October, 1939.

At a mee[illegible] October 20, 1945, [illegible]r Dalton K. [illegible]ately accepted to be used for th[illegible] scientific investigation, [illegible] magazines were according[illegible] for both the school and township libraries. Later, speakers from the extension department of the University of Michigan were brought to the school under this project. The original Rose Fund was eventually increased to $2,500 by gifts from both Max and Dalton Rose to be known as the Dr. G. L. Rose Memorial Fund, to be handled by the library board, its use having broadened to encourage instruction in soil conservation and its practices. Under this project the Board sponsored a series of lectures during the winter of 1947-1948. This work will undoubtedly continue for some time.

After the April 1947 election the board consisted of Arba Moulton, Beulah Hemenway, Frank Dodge, Charlotte Huyck, and the two newly elected members, Ethel Ireland and William Beck. Organization resulted in the election of Beulah Hemenway as president and Charlotte Huyck as secretary-treasurer.

From a small beginning as a WPA

project with twelve books the library has grown in 1948 to have approximately 2,000 volumes belonging to the Decatur library and 1,500 volumes belonging to the county library, with a circulation of 10,000 volumes yearly. Most of the current magazines are also on the table for circulation.

The library is meeting a real need of the community and since about half of the circulation consists of children's and young people's books, its influence is incalculable.

Orator: "There are 47 bars in this town, but I am proud to say that I have lived here all my life and never entered one of them."

Voice from audience: "Which one is that?"

RECOLLECTIONS OF DECATUR (EARLY DAYS)

By: Dr. G.W. Mahoney

The first school as told to me by the late Charles M. Rawson was on the north west corner of St. Mary's and School streets. He went there the first day it opened and had to wait until someone unlocked the door. (Early 60's)

The first school I attended was a private school on West St. Mary's Street. It was a small, white, painted house near the Methodist parsonage. There were about ten students; among them, Lillian Hendricks, Lottie Young, Will and Bell Chadwick, Frank Priest, Maurice Sheehan and myself. I never forgave Frank Priest for he broke my slate one day. Our teacher was Miss Carrie Trowbridge who was a cousin of Miss Ida Trowbridge. The latter was a first-grade teacher in Decatur for many years. Miss Carrie Trowbridge was a delightful, charming lady who later married L.D. Roberts, who, with Mr. L.G. Stewart were in the grocery business for many years in Decatur. In later years, I clerked for them and kept the books.

In early times all homes were fenced in and nearly everyone kept a cow to supply the family with milk and butter. There were no dairies and no milk wagons. As all homes were fenced in, cows were allowed to run in the streets and feed on the grass. If a cow broke into a garden and did any damage, the village Marshall put the animal in the village pound and the owner paid one dollar to get his cow back.

In that era, all railroad engines burned wood (no coal burners) and all engines took on water through a large tank next to the stand where they took on wood. The tank was kept filled by means of a large horse walking all day on a sort of treadmill, which kept the pump going to keep the tank filled.

As all the land around Decatur at that period was covered with oak timber, the owners of the land cleared it as quickly as possible to cultivate and put in crops. The Michigan Central Railroad bought all of the wood and ties they could get. The entire area south of the present passenger station, for acres, was covered with wood and railroad ties were made each winter. Once a year the M.C.R.R. Co. would bring a saw mill and a crew of men to saw the wood into proper lengths for use in the engines and pile it into very large sheds at the west end of the ground to dry for use the next year.

Decatur had no water supply at that time except from wells and cisterns. Inasmuch as there had been two or three small fires on Phelps Street, the village installed a very large cistern in the center of the square at the crossing of Phelps Street for fire protection. The old "bucket brigade" method was used in case of fire.

There was a large hotel at the southeast corner of St. Mary's and Phelps Street. After a number of years this hotel, a two-story building, was moved down Phelps Street and placed at the northeast corner of Phelps and Sherwood Streets. It was called the Duncombe House. It did a good business there for several years but burned one Sunday morning many years ago. I believe the ground is still vacant. In Decatur's cradle days all merchants bought their goods from traveling men, so the hotel had a good transient trade.

There was a large livery barn at the corner of Sherwood Street facing the park and this did a lively business driving traveling men to surrounding nearby towns; so the "drummers" traveled by horse and buggy as well as by railroad.

As the land was cleared of timber, it was taken to a stave mill and cooper shop which were located at the east end of Sherwood Street.

As most farmers set out apple orchards early when they cleared their land, there was use for apple barrels and things of that kind. Then, as apples were plentiful, a firm by the name of Henning, built a large building near the railroad for the purchase of apples. Each autumn they shipped out carloads almost daily. Decatur was a good apple market and it was a common sight to see several wagons standing in line waiting to unload.

The same was true of wheat. Our village was known as a great wheat market. L.T. Rawson and A.N. Chamberlin were the principal buyers. L.T. Rawson's warehouse was just west of the present baggage rooms; A.N. Chamberlain stored his wheat in the Michigan Central freight house. It was a common sight to see twelve to fifteen teams in line, waiting to unload at each place of business.

In a very early day, Decatur had a distillery operated by L.T. Rawson. It was on the north side of the railroad just west of the railroad crossing near Mud Lake and piped needed water from the lake, for Mud Lake, in those days, was a nice body of water. I remember this very well for one day another boy and myself found a piece of pipe sticking out of the ground. We dug out a lot of it and took it to S.N. Thomas' hardware store and sold it for old iron.

In days when Decatur was a great wheat market, there was a large flour mill on the south side of the railroad track. After being in operation for many years, it burned one Sunday evening. This mill was conducted by a Mr. Abbott a few years later. A Mr. John Bickhart had a flour mill across the railraod tracks on the east side of School Street. East of this mill for some distance was a buggy box factory called "Decatur Buggy Box Factory," making only buggy boxes. Some of the merchants put money into it but it lasted only a few years as it was not profitable.

Just north of the flour mill that burned was a measure factory owned and operated by L.D. Roberts and Marvin Hinckley for manufacture of peck and half-bushel measures and, I think, made some butter tubs. It did a good business for a long time, as conducted by two of Decatur's leading citizens.

A great change south of Decatur was the draining of the great swamp beginning some distance south of the Moulton farm and extending a long distance — south to higher land north of the valley road near the foot of Chevelier Hill. There were no trees to be seen here in this great acreage but hundreds of black birds feeding on the wild rice which grew to be as high as four or five feet. Finally it was drained by putting in an immense ditch, which was about twenty feet wide across the top and of considerable depth, extending from or near Pickeral Lake west to connect with or empty into a creek in Cass County. Often the land was drained so it could be plowed. Horses wore large, flat, iron shoes about the size of a dinner plate which were clamped to the horse's hoof. They were called mud shoes so the horses would not sink into the soft earth. In plowing, great stumps, large limbs of trees, and trunks of trees were brought to the surface. They were gathered into piles all over this area and allowed to dry so they could be burned. It was apparent that this swamp was once heavily timbered, and it would not be surprising if, later, it was a lake and the timber drowned out. These mud shoes for horses were invented by Mr. L. Brigham who introduced them to Decatur, shortly after moving here from or near Plainwell, Michigan.

Among the early merchants of Decatur was S.N. Thomas, who had a small hardware store on the east side of Phelps Street in a one-story, wooden building. On the west side of Phelps Street, in the store now occupied by Mr. R. Gale, were the Chadwick brothers' dry goods and millinery, John, Fred and Theodore, who built the building. L.G. Stewart had a grocery store there at a later date. D.W. Levin's drug store and W.H. Clark's furniture store were in the Poor block, north on Phelps Street. A.S. Hathaway's dry goods store was on the north west corner of Phelps and Delaware Street and Peter Pardonette's harness shop was on the east of Phelps Street, opposite Levin's drug store. A fine two-story brick building was built on the southwest corner of Phelps and Delaware Streets. The first floor was for groceries and the second floor was used for offices. In the front two rooms, Dr. N.E. Hooper, dentist, had his office. The balance of the floor space was used by Dr. Rose. Before that time, Drs. Rose and Hooper had their offices across the street over Hathaway's Dry Goods store. Next, north of Hathaway's store, was a shoe store owned by Samuel Ellis, who was a paralytic. He lived in a wheel chair in a room above the shoe store. Charles Pritchard had a photograph gallery next door. Mr. Ellis was an uncle of Gladys Lincoln and she lived with them. Mr. Ellis built the house at the N. E. of Phelps and St. Mary's Street. (Now Webster Library). He had the sidewalk from the street to the door of his home built on an incline so he could wheel his chair to the door without aid. I think Gladys worked in the post office many years. My father told me that the first time we ever had Mass in Decatur, it was celebrated in a small house on Phelps Street north of the Ellis home. A family named O'Neill lived there.

When I was in the 8th grade, it was a rule for each student to write an essay to be read before the entire room of students. The teacher chose the subject and it was to be read the following Friday. The topic was "grammar" and one student from East Decatur, who was not overweight mentally, arose to read his essay. He started out by saying, "You can always tell a 'grammared' man from one who is not 'grammared'." He was hooted down by the whole room of pupils, and the poor fellow took his seat.

In an early day Phelps Street was not so wide as it is now, and farmers hitched their teams on both sides of the street, as there were hitching posts all the way along. It made the space between very narrow, so the village decided to widen the street twelve feet by having all store buildings on the east side of the street moved back twelve feet, which was done by every one except Mr. Arnold. He refused, so his store stood in the street twelve feet out for many years. He finally moved it back but I think his attitude hurt his business. In all those years we had no paved streets nor side walks.

The worst accident I think that ever happened in Decatur was about 1889 or 1890. The fast train going East in the early evening was not scheduled to stop at Decatur, but for some reason it was ordered to stop so the telegraph operator turned on the red light as a stop signal. As the train slowed down to stop, the conductor, Arthur Daily, a fine gentleman, stepped off to get his order. He either slipped or made a mis-step and his feet went under the wheels. The feet and ankles and both legs were mangled. It was on a Saturday evening. He was carried into the waiting room at the station and laid on the floor. A boy came running up Phelps Street for Dr. Rose, but he was not in town, so the boy found me in the barber shop. I had just gone in to

get shaved. The boy told me the trouble so I said to the barber, "Wipe me off and let me get out of here." I went to the station as quickly as possible and found him in great pain, so I gave him a hypodermic of morphine to relieve the pain, and four men carried him on a stretcher up to the Duncombe House to a large, front room on the second floor, where he was fairly comfortable. About that time Dr. Rose came in and after seeing the patient, wired Dr. Bonine, Sr. to come down from Niles. Dr. Rose did this because Dr. Bonine was Division Surgeon for the Michigan Central Railroad. He and his son, Fred, also a doctor, came down. We gave the man a general anesthetic and amputated both legs, about midway between the knees and ankles. He died about midnight the following day from shock, for the feet and the lower part of his legs were badly mangled. He was conscious Sunday, so he made his will and gave other instructions.

Decatur once had a brewery owned and operated by William Griffin. It was one-half mile north of Decatur as you proceed north on Phelps Street.

When the Michigan Central Railroad was put through, two men from New York set aside ten acres of ground for a village site. This was part of a large tract of land which they had bought. Their names were Messrs. Beers and Sherwood and they sold lots to home builders.

Decatur had a tannery at one time on the south side of Beer's Street about one-half block west of George Street. It was owned and operated by H.J. Hendricks who did a good business. His home was on the north west corner of Sherwood and Williams streets and was subsequently owned by Thomas Browning and John Brigham, respectively. I am told that hemlock bark was used in the tanning process and the workers had great racks on the vacant ground in front of the tannery for drying the hides.

Our town had a saw mill in the early days on the west side of School Street at the village limits, owned and operated by Henry Bull. The town also had a planing mill once, beside the railroad tracks, owned and operated by L.T. Rawson. It fronted on an enclosed yard extending from Rawson's ware house west to the planing mill. This included an entire block.

At that time we had two blacksmith shops, one on West Delaware Street by Theodore Harlan, and one on Beers Street by Thomas Callicott. There was plenty of work for them keeping horses shoes well sharpened in slippery weather and setting tires on wagon and buggy wheels, in hot weather. We saw many oxteams in early days; the last I remember seeing, being Hobart Millard's.

The doctors of early days were Dr. Rose, who did not keep a horse for country calls at first, but a man, George McKay, living on St. Mary's Street, had a horse and buggy and he drove Dr. Rose on his rural calls. The doctor gave him one-half the fee for his service. Other doctors were Doctor's Baker, Broderick, Keables and Dillon.

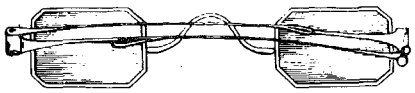
In my day from 1888 to 1893, country practice was hard work. There were no paved roads, no telephones and no automobiles. Winters were more severe than they are now. The snow was deep and often the horse could not follow the road. Sometimes we were compelled to drive across the fields and sometimes over fences. In the springtime mud was deep. Only occasionally did a road have gravel on it, and then only in bad places.

Dr. G.L. Rose came to Decatur directly after his graduation from the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and all at once he found himself in a busy active practice. He worked seven days a week, and never took a vacation — but one — a short one — because he was forced to do so. He died at fifty-one, when he should have lived twenty-five years longer, but hard work night and day took its toll! As the philosopher said, "It was to be!"

The Decatur Republican was not always called by that name. I cannot recall the earlier names. Arba Moulton edits and publishes an unusual and outstanding small-town paper. There are not many towns that can "top" him!

During my practice I made many trips from Decatur to Glenwood on the hand car to administer to emergency cases and accidents which happened on the railroad. The section men took me there and brought me back as it was faster than going with horse and buggy.

There are many more "sweet memories" of Decatur but I'll save them for a later date.



ANOTHER INDIAN STORY

By Nellie Sibley

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Sanford who lived in the woods near Detroit before coming to Decatur over 100 years ago, had some exciting experiences with bears wolves. and Indians.

One day Mr. Sanford was out hunting small game for food, when he saw a big bear climbing down a tree (they always climb down backward, or tail first.) Mr. Sanford was so frightened that he dropped his gun, and just stood there watching the bear slowly coming down. Something whizzed past his head, which frightened him still more. It was an arrow shot by an Indian from behind Mr. Sanford.

The Indian was a very good marksman, for the arrow pierced the skull of the bear which fell to the ground. The Indian rushed past Mr. Sanford to the bear, and finished him with a long knife, (which an Indian always carried.) Uncle Lyman said he never saw any one skin and dress an animal so quickly. After that the Indian gave half of the bear to Mr. Sanford with just a grunt. When he tried to thank the Indian, he had disappeared in the woods.

Another time Uncle Lyman, who was hidden behind some bushes, watched about a dozen Indian boys 12 to 15 years old, torment a porcupine. They had surrounded the porcupine and with their bows and arrows, kept shooting near the poor frightened animal, who was wildly running hither and yon, and throwing his quills in all directions. The wonder was that not one quill touched any of the boys who were shouting and laughing, and running about.

When they tired of their cruel sport, an arrow killed the poor animal which probably was eaten later. Indians will eat almost any kind of animal. Fortunately they (the Indians) never seemed to get hurt by any of the wild animals.

At another time Mr. Sanford saw a band of Indians—about 20—running and yelling like mad right toward him. He was too frightened to move for he thought they were after him. They were chasing a pack of five wolves. The wolves and Indians passed near Mr. Sanford, not noticing him at all. When he reached the cabin, he was still white and shaking. Aunty Sanford had heard the shouting, and she, too, wondered if they were after her husband. It was a long time before he could tell what happened.

THIS WEEK

By Arba N. Moulton, *Editor*

A few weeks ago some one left a package of papers on the office desk. No one was in at the time and no one connected with the office knows who left it. It was several days before we found the time to investigate, but when we did look into the package we immediately set down on our date calendar a call to make.

The package contained two copies of The True Northerner, published at Paw Paw and once the leading publication of Van Buren county, together with several clippings and notes by the sender.

The notes were signed only by initials, but that was enough to identify the sender. One of the papers was dated October 20, 1876, the other August 30, 1878. The papers must have had an editor, but his name was not found. The subscriber was James Shockley, Decatur, Mich.

That was seventy years ago and now the sender lives alone, surrounded by antiques of which she is one, with few to break the monotony for her of a lonely existence. Seventy years ago the big house on Wheeler street was a lively place, made so by two young school girls, the writer of the following note being fifteten,—

WIDOW'S LAMENT

"The days are cold and dark and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary."
How well we remember those lines of long ago,
But now, alas, those days are past
And we are old and weary. Old friends are gone.
Why are we left to be the last of that old crowd,
Who met with us not many years ago?
They are gone from us forever.
How much longer must we stay
Here below where we are not needed?
We old folks have had our day.
—E. G.

We have thought that way at times, but are convinced that it is a mistake. As long as we are able to breathe and to be about, we have a mission in life, we can be helpful to somebody and are needed. The purpose of the Almighty is too incomprehensible, too vast for us to question;

therefore it is wise to believe that while we are permitted to remain on earth it is for a purpose. We should not give up and say we are not needed, but rather we should seek more diligently to learn what that need is, and to do what little we can to fulfill it.

This packet from an old friend has opened our eyes to the fact that we are not doing all that we can to show gratitude for the many blessings received.

We like these lines written by Emily Dickinson and hid away in a bureau drawer to be brought to light after her death:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

REMEMBER OR FORGET

I sat beside the streamlet,
I watched the water flow,
As we together watched it
One little year ago:
The soft rain pattered on the leaves,

The April grass was wet.
Ah! folly to remember;
'Tis wiser to forget.
The nightengales made vocal
June's palace paved with gold;
I watched the rose you gave me
Its warm red heart unfold;
But breath of rose and bird's song
Were fraught with wild regret.
'Tis madness to remember;
'Twere wisdom to forget.

The streamlet now is frozen,
The nightengales are fled,
The corn fields are deserted,
And every rose is dead.
I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet:
For calmness to remember,
For courage to forget.

—Hamilton Aide.

We meet old friends at funerals and relatives meet who have not met before for many a month or year. We say we are glad to meet them and we are, but back of the remark is the thought that the occasion might have been a happier one.

Most of the relatives and friends who came from other places to attend the funeral of Thomas Mahoney were former residents of Decatur, or have relatives here, but one who came from Kalamazoo said that even the relatives had moved away and some were in the cemetery. Most Decatur people of seventy or over can count more acquaintances in the cemetery than out of it. Father Cook, in his funeral sermon, said in substance that we all have to die. There is no comfort to be gained from that. The comfort may come from knowing how we die, do we so live that we are ready to meet this journey from which there is no return?

It has been a long time since the passing of a Decatur citizen has brought out as many people and as beautiful an array of flowers in tribute to his memory.

The Potawatomi Indians and Their Early History

(Entered by Donald Moline and Marvin Peterson, as a continuation of the 14th story in the Norman Webster local history contest.)

The Potawatomi Indians (Otho Winger), from the books of Harvey Franz, Benton Harbor, Mich.)

The Pot-a-wat-o-mi Indians were a tribe of the great Algonquin race, whose tribes stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and beyond. The Potawatomi and the Ottawa were closely related to the Chippewa who were the Ojibway of Longfellow's Hiawatha. The three were probably one tribe in ancient days when, according to the legend of Longfellow, Hiawatha was their national hero.

Just when the Potawatomi left the parent family and became a separate tribe is not known. The usual explanation of the meaning of their name is "people of the place of fire." They were often spoken of as the "fire builders" with various explanations as to how this name applied to them. Perhaps the most likely explanation is that when this group decided to become a tribe, separate from the parent family, they decided to build a council fire for themselves. So the name was suggested from "puttawa," blowing a fire, and "mi," a nation; that is, a people able to build their own national fire and exercise the right of self-government. The council fire was a very important thing in the life of a tribe, for it was the center of their national decisions. Some say that the Potawatomi were jealous of their national council fire, and never allowed it to go out. If so, the name "Put-ta-wa-mo" is significant. The name has been variously spelled, but the most prominent authorities in recent years have used the more simple form, Pot-a-wat-o-mi, with the accent on the first and third syllables.

The original home of the Potawatomi was with or near the parent tribe in the Great Lakes region of Northern Michigan, on the western shores of Lake Huron. From here they were driven west by the powerful Iroquois. They were met by early European explorers on the western shore of Lake Michigan near Green Bay, Wisconsin. Again they were found at Sault Ste. Marie, in the peninsula of Northern Michigan, where they were fleeing from the powerful Sioux who came from the west. The Potawatomi, like some other Algonquin tribes, were found in various places, where they were trying to escape the vengeance of one or the other of these two great tribes.

The Potawatomi themselves became known as of two divisions. Those who moved South from the forests of Northern Wisconsin into the prairies of Northern Illinois and Western Indiana became known as Prairie Potawatomi, or Mascoutens. Those who remained in the forests of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan became known as the Potawatomi of the Woods, or Forest Potawatomi. In language, traditions, and customs, the Forest Potawatomi retained a closer relationship with the Chippewa and Ottawa. The Prairie Potawatomi became the more important group and with them the early white men had important relationship.

By the close of the 17th century, the Potawatomi had moved south from their northern homes into the Illinois country and around the southern end of Lake Michigan into Southern Michigan. Already they were occupying lands formerly owned by the Illinois and Miami Indians. They were increasing in numbers and power.

In the French and Indian war, the Potawatomi, like most of the tribes of the Northwest, took the side of the French. After the war, when the English had placed garrisons here and there, the Potawatomi joined Pontiac in his conspiracy to drive the English from the Indian lands. They were given the work of capturing Fort St. Joseph near the present Niles, Mich. They did that with all savage cruelty, massacring eleven of the fifteen soldiers stationed there. After the fall of this fort these same Indians hastened south on the old Indian trail to take part in the capture and massacre of Ft. Miami, now Fort Wayne, May 27, 1763.

The Potawatomi were much devoted to Chief Pontiac who was from their kindred tribe, the Ottawa. When Pontiac, fleeing from the English, went west he was slain at Kaskaskia, Illinois, by a Kaskaskia Indian. The Kaskaskias were a branch of the Illinois Indians who shielded the one who killed Pontiac. For this reason the Potawatomi, aided by the Miamis and Kickapoo, made war upon the Illinois. It was a war to the death and the Illinois were almost exterminated in 1765. The last fight was at the rock on the Illinois River, where LaSalle had gathered all these tribes to fight back the Iroquois. In those days the place was known as Fort St. Louis. This large rock rose above the Illinois River more than 100 feet. The top, which covered almost an acre, could be reached by a difficult path on one side only. Here the last of the Illinois took refuge, but were finally starved into a desperate attempt to escape. Only a few were able to do so. So this picturesque place has been called Starved Rock.

The Miamis who helped the Potawatomi destroy the Illinois had been for many years the most powerful of the Algonquin tribes in the West. They claimed all of what is now Indiana, the western half of Ohio, the eastern part of Illinois, and the southern part of Michigan. They were a proud race and claimed many rights. After the destruction of the Illinois they quarrelled with their former allies, the Potawatomi and the Kickapoo. In the war that followed the Miamis were repeatedly defeated and had to retreat to their lands along the Wabash.

After the defeat of the Illinois and the Miamis, the Potawatami reigned supreme in what is now southern Wisconsin and Eastern Illinois, from Milwaukee to the sait licks on the Vermillion River, where Danville, Illinois, now stands.

On the west they were friendly neighbors to the Kickapoo who had their center on Peoria Lake. Farther north they were in friendly relations with the Sacs and Foxes. On the East they gradually extended their territory into the lands once held by the Miamis in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan.

Almost from the first the Potawatami became opponents of the Americans. Although at an earlier period they had assisted Pontiac in his war against the English, they now aided their former enemies in the war with the U. S. Because they were farther removed, they did not come into immediate conflict with the Americans as did the Miamis and other tribes. They were ready to fight against the states whenever they could. They had encampments around the Miami village, later Fort Wayne. They joined the Miamis in their raids along the Ohio and in Kentucky. They went hunting in Miami lands south and east of the Wabash. In their first treaty at Fort Harmar, Jan. 9, 1789 they were recognized as having some right to all the lands of the Northwest.

In the wars that followed they were active. They took part in the Treaty of Greenville, 1795. They were granted $1,000 for their claims upon lands ceded to the U. S. Among these cessions was one in their territory 6 miles square at the mouth of the Chicago River. 24 Potawatami chiefs signed this treaty. Their head chief then was Topenebee whose name was spelled T-hu-pen-e-bu.

In the next 15 years the Potawatami took part in 6 different treaties but in none of them were they primarily interested, nor did they lose much land. Most of these treaties had to do with lands lying south and east of the Wabash. But it was quite evident to their chiefs that the time would come when they would have to cede land of their own to the U. S. So they came to share in the general dissatisfaction of the tribes in the N. W. Territory.

This dissatisfaction had been growing ever since the wave of immigration westward had begun about the close of the Revolutionary War. While the Indians had welcomed the French traders for 100 years or more, it was quite a different feeling that then saw the Americans come pouring into their lands, clearing up the forests and establishing permanent homes. They saw their hunting lands disappearing. They had given expression to this dissatisfaction in the years of attacks upon the settlements along the Ohio. The defeat of the Indians by Gen. Wayne and the Treaty of Greenville somewhat cooled their opposition. Succeeding treaties only showed them that they were destined to lose their homes and hunting grounds to the greedy white men.

The Indian who was to be the leader in opposition to the Americans was the great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh. He and his brother Tenis-kwah-ta-wah, better known as The Prophet, were born in a Shawnee village west of what is now Springfield, Ohio. Later they moved westward and at times were at Greenville, Ohio, and again on White River near Anderson, Indiana. During this time Tecumseh was increasing his opposition to the Indians selling their land to the Americans. To the courageous opposition of Tecumseh, his brother added religious zeal that stirred many Indians into bitter hatred of the Americans. In the spring of 1808 they located on the Wabash River about 2 miles below the mouth of the Tippecanoe R. This place had been the site of former Indian villages. It now became a great center for the Indians who were opposed to the Americans. Many Potawatami were among the prophet's followers.

In 1810 Tecumseh with many followers went to a conference with Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison at Vincennes. Tecumseh was bold and daring. Gen. Harrison was brave and firm. There was almost an open rupture and war at the time. Again in the summer of 1811 Tecumseh approached Vincennes with a large number of Indians. Gen. Harrison was ready, however, to meet him with force. Tecumseh again spoke strongly against the treaties that were being made. Nothing was accomplished. It became more evident that open conflict could not long be avoided.

After this conference Tecumseh went to visit the southern Indians hoping to secure their support. His mother was a Creek and he hoped for help from her tribe. He supposed that there would be no fighting in his absence. But reports of growing hostilities in the North caused Gen. Harrison to march northward with an army of about 1000 men. He came near the Prophet's town and the Indians seemed surprised and asked for a conference. Harrison withdrew across the way to higher ground and encamped for the night. Early next morning the Indians attacked with much fury and bravery. The Prophet had promised them a great victory. On a rock near by he spent his time during the battle in chants and mutterings. Although the Indian force was as large as that of Harrison and had the advantage of making the surprise attack, they were soon driven off. After the battle, Gen. Harrison burned the Indian village and returned with his army to Vincennes.

Several Indian tribes took part in this battle, the Shawnees, Winnebagoes, Kickapoo and Potawatami. The Miamis claim they were not in this battle because they were advised by their great chief Little Turtle not to join Tecumseh and the Prophet. Just what part the Potawatami had is difficult to determine. Zachariah Cicott, a half-breed Potawatami, was one of Gen. Harrison's scouts. On the other hand Abraham Burnett, another half-breed Potawatami, was one of the leaders in the Indian attack. His name is given to the creek near Harrison's encampment and along which the Indians gathered for the attack. Some claim that the Potawatami chief, Winamac, led the Indians in the battle. He had, however, been considered the friend of the Americans. There was another Chief Winamac who was a bitter enemy to the whites. It is more likely that he was the Winamac who fought against Harrison. There is no doubt that many Potawatami were in this battle. Years later, when the first settlers came into Potawatami lands, they heard many stories from the chiefs and warriors about their part in the battle of Tippecanoe.

Archery

THE POTAWATOMI OF THE WABASH

(Taken from "The Potawatomi Indians" by Otho Winger, from the books of Harvey Franz. Continuation of the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest.)

The Potawatomi were often spoken of as having three territorial divisions: the Potawatomi of the Wabash, the Potawatomi of the St. Joseph, and the Prairie Potawatomi.

The Potawatomi coming south from the Wisconsin territory around Lake Michigan, and also from Northern Michigan, entered what is now Indiana. A large increase in their numbers, pressure from other tribes, and perhaps an invitation from the Miamis explain this movement. Or it may be that the Potawatomi just moved into Miami territory and crowded them southward. The Miamis moved the center of the activities to the important village called Ke-Ki-on-ga, where the city of Fort Wayne now stands. The Potawatomi followed closely. Along the Tippecanoe they had many villages and later many reserves. They continued southward until they reached that important tributary of the Wabash known to the Miamis as the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, but in present day geography as Eel River. This long Indian word means snake fish. Along the northern bank of this river the Potawatomi built their villages. They did not cross, in any large numbers at least, for on the south side of this river the Miamis had their villages and were ready to repel the invaders.

The Tippecanoe was a Potawatomi River. Along its banks were located

a number of Potawatomi reservations and villages. The name of the river is derived from the Potawatomi word, Ke-tap-i-kon, meaning the place of buffalo fish. The water of this beautiful river is the clearest of any river in the state. It flows out from a beautiful lake and by many lakes, yet the Indians preferred to build their villages along its banks rather than by the side of a lake. Beginning on its upper course where it flows out of Lake Tippecanoe, we will notice the various villages with their chiefs.

Three miles north of Warsaw, where the present state route 15 crosses the Tippecanoe, there was the largest of these Tippecanoe villages. Here Men-o-quet was chief. The early whites estimated the number of Indians in this village to be 150. Menoquet, like many of these Potawatomi chiefs, fought against the Americans in the Battle of Tippecanoe. But whereas Mesquabuck and others became reconciled and friendly, Menoquet never did. He was morose and sullen and much given to drink and quarrels. His death took place after a night of carousal in which a young Indian squaw from a northern tribe took part. His people began to suspect that she had bewitched him. When she heard of their suspicions she attempted flight. Two young braves pursued her and tomahawked her at the edge of a swamp one mile south of the present Leesburg. Early settlers know the place as the spot where the Indian princess met her death.

Menoquet was buried with pomp and ceremony. He was set upright against a tree in the small field just south of the present Menoquet bridge. His horse and dog were killed and placed beside him. Hunting arms and food were placed by his side and a fence of branches was built about to keep it from being disturbed. But the few white men in the country would not permit such a condition to remain, and set fire to the whole. Here on the site of the old Indian village, the pioneers built the village which they named Menoquet after the old chief.

Menoquet had received his four sections at a treaty made on the Tippecanoe River in 1832. It was ceded to the U. S. at a treaty made at the Tippecanoe village, Chip-pe-wa-nung in 1836. The price paid to the Indians was $1.25 per acre, and they were to remove west of the Mississippi within two years. Menoquet did not sign this treaty, and it is altogether likely he had gone to the happy hunting grounds in the manner already described.

Chippewanung was the site of a village on the Tippecanoe where the old Michigan road, now US-31, crosses the river three miles north of Rochester. This was also known as Camp Tippecanoe. Here nine different treaties were made between the Potawatomi and the U. S. More land changed hands here than at some better known treaty places.

Here today is a large boulder on which is this inscription:

Site of Indian Village
Chip-pe-wa-nung
1836
Where treaties were signed
which transferred
The Potawatomies
From the territory to land in
the west.
Here soldiers camped with
one thousand Indians
On removal of the last
Potawatomies
in 1838.

Along the lower course of the Tippecanoe were villages and encampments here and there at what is now Buffalo, Monticelo, and other places. Almost every community has some record of such village sites.

CHRISTMAS

Three wise men journeyed eastward,
Their hearts were full of love,
And on and on they hurried,
Led by the star above
That shone high o'er the manger
Wherein the Christ child lay
With Mary, virgin mother,
That far off Christmas day.

When Bethlehem they entered
And found the new born King,
They knelt beside the manger,
And gifts that they did bring
Bestowed they on the Infant
To prove their love was true—
Their love should be a guidance
Each day for me and you.

The faith of those three wise men
Before Christ proved his pow'r
To heal the sick and dying,
And in that awful hour
To ask for full forgiveness
("They know not what they do")
For those who crucified Him,
Should make our faith more true.

So let us meet together
This blessed Christmas day,
And glorify our Saviour
With sweetest roundelay;
Forgetting all our troubles,
And with much joy let's sing,
That Christ is our Redeemer,
Our Saviour and our King.

—Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End avenue,
Chicago 15.

Mistakes are meant to make you wiser, not to weaken your morale.

THIS WEEK

By ARRA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

Three quarters of a century ago Decatur was a lively village and nearly as large in population and wealth as it is today.

Decatur's population in the early years has, however, been the subject of some discussion by persons interested in local history. In its formative years great things were expected of this village. There was no limit to which the enthusiastic early settlers expected it to go in population and wealth.

The Van Buren County Gazetteer published in the office of the Decatur Republican in 1869, contains this paragraph:

"The village was first incorporated by the legislature by an act approved March 16, 1861. The first president was E. P. Hill, the first recorder, Orrin T. Welch.

"Since its incorporation the village has grown rapidly, and more especially since the close of the late war. Village lots have been laid out and put on the market. It is safe to say that no town on the line of the Michigan Central enjoys a greater degree of material prosperity. It now contains a population of two thousand five hundred." This last statement that did the mischief was published right here in Decatur in 1869.

The census reports for Decatur village and for Decatur township are as follows:

Year	Village	Twp. including village
1860	564	1,216
1870	1,420	2,512
1880	1,267	2,248
1894	1,336	2,158
1910	1,286	2,100
1920	1,270	2,253
1930	1,582	2,618
1940	1,599	2,565
1950	1,664	2,756

It is plain that in giving the population of Decatur as 2,500 the combined population of both the village and the township was meant, but it was not so stated. A few years later a patriotic citizen in praising Decatur claimed for it the larger population, and this further spread the mistaken belief that we are in part a "deserted village."

A few weeks ago mention was made of a call from a member of the Chadwick family, prominent residents of Van Buren county. He was the grandson of Frederick

M. Chadwick and son of Will Chadwick. They resided in Decatur for about twenty years following the Civil War, then moved to Minneapolis. The man, accompanied by his wife, was trying to locate the place of business and homes of his relatives here, but they were in such a hurry that we failed to get their first name and address.

The story of the Chadwicks interested Decatur old timers. Several asked for further information about them. One desired to send them a piece of silverware with the name "Chadwick" engraved upon it, which had been in his family for many years.

Another wrote: "Will you please send me the address of Mr. Chadwick, if you have it, as I would like to write to him. I am much interested in the family but did not know that I could ever contact any of the descendents."

Would like to bring the family back to acquaintance with Decatur people, if possible.

For many years they occupied a prominent place in its social and business life. Will the reader help?

Grace Chadwick was once an efficient clerk in the Decatur post office. She married John O'Leary and they moved to Cassopolis. Both are now dead, but we think they left two sons who may be in touch with readers of the Republican.

Have enjoyed getting in touch again with the Ruggles family. Eli Ruggles came into this county before the Civil War and acquired a farm in Hamilton township. Money came in slowly from the farm, too slow to meet the needs of a growing family, and the desires of an ambitious hard working man like Mr. Ruggles.

Then came the Decatur boom and the Ruggles family sold the farm and came in on the [illegible]. In his story of a busy life he says: "I have stated that we moved to Decatur to speculate and make money easier. We didn't get it, but lost all we had. Soon after going to Decatur other railroads were built which shut off its trade in all directions and Decatur was left with but little territory to support it. Property went down. Houses and lots could be bought for a song, and the Ruggles family finally moved to the growing town of Oak Park, near Chicago.

In Chicago, Harry Ruggles became one of five men to found the Rotary Club. Now he is the oldest living member of the club, and has been invited to be the guest of honor at its Golden Anniversary to be held in Chicago on May 29 to June 2, 1955. He resides in Los Angeles, California, and was 83 years old the 16th of last September; but his health to date is good and he expects to be there. We hope he can come and will come to Decatur to visit the scenes of his boyhood.

The Ruggles home is the pretty house among the trees at the south east corner of George and Wheeler streets, now the home of Asa Root and family. Eli Ruggls set out those trees.

Noises in the night. I was awakened in the night by a rumbling noise that might have been caused by the beating of rain on the roof, the gas giving off heat from the furnace, or an engine under steam on the track. These three noises are much alike. It is also difficult to judge the distance of a sound in the silent night.

Our former townsman, Charles H. Mahoney, American representative of the United Nations, has drawn the fire of the Chicago Tribune for a speech he made before that organization last week.

Mr. Mahoney argued that the member nations aid countries that are victims of future wars by providing arms for any troops willing to help defend them but unable to arm themselves.

The Tribune's editorial was the first one in the issue of Sunday November 7. The Tribune is quite liable to be on the losing side of an argument and Mr. Mahoney will undoubtedly be able to defend his side should he care to. He has the backing of President Eisenhower.

A little poetry for the close:
I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed, unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.
Odgen Nash.

Menominee and the Trail of Death

By Warren Peterson, Donald Moline

Taken from "The Potawatomi Indians," by Otho Winger. (Courtesy Harvey Franz, Benton Harbor, Mich.)

Continuation of the 14th story in the Norman Webster Local History Contest.

Among the Potawatomi who settled in various places in N. Indiana, none has attracted more attention than Menominee and his band who inhabited the country around the lakes a few miles southwest of the present city of Plymouth. The famous Indian missionary, Isaac McCoy, visited Menominee in 1821. At that time his band was small. There were but four small huts where Menominee lived, but not far away were other wigwams and camping places. McCoy's description gives us a good view of the very primitive condition under which these Indians lived—poor huts, cabins and tepees; often poor food, if any at all; and often without any good water to drink. McCoy found Menominee having two wives—sisters—a common practice among the Indians, as Menominee explained.

Menominee had, however, been endeavoring as best he could to lead his people out of savagery and paganism. He had come under the influence of the French Catholic Missionaries. He said he had felt a call from the Great Spirit to preach to his people. He had been preaching to his people against the sins of murder, theft and drunkenness. He showed McCoy a long stick on which he had cut a notch for every sermon he had preached. He was much interested in knowing that McCoy had a little book in which he had recorded the number of sermons he had preached. He had regular hours for worship, and observed Sunday as a time for such worship. These Indians were very devout and attentive at these services.

It must have been interesting to see these two preachers in earnest conversation—the one representing the very best that education and the Christian Church could give; the other trying to see the light of truth after having spent so many years in paganism. Menominee insisted that McCoy should locate a mission among them, but this missionary had already decided to locate his work among the Potawatomi of Southern Michigan.

About 1827, under the direction of Father Badin, a chapel was built. It was rudely constructed of logs, with a clapboard roof. The timbers were tied together with skins. It was a one-story building but at the west end, over the assembly room, there was a room for the Missionary. The room was reached by a ladder only, and had within only the poorest accommodations, but he had books and papers from the best of French libraries. Here was a man educated in the best universities, giving his

life to help these poor Indians. This chapel was located about five miles southwest of the present city of Plymouth.

Because Menominee would not sign the treaty at Tippecanoe in 1832, which would force the Indians to move west, the government appointed Gen. John Tipton with a force of soldiers to wrench their lands from them.

Of Menominee it was said that his savage nature showed itself in his attempt to defend himself and resist arrest. He stood at bay with a dagger in hand. But the soldiers threw a lasso over his head and bound him hand and foot. He was thrown in a wagon and hauled off from his home and from the work that he had done. He went with his people into captivity. What finally became of him, we do not know.

Sixty wagons had been assembled to transport the women, children, and the aged and infirm. Many of the Indians had ponies, but most of the men had to walk. Before they left on the morning of September 4, the soldiers set fire to all the huts and cabins, so there would be less temptation for the Indians to want to return. But what must have been their feelings to see their homes which had become so dear to them, go up in smoke? And what must have been their impression of a class of people who claimed to be civilized, many of them professing Christianity.

The experiences of the march may be sensed by the records of Gen. Tipton himself. At the close of the first day he wrote: "Sept. 4, 1838. Left Twin Lakes, Marshall Co., Indiana, early this morning. Traveling today was attended with much distress on account of scarcity of water. Provisions and forage were scarce and of poor quality. The distance traveled, 21 miles." They spent this first night on the banks of the Tippecanoe, 3 miles north of Rochester. For Sept. 5, Tipton wrote: "Fifty-one persons were found unable to continue their journey on account of lack of transportation. Most of them were sick, and someone was left to care for them. On account of the difficulties of finding water, a distance of only nine miles was traveled. In the evening a child died and was buried." This evening they encamped at Mud Creek south of Rochester.

The records of the following days were much like this, only worse. At almost every camping place one or more of the Indians were left in nameless graves. Through Logansport and down the Wabash the sad procession continued. Not only was the physical suffering terrible, but the mental anguish was more so. To be driven from the homes of their ancestors and to be on the march hundreds of miles to a land they knew not where nor what, were about all human strength could endure. Often these Christian Indians would be seen looking in vain appeal to heaven as if imploring a higher power to help them in distress.

In 15 days the march had reached Danville, Ill. Here Gen. Tipton left them and turned them over to others to continue the journey westward. On across Illinois, by way of Springfield and Jacksonville, across the Mississippi at Alton, across the Missouri at Independence, and on to Kansas. They reached the Osage River in eastern Kansas after a march of 60 days. It was now winter time, and without proper shelter or food their terrible sufferings continued.

Mention should be made of the sufferings of Father Petit in behalf of these exiled Indians. Though but a young man yet in his twenties, he had been a sympathetic father to all of his Indian children as they were driven from the homes and graves of their fathers. He was too weak to follow them into exile. But after the march began, so great was the suffering of the Indians that even Gen. Tipton sent back to have Father Petit come and give them comfort. Though unable for the strenuous undertaking, he hastened after them and arrived at their camp Sunday, Sept. 16. He has left us a vivid description of the sufferings of these Indians due to forced marches, dust, lack of water, sickness and mental distress. He continued with them until they reached their new home in Kansas. Here another priest took his place, while he started to return to Indiana. He reached St. Louis, but could go no farther. He was tenderly cared for by his Jesuit brethren. After 4 weeks of suffering he passed away at the early age of 27, a martyr to the cause of bringing Christianity to the Potawatomi Indians.

In the pioneer efforts to built up an American civilization on lands taken from the Indians, the original owners were all but forgotten. In 1905 Daniel McDonald of Plymouth began a movement to have the state of Indiana do justice to those whom the forefathers had so unjustly treated. By state appropriations and private donations a fine Memorial monument was erected in 1909 not far from the original home of Menominee and his band.

On the monument is the following inscription: "In memory of Chief Menominee and his band of 359 Potawatomi Indians, removed from the reservation, Sept. 4, 1838, by a company of soldiers under Gen. Tipton, authorized by Gov. David Wallace."

THIS WEEK

By Anna N. Moulton, *Editor*

Will Moulton's letter printed last week, was entertaining reading to our oldest residents who go back in memory to the time when Decatur had the most famous amateur baseball club in the state of Michigan. The heart of that golden era was the summer of 1887, sixty-one years ago. Of the great team only two are living, Frank Thomas, the pitcher, now in Chicago, and Frank Stapleton, the catcher, still in Decatur .

When Stape read Will's quiz questions he knew the answers at once and they are given here, together with remembrances of our own:

Question No. 1. What Decatur merchant offered a prize to the player who made the most stolen bases for the season?

Answer. Charles Schuster, "Schuster, the Square man." That was his trade mark and the Republican printers made a square man out of rule and ran it in his ads. Schuster was the most outstanding Decatur business man of his day. He began his business career by going about the country selling needles and thread and buttons and pins from a bandana handkerchief. He came to Decatur with $300 and opened a drygoods store with a partner named Bermann. The firm name was Bermann and Schuster. That was about the year 1880. Ten or twelve years later he sold out and went to Chicago with $25,000 in cash, and four years later still he was again broke, as he expressed it, "not worth a dollar in the world."

Schuster was a man of great energy and ambition. He never was satisfied. To own a store the size of Marshall Field and Company was none too large a goal for him. He no sooner had one men's furnishing goods store established in Chicago than he established another in another part of the city. He may have had the original chain store idea, and if the business had expanded with his ideas the name of Schuster might, like that of Field or Woolworth, have been a household word.

But Schuster ran into the panic of '93 and it laid him low. He was too old to start the climb up the ladder again, and ended his days as manager of a store for his brother Isaac in Milwaukee.

It took men like Schuster to make America great,—men of indomitable will, of courage and energy, men of vision, tireless men who would work into the night, and get up in the morning and work through the day, that they might accomplish big things.

Schuster failed. He could not fore-

see a panic, but he was better and bigger, and the world was more prosperous for his unbounded effort. What if he did fail! 'Tis better to have strived and lost than never to have strived at all. Despite his failure he maintained his reputation as "The square man," and that name will stand for Schuster in the history of this village as long as the record is kept.

In that summer of '87 Schuster was at the height of his prosperity. His drygoods store, now Dyer's, on the corner, was drawing trade for miles around, and he had opened the clothing store, now Buys', in the building adjoining. He was a leader in all Decatur activities, and we think that that year he was manager of our baseball champions.

Schuster offered the prize to the player who made the most stolen bases for the season and Stapleton won it.

The prize was a clock set on three baseball bats in a big baseball, and it was displayed in the front store window all summer. In the course of time it has disappeared and the winner of it does not know where it is. Can anyone furnish the information as to where it can be located. It might be brought out and placed on exhibition again.

We are not getting along with the questions very fast. Could go on indefinitely writing about those golden days of our boyhood.

Question No. 3. What man from Paw Paw did we hire for $1.50 and his supper to play third base?

He was Stanley Briggs, who with his father, had the big flour mill at the bridge. Stan. had an interest in Decatur, having married his wife, the charming Mabel Neff, here. He did not play on the nine regularly. We had two good third basemen in John O'Leary and Harvey Taylor, but sometimes the extra player was needed.

Will leave it to Stape to name the players and substitutes. Charlie Rawson had a picture of them in a frame on the wall of his Candy Kitchen next to the printing office for many years. Would like to locate that picture, and sometime, when the Decatur museum is built, it should be placed among the relics.

Students of the land have awakened to a new menace to the public in the depletion of the soil. Men like Max and Dalton Rose, whose boyhood in Decatur was more or less associated with their father's farm, have in their later years seen how the farms have been cropped by farmers whose vision has not extended beyond the season's harvest. These farms have 'run down', from good to poor and from poor to barren. This does not mean loss of income to them only, it means loss to the country at large, and will in time if not checked, mean that the land will be unequal to the tax upon it of supporting the population.

Men of thought and vision realize the seriousness of the situation, and with their time and money are making a determined effort to turn the tide of soil depletion to soil reclamation.

Three years ago the Van Buren County Soil Conservation District was organized by the farmers to carry out a cooperative program of soil and water conservation. T. J. Rosevelt of Keeler is the chairman and it is doing a good work.

Right in line with the work of this organization will be the efforts made by the committee in charge of the Dr. G. L. Rose Memorial Fund. A nationally known lecturer will speak at the high school auditorium Saturday evening, February 7, and the public is invited to hear him.

Since helping to carry out the plans for this and other lectures we have come to realize the importance of soil conservation and intend to devote more space to it in the Republican. Last week we read in the 1948 Everyman's almanac these comments:

The Making of a Hungry Nation

Close observers warn that this country is rapidly approaching the time when our farms will not be able to produce the food needed by a nation of healthy people.

The record breaking production during and after the war years was secured at excessive cost.

And the food value of that record production was far below what it should have been.

Depleted land does not produce food containing the minerals that are necessary to the health of the people.

The mineral and, to a large extent, the vitamin value of farm produce—vegetables, grain, or meat, is determined by the mineral content of the soil.

Eroded and depleted top soil produces crops and livestock deficient in the minerals that have disappeared from the land.

Much of the top soil of thousands of acres of the rich corn belt land has been carried away by sheer erosion.

Where the top soil has been entirely carried away gullies have crept in and the land has been completely ruined beyond restoration.

Without humus and organic material chemical fertilizer is of no value.

Soil washed and blown away is taking billions of dollars—in agriculture subsidies and unpaid taxes on abandoned farms—out of the pockets of the people of the United States.

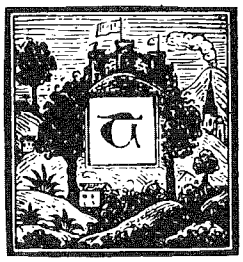
And that is not all.

It is keeping the calcium out of the bones and the phosphorus out of the brains of the people of the United States.

People who eat the products of depleted soils gradually become physically and mentally deficient.

A nation cannot be healthy and strong on food produced on land whose soil has been blown and washed away.

General Eisenhower has withdrawn himself from the list of candidates for the Republican nomination for president. We hope that what was said about him in the Republican last week did not discourage him. But in seriousness we think he has done the



wise thing, and believe he will rate higher in the history of his country for the course he has taken.

The three leading condidates are now Dewey, Taft and Stassen, with Warren and MacArthur trailing.

It is almost an exact duplicate of the line-up in 1920 when the three leading candidates were Wood, Lowden and Johnson with Hoover and Harding trailing.

Senator Harding was nominated on the tenth ballot, and Senator Johnson of California was offered, but refused, the nomination for vice-president. Had he accepted he would have had in two years the office he coveted.

A lone delegate from Oregon stood on a chair in the rear of the convention hall and yelled, "Coolidge!" The name struck like fire and shouts of "Coolidge!" filled the air. In two minutes, out of a clear sky Calvin Coolidge became the nominee for vice-president. After he had served two years as vice-president and six years as president he refused to break the precedent of serving more than eight years by announcing, "I do not choose to run."

Mrs. Lucy Foster Guilliford read some poetry in the Republican that she did not consider entitled to the classification of poetry. "Some folks," she said, "don't know the difference between poetry and rhyme. Poetry doesn't have to rhyme. Some of the best poetry doesn't rhyme at all." Mrs. Guilliford writes poetry that does not always rhyme, but you can tell it is poetry by the even click of its cadences. Most of her poetical efforts are too lengthy for the limited space available for poetry in the Republican.

TWO-LINE EDITORIALS

Our best shares are uninflated.

They offer better prospects than our best corporate bonds.

Money rates will creep up this year.

Inflation is nearing its peak.

Labor leaders have passed their zenith, will recede.

"Utility Death Sentences Nearing End." Praise be!

Think twice before investing in foreign securities.

More competition is just around the corner.

Prediction: Railroads will fare better in 1948.

Some railway bonds—yielding 4⅛ to 5½%—seem attractive.

Good: America is still producing more savers than spendthrifts.

Life insurance is expanding. Inspiring.

"Labrador Rich in Iron Ore." Here's hoping!

Germany must become self-sustaining.

Sensible: "Every dollar that is saved instead of spent is a dollar fighting against inflation."—President Truman.

Unless living costs come down, public resentment will rise.

Contributed: "What a thrill is the Statue of Liberty when returning from foreign shores!"

Helicopters will boom.

Also television.

Will Britain's Labor Government outlast 1948? Doubtful.

Prophecy: 1948 stock market will not be, as was 1947, a stalemate.

Unless more "risk" capital appears, free enterprise will disappear.

—B. C. F.—Forbes.

Decatur's Wonderful Centennial Celebration

By Fred W. Green.

We feel that all who visited the Centennial celebration just closed will agree that it was a success from start to finish. Those who conducted the big event did a wonderful job and few will realize the amount of work it took. It took many weeks to get the wheels in motion to bring it up to the final signal to go.

Three important factors were responsible for the unusual success of the event. First, the idea of a queen. Second, the interest taken in the event by the New York Central. Third, the coming of Edgar Bergen; and we might add a fourth, the big parade which would have done credit to any city.

Going back to the beginning of the activities. When Queen Esther and her court were chosen the success of the celebration was assured. Then the officials of the New York Central promised to send the newest type of railroad equipment and the children were not forgotten and they greatly enjoyed the rides that were given them.

The railroad officials were gracious to Queen Esther and her mother, giving them a trip to the railroad exhibit in Chicago.

A souvenir of Decatur and her history was proposed by Rolland Haefner and was sponsored by the celebration officials. He put much time and thought into the books and it contains interesting data which will stand for all time.

We want here to speak a word for our band. There could be no celebration without a band. A band with W. T. Beek as director was organized and it was conceded to be the liveliest and best band that Decatur ever had.

Wednesday it rained and the outlook was anything but promising. But concessions arrived and were set up and all preparations were made to go on with the show. The certificates of honor for farms in one family 100 years or more were scheduled to be given from the band stand, but because of the rain this part of the program was taken to the town hall and it proved to be the best place for it. A report of this event was given in the Republican of September 9th.

Thursday came out a perfect day and the big event of the afternoon was the speech by Governor Sigler. He left out politics and spoke as a governor should in an event of this kind. It made him friends and we are proud of his ability and what he is trying to do for Michigan.

Queen Esther was crowned in the evening by J. L. McKee, vice-president of the New York Central, and in response she spoke a few words of appreciation and thanks. The writer was standing on the side lines and heard many loving words spoken about her Majesty, among them being, "Ain't she beautiful, I did not know that she was so pretty." I thoroughly agreed with these remarks. Truly Decatur is proud of its queen.

The Kangaroo court was then set up to try some citizens who had not lived up to the edict that all men must grow a beard. One victim was your humble editor who had to face Judge Hughey and plead his case why he should not be severely dealt with. He was found guilty, but the Governor, who was present, pardoned him and he escaped with a fine.

Friday was a fairly good day and the pet parade was the big event of the afternoon. The children were happy to show what they could do to make the day interesting. It was a very nice part of the week's program.

I must say a word here about the relics in the store windows. In the First State Bank was a marvelous collection of old books and letters and Mr. Copley informed me had had many more of them. This feature of the celebration, I understand, is being prepared by Mr. Scott, so I will pass on to the Bergen show.

Eight years ago I estimated that 15,000 people attended the Bergen show of that year. This year I will not attempt to make an estimate of the crowd. However, it was a wonderful show and Edgar was at his best. He, Charlie and the queen with her court had a whale of a time.

Charlie tried to date one of the court ladies and was reprimanded by Bergen. Later on a special interview will be obtained from her Majesty and court as to how it feels to be so celebrated.

The Decatur band played under the direction of W. T. Beek and I can't say too much about the fine music they made under their skillful leader.

There was another band furnished by the committee, so the audience was not without entertainment, but of course Bergen, Charlie and Mortimer were the attraction for which the audience was waiting.

Mr. Eagan of the RCA was master of ceremonies. He was introduced by our Fred Pennell and the program was under way. Notable entertainers were present, among them being magician Jim Sherman, a lifelong friend of Bergen, and who accompanied him in entertaining the soldiers in their camps during the war. They went overseas with Ercel Twing and made a show all by themselves.

Mr. Chick Dougherty of Kalamazoo, which hereafter may qualify as a suburb of Decatur, was another entertainer and there were others equally good whom your reporter did not meet. Mortimer Snerd was unusually shy, but said he liked Decatur and may locate here sometime. And so the entertainment came to a close and everybody went away happy.

The sun came out at nine o'clock Saturday morning to insure success to the last day of Decatur's Centennial celebration. Edgar said he was here to have a good time as well as to help Decatur with its celebration, and there was great fun for all when he was around. After the show, when he was headed for the home of Dr. Bope, he was picked up by the Kangaroo court. He failed to give a proper explanation of why he did not wear a beard and was fined $5 which was changed to other forms of punishment. Then he said he would have to go home as he didn't want Charlie to find out what had happened to him.

Saturday morning there were two or three hundred children around him at the band stand where he gave a bubble blowing contest.

The parade Saturday will need special mention. It far exceeded anything of the kind ever given in Decatur, and will received a special mention elsewhere.

An Early Indian Mission

By Rev. Louis Baroux.

Excerpts taken from Father Baroux's letters to his supervisor concerning the history of the Potawatami in Silver Creek, north of Dowagiac. The introduction was written by Rt. Rev. E. D. Kelly of Detroit.

Written in 1913.

(Entered by Donald Moline and Marvin Peterson under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science, as a continuation of the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest.)

INTRODUCTION

Near by a sandy road some miles north of Dowagiac, Michigan, may be seen the Silver Creek church, a pretty little red brick building which balances itself, so to speak, on the farther edge of a saucer-shaped cemetery. Over this grave yard the little edifice acts as a sort of watchful mother who has tenderly laid away her loving children for their long night's sleep after having first signed them with the cross and chant. Occasionally, the music of a requiem or a misirere floats out through the opened stained glass windows over the consecrated, restful tombs. It means that some other child has wearied of the garish day and its good parent croons until earth's coverlet has been drawn around the chilly form. "Remember man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." Crooked little graveled walks divide the family lots from one another. Wild brier flowers out into wreaths or crowns which link themselves in confusion over the mounds, and large weeping willows trail their frail, long-fingered branches on the piping blades of grass.

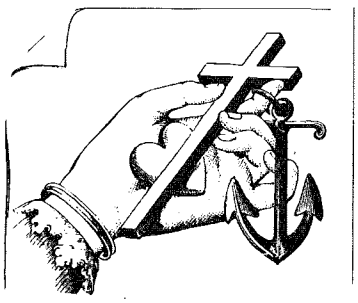
But there is no monument over the grave of him who made this situation possible. Father Baroux had planted both Christianity and civilization in this neck of the woods, he had struggled through, and endured with patience, the hopeless winters of the 50's and 60's, he had been the faithful shepherd of untamed flocks, he had been a pioneer in advocating religious education; he had willed his body to be buried in the little grave yard at Silver Creek beneath the shadow of the sanctuary which he loved and served through many years.

When "littla" Father Baroux died there were found those who aided in carrying out his last will and testament and he was buried side by side with the Indians and whites to whom he had brought religious peace and life. The mission still contained many who remembered him, even if he had been in a distant place for years, and when the mortal remains of the good missionary father were brought in through the sand dunes of Silver Creek, Indians and whites seemed to vie with one another in showing respect and homage. The descendants of his "enfants des forests" loved him equally well with the Celtic children who had drifted into these oak-openings from the waste and famine of Ireland.

The lack of a monument over the grave of Fr. Baroux became evident to me last summer when I passed through this district on an auto trip to Chicago, I motored through Hartford, Rush Lake, Watervliet, and the "Irish Settlement." I passed by the very house in which I was born. Then the auto was headed through Keeler, which is remarkable for its good roads and wonderful shade trees and we arrived at Silver Creek. There are a great many diamond lakes rosaried together in this wide district and it was a pleasure to follow up the string of beads so to speak, and count them o'er and o'er, a sort of pleasure penance on him who had not worshipped at the lakes shrine for many years.

One could not help thinking that if the roads had not improved much since Fr. Baroux's time the modes of transportation had. At certain seasons of the year Fr. Baroux had spent a whole week on a sick-call to some poor Indian in the parish of Rush Lake. In places the road would be impassible on account of floods or deep mud, or possibly snow drifts. In such emergency he would appeal to the farmers who always helped out generously. Food was furnished, fences opened up, and a new pathway found through the fields. Today the sick call which is made by auto, trolley or train, demands no such sacrifices and indeed by means of telephone we may sometimes get a neighbor to make the call for us, if he be not too particular.

But how erect that monument? That question came into my mind again and again as the speedometer told the miles. At last I said to myself, why not translate this book into English, and with the proceeds, if there be any, erect a monument over the grave of this brave, good priest-hero?



Simon Pokagon, Chief of The Potawatami

Taken from
O-Ge-Mau-Kwe-Mit-I-Gwa-Ki
(Queen of the Woods),
written in 1899.

Entered by Donald Moline and Marvin Peterson.

(This is a continuation of the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written by pupils of the Decatur public schools under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science.)

SKETCH OF SIMON POKAGON'S LIFE

Chief Simon Pokagon was born in the old Pokagon Indian village located on Pokagon Creek about one mile from St. Joseph River, Berrien County, Michigan, in 1830. He is a full-blooded Potawatami Indian, and the last chief of the Pokagon band. At 14 years of age he could speak his mother tongue only; he was then sent to Notre Dame school near South Bend, Ind., where he remained three years. Returning home fired with zeal for a good English education, he succeeded through his own efforts, aided by his mother, in going to Oberlin College, Ohio. Here he remained one year and then went to Twinsburg, in the same state, where he remained two years longer.

His father, Leopold Pokagon, was Chief for 42 years, and during that time, made many important treaties with the U. S. He died when Simon, the present Chief, was only 10 years old. His son, the present Chief, was the first red man to visit Abraham Lincoln after taking the presidential chair. His mission was to procure if possible the amount due his people from the sale of Chicago and the surrounding country by his father to the U. S. thirty years before. Just before Lincoln's death, near the close of the Rebellion, he visited him again. During the year 1866 he succeeded in procuring partial payment of 39 thousand dollars. He afterward visited Gen. Grant while president, with whom he smoked the pipe of peace receiving thanks for Indian soldiers furnished during the war.

After patiently struggling for years, through opposition and poverty, a portion of the balance due, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars without interest, was finally allowed by the Court of Claims, appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, and there affirmed; but was not paid until the fall of 1896.

The old Chief was present at the opening of the World's Fair, May 1, 1893. He saw with a critic's eye aliens and strangers from every land take their seats on the great platform in the shadow of the gilded dome of the administration building; he saw the Duke of Veragua and suite as well as foreign commissioners take the platform of honor in front, while he and a few others of his race, the only true Americans, stood in the background, unnoticed and unprovided for. When all was ready, the orchestra struck up the "Columbia March," prayer was offered for all nationalities in a general way, which I suppose of course must have included the Indians. After President Cleveland had responded to the address of welcome by the director, he touched the electric button, and the World's Exposition was born, filled with life and spirit.

From the time the Columbian Fair was first talked of, the old Chief had had a great desire to have the educated people of his race hold a congress there, so as to inform the world of what they had accomplished along the lines of civilization, but he was doomed to be disappointed. On that memorable day he saw all national-

ities provided for except the original Americans. It almost broke the old man's heart.

While he stood sadly considering the great wrong to his people, a little girl of his own race, unnoticed before, stepped quietly up to him and, seemingly in pity, handed him some wild flowers. On relating this singular circumstance to a friend on his return home, he added: "I can not fully explain to you why it was, but on receiving the flowers I could not refrain from tears; and even now as I think of it, that same tearful feeling creeps through my soul." It was in such a frame of mind he was inspired to write "The Red Man's Greeting," fitly termed by Professor Swing of Chicago, "The Red Man's Book of Lamentations." It was published in a booklet made from the manifold bark of the white birch tree. The little unique rustic book has been read with great interest, and highly complimented by the press, both in this country and in Europe, for its wild, rough imagery and native eloquence.

Owing to his disappointment in not securing for his people a congress, he did not take kindly to the World's Fair being held in the city of his father, which is expressed in no doubtful terms in his birch-bark booklet. It was through the spirit breathed out by this little volume that he was solicited by Mayor Harrison and some ladies friendly to his race to attend the Fair as a guest of the city. He finally gave consent and went.

It is estimated that during his lifetime Pokagon has interpreted into his mother tongue at least a thousand sermons as they were delivered; he was also organist at all church services during the same period. All Indians who have ever heard him speak in their native language, declare him to be a great orator.

During the past five years the Chief has addressed many pioneer meetings, always attracting large crowds. He has furnished many contributions to such leading magazine as the Arena, Forum, Harper's Magazine, Review of Reviews and many others, which have been highly complimented both in this country and in Europe. He has been called by the press, "the red-skin bard," the "Longfellow of his race," and the "grand old man."

True to his Indian nature, the old Chief never exhibits vanity, or appears in any wise puffed up or boastful over any honors conferred upon him; neither does he refer to them unless interrogated, when, like an unbiased witness in court, he simply answers the questions asked him.

In a history of the removal of the Potawatami Indians from northern Indiana, published by Daniel McDonold, of Plymouth, Ind., about the year 1900, appears the following:

"The Pokagon Potawatami village, one of the earliest Indian villages in northern Indiana, and where many of the most stirring scenes occurred prior to the removal of the Indians to the Western country provided for them, was located on the line between Indiana and Michigan, north of South Bend and about one mile west of the St. Joseph river.

"Leopold Pokagon, the elder, was the second in rank among the chiefs of his tribe, To-pin-a-bee being the first. Pokagon and his people were noted as being the farthest advanced in civilization of all their race in the St. Joseph valley. He has been described as a man of considerable talents, and in his many business transactions with the early settlers was never known to break his word. He set a good example to his followers by not indulging in "fire-water" (whiskey). He was particularly distinguished for his devotion to the traditional teachings of the Jesuit Fathers. Pokagon made several visits to Detroit, especially to ask that the black-gowns (missionaries) be again sent among his people. The last of these appeals was in July 1830. Detroit was then the residence of M. Gabriel Richard, vicar-general of the bishop of Cincinnati, and to the church official Pokagon poured out the deep yearnings of his soul. "Father, father," he exclaimed, "I come to beg you to send us a black-gown to teach us the word of God. In accordance with his request a missionary was sent in 1830 to minister to these urgent spiritual demands. Pokagon died in Cass County, Mich., about 1841.

"Simon Pokagon, a distinguished Potawatami Indian, still living near Hartford (1899) is the only living son of Leopold Pokagon, having been born at Pokagon Village in 1830. He has the distinction of being the best educated and most distinguished full-blooded Indian, probably in America. He has managed the band of about 300, of which he has for many years been the acknowledged head, with much skill and ability; and although the band, of which he is the most prominent member, has not made much headway in keeping pace with the rapid advance of civilization the past 50 years, yet had it not been for Pokagon,—it is likely it would have disintegrated, and would undoubtedly long since have been scattered to the four winds of heaven.

While the old Chief has his faults, "even as you and I," yet when his history comes to be written in the years to come, he will be accorded the highest round on the ladder of fame among the great men of the once powerful tribe of Potawatami Indians."

One of the missionaries among the Potawatami of southern Michigan for several years, has left on record that Pokagon's father was in reality one of those noble red men we read about; that he was talented, and that with his many transactions with the early settlers, was never known to break his word. It is further stated in the record that each year while he was among these Indians, a large body of Sioux passed along the old trail that ran through the Pokagon village, on their way to Canada, where they received small annuities from the English government for fighting against the U. S. in the war of 1812; and that when this body of Sioux passed through in 1827, they had a boy about 10 years old with them, a prisoner they had taken from some other tribe; and that Pokagon, out of pity, bought him for four ponies, saddles and bridles, and adopted him as his own son, taking care of him until old age.

While the old Chief lived, no trader dared bring whiskey among his people, as he would order it seized and destroyed.

Notwithstanding Pokagon has labored so many years to procure payment due his people, he has only received an equal share with each member of his band; or, as he states it, "The last child born received the same as I," in consequence of which he has had a hard struggle to gain a livelihood.

Civil War Tales

JIM'S STORY ON G.A.R.

Fort Worth 6, Texas,
Feb. 18, 1948.

Dear Friend:

In response to your request as to the part John A. Logan took in the organization of the G.A.R., I will state that he took a very prominent part, but as the first notable work of the G.A.R. was the establishment and observing of Memorial Day, it is best first to consider the origin of this day of honoring the memory of those who fought and sacrificed to preserve the Union.

During the War many women of the South sought relief for their saddened spirits by strewing flowers upon the graves of their sons, husbands and fathers. Defeat increased this practice which soon became customary. The Northern troops of occupation moving South in April and May of 1865 observed that Confederate graves were being decorated in almost every community. This decoration commended itself to the Union troops and they thought it fitting that the lonely graves of Federal soldiers buried in the South should be remembered. So unorganized bodies of Unionists, frequently single individuals, joined in decorating the graves of those who had shed their blood to save the Union.

The most noteworthy of these decorations, which attracted nation-wide attention and which introduced the idea of Memorial Day to the North, took place in Charlestown, S. C., May 30, 1865. James Redpath, accompanied by a large number of Negro school children, went to a dreary spot on the outskirts of the city where reposed

the remains of several hundred Union soldiers in four long trenches. The rude mounds were quickly and quietly covered with flowers strewn by black hands who thus sought to honor the dead that had released them from slavery.

The practice of decorating the graves of the soldier dead spread rapidly to the North and the G.A.R. eagerly sponsored the practice and accordingly May 5, 1868, the Commander in chief of the G.A.R., John A. Logan, issued a general order to this effect.

(By Jim Chamberlin)

LETTERS

MEMORIES

Lawrence, January 22, 1948.

Friend Arba,

Of the Decatur pupils of long ago I remember Castle Roberts, Andrew Long, Harry Smith, Albert Gantz, Kate Nesbitt, Estella Maxham, Minnie Hawks, Arba Moulton, Sela Eckenberger, and Louis Dwight.

About the Chicora lost in Lake Michigan 53 years ago the 21st of January, 1895. That was Monday.

Thanks to our friend, Nellie Truesdell, for remembering my birthday. I never saw her either, but feel acquainted with her.

I am glad to hear our friend Lily C. E. and her husband are in Florida having a nice time. I have not seen her in fifty years and never saw her husband. I wish them many years together.

I went to see my great gandson, born January 9 and named after me, Edwin William, 3rd, Loveland. Born in Kalamazoo.

I live with my daughter Nettie and her husband Frank Struble on the farm where I was born. My dear wife passed away July 3, 1946, but her spirit is with me all the time, and I know that I will meet with her in heaven.

E. W. Plopper.

HOME TOWN LOYALTY

2250 83rd St.,
Brooklyn 14, N. Y.,
January 18, 1948.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

I am enclosing a check for $2.00 for this year's subscription to the Republican. I do not believe that it is necessary for me to tell you that the Republican is one of the closest ties with home that those of us who live elsewhere, have. Many others have done so, but I hasten to tell you that the arrival of the Republican is as eagerly awaited as is my daily session with the New York papers. Actually there is more news, of interest to me, per square inch in it, than in all of the large New York dailies put together.

Thank you for a wonderful job of reporting local events which are dear to my heart, even though many miles separates me from them.

Best wishes for your continued success.

Willard H. Graham.

(Thanks, Willard. It is because of loyal friends like you that we keep on doing our best to make the home town paper interesting.)

This is a welcome letter from an old friend. Not many like Ed. have lived 78 years in one place, and he is rich in memories.

A writer in the South Haven paper says the Chicora went down on January 21, 1895, but that the day of the week was Wednesday. Ed. has a way of reckoning days of the week of any year. It is a system that never fails and if he has figured it out according to the system he is correct.

The Edgar Bergens and Charlie

By Louella O. Parsons in
The Los Angeles Examiner.

(This story about Edgar and his family came in a letter postmarked Burbank, California. There was no writing with it or anything to indicate the identity of the sender, but we thank him or her just the same, and are passing the story along for the pleasure it will give to Edgar's other friends who read the Republican.)

When Edgar Bergen married pretty Frances Westerman, one of the most eligible bachelors, not only in Hollywood, but in the country, was removed from the list of possibilities.

For a long time, Edgar had escaped many designing mammas and eager-to-be Mrs. Bergens until Frances came into his life. The moment he met the charming girl, he was hooked. He never so much as looked in the direction of anyone else.

He fought marriage because he didn't think it was for him. Moreover, Frances wasn't anxious to get married, either. She wanted to continue her career as a singer. When they did marry, they kept it a secret to give the bride a chance to go on with her singing career, but when the stork came winging their way, they had to admit Frances was Mrs. Bergen and had been for almost a year.

The Bergens and I were in New York at the same time a few weeks ago so Edgar and I had lunch together. He was in rare good form.

"Edgar," I said, "your marriage has worked out wonderfully."

"More than that," he replied, "it was the best thing I ever did in my life. Frances has the good sense to know that there would never be any happiness for either of us if she were the type of girl who played cards all afternoon and was constantly on the go—to luncheons and cocktail parties.

"So that's why you let her go into the dress business," I said.

He laughed. "Frances is a good business woman. Almost too good. You see I own the building the shop is in and have never been able to collect a cent of rent. What's more the dresses are all in her size, and she buys most of them for herself."

"That's certainly good business, and good advertising, too," I said, "because Frances is about the best-dressed woman in New York." At the theatres and parties in the gay whirl of New York, she was greatly admired for her youth, her beauty, and the way she wore the 1947 new look gowns.

When I said as much to Edgar, he said, "Frances will like that." "And you do, too," I added.

The Bergens really captured New York. I saw them at all the parties. Edgar has overcome his shyness. I used to think he was self conscious, self-effacing and unhappy with crowds. For a great artist, and such a successful one, he seemed so frightened of people.

Well, marriage helped him there. It helped him overcome his fear and has given him the poise and assurance in private life that he has always had when he lets Charlie McCarthy do the talking.

When we were talking I asked him how his two-year-old daughter Candace was. He "just happened to have some pictures of her in his pocket." She is a beauty and, like every doting father, Edgar tells everything she does. He used to talk about Charlie, but Charlie has been relegated to the background. Even the room that Edgar used to have in his home for Charlie and all his clothes, has been turned over to Candy.

I had a chance to be proud, too, when Edgar told me he owes a lot to Harriet Parsons. Edgar says Harriet was the one who wanted him to play the amorous but pathetic Norwegian undertaker in RKO's "I Remember Mama," and wouldn't give up until he was signed for the role.

I think he is secretly delighted that he did something without the scene-stealing dummy. I seem to remember that Edgar even gave up a trip to Sweden to play in George Stevens' picture. But, Edgar and Frances are going to Sweden this summer.

He tells me he is going to travel on a Swedish boat so he can brush up on his native tongue. As a child he spoke the language fluently, and while his mother was alive, they often conversed in Swedish. But, he says he has now gotten rusty. Seems I heard him jabbering with someone in Swedish not so long ago as fast as only a Swede can talk.

In taking his show around the country, he found that's the only way to get the tempo of the people. He said you get rusty if you only broadcast from Hollywood, while if you travel around to the key cities in the East and West, you find out from the people themselves what is popular.

Maybe that's why year after year Edgar and Charlie have gone on and remained at the top.

Bergen Show a Hit

The Visit of Edgar Bergen to His Old Home Town

Edgar Bergen and Party

The visit of Edgar Bergen and his friends stands out as the biggest event that has taken place in Decatur since his first visit on that memorable day in August seven years ago. In writing the story of this second visit we felt incapable of doing justice to it. More might have been done for him to show the appreciation felt for the time and expense he so willingly assumed to be with us on the big day of the celebration. But we know he enjoyed his stay here and there never was a dull moment while he and his party were in town. They were royally entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bope, and have fittingly expressed their thanks for that.

It was the first time that Edgar's brother Clarence had been back since the boys and their mother moved to Chicago some 30 years ago. Clarence met many boyhood acquaintances and thoroughly enjoyed his visits with them.

Bergen was paid nothing for coming here. He gave, not only his own services, but brought Pat Patrick from Hollywood and Jim Sherman from Chicago at his own expense. The latter is an outstanding magician and also a manufacturer of equipment for magicians. It was he who took the microphone from Elmer Woolfe and made the announcement about parking during the parade, rather than Pat Patrick, as was reported last week.

Edgar Bergen and party went from Decatur on Saturday afternoon to Colon, where a magicians' show was in progress.

DECATUR ONCE CLAIMED ODLUM

In picking up the news of former Decatur residents we came upon this note by Luella Parsons, nationally known columnist:

"I just heard that while Howard Hughes and Floyd Odlum were busy working on the RKO deal, Mrs. Odlum was working, too. She broke two world flying records in India. Of course, I mean Jacqueline Cochran, the famous flyer.

"I am told that Floyd Odlum will remain as chairman of the board of directors of RKO, by request of Howard."

The outstanding event of the Centennial celebration was the coming of Edgar Bergen. The Bergen show was held at the athletic field Friday evening and brought out an immense crowd from his old home town and visitors from throughout the North Central states.

Bergen was at his best, and Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd were masters of repartee and wit in his hands. The crowd laughed heartily at Charlie's sallies and Mortimer's bashfulness. Bergen's jokes were brilliant, and interspersed among them, could be discerned sentiment which he surely felt. He said that "Decatur is a grand town. I certainly enjoy coming here. After all, it's my old home town."

Pat Patrick, who is "Prof. Ercel Twing" of the radio show, came with Bergen and did his part toward making the show one never to be forgotten in Decatur's history. Others on the program were the Tone Poets, a vocal quartet from South Bend, Charles Daugherty, harmonica player, Tom Paxon, novelty drummer, and Jim Sherman, magician.

"Red" Egan, former NBC announcer and now an RCA executive in Grand Rapids, acted as master of ceremonies.

Edgar Bergen went from Hollywood up to Wyoming hunting antelope. He spent two days at it but gave no report on how many he shot. That was Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday he came to Chicago by plane in three relays, met his brother Clarence, who came from Hollywood by train, Prof. Twing, Jim Sherman, and Joe Leighton of NBC publicity. From Chicago they came by auto to Decatur, arriving at 7 p. m. They were guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Bope. Supper for the entire Bope party was served at Dine's and then Edgar made his surprise appearance at the band stand where the evening program was in progress. A cheer went up from the crowd when he was recognized and from that time on he was the star attraction in Decatur.

Saturday the Bergen party went to Colon to attend a convention of magicians, thence to Chicago on Sunday, and from there to New York City.

After the show Friday evening the jolly entertainers came up to the business street. A program was in progress and they all took part in it. The serious minded Chief was passing out over the loud speaker some instructions in parking when "Prof. Twing" took over and gave the word to park anywhere and the village would pay the driver who parked in the wrong place a $5 prize. The crowd roared.

The irrepressibles stopped at the airplane ride and all piled in. Somebody passed the word to the operator to "speed 'er up" and they had a wild ride. Then they went to the Bope residence again and were still going strong when Saturday morning arrived, and they went to the Rolland Haefner home. At 3 a. m. they turned in at the restful Bope home for a few hours' rest before beginning the next day.

Radio station WHFB, Benton Harbor, was represented by engineers at several of the high spots during the week. On Thursday afternoon WHFB recorded the talk given by Governor Sigler and had it on the air in just a few minutes over telephone lines to the station. In fact, the governor was just finishing his interesting speech as it started on the radio.

The Bergen show was also put on the air over the Benton Harbor station, with special permission of Edgar Bergen. WHFB helped greatly in publicizing the festival and centennial all the week.

Sherman was full of tricks when he came to Decatur and unloaded a lot of them about town. As a pickpocket he cleaned up on Dr. Bope and took everything from him except his false teeth.

Pat is a comedian and the only time we caught him serious was when he had tears in his eyes when he was leaving Decatur.

How many pictures were taken during the Festival and Centennial? That would be hard to determine, but everyone must have noticed that all of the features of the four-day affair were snapped from every angle, day and night, by professionals and amateurs. It was estimated that the light generated by all the flash bulbs used during the past week would put the sun to shame. Movies, stills, color pictures, black-and-white. A complete record of Decatur's biggest celebration is now available in picture form.

Two thousand reserved seats were provided and placed on sale at $2 each. The seats were rented of the Acme Chair Company of Detroit for 7½ cents each, total $150. Myron Southworth went after them and took them back. Van Graham also

assisted in bringing them here.

PET PARADE

The feature of the Friday afternoon program was the pet parade, in which there were over a hundred entries. Under the direction of the chairman, Mrs. Archie McWilliams, the children gathered at the railroad park and lined up back of the signs listing the several divisions. At two o'clock, with the Decatur band leading the way, the parade wended its way through the crowd to the north end of Main street and returned.

The judging of the entries was done by Miss Maxine McWilliams, Mrs. Harry Schmidt, Mrs. Henry Goud and Mrs. Archie McWilliams.

Winners of the pet parade were:

Tricycles—1st prize, Tommy Snyder; 2nd prize, Florence Aducci; 3rd prize, Sharon Cole.

Wagons—1st prize, Timmy Washburn; 2nd prize, Lynette Shanahan.

Bicycles—1st prize, Bob Flory; 2nd prize, Willie Hall; 3rd prize, Francele Aducci.

Costumes—1st prize, Mildred Howe; 2nd prize, Judy Aducci; 3rd prize, Bobby Narregan.

Floats—1st prize, David Bombrys; 2nd prize, Patty Drenth; 3rd prize, Ellen Howe.

Pets—1st prize, Jo-Ellen Hemenway; 2nd prize, Janet Ickes; 3rd prize, Ronald Walters.

A feature of the pet parade was the surrey with the fringe, drawn by Lynnette Shanahan. The driver on the front seat was Charlie McCarthy. His china lady passenger on the back seat was a doll which was given to Lynnette's great grandmother, the late Mrs. Charles Lake, Dora Pugsley Lake, 84 years ago by her uncle, John Pugsley, who came here with John Lyle.

Chas. O. Haefner Dies Suddenly

1875 - 1948

The active life of Charles O. Haefner came to a peaceful end within the last hour of 1948. He was enjoying a remininscent evening at the country home of Mrs. Ella Graham, a lifetime friend and neighbor. Earlier in the year he had suffered a severe heart attack, from which he had made a remarkable recovery, and his sudden passing resulted from a recurrence of this affliction.

Chas. Haefner was born in Vollnia township on October 5, 1875, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Haefner. On March 17, 1902, he united in marriage with Nellie Graham. They are survived by three children, Rolland, Graham, and Rachel (Mrs. E. E. Leason), for on September 15th, 1940, the wife and mother passed away.

Chas. Haefner was a pioneer developer of muckland south of Decatur and practically his entire life was devoted to mint growing. In the early '20's the family moved to Burbank, Calif., where Mr. Haefner was engaged in the real estate business with his brother-in-law, A. R. Graham. A few years later the family returned to Michigan, residing in Decatur.

In 1943 he was married to Mrs. Mamie Northrup; a companionship that was brought to an untimely end three years later with her death. The immediate family surviving the deceased are the three children and four grandchildren, a brother, Leslie Haefner, and two sisters, Mrs. Mary High and Mrs. Eva McNulty.

Mr. Haefner was ever solicitous of the welfare of his many friends and the community in which he resided. He had served as a member of the village board and as its president. He was deeply mindful of the salutary worth of the Masonic fraternity and very active in its work; was a past master and held a Life membership in Decatur Lodge No. 99.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist church Tuesday afternoon with Gerald Jacobs officiating. The last rites of the Masonic lodge were conducted by Leroy Cabbage, and burial was at the Wayne cemetery.

Rev. Leroy Cabbage

Mr. Cabbage Finishes Work in Decatur

On Sunday, September 5, Rev. Leroy Cabbage conducted his final church service in the First Presbyterian Church here. It was an impressive event to the many who attended and climaxed a very happy five years for the congregation. A large choir composed of those girls who have sung during Mr. Cabbage's ministry presented two lovely anthems during the service and the Junior Choir sang "Prayer Perfect." Both choirs were conducted in this fine special music by Mrs. Rolland Haefner. Special organ music and baptismal services were also a part of the worship and Mr. Cabbage's sermon "Finally Brethren" was a dynamic conclusion to the unceasing effort he has made to uplift and liberalize the religious and educational viewpoint of Decatur.

The service was attended by many from other churches, outstanding of which was the First Baptist Church of Decatur who abandoned their own worship services to attend the Presbyterian church. The veteran's groups attended in a large body, and many from the Lions Club, the Masons and the Decatur Youth Organization were present in tribute to Mr. Cabbage.

In the afternoon, the Westminster Guild were hosts at an open house honoring Mr. and Mrs. Cabbage. In the course of the afternoon as well as during the past week, they were the recipients of many individual gifts as well as useful and lovely gifts from many groups including the two Veterans' groups, the Lions Club, the Decatur Youth Organization and the First Presbyterian Church. The beautiful tiered cakes which served as centerpieces were the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Scott and the Westminster Guild. Punch and coffee were served during the afternoon and the basement was attractively decorated with colorful autumn flowers. About 250 guests were received during the afternoon and Mr. and Mrs. Cabbage were presented with a guest book containing the names and good wishes of those who called.

It is to the credit of the Guild that the afternoon was a delightful occasion for all who attended and it was remarked by several that Mr. and Mrs. Cabbage could never doubt the friendship and gratitude of those Decaturites who have known and profited by association with them. We deeply regret their leaving this community and the good wishes of their many friends go with them.

Mr. Cabbage began his pastorate in Decatur on July 4, 1943. During the five years of his ministry 101 members have been received into the fellowship of the church. Among the improvements which have been made is the installation of a men's rest room, the remodelling of the heating system for increased efficiency, installation of a hot water heater in the kitchen, redecorating of the basement, furnishing and redecorating of the Social Room and Sunday School rooms, the formation of the worship center in the sanctuary including offering plates, cross and candle sticks and communion table, and new light fixtures. The quality of the music and the order of worship have been greatly improved during Mr. Cabbage's ministry and the whole service has taken on a dignity and meaning of immeasurable worth through his guidance and effort.

Until a pastor may be secured permanently, the pulpit will be supplied by Dr. Russell Seibert of Kalamazoo who is no stranger to Decatur people.

The John Rosevelt Homestead In Keeler Township, Van Buren County

By Kathryn Stanard.

(This is the eleventh story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of History and Science in the Decatur Public schools.)

This old homestead is one of the most charming and picturesque of the early homes of the community. It is constructed of red brick in the Victorian style, and its massive height and beauty of design is typical of the dignity and majesty which characterized the early homes.

The spacious green lawn which forms a setting and background for this lovely old home is dotted here and there with trees which Mr. Charles Rosevelt, son of the builder, planted in an early day. Among them are two Norway pines, and a coffee tree which was brought from the South. Large whte oak and burr oak trees grow along the road near the homestead. The home and surroundings present a picture quite like an old painting or a picture from a history book.

The interior of the house has a charm equal to or greater than that of the exterior. The rooms are large and high with windows extending from the ceiling to the floor.

At the front entrance there is a large arched door, with no special architectural design, but fitted with rose-colored plates of glass which give one the feeling of looking at the world through rose-colored glasses. Beyond this entrance is a large, beautifully carved mirror and umbrella stand. Here also the staircase starts, which leads to the cupola on the top of the house. A fine view of the surrounding country is to be had from this point. The stairs are made of whitewood and are beautifully stained and polished.

Sleeping rooms on the second floor are furnished with spindle beds and old-fashioned bureaus. Near the back stairway there is an interesting room containing an old secretary desk, and a built-in gun closet.

The next room of interest is the "parlor", as it was called in an earlier day. It is furnished with charming old-fashioned horsehair furniture, consisting of a settee and chairs. A grand piano occupies one end of the room and pictures in old-fashioned walnut frames hang on the walls.

The dining room has a quaint charm all of its own. The arched windows extend the entire length from the ceiling to the floor. Wainscoating in stained whitewood forms a part of the walls. A built-in cupboard contains some of the pewter ware and old silver which are heirlooms of the Rosevelt family. An old-fashioned roll-top desk stands in one corner. The really prized piece of furniture in this room is an old drop-leaf walnut table which still serves as the dining room table.

The kitchen has been modernized and contains all of the equipment necessary for speed and efficiency in present-day living.

The stables and the farm buildings occupy quite a large space, and one of them is of interest because it is a part of the old Elkhorn Tavern. The original hand-hewn timbers which form the beams and the rafters are still serving. At one time the Rosevelts had twenty-two head of horses including several riding-horses. The elder Rosevelts liked fox-hunting, a sport popular at the time.

Traces of the old Indian Trail could still be seen at the time when the earlier Rosevelts settled there. The present Territorial Road closely followed the path laid out by the Indians.

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pioneer Rosevelt family of Keeler township was written in the first person by Mary Rosevelt, grand-daughter of the man who built their pioneer home in 1868 in which the family still resides.

KEELER, Jan. 1. In 1834, the first white settlers came to Keeler township. They were James and John Nesbitt, who located and entered land in Section 14 which is now a part of the Clarence Baker estate.

In June, 1835, Woolcott H. Keeler came from Vermont and bought the Nesbitt land for $5 per acre. Besides this, Mr. Keeler located and entered land in several adjacent tracts—about 1,000 acres all told. He built his cabin on section 13 where our house now is.

About this time, probably in 1835 or 1836, the Territorial Road was finished through Van Buren county and stage-coaches began to carry mail and passengers past Mr. Keeler's cabin. He decided to build a tavern.

Neighbors Have Raising Bee

I think it was in 1837 that the tavern was finally built. It happened in this way. A town meeting was held at Mr. Keeler's home to organize the township and elect officers, as Michigan was about to become a state. The township at that time included the present townships of Lawrence, Keeler, Hamilton, and Hartford; and was called Covington.

The meeting was attended by Tom Conklin and B. A. Olney of Hartford; Isaac DeLong of Lawrence, Philotus Hayden and Robert Nesbitt of Hamilton, and Tobias Byers, Woolcott Keeler, and Ira Foster of Keeler. After the meeting, these men helped Mr. Keler to raise the framework of his new tavern. This was said to be the first frame building between Paw Paw and St. Joseph. The lumber for its construction had been sawed in Paw Paw.

The new building was called the Elkhorn Tavern, and an elk horn found near Magician Lake was displayed as a sign of the tavern. A part of the old tavern is still in use as a tenant house on our farm.

Still Possess Relics

We still have the elk horn, a wooden milk pan, and Mr. Keeler's whiskey jug as relics of the Keelers. Mr. Keeler also had a store and was postmaster. He platted a village which he christened Keelerville, as he thought the railroad would be built from Detroit to St. Joseph by the same route as Territorial road. He was greatly disappointed when the railroad curved southward to New Buffalo instead of continuing westward to St. Joseph.

In 1850, he sold the 400 acres where the tavern stood to John V. Rosevelt and moved to Decatur.

Rosevelts Sturdy Stock—

John Veeder Rosevelt was born in Barry, Orleans county, New York, on February 22, 1826, the son of Isaac and Maria Veeder Roosevelt. He came to Keeler in June, 1850, a young man of only 24 years, and in January, 1852, married Mary Sloan, the daughter of Alexander Sloan who had settled in Hamilton township in 1839.

John's brother, Ormond, had come to Keeler about 1844, and in 1847 had married Nancy Sloan, the sister of Mary. Another brother, Jacob Rosevelt, came also and bought land adjoining John's on the east.

John and Mary Rosevelt were the parents of two sons, Charles, born in 1858, and Hugh, in 1865. John and his family lived in the house which Mr. Keeler had built for a tavern until 1868, when the present brick home was built.

Wife's Hand Shaped Home

The new house was of brick of the Victorian type, with the walnut woodwork and furniture so popular at the time. It was so well built that it still is in good condition. (It was Mrs. Rosevelt, rather than her husband, who had most to do with the way the home was built, according to Mrs. Alma Rosevelt, her daughter-in-law who passed away in 1943. She said a country carpenter, Keeler neighbor of the Rosevelts, executed the plans he designed under her guidance. Visitors to this show place express surprise that the high-ceilinged, big airy rooms and winding staircases of its wide hall were done without the assistance of an architect.)

Charles, who was then 10 years old, drew many wagon-loads of building material from Dowagiac over the old road which ran diagonally across the swamp and entered town by way of the Gage neighborhood. The new corduroy road, straight across the swamp (now M-40) had not yet been built.

Sportsman and Supervisor

Mary Rosevelt liked to raise flowers and to entertain friends in her new house. John Rosevelt often left the arduous labor of clearing and breaking and tilling the land to join in fox hunts and fishing trips which were popular diversions of his day.

He was well liked for his generous nature and his ready wit. He was supervisor of Keeler township several terms. He died in 1895 and his wife in 1899.

In 1886, Charles Rosevelt married Alma Durkee, daughter of Rudolph and Paulina Kirtland Durkee who had come from New York state with her parents at the age of two years to live in Decatur township.

They lived first on a farm in the northern part of Keeler township where their three children, Mary, Ruth, and Ted were born.

On Home Farm Since 1898

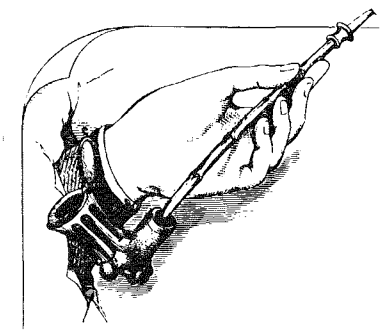
In 1898 they came to live on the

homestead farm. Charles Rosevelt loved nature and always preferred to live on the land. He practiced soil conservation in all his farming. He felt the greatest contempt for farmers who depleted the soil to fill their pocketbooks, and left their farms "worn out" for the next generation. He was one of the first farmers in the township to grow alfalfa.

He died February 21, 1930 following a long illness. Mrs. Alma Rosevelt died in 1943 on the farm which her son Ted manages. One daughter Mary, lives on the farm, and Ruth, who is a social worker, lives in Washington, D. C.

(Continued next week.)

The Long Indian Trail



Written by David Woodman, a pioneer of Paw Paw township, and taken from the files of THE REPUBLICAN by Catherine Howland. Credited to Donald Moline and Warren Peterson, as one of the local history stories.

Previous to the occupation of Western Michigan by the white people, an Indian trail crossed this country from Northeast to Southwest, crossed the Paw Paw river where the West bridge now is and heading through what is known as the Pe Pe Yah farm, thence through the belt of timber land, later the farm of William Lyle (Decatur), and others in that vicinity.

The trail led through Pokagon and was deeply worn in the soil in many places, showing it had been used for ages as a thoroughfare for the dusty race that used it. On that trail we have seen red men stealing silently along, followed by their ponies loaded with the squaws, papooses and camp equipage, their dogs bringing up the rear.

The timber in that vicinity was magnificent. There were the great oaks, black walnut, whitewood, butter nut, sugar maple and other kinds of timber all standing in its grandeur. I cut a white wood on land that I owned which scaled 6000 feet of lumber. John Sherrod sold scores of these splendid trees for one dollar each. Such trees could be sold at fifty dollars each now.

Squaws Did the Work

Previous to its purchase and occupation by the whites, this region was one of the Indians' great sugar making camps during the sap season. They had made sugar there for years and were loath to leave their old camps but they had to go.

It was quite a novelty to visit their camps and see the process of sugar making. They used bark to catch the sap and they gashed the trees without mercy. They evaporated the sugar water in anything that would answer the purpose, pails or kettles holding from four quarts to four gallons each. They were hung in a compact body in the center of the wigwam and were from ten to forty in number. Under this number of kettles or pails a brisk fire was kept by using white ash wood (they used no other). The smoke escaped through an opening at the apex of the wigwam, which was built out of bark peeled in sheets from trees and this was their dwelling place during the sugar-making season.

The squaws did the entire work of sugar-making, cutting the wood and bringing it to camp. It was tied up in bundles slung on the back and held in place by a thong passing around the forehead. But someone may wish to know where the "noble redman" was all this time. Well, he was either resting (they were brave in this respect) or off on a hunt and the game he killed he laid at the cabin door, then his work was done.

In their dealings with the whites, it was swap, giving and taking the same measure whether sugar, flour, meat, cranberries, or other commodities. Many years ago one of those noble redmen had the misfortune to lose his squaw by death, and being too lazy to hunt, he concluded to try and sponge his living, so he got a friend to write a certificate, stating that he was needy, etc. The friend wrote in substance that the bearer was a poor Indian whose squaw had died and he had no one to support him, and therefore he was an object of charity. How well this poor unfortunate Indian succeeded the reader can judge.

It was amusing to see the family eat hulled corn. Gathered around a kettle of it with one wooden ladle the company would help themselves, passing it from one to another and around it would go until all were satisfied.

Indian Chiefs

Pe Pe Yah was chief of this tribe of Pottawattomies and Pokagon was a great chief. He was quite a gentleman and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He visited the sugar camps before mentioned in the spring of 1836 and died at Pokagon a few years later. It is said that his remains lie buried beneath the altar of the Silver Creek Catholic church.

Among the Indians who had sugar camps in the Southwest part of this township in the spring of 1836, I remember Pe Pe Yah, White Wolf, Cah Cah, and Ash Ka Pe.

Old Shavehead

Old Shavehead was there also. He was an ugly looking old fellow with a head as void of hair as a pumpkin. He claimed to be 100 years old and a great warrior, claiming to have slain an even 99 men before he died. But he died at one of the sugar camps in the Spring of 1837 and his body was carried by my camp wrapped in a blanket and resting upon a section of an old store counter. He was buried on the Pe Pe Yah farm. Others might continue his history if living, but I think they are not. Perhaps his cranium is yet in the possession of some of our physicians.

The old fellow received a severe punishment at the hands of a Mr. Shaefer on Big Prairie Ronde in an early day. He met Shaefer on the road and demanded some provisions he had in his wagon. While seeming to comply with his demand Shaefer got within reach of the old rascal and with the butt of his whip knocked him down and punished him to his own satisfaction.

In the spring of 1836 Joseph Luce and myself opened a sugar camp on the land now owned by George or William Lyle, and I made sugar there every year with two exceptions for over thirty years.

Naming Eagle Lake

During the sugar season of 1936 I constructed a canoe at my camp which three of us carried on our backs to Eagle Lake and we were probably the first white men that ever floated on its waters or fished in them. Henry Rhodes and myself had a cold bath there soon after. While fishing one night, our canoe overturned spilling us, fish and all, into the lake.

During that spring a pair of bald eagles built a nest in the forks of a great white wood which stood on its Southern shore and there reared its young. We attempted to dislodge them with rifle shots but failed, hence we called that beautiful sheet of water Eagle Lake, and no one has attempted to steal or change its name as with some other lakes in the township.

Mound Builders

Concerning the mounds and garden beds that were so plentiful here in an early day, history is silent and so is tradition, the Indians having none concerning them. There were several mounds on my farm between Three and Four Mile Lakes. They were about four feet high and two or three rods across. On them were growing oak trees two feet in diameter. There was no sag or depression around them, therefore the earth must have been scraped up from the surface of a large space. We opened one of these mounds when we first came here. Even with the surface of the ground surrounding it, we found a mass of bones, arrowheads and a few trinkets.

The skulls were intact with the teeth all in place. One could be placed over an ordinary head. The arm and leg bones were each some inches longer than those of the men of the present day. The field where these mounds were has been cultivated for forty years, and they are quite prominent mounds yet.

The John Rosevelt Homestead In Keeler Township, Van Buren County

By Kathryn Stanard.

(This is the eleventh story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest written under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of History and Science in the Decatur Public schools.)

(Concluded from last week.)

80 Acres of Timber Left

The original farm consists of 80 acres of timber and about 300 acres of farm land on which stock and grain are raised. The principal crops are corn, Poland China higs, and alfalfa. Some wheat is usually raised, but not so much as in grandfather's day. There are sheep also and some Guernsey cows.

Ted Rosevelt is a graduate of the Agriculture department of Michigan State College at East Lansing. Like his father, he has a definite soil building program. At present he is supervisor of Keeler township as was his grandfather before him.

The following is a copy of the land grant given to Mr. Keeler by the General Land Grant Office:

THE ROSEVELT HOMESTEAD
Department of the Interior
General Land Office

Washington, D. C., June 27, 1901.

I, Bniger Herniann, Commissioner of the General Land Office, do hereby certify that the annexed copy of patent in favor of Wolcott H. Keeler, founded on Bronson, Michigan cash entry No. 8561, is a true and literal exemplification from the record in this office.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the seal of this office to be affixed, at the city of Washington, on the day and year above written.

Commissioner of
General Land Office.

In 1850 John Veeder Roosevelt bought the Keeler property in Michigan. The bill and receipt for some of the tools and stock are as follows:

Perinton, Oct. 21, 1850.

John V. Rosevelt.

Bought of W. H. Keeler property in Michigan as follows:

2 Ox sleds	$ 7.00
1 Bush hook	1.50
1 Sow and pigs	6.00
2 Gals. oil	2.00
1 Cauldron kettle	6.50
3 Harness	30.00
1 Buggy	50.00
1 Yoke oxen	70.00
97 Sheep	121.25
1 Ram	7.50
14 Lambs	14.00
	$315.75

Rec. of Rosevelt.

½ Saw and rig	$ 6.00
2 Iron kettles	6.50
1 Double harness	20.00
1 Cutter and 1 sleigh	25.00
1 Span horses	150.00
1 Gang plough	5.00
1 Churn	.75
8½ Cords wood	19.12
Sundry articles	18.00
	$250.37
	$65.38
Int. on note at Oct. 1, 1857.	$40.76
	$106.14

Rec. cash and property in full Nov. 7, 1857. W. H. Keeler.

ELKHORN TAVERN NOW 102 YEARS OLD

Where First Settlers Here Held 'Secession' Meeting Planning To Form New Township.

Elkhorn Tavern still standing on the T. J. Rosevelt farm in east Keeler is now Van Buren county's best preserved relic of historic stage coach days. It was built in 1836 and Stephen A. Douglas once wrote his name on its window pane with his diamond ring, and the brick mansion that John Rosevelt built with $20,000 in "greenbacks" accumulated during the Civil war, relics of stage coach days still stand in Keeler.

Lone relic of the days when as many as twenty stage coaches daily rumbled over Territorial road through Keeler township, still one of the most scenic highways in all southwestern Michigan, historic Elkhorn Tavern stands on the farm of Supervisor T. J. (Ted) Rosevelt, two and one-half miles east of Keeler village.

It is a tenant house now, its frame of hewn oak timbers standing as plumb and foursquare as when it was erected 102 years ago.

A lean-to that formed the tavern kitchen and the dining room where fatigued travelers refreshed themselves, has been moved back and is a tool shed. The old stage barn, where horses, weary after the first lap of the stage carriage run from St. Joseph, were stabled and fresh horses were harnessed for the dash to Paw Paw, is still the horse barn on the Rosevelt place. Both are built of the same heavy timbers, laboriously hewed by hand long before saw mills began eating into Keeler's virgin forests.

The spreading antlers of an elk, which hung above the tavern door as the insignia of Elkhorn Tavern, still repose in the attic of the Rosevelt home.

Many dignitaries of the period passed beneath those elkhorns to gain the hospitable shelter of the tavern. Among them was Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, famed in American history as United States senator and presidential opponent of Abraham Lincoln.

Upon the only occasion that he is known to have been a guest there, Douglas scratched his signature upon a tavern window pane with his diamond ring. For 50 years that signature was pointed to as proof that the country's celebrities once traveled by stage coach, but years ago some vandal stole the window pane and the most prized relic of Elkhorn Tavern was lost.

The tavern was built in 1836 by Wolcott H. Keeler, who arrived in Keeler from New York on June 20, 1835. It is conceded that John and James Nesbitt, natives of Ireland, were the first white settlers in Keeler in 1834, but there is an old feud as to whether Keeler or Tobias Byers, a Pennsylvanian came next. Records in the land office at Bronson indicate that the home belonged to Byers by at least a week's margin.

Keeler bought 40 acres of land from the Nesbitts, who had just homesteaded a large tract for $5 per acre. Going to the Bronson land office he located 440 acres more at 10 shillings per acre.

In 1835 John Allen of Brush Creek, now Lawrence, took a contract for carrying the mail from Lawrence to St. Joseph and established a stage coach line. The stage road, a sandy trail, was then being opened as the Territoral road from St. Joseph to Keeler. Allen built a road from Reynolds Tavern on the east line of Lawrence township to Brush Creek, and from there to Keeler, meeting the Territorial road blazers from St. Joseph near the subsequent site of Elkhorn Tavern.

Taking advantage of the promised development in transportation, Keeler built his tavern. Lafayette township then comprised practically all of Van Buren county. Planning 'secession' and the formation of a township of their own, the early settlers of Keeler, Hartford, Lawrence, and Hamilton gathered at Keeler's place for a rump "town meetin'." At the conclusion of their deliberations they held a 'raisin'' and put up the frame for the tavern.

Their "secession" meeting bore fruit. The following year the legislature divided Lafayette into two townships and Keeler and Hamilton were set aside as Covington township.

In 1839 Covington was divided into Hamilton and Keeler townships and Hartford was taken from Lawrence and made a part of Keeler. Twenty-nine men attended the first town meeting in 1839 and 3 Hartford men, B. A. Olney, T. Conklin, and R. B. Evertes, were elected to township office. Keeler men elected to other offices were J. Hill, first supervisor, E. H. Keeler, Lyman Hill, B. F. Chadwick, W. H. Keeler and Tobias Byers.

Hartford was set aside from Keeler township in 1840, four years after Elkhorn Tavern was erected.

To Wolcott H. Keeler the tavern was the nucleus around which a village was to be built. He opened a store and plotted the present Rosevelt farm into Keelerville, which proved to be only another paper town.

A few bodies were buried in the cemetery plot he set aside, but these were moved a few years later to the present Keeler cemetery where Keeler center sprang up and proved the more popular town site.

But landlord Keeler continued to run his tavern and cater to travelers. As many as ten coaches each way a day ran over the route and guests were plentiful for his tavern was one of the most popular on the route.

In 1850 a young man, just 21, and who had come into possession of an inheritance, stepped off a stage coach to spend the night at Elkhorn Tavern. He was John Rosevelt from New York enroute to Illinois. The young man bore news from the east and he and Keeler spent the night visiting.

By that time the M. C. R. R. had been extended from Kalamazoo to Niles and stage coaches and travelers were growing fewer. Tavern trade was falling off. Young Rosevelt learned that Keeler wanted to sell and before daylight he used his inheritance to buy Elkhorn Tavern, and Keeler's 480 acres of land.

Rosevelt was not interested in Tavern keeping. He wanted a farm and began clearing the land, which was among the most fertile in the township and is still rated as one of Keeler's finest farms.

Young Rosevelt endured all the hardships of a pioneer farmer but by the time the Civil War opened, his land was largely under cultivation. Then prices began to soar. Wheat raced up to $3.50 per bushel and Rosevelt had broad wheat fields.

By the time the post war boom began to wane John Rosevelt had $20,000 in the bank and all debts paid. In 1868 he set about the building of a house for his family which was to be the finest round about. It was to be of brick and of mansion proportions.

When the house was finished his fortune of $20,000 laboriously accumulated in the green backs of that period, was gone. It is a family tradition that he never saw $20,000 in surplus funds again.

But the brick house still stands as one of the show places of Keeler and is known as one of the most hospitable homes in the countryside.

"Ted" Rosevelt, present supervisor of Keeler township is the third Rosevelt to operate the place. His father, the late Charles Rosevelt, inherited it from his father, John Rosevelt.

W. Keeler gradually drifted away from Keeler, but the township continues to bear the name of that hardy adventurer who chose a site on the then new Territorial road stage coach route and built a tavern that still stands.

On June 20, 1935, one hundred years to a day after the arrival of her grandfather, Wolcott H. Keeler, upon the site of what he platted as Keelerville, Mrs. Charles Palmer of St. Charles, Iowa, came to visit the old tavern and the Rosevelt home, a centennial commemoration of the important part her ancestors played in the founding of Keeler.

The Rosevelt family with its long list of distinguished ancestors has built and furnished a home of historic interest of which this community may well be proud.

Early Day Killing Told on Tombstone

(This is a newspaper clipping brought to the Republican by a reader. It appears to be 15 or 20 years old. We think it was written by Mrs. Rena Smith of Paw Paw. The killing was one of the sensational events in the history of Decatur. We remember Daniel Carney well. He was a powerful man, even in his later years, but Joe Pierson has become rated in succeeding decades as a man of giant strength, almost a Paul Bunyan, and of course our home town mason was no match for him. From early boyhood we knew the story of the fight, between Carney and Pierson and admired the iron nerve of our next door neighbor for his fearlessness. Daniel Carney and Harvey Taylor, masons, and Sidney Sweetland, carpenter, built the Republican office in 1900.)

PAW PAW, Aug. 4.—In the Clapp cemetery, one of the oldest in this community, situated 1 mile north of Paw Paw, is a headstone with the strange inscription, "Joseph P. Pierson, killed by Aaron Sweet February 25, 1869, aged 28 years."

Why the victim was buried in the local graveyard, no one is able to tell, as Pierson was a native of Decatur.

As the story goes, Pierson was a powerful man about the town and when under the influence of liquor there wasn't a man who could handle him.

No Man Match For Him

One evening when Dan Carney, Sr., a stone mason and a very strong man, told a group of onlookers that he could take care of Joe, the crowd left the saloon and closed the door. They kept the door shut and in a few moments Dan called for help. The next call came "Let me out, he's killing me."

The gang outside would not give in and open the door; they were bent on seeing Dan keep his bargain, so they kept the door shut. Ed. Carney, however, a brother of Dan, drew a gun and shouted, "Let him out or I'll shoot to kill." The crowd knew he meant that. They opened the door. It took several of the strongest men to conquer the man from across the Decatur swamp.

Shot By Night Watchman

The night that Pierson was shot was a bitter cold one in February. Dick Ecker was the bartender in the Downs House, in Decatur. There were the usual number of loungers in the saloon and lobby. Among them were Capt. Beebe and Edward Farmer who were waiting for the night train. They were going to Washington, D. C., to get the postoffice for Beebe.

Pierson was in a fighting mood and Ecker sent out for the night watchman, Aaron Sweet. Sweet was a little man, but went fearlessly into the barroom, where Pierson made a rush for him.

He chased Sweet around the billiard tables and finally made one leap onto a table and another onto the officer, crushing him to the floor.

As they rolled onto the floor, Sweet worked his revolver out of his pocket and brought it to Pierson's head. With waning strength he pulled the trigger.

The mighty fighter died almost instantly.

The Downs hotel, a wooden building located across from where the Decatur post office now stands flourished for many years. The Charles Brigham building has now replaced the old hotel.

In the days when Joe Pierson was in his prime, Decatur was a lively frontier town. It had no less than five hotels, as many lawyers, and 11 saloons, and men like Pierson to provide the excitement.

The story behind the strange marker which stands today quite forgotten in a Paw Paw cemetery was authenticated by Dana P. Smith, local historian, and Editor Arba Moulton of the Decatur Republican.

CARNEY, Mr. Henry M. Sr. 919 Stockbridge Ave.—

Passed away Friday morning at Bronson Hospital after a two week illness. Mr. Carney was born August 22, 1878 in Decatur, Michigan, son of Edward and Rosetta Ann Campbell Carney, moving to Kalamazoo in 1901. He was employed by the Michigan Central Railroad for 45 years and was yard master in Kalamazoo for several years, retiring in 1943. He was a life member of Anchor Lodge of S.O. No. 87 F&AM. On March 9, 1900 he was married to Amanda Grossman of Jackson. Surviving are: his wife, Amanda; 3 sons, E. Seaton Carney of Waukesha, Wis., Henry M. Carney, Jr. of Dundee, Oregon and Kenneth Carney of Kalamazoo; one daughter, Mrs. Naomi Alderman of Westwood, Los Angeles, Calif.; 4 grandchildren; one great-grandchild. Friends are being received at the Wagar & Clark Chapel where funeral services will be held Monday morning at 11 a.m., Dr. Charles Johnson and Anchor Lodge of S.O. No. 87 F&AM officiating. Interment in the family lot, Woodland Cemetery, Jackson.

CELEBRATION BEGINS TODAY

Decatur's Centennial celebration is going strong today and the village is expected to entertain many visitors during the remainder of the week. The rides and concessions are furnished by the J. C. Weer Amusement Company of South Bend.

Mr. Weer is in charge and he is ably assisted by Mrs. Weer and about a dozen capable employes. He arrived from Walkerton, 25 miles southwest of South Bend, Sunday.

The work of setting up the rides and concessions began Monday morning and furnished some excitement and diversion from the regular routine of a hot summer day in town. All of the attractions are on Main street which will be closed to traffic while the celebration is in progress.

The merry go round is at the crossing of Main and Sherwood streets, the Ferris wheel is at the Delaware street crossing and the chair-o-plane near St. Mary's street.

J. C. Weer stands high in the entertainment field. His rides are attractive and the concessions he brings are carefully selected. He refused to sponsor a chuck luck game. He has been in the business ten years and this is the only town he has worked in this year which has been a "first appearance." He has the concessions in his line at the Hartford fair this fall.

ADVERTISING THE CELEBRATION

Decatur's Centennial celebration was advertised in the surrounding towns last week Thursday afternoon. Six auto loads including the home made band started out from the Ford garage at one o'clock.

The route was from Decatur to Cassopolis, Marcellus, Lawton, Paw Paw, Lawrence, Hartford, Keeler and Decatur.

Those who drove their autos were F. G. Rafter, Elmer Woolfe, S. N. Eckenberger, Russel Calbetzor, A. R. Woolfe, Warren Mosier and Kermit Washburn.

At each town the band played and young people distributed bills. The band has been worked up for the occasion. The members have been practicing at the school house under the direction of S. N. Eckenberger for the past month and their playing is so good that many people ask why we need an outside band for band concerts.

Those who played on the advertising trip were W. T. Beek, S. N. Eckenberger, William Cooper, cornets; Warren Mosier, Kermit Washburn, Harold Cooper, trombones; Max Kinney and Oliver Shumway, altos; Margaret Schonbok, Jean McKee, flutes; Arnold Hamlin, clarinet; Howard Walbridge, bass drum; Elmer Woolfe, Joe Knoll, Marian McKee, drums.

Decatur Had Fine Display of Relics In Local Store Windows

By Elwood Scott.

Many of the antiques on display during the celery festival were not mentioned last week for lack of space, but Kenneth Lyle with numberless old family treasures had an entire window in Dyer's store filled with reminders of the past. Among them was a copper kettle which was much preferred by the old timers for making apple butter, because they felt certain the coloring and flavor would be better. In those early times stone jars and lids were used to can fruit because glass cans had not been invented. The first Mason jar has the date, November 30th, 1858. That early type crockery jar had the lids sealed with clay before sealing wax became common. Mostly dried fruits and preserves were all our ancestors had. In the Vernona Shop, Florence High had a syrup pitcher with a pewter top which first poured its sweetness in 1672, a trifling 276 years ago.

Gale had a Paisley shawl, highly prized by the ladies of a century ago, and Abrams store had a silk piece work quilt made in 1820. Newell's had a jar of flat candies with mottoes on them which were popular until sixty-five years ago. Beek's window had a full set of white china doll dishes which little girls "played house" with seventy-five years and longer ago. John Smith loaned a wicker doll cab which never had any metal for the wheels, and was modern a long time ago. He also had a glass kerosene can with outer tin casing, patented in 1831, and many people still living carried their lamp oil in just such containers before anyone had seen an electric light.

Lowell Mattox had an exact copy of the famous Bowie knife, the original of which sold in pioneer days at $100. These knives had a cutting edge probably never equalled in world history. The inventor died while trying to tell a friend how they were made.

Ted Rosevelt had two hand-forged wolf traps which were brought to Michigan by his grandfather in 1835, and no telling how old they were then.

Also there were two husking pegs from the times when all corn was shucked by hand, and without gloves, but on cold mornings it was no job for a sissy. One of these pins was made of deer horn and the other of bone, with carved ornamentation. To tell their age is pure guesswork.

Hugh Cory had a Seth Thomas clock that probably started to tick before your grandfather was born. He also had a cast iron toy railway engine with free running wheels. Not so old, but it first delighted boys about sixty-five years ago. Mrs. Murl Abrams furnished a heavy crockery-faced washboard that was bought when Lincoln was elected president. Bert Kidman had a plow from the early nineties that by a clever arrangement always threw the furrow down hill.

Charles Abrams, of Corwin, brought in a dinner bell that was cast right here in Decatur in 1876.

Rusty Calbetzor had a typewriter that did not have separate letters on flying arms, but wrote with a revolving cylinder, an inch and a half across, with the letters and figures on it. John Rice had a pair of wooden top skates with the runners curling high over the toes, Klein's patent, 1856; Herschel Morris had another pair, imported from Holland, with extremely long thin runners, which must have been purchased when rail fences were the only kind known in the rural sections.

Nev. Everett had a land grant signed April 1st, 1831, by Andrew Jackson; there was another signed the same day, but we have forgotten the name of the owner. Newell's had an old flat oilstone in a dugout wooden case with carved date, 1781. The American Express company sent a miniature stage coach, complete with old time trunks and chests, with driver and armed guard, and drawn by four horses. It was a reminder of the times when railroads were few, or had not reached many parts of the country. Decatur was highly honored by the New York Central by the arrival of a train composed of a modern freight car, a new auto carrier, the latest type passenger car, and a monstrous and most up-to-date Diesel engine.

Just to remind you that times and customs have changed, Hazel Kelsey loaned a tinder box with the flint and steel. The latter was probably a piece of an old hand-made file, and the flint was a spearhead, the prized possession of some Indian brave of the far distant past. In the early days of this country people kept fires constantly, though often deeply banked in ashes, as fires had to be lit with flints. The alternative was to go to a neighbor and borrow live coals. Brimstone matches had been known a long time, but each match stick had to be whittled separately, and dipped the same way. In 1842 a machine was invented which did this work, but matches were far from common a long time after that. The old time smokers prided themselves

on their ability to pick up coals with their fingers to light their pipes. Papers were made into tight little rolls and crimped over at the large end, to be used as a lamp lighter. Often they were used several times; no good housewife would use more than two or three matches a day.

For a long time in the country's history all cooking and heating of homes was done by fireplaces; often doors were built in on both sides of the huge fireplace and a horse, or ox, dragged in the heavy backlog. All the houses were built of logs with the chimney laid up with stones set in clay, for there was no lime for making mortar.

It is difficult to realize the vast changes that have taken place since some of those relics we saw last week were made. Indeed, some of those articles formed by the white race were used long before there was even a cross-country oxcart road in Michigan. Those old wagon trails paid no heed to section lines, or directions. They merely wound through the limitless expanse of trees, avoiding the hills, lakes, creeks and ponds; some of those old shallow lake beds are plowed fields today.. Several attempts at making stoves proved unsuccessful. The first ones were merely round-bottomed kettles with a movable cover. Benjamin Franklin invented one in 1744, but it was 1850 before heaters made much improvement. Much of the food of those bygone days was soup, or stews. Meat was roasted on a turning rod of iron, then called a "spit."

Hay was cut with a scythe, small grain with a cradle, both being raked with a wooden toothed hand rake. Also both were handled with wooden pitchforks. Charlie Killitts showed one in Gale's window. Machine reapers did not amount to much until 1855; these cut the grain and dumped it in bundles to be tied by hand. Wire binders came out in 1870, but pieces of wire in the threshed grain often ruined the mill stones. The Appleby knotter for using twine came in 1859, but those binders had little common use until the 80's.

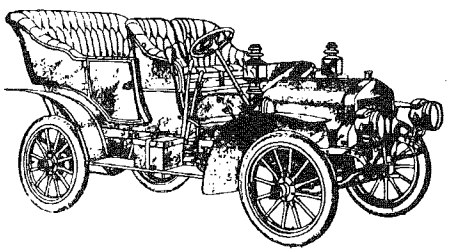
Plows have been used for four thousand years, but they were only forked trees which stirred the ground and did not throw a furrow. Our American forefathers added strips of steel, or iron to the points; along about 1800 the wooden moldboard made its appearance, and later this was covered with sheet iron.

The founder of the Oliver Plow Works, and John Deere have both been credited with producing the forerunner of the modern plow.

Most homes had only rough handmade stools and benches,,and in those days tomatoes were considered poisonous, and were grown for their beauty, as "love apples." Axes cut most of the fuel for the fireplaces, as the early crosscut saws were backbreakers, and few knew how to file, or adjust them. Three cords per day was big production. The Tuttle toothed saw, invented right here in Van Buren county, differs little from the saws of today, and was considered a revelation; men drove miles to see the new implement that could cut seven cords per day much easier than the old type could cut three.

In Weaver's window was a very long barreled gun which was proudly carried in the Revolutionary war as a primitive flintlock. Later it was converted into a percussion cap rifle, and no doubt used for many years. What strange tales it could tell if it possessed memory and speech.

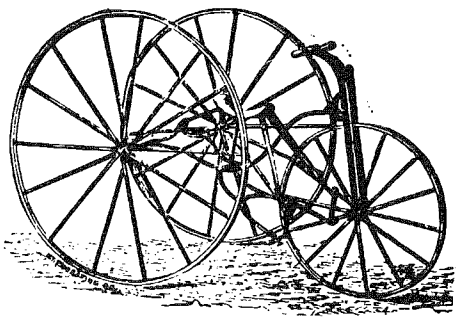
The old days of hardship are gone, and we should be thankful for the comforts and luxuries of today, which in the olden times were unknown.



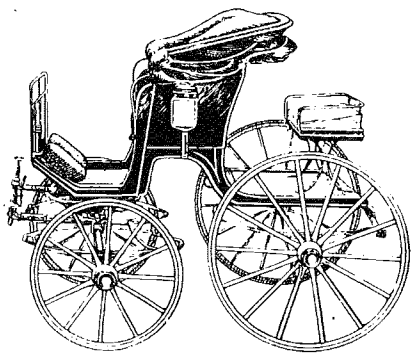
Antiques on Display

Decatur's Centennial week has passed and the store windows were filled with treasures from grandfather's day and older times. These precious heirlooms opened the floodgates of memory, and brought back scenes of long ago, and not a few sighs of regret.

What window had the finest relics? What bit of antiquity was dearest to your eyes? No one can answer that but you, your own heart must make that choice. What object should be the most revered, what was the oldest made by human hands? There was a half inch thick piece of copper in Glenn Weaver's window that may have been brought here by glacial action; yet it might have been fashioned by the clever hands of some ancient craftsman, or was it the work of that mysterious Power that we call God? . There were hundreds of arrowheads ranging from poor materials and poorer workmanship up to rich volcanic glass, or black flint, the exquisite creations of true artists. Judging from the many types of stone age implements, many waves or different tribes of Indians must have surged through Michigan when the magnificent, unbroken forest had only the beaten trails of wild animals skirting its lakes and rivers. There was a little hardened copper knife with a tiny hole drilled in the handle end, and forged by the Mound Builders; the groping mind of men had made an important discovery in first learning to use metal.



There was a heavy round stone the squaws used to roll back and forth in a hollow log to crush corn and acorns into meal; but the White Man came with the steel axe, and other marvellous inventions: There was an old heavy up and down saw run by the waters of the creek had converted the logs into splendid boards; strong arms hewed other logs into beams with broadaxes; the frow was invented to split three foot whitewood, or white ash logs into "shakes," or shingles, as they were called later. And there was a contraption with the handle like a plane, with a knife in it that was used to cut thin boards into lath, all by hand;; now houses were plastered, and man was improving.



Not unimportant were the guns which protected the pioneer from the attacks of savages, and provided deer and bear meat for his table; what a sight these were for the old timer to view.

Prominent in the scene were the carders that readied the wool for the spinning wheel that spun the yarn to make the clothing when buckskin was not used.

The little reading that was done by the first generation of pioneers was often from the Bible, and before our eyes were the various patterns of candlesticks that once held the tallow dips, or the candles often cast in tin molds, two dozen at a time. In Oscar Newell's window was an extremely old primitive kerosene lantern, probably one of the first of its kind; no doubt it was the pride and joy of someone in the days that are gone. In other windows were old oil lamps that once were proudly set in the center of the table when important company arrived for the evening.

Beautiful old dishes suggested feasts of roast pig, venison, or wild turkey, topped off with a big piece of pie made from wild blackberries. Also there were old jugs of strange shapes that came from "York State" with the first settlers, and it is one guess that they once held the old timer's favorite snakebite remedy. Just to name the numerous utensils and implements would require several pages, but they bring back the recollections of days when fourteen hours of hard, steady work was called for each day, and luxury was unknown. The founders of the country would have starved to death if they had tried the eight hour day and the five day week.

But those old hardy ones who hewed their homes from the tough, resisting forest loved grace and beauty, even as they toiled the back aching, heart breaking hours. Every tool they had, metal or wood, had to be made by hand, but in the spare time of winter days they turned out many choice pieces of craftsmanship.

Needlework from the days long before the sewing machine was invented made the eyes stare in wonderment; long dresses for the babies, lace caps for the grandmothers, bed spreads, and baby shoes worn by feet that have long since traveled back to the dust. There were fancy gowns worn by the belles before the Civil War, and several wedding dresses worn by great women who raised large families of true Americans and toiled incessantly with primitive household furnishings. Three legged iron skillets and kettles for the flagstone fireplace hearth, tall tin, or stone dash churns, a crockery washboard, bought when Lincoln was elected president.

The styles of clothing worn by those old cabin ladies cause us to smile today, but much of our modern stuff will seem ridiculous and outlandish a hundred years from now.

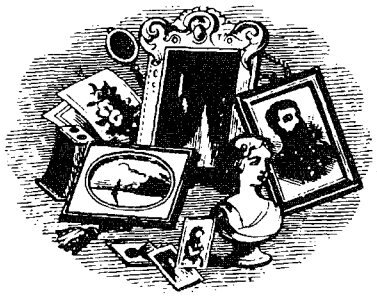
J. G. Hirst loaned two curly black walnut boards about three feet wide that would have been prizes from the first day of Michigan's first sawmill. The windows were filled with rare old books: arithmetics and readers studied by our great, great grandfathers; religious books and bibles, some of which bore dates of more than three hundred years ago.

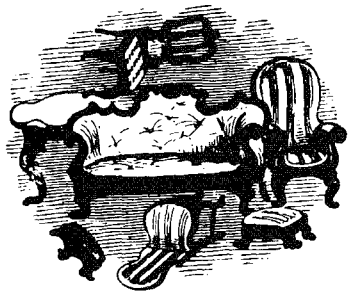
Outstanding in the toy line were two rag dolls made by loving hands about 1855. One with huckleberry pattern cloth was the original dress, the other was perhaps thirty years younger; representing the modes of that day, these feminine playthings wore white pantalettes, the new look of ninety-odd years ago; there were from the Broks Photo Studio in Dowagiac.

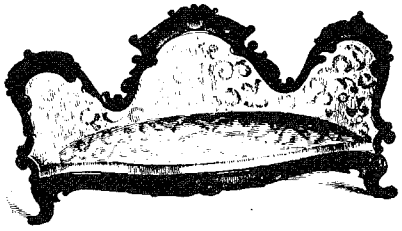
Fox's store had a complete ox yoke, ox split shoes, and a pair of brass trimmed ox horns, each with nearly a four foot and a half span. And Gale had a two wheeled outfit pushed by hand to pick up the grain after it was cradled so it could be bound by hand. Kaplen had a lot of stuff like the old fashioned groceries.

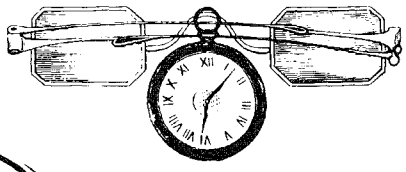
Earl Copley had a lot of old account books, photos, and other old historic papers reaching back into Decatur's youngest days.

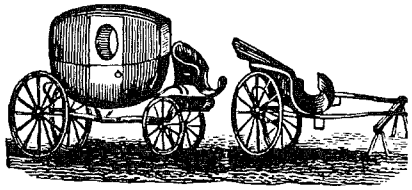
Many fine interesting objects have not been mentioned for lack of room, but we should all be grateful to the merchants who gave so generously of their window space.

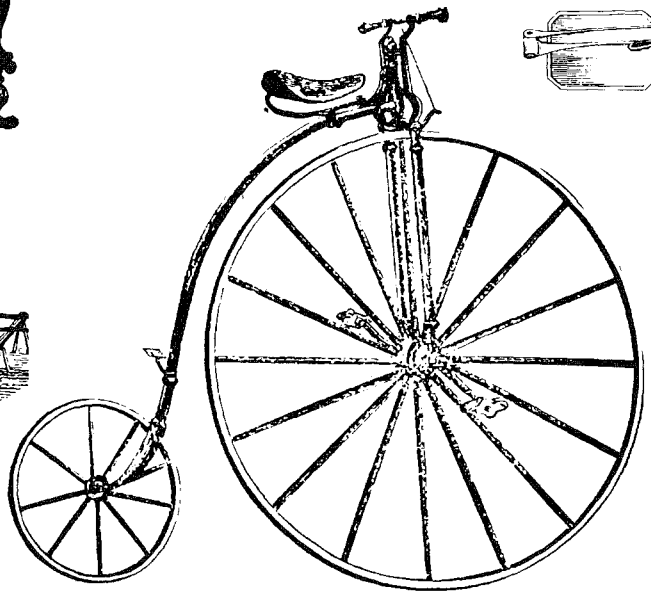


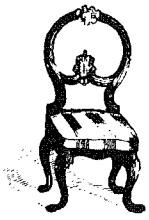


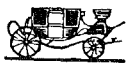












Christianity and Civilization Among the Potawatami of Indiana and Michigan

Excerpts taken from Father Baroux's letters to his supervisor concerning the history of the Potawatami in Silver Creek, north of Dowagiac. The introduction was written by Rt. Rev. E. D. Kelly of Detroit.

Written in 1913.

(Entered by Donald Moline and Marvin Peterson under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science, as a continuation of the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contest.)

Father Baroux began missionary work in America in 1848.

My dear Superior:

Since receiving your letter about two years ago, I have frequently reproached myself for my silence. I have keenly desired on the one hand to satisfy your wishes by writing the history of the tribe of the Potawatami confided to my charge here in Michigan, but on the other hand it is distasteful to me to thus come out of my sweet retirement and exploit myself in the broad light of publicity.

I believe, however, that duty on my part impels me to accede to your wishes and entrust to you the history of these poor savages. I must be mindful that in giving you this pleasure I am not releasing myself from a debt of gratitude.

You, even you, have evangelized these dear children of the forest during my absence preaching to other people in the tropical East Indies; you have consoled them; you have visited them and your appearance in the midst of them was an unspeakable good fortune which they will never forget. Through the inscrutable designs of Providence I was destined after long suffering to return to Asia, to pass one year in France recuperating my strength, and finally to return to this mission which my enforced absence had made more dear to me.

And you, Monsieur le Superior, after having labored with such zeal in this so interesting Michigan mission, have left us but only to labor in a similar cause, the preparation of other missionaries in the American College of Louvain. If you are now far away from the center of your 1st Apostolic labors your offections continually recall you here, and I appreciate the desires of your heart demanding fresh sacrifices in the interest of a country so dear.

During your very short sojourn in America, it was easy for you, Monsieur le Superior, to understand and perceive at a glance the needs of our missions in Michigan. You are now able to see what an extensive and fruitful field expands itself before the zeal of the missionary who desires to consecrate his entire existence to the glory of God. With me, during two years, you have visited my dear people of Silver Creek and Nakanek-Kenbess. The piety of the Potawatami has touched you; their lively faith has made impressions upon you as I can see by your letter. It is necessary to understand the history of their persecutions, to see face to face, the victims of the white man's double dealing, to consider well their patience and their saintly resignation, in order to comprehend the sublimity and nobility of these newly made Christian souls.

To accomplish properly the task you demand from me, time and reflection are necessary. Long drives and various occupations distract me in doing a work so long expected by you.

It is more than six years since I first came among the Potawatami . I was young then. I arrived in America with impressions more or less erroneous concerning the Indians whom we call the Red Skins. When I came face to face with these children of the forest I experienced an indefinable sensation and one which cannot be expressed in any sort of language. When we left Europe we had strange ideas of savages! Our imagination represented them as barbarious. I often laugh at the simplicity of those who in 1848 believed in my country that my Indians had devoured me. To a great many people in Europe Indian or Savage is always synonymous with Man Eater. Indeed there are not in Michigan savages who would devour one, but there are nevertheless, in America 300,000 Indians or more, who are plunged in the darkness of infidelity. The very interesting letters of Father de Smet are full of knowledge on the conditions of these Indians. A great number of their tribes cultivate a dislike towards one another, they pursue one another with unrelenting hate; they are continually at war and threaten mutual destruction. We find a reason for these wars of extermination in the disparity of the tribes, and the vast solitudes of the forests formerly traversed by them.

They say in France that in 100 years this race of people will entirely disappear. That is not my way of thinking. The teachings of the Gospel will give them a new viewpoint and perspective and introduce them to civilization, and the race will perpetuate itself in the oncoming cycles. We have Christianized Indians whom we do not see decaying and race-suiciding any more than the European colonies transplanted to these far off shores. Superficial and unfounded opinions which the world conceives as incontestible truths only prove that the Europeans have a very limited knowledge of America.

One serious thought often gives me pain: it is to understand or comprehend the future of these American states where civilization has penetrated, and where we have 300,000 pagan savages in immense as well as distant solitudes. We have an abundant harvest but the Gospel workers are very few in numbers and the spiritual wants of the civilized states are so great that they cannot be fulfilled. Hence some few missionaries must take the initiative in the conversion and direction of these Indians in their remote and almost inaccessible districts.

I have been much disturbed by reading a book which was brought back from Washington by Simon Pokagon, one of my Indians. It is a complete exposure of the efforts of American officials to propagate error among these savages. These proselyters show a zeal worthy of a better cause, while we Christians, doing little or nothing, look on as the work of Satan progresses.

Four years ago, as you remember, this part of Michigan which you have seen was a deep wilderness. You have traveled through these virgin forests for a whole week without finding any trace of civiliaztion. The savages were the lords of the country. They then possessed all the vast territory in the South of Michigan and in the North of Indiana.

White men coming from the old world desired a still greater expansion of territory here. Their inordinate ambition could not be content with the possession of more than 300 miles of country and so the poor Indian had to submit to the law of greater force. Might is right where no other principle is recognized; it was the survival of the fittest, at the expense of all justice. The Indian was compelled to sell, or have his land taken away from him by a presumed title which meant spoliation. Insignificant amounts were offered, promises made, treaties signed, but the whole transaction for the most part resembled rather a comedy than a serious act and the poor savage was finally forced to give up his forests, and to roam over the immense tracts of the West. If this forced exile had been planned with dignity, he would be fortunate, but the white man from the old world adds cruelty to spoliation by making an insolent and cruel soldiery accompany these unfortunate victims into their place of exile and to treat them with indignity. It does not astonish us today if the U. S. is receiving a fitting chastisement for these injustices.

They say it is better to see civilization prevail, and the forests cultivated than to permit the Indian to be master of the forests and to lead the life of a useless vagabond. I am perfectly of this opinion, but first of all make the savage appreciate our civilization. It is not robbing him with indignity and chastising him with cruelty that he will appreciate us. The savage has in his conscience an idea of justice and rights, of falsehood and of truth. We have taught him the vices of civilization and instructed him by our actions to despise us.

Of late, in Minnesota, the Sioux would perhaps not have committed such cruelties if they had not previously been the victims of revolting injustices. When I think of the conduct of the Europeans in regard to these people, I blush at our haughty pretentions.

We believe ourselves called to convert them; our American agents during their visits take the liberty of preaching to them, wishing to make

them appreciate our civilization, and in all their preaching there is one moral only on their lips. These agents are accompanied and followed by a large number of merchants and adventurers who sell their goods, often of a questionable quality, to say nothing more, at fabulous prices. Here is one instance among many others which shows the profit made by one of these merchants, whom I knew in Indiana. In his jewelry shop he had some needles which greatly aroused the curiosity of the savages. For the first time in their lives these childish people saw a great many attractive objects. They came to sell a portion of their land and to receive a certain sum of money; just like children who wish to possess and to buy everything they see, they pressed forward to make their purchases. The crafty merchant knows their weakness, he knows that the savage wishes to have the object of his curiosity at whatever price it be; then he asks an exorbitant price; each needle is sold for a dollar, that is to say a little more than five francs. Some of the Indians, however, are amazed; they cannot understand how so small an object can be sold at such a high price; but the clever knave is not disconcerted; he replies that the maker of needles is dead and that these are the last there are in the world; then all wish to procure some of them and the shop is soon exhausted. This is a sample of the thousand clever tricks resorted to by a great number of such adventurers, all of whom have made great fortunes. But Divine justice sooner or later takes its course and ruin is inevitable as I have often seen in this country. Brandy is sold largely under these circumstances and the usual consequences are always disputes, blows and sometimes murders.

My Potawatami were also obliged to suffer the same as the other Red Skins; they had to see their lands taken away and themselves driven to the Western Plains.

In 1827 an agent sent by the government of Washington made the savages the first propositions. They were at that time divided into five tribes each having its particular chief. All the first propositions were rejected as the savages were wise enough not to be deceived by words and false promises. The agent seeing his efforts useless had recourse to another expedient which reminds one of the history of the foundation of Carthage from the first book of the Aeneid of Virgil, verse 366:

Moenia surgentemque novae Carthaginis Arcem,
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Brysam
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.

He made a fine proposition to the savages. He promised them $200, that is to say a little more than 1000 francs, for a small space just large enough to be covered by a buffalo hide. Not suspecting any trick, these poor Indians consented willingly to the sale of this small space on such favorable conditions. The agreements were stipulated and signed on both sides and the agent prepared to take possession of his property.

The Red Skins could not understand the folly of the agent. They were not able to explain how a pale face, considered so clever, could pay a sum so enormous for a few feet of ground. They laughed at his simplicity to be so duped. Our sharp Yankee (American) laughed quietly to himself and prepared to play his trick. He cut the buffalo skin with care to reduce it to a fine thread of prodigious length; then with the aid of his accomplice he extended it in a way to make a circle of considerable size. The savages thoroughly dumfounded were not able to recover from their surprise. In vain they wished to protest. The agent set his stakes, he was now the owner of the land. "What does he intend to do," said the savages among themselves. What use can he make of a little land lost in the woods? It was not any mystery for our Yankee. He alone knew his plan of attack. Gold and silver could not win the savages but he resolved to try another means. He arranged to build a house on the new property and become a landlord or rather an inn-keeper. He distributed whiskey or brandy in profusion and very soon his aim was accomplished.

Four of these savages fell into the trap set for them. They became intoxicated frequently and their will power weakened. Pokagon, one of the five Chiefs, had enough strength and courage in his character to despise these means of corruption. The agent seeing him immovable obtained a kind of badge for him from the president at Washington, but this did not succeed either. Our agent tries again with the four chiefs. He lavished brandy on them and these men under the permicious influence of whiskey were very willing to sell a certain portion of their land. Pokagon was indignant at the weakness of his compatriots and his repeated efforts became powerless against the perfidious snares of our American. A longer resistance was useless. He was obliged to submit to sign that infamous treaty, of July 27, 1827, but he imposed one condition, that he be left in the country with the tribe which he governed. The agent did not wish to consent to this restriction but he could not conquer the obstinacy of Pokagon, and finally submitted to his wishes.

The first treaty was only a prelude to many others. They overcame the first difficulties. The government was patient and prepared the way for a treaty of much greater importance. The savages could not withstand the force of concessions. A larger tract of land was demanded; recourse was had to the same means. Brandy was poured out with profusion and the same results obtained. The second treaty was signed at Chicago the 26th and 27th of September, 1833.

Pokagon in spite of certain conditions in the treaties of 1827 and 1833 found himself the target of persecutions from the Government agents. He had reserved the right to remain in the country with his tribe but they wished to intimidate him and came upon him several times with an armed force to drive him West. The Government often regretted having made any concession to the chief and so had recourse to corruption. They offered $20, that is to say, 250 francs, to every person who would succeed by persuasion, fear or any species of fraud, in making an Indian join the Potawatami in Missouri. Twice with my own eyes have I seen well dressed men attempting to obtain this prize, by making themselves, in the language of the savages, merchants of human flesh; but all their efforts and threats failed before the innate love of the Indian for the forest in which he was born.

In the space of five months they had lost four chiefs and their tribe had been driven away. Pokagon saw himself isolated in a lonesome forest, and the remembrance of calamities which had come upon him and his people overwhelmed him. He sees far away for more than a dozen leagues on every side the land which he had sold, tilled and inhabited by people whose homes augment his vexation. The chief could not be comforted in the presence of such reverses; his life had become miserable; he ardently desired to depart from this world of corruption and iniquity so that he might see the Great Spirit whom he had loved and served so faithfully ever since he had known Him. His desires were soon gratified as God called him from this earth on July 8th, 1842, at the age of 62 years. So ended the life of a noble red man.

Note:—Father Baroux whose correspondence is translated above was born at St. Michel, France, March 25, 1817. August 13th, 1845, he became a novice at Notre Dame and made his profession in the Holy Cross order, March 17th, 1848. He died September 14th, 1897.

By proximity Notre Dame put him in touch with the Indian missions at Bertrand, Pokagon and Silver Creek. He organized the Indian mission at Rush Lake and Saugatuck and procured money from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith for the Churches in these two places.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

December 9, 1948.

AN OLD SONG

My name is William Halloday
As you may understand
I was born and brought up in Waterford,
In Erin's happy land.

I, being young and in my prime
And beauty on me shone
My parents doted on me
I, being their only son.

My father bound me to a trade,
In Waterford's fair town
He bound me to a cooper
By the name of William Brown.

I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more,
Till I shipped on board the Ocean Queen
Bound for Belfrasier shore.

And when we reached Belfrazier shore
I met with Captain Moore
Being captain of the Flying Cloud
Going out from Baltimore.

He asked me if I'd sail with him,
On a cruising voyage to go,
To the burning shores of Africa
Where the coffee seeds do grow.

Now the Flying Cloud was a skipper barge,
Five hundred ton or more,
She could easily sail by any ship
Going out from Baltimore.

Her sails were like the driven snow,
And on them were no specks,
She had twelve twenty-four pound cannon guns,
She carried on her decks.

'Twas after six weeks sailing
We reached the African shore,
Five hundred of the natives from
Their native home we bore.

We made them walk our plank, my boys,
And stowed them in below
Scarce eighteen inches to a man
Was all they had to go.

'Twas after three weeks sailing
We reached the Peruvian shore
We sold them to the planters there,
To be slaves forever more.

All for to hoe the rice and corn,
Beneath the burning sun:
To lead a tired and wretched life,
Till their careers were done.

At last our money all being gone,
We started out again;
When Captain Moore he came on deck,
And said to us, his men:

"There is a fortune to be had
For all who will remain,
We'll hoist aloft a pirate flag,
And scour the coast of Spain.

We all agreed but five young men,
Who wished to go on shore,
Oh, two of them were Boston lads,
And two from Baltimore.

The other was an Irishman,
Who had just come from Tymore,
How I wish I'd joined those five brave boys
And went with them on shore!

Oh many a ship we plundered,
Down on the Spanish main,
And many a widow and orphan left,
In sorrow to remain.

We made them walk our plank, my boys,
Gave them a watery grave,
For a saying of our Captain was,
That a dead man tells no tales.

'Twas early one morning,
When a gunboat hove in view,
She fired a shot across our deck,
The signal to give to.

But we gave to her no answer as
She flew before the wind,
When a chain shot struck our mizzen mast—
We soon did fall behind.

Our decks being cleared and ready,
As she sailed up 'long side;
And soon across our quarter deck,
There ran a crimson tide.

We fought till Captain Moore was killed,
And eighty of his men;
When a bomb shell set our ship on fire,
We were forced to surrender then.

And next we were brought before New Gates,
Bound down in irons strong,
To answer for the murdering and plundering,
Down on the Spanish main.

'Twas whiskey and bad company,
That made a wreck of me,
Beware then boys of my sad fate,
And shun bad company.

No more I'll see the hills and dales,
Or the girl I love so well;
And music, sweet music
Will reach my ears no more.

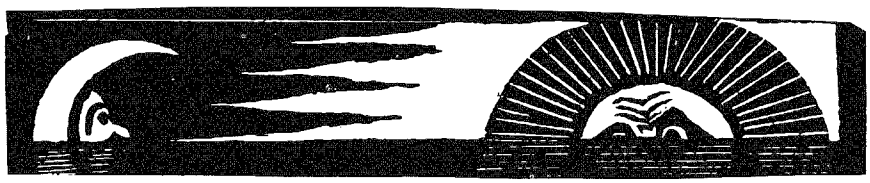
No more I'll kiss those ruby lips,
Or press that silk smooth hand,
For I will meet my fate,
Way down in a foreign land.

This old song we learned over fifty years ago. My brother, Fred, and I recalled it as we sat in front of the fireplace a few evenings ago. An open fire seems conducive for memory, and together we completed this long song. It may be too long for the space allotted me. However if it finds a place in the Republican I would be glad to know if any who read the paper are familiar with it. It has a real Burl Ives tune.

—Nellie Truesdell.

Jim—"When you asked the wallflower to dance, did she accept quickly?"

Jack—"I'll say she did. She was on my feet in an instant."



EAST DECATUR REMINISCENCES

Following up the East Decatur reminiscences Miss Nellie Howland of Jackson has written the following letter to Mrs. Florence High:

March 30, 1947.

Dear Florence,—

This isn't for the record exactly, but wish you would ask Ira Roberts if he remembers a Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hatch who, strange to say, lived in Grace's (Mrs. Roy Hinkley) house for a time. There were two children, Mable and Walter. They were younger than us. I thought they may have lived there during the years Grace spoke of.

Mrs. Hatch's maiden name was Sarah Doolittle and I think she was related to the Kirtlands.

Several years ago when in Decatur I went out to Grace's to see her mother, Mrs. Orris Roberts, and they showed me the napkin ring the East Decatur school children gave her. As Grace said it is beautiful. One could hardly realize it could retain so much beauty and lustre after so many years. We hear so much of the international silver on the radio I think it must be of that make.

Ira Roberts' sister's husband and family (the Ed. McAdams family) were our nearest neighbors for some years and always our closest friends.

March 24, Old Man Winter put in his hardest work here. We had some storms that were bad enough, but nothing like that. Not a wheel turned in Jackson from midnight Monday until Wednesday p. m. No mail, busses or transportation of any kind. Jackson seemed like the city of the dead. Things are just getting back in motion, and I hope winter is over for this season.

Your friend,
N. M. Howland.

The Hatch family could not have lived in East Decatur very long. Ira Roberts remembers the name but not well enough to say anything about them. He also remembers the Doolittles and they are associated in his mind with the Durkees and the Kirtlands. Perhaps others can tell more about these families.

Edgar Bergen Tells His Story

Joseph Kaye Put It On Paper and It Appears in the December Issue of True Story Magazine.

We were not long in learning of Bergen's life story as published in True Story magazine. One copy was loaned to the office and another purchased. It is on sale at the news stand, if there are any left. Several were impressed with the fact that he passed up Decatur, where he lived 11 years of his boyhood, without comment. His only mention of it being this line: "My father was in the dairy business in Chicago and previously had a farm in Decatur, Michigan." This might have been due to the fact that the writer did not know much about his young life here and failed to ask Edgar about it. Bergen surely has been good to Decatur and his visit here at our Centennial celebration in September gave the village national prominence.

The magazine story covers his entire life to date. The following are the opening paragraphs:

I always enjoy the chance to speak about myself and my family, for it's got to the point where I have to convince myself that I can stand on my own feet without Charlie's help. Sometimes I think I'm playing dummy to Charlie McCarthy. Once I introduced him to Eleanor Roosevelt—jokingly, I thought—and instinctively she held out her hand to shake his.

Some scholarly gentlemen have undertaken studies about me and Charlie; they think I'm growing jealous of him. And I do believe they're right. I know I try to branch off into all sorts of activities and enterprises just to make people understand that I'm a person in my own right, not just Charlie's stooge.

I try to be an actor without dummies—I was the undertaker in "I Remember Mama," I raise alfalfa, honey, dates, as a business—not good business so far. I've even dabbled in gold mining. And just to whittle away Charlie's importance, I've created competition for him in the personalities of Mortimer Snerd and Effie Klinker. But Charlie's a hardy gent and he keeps dominating me.

So it's a pleasure to talk about myself and Frances, my wife, and our little daughter, Candice Patricia. Of course, it's impossible to cut Charlie out altogether, but I'll keep him down to the little shaver he ought to be.

It seems to be the general impression that I am Swedish, but only my parents are from Sweden. I was born in Chicago. My full and unsimplified name is Edgar John Berggren. My father was in the dairy business in Chicago and previously had a farm in Decatur, Michigan.

So far as I know, no Berggrens had any yen for the stage. I got into show business by the simple method of dividing my school work with reading about magic. In my boyhood, books and pamphlets about "How You Can Be Popular Through Magic Tricks" were standard equipment with the youth of the country, and most of these volumes had a chapter on how to be a ventriloquist.

When I was about eleven, I tried to "throw" my voice according to instructions. One day Mother went to the door to answer a voice on the other side, and when she opened the door no one was there. It was then I knew that I, too, could be a ventriloquist, for the voice in the hall had come from me.

I went through grammar and high school a fairly diligent student, but I practiced the art of magic with equal care, and with special attention to "voice throwing," as it was mistakenly called. (Ventriloquism is a method of speaking with the mouth closed so that the voice seems to come from some distance.) I did indeed become somewhat popular at parties and dances through my new skill, and so I was launched on my future life work.

When I was sixteen I decided to design a dummy of my own, instead of working with a ready-made product. I knew a redheaded newsboy in Chicago who was pretty fresh in his general outlook on life, and one day in school, while the teacher wasn't looking, I sketched out Charlie McCarthy on my exercise book, making him as closely kin to the newsboy as I could.

I took the drawing to a man named Charles Mack who did wood-carving jobs in addition to his regular work as barkeeper. I told Mack I would call the dummy after him, hoping this honor would influence him to forego his fee. Mack said it would be a real pleasure to carve a namesake, but carefully specified the job would cost me thirty-five dollars, a fairly large sum to me then.

I got the money together and Charlie emerged out of a block of pine. Despite my disappointment in Mack, the name "Charlie McCarthy" seemed to fit, so I let it stand. Charlie at that time was not the suave man-about-town he is today, but a young roughneck (which he still is at heart).

With the new dummy I did better in my amateur performances. But as I grew older, I began to have some vague dreams about a dignified profession, and thought doctoring would give me a chance to be a credit to my family and community.

After I graduated from high school, I entered Northwestern University with the intention of laboring through a premedical course. My parents could not afford to spend much money on me, so Charlie and my magic tricks came in handy. Through them I was able to help out on my college financing.

I managed to graduate from the university with a degree, but by that time I was hopelessly involved in ventriloquism. I shelved the degree and set out to make a living through Charlie.

Old Time Parties

By Capitola Fassett

(Inspired by reports of the ready response of so many friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. George Goodrich of Hamilton when called to a wedding anniversary of this worthy couple. It was a regret not to be able to be there.)

Nothing like an old-time party
To keep us hale and hearty,
And take us back to days when we
were young;
To awaken loving memories—
Recognizing old acquaintance,
And remind us of the songs we've left
unsung.

'Tis refreshing to remember a long
ago December
When young folks could enjoy a
household dance;
With a sense of the protection akin
to real affection,
Which the homefolks, by their manner, would advance.

So where we're hale and hearty
And our kinfolks give a party,
Although we may be old and rather
prim;
While we may have long been single
Our feet commence to tingle,
Responsive to a vibrant violin.

So let us cherish ever,
(Though they be repeated never)
The happenings that to us were so
dear,
As like moonbeams, memories gather
In fair or stormy weather,
And tide us o'er the dark days of
the year.

Though sometimes the world seems
hollow,
We can strive His steps to follow,
Whether gaiety or sadness rules the
day;
And know The Spirit ever
Comprehends our least endeavor,
And holds a blessing ready all the
way.

"And now, among the fading embers, these in the main are my regrets: when I am right, no one remembers; when I am wrong, no one forgets."

JIM'S STORY ON G. A. R.

Fort Worth 6, Texas,
February 18, 1948.

Dear friend:

In response to your request as to the part John A. Logan took in the organization of the G. A. R., I will state that he took a very prominent part, but as the first notable work of the G. A. R. was the establishment and observing of Memorial day it is best first to consider the origin of this day of honoring the memory of those who fought and sacrificed to preserve the Union.

During the war many women of the South sought relief for their saddened spirits by strewing flowers upon the graves of their sons, husbands and fathers. Defeat increased this practice which soon became customary. Northern troops of occupation moving South in April and May of 1865, observed that confederate graves were being decorated in almost every community. This decoration commended itself to the Union troops and they thought it fitting that the lonely graves of Federal soldiers buried in the South should be remembered. So unorganized bodies of Unionists, frequently single individuals, joined in decorating the graves of those who had shed their blood to save the Union. The most noteworthy of these decorations, which attracted nation wide attention and which introduced the idea of Memorial day to the North took place in Charleston, S. C., May 30, 1865. James Redpath, accompanied by a large number of Negro school children went to a drear spot in the outskirts of the city where reposed the remains of several hundred Union soldiers in four long trenches. The rude mounds were quickly and quietly covered with flowers strewn by black hands who thus sought to honor the dead that had released them from slavery.

The practice of decorating the graves of the soldier dead spread rapidly to the North and the G. A. R. eagerly sponsored the practice and accordingly May 5, 1868, the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. John A. Logan issued a general order designating the 30th of May as a national Memorial Day 'for the purpose of strewing with flowers the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late war of the rebellion and whose bodies lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land.'

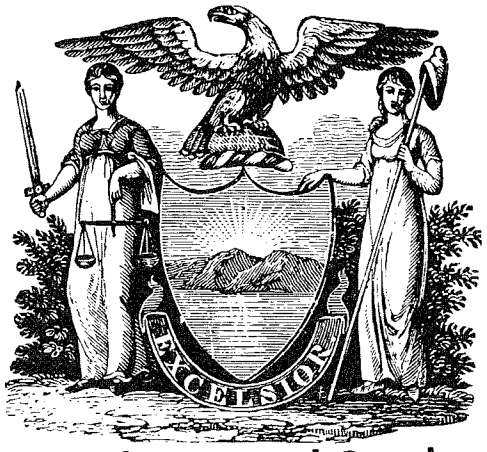
As the G. A. R. perfected its organization it fostered the observance of Memorial Day until it became soon a national holiday in every Northern state. John A. Logan took a very prominent part in promoting the expansion of the G. A. R. and as he was a gifted orator and a shrewd politician his efforts resulted in a very rapid growth of the organization. His earlier speeches had saved southern Illinois for the Union. It may be of interest to some to know that John A. Logan and Robert G. Ingersol were both admitted to the bar in Marion, Ill., and both were colonels in the Federal army.

I was much interested in your brother Will's baseball article. I, too, am an ardent fan. We have had good teams in Fort Worth in the past but as you should have learned from my former articles that the Brooklyn Dodgers own the Fort Worth club and as they have taken the cream of the club—what the draft didn't get—we don't know what we will have this year. We will miss the most our valuable catcher, Andy Anders, who goes to Cincinnati this year. You baseball bugs watch his work this year. He was our only catcher who could handle the knuckle-ball offerings of Willard Ramsdell who will wear a Brookly Dodger uniform this year. The Pittsburgh Pirates paid $50,000 for Monty Basgall who was Fort Worth's capable second baseman last season. Several other of the Fort Worth Cats have been drafted or sold but President Rickey of the Dodgers has promised Fort Worth a young and fast team. I live about a mile from the Cat ball park which is one of the finest in the minor leagues. Several major league clubs will play in Fort Worth this Spring, among which will be the Dodgers April 3rd and 4th. I expect to see last year's No. 1 rookie Jackie Robinson, play in these games.

No one seems to have answered your request for data on the regulars and the substitutes on the famous Decatur team of the late eighties. I have, in former articles, given that information, but for fear someone may have "tuned in late" I will repeat. The regulars of '87 were Stapleton, catcher; Thomas, pitcher; Hughes, first baseman; Haydon, second baseman; Taylor, third baseman; Carney, shortstop and captain; outfielders, Chadwick left, Rawson center, O'Leary right, and Kruse right in absence of O'Leary. Later Briggs played third base, Howard Smith helped with the pitching, Ralph Slater, Orra Acton and Carl Warner were substitutes. I frequently wondered why Carl Warner's heavy and timely batting together with his aggressive playing and general baseball ability didn't make him a regular player.

More hash soon.

Your friend, Jim.
James Chamberlain.



Remains of Sgt. Carl Southworth Brought To America

Sgt. Carl R. Southworth, the bright 19 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Southworth, lost his life in fighting for his country in the far East on the 16th of April, 1945. He was a member of the crew of a B-29 that was making a raid on the city of Tokyo, Japan.

Mr. Southworth has received from the government the following letter concerning his death:

WAR DEPARTMENT
Office of the Quartermaster General
Washington 25, D. C.
30 November 1948.

Dear Mr. Southworth:

The Department of the Army desires that you be furnished information concerning the resting place of your son, the late Sergeant Carl R. Southworth, ASN 36,901,285.

With deep regret I must inform you that, although the records of this office disclose that the remains of your son were reverently interred, it was not possible, because of the manner in which he met his death, to identify his remains individually.

The remains of your loved one and other fallen comrades are currently resting as a group in the United States Armed Forces Cemetery, Yokohama No. 1, located at Yokohama on the island of Honshu, Japan.

The American Graves Registration Service exhausts every possible clue which might lead to the individual identification of United States deceased personnel, however, if further research fails to establish their individual identity, the remains of this group will be returned to the United States for final interment in a national cemetery designated by The Quartermaster General. All legal next of kin will be advised at a later date of the national cemetery in which final interment will be made and will also be notified of the time of burial.

May I extend my sincere sympathy in your great loss.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN O. HYATT,
Colonel, QMC,
Memorial Division.

There were eleven members of the crew and all lost their lives in the crash of the plane. The mothers of several of them, having a bond of sympathy, have corresponded and become friends. Since the letter from the War Department was sent out Mrs. Southworth has received a letter from Mrs. Margaret Berelen of New York City, mother of the radio operator of the ill fated plane. In it she says:

Dear Mrs. Southworth:

I think of you and all of our boys' mothers often and appreciate the letters and cards you have written me. You no doubt have the latest word from Washington, too—that our boys are coming home.

Being quite dissatisfied with the conflicting stories and lack of final facts, my brother went to Washington a year ago Thanksgiving time and went through the files on our boys.

Armed with further questions, my other son Al went with him again this last September.

And then just recently a missionary friend in Japan who speaks Japanese well visited the place where our boys crashed and asked further questions.

The concensus of opinion is that the plane was going north, but later swung in a circle and came back, burst into flames and dived into a hill near the arsenal near Yokohama City, the place being called "Nara Cho," in another report "Sohuku-Ku," which may be the same.

Some bodies were found outside the hill and some in the wreckage in the hill. One boy either jumped or was thrown clear of the plane and he was taken prisoner and later died and was buried. This boy they believe to have been Warren.

Only two other bodies were intact enough for any identification. One they believed to be Sepleton and one MacLeod. This from certain available identification.

The Missionary found the priest at the Buddhist Temple where our boys were buried by the folk of the village.

The priest said he read the Buddhist ceremony for the dead over our boys and later someone told him that a Christian grave should have a cross on it and that it should be painted white. So he made a cross and painted it white and the townspeople kept flowers on the grave and later put up a plaque reading:

"For the Spirits of those who died on the B-29,
We pray a blessing on these unknown dead."

Nara Association.

It was in this quiet spot near the top of the hill in this simple and respected grave that these bodies remained until after the war when our searching parties traced them and removed them to the United States Cemetery in Yokohama. This cemetery was made out of an athletic field.

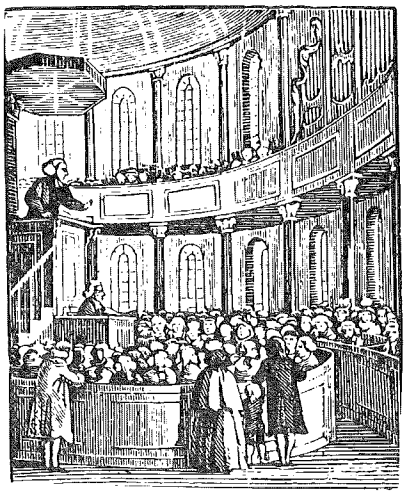
It has been established beyond any shadow of doubt that these were our boys and their plane. They found the engine number, also machine gun numbers and all kinds of parts from the plane which they identified.

I don't know how you feel but to me it is a great comfort to know that the plane was actually found. There are still many questions unanswered and always will be but it seems we have answers to the most important ones now and I for one will be glad to have what is [illegible] in a final resting [illegible] today I saw my [illegible] time.

I hope this finds you and yours well and may you have the best possible Christmas. Perhaps we shall meet when the boys come home.

With every good wish, I am,
Fondly,
Margaret Perelen

Definite information as to which national cemetery the boys will rest in their last resting place has not yet been learned. They will probably be brought to San Francisco and be buried in a cemetery in the west. Mr. and Mrs. Southworth are planning to attend the burial.



The National Baptist Convention

By C. C. Evans.

It is off again, on again, gone again, home again, with our home town traveler, C. C. Evans. This time it was a short journey to Houston, Texas. Off Wednesday, back Tuesday, just the dates when he should have been taking in the greatest celebration ever staged in Decatur.

But he discovered that he could not be in two places at the same time, and the 68th annual session of the National Baptist convention of the U. S. A. had a powerful pull on him. It was a spiritual call which he could not resist, and he was there.

The convention was held in the Sam Houston coliseum, with Dr. D. V. Jemison presiding.

In wending my way to Houston, largest city of the South, I passed through miles of cotton fields and rice fields. When the soft, invigorating breeze set in from the gulf there was a moment's pause to pay tribute to the great Texas city where 17 railroads meet the sea. Houston has lived under six flags. It was founded 112 years ago by the Allen Brothers who named it for General Sam Houston. They realized even then that if it were to become a great city it must have a harbor, and so dug a canal 50 miles long to the sea. They brought ocean going vessels to her door, and today Houston leads the world as a cotton market and terminal.

Houston has grown from a little town with pitched tents to the me-tropolis of the South. This great convention of over 4 million members, which I attended, is devote' and dedicated to the study of words of our Lord. It is a beac of light in a world densely shrouded in darkness. The convention was attended by delegates from every state in the Union, and missionaries from many foreign lands.

There were 15,000 delegates and over 2,000 preachers. Hosts of songsters filled the colossal coliseum with music. 500 voices of Christian musicians heralded the story of the love of the Lord. Through the intense fervor of their adoration for Him they sang the messages of love, and the old time camp meeting songs.

An outstanding feature of the glorious service was the address of Dr. Mordecal Johnson, President of Howard University, Washington, D. C. Well, I saw and heard a plenty that I must abridge. The collection was $425,546.71, not counting SS board money.

"SOUTH SEA PARADISE"

Out on a windswept island
CENSOR is the spot.
Battling the terrifying winds
In the land the Lord forgot.

Out with the French and natives
Out where the boys get blue.
Out on a windswept island
Eight thousand miles from you.

At night the wind keeps blowing
The rain is more than I can stand.
No, we're not convicts, we're sailors,
Defenders of our land.

We are the men of the NAVY
Earning our meager pay,
Guarding the men with the millions
At a dollar or two a day.

No one knows we are living
And no one gives a damn.
Back home it is soon forgotten
That we are loaned to Uncle Sam.

We are living for tomorrow
Desiring to see our gals,
Hoping that when we return
They're not married to our pals.
—Author unknown.

JOHN GRAHAM — CIVIL WAR

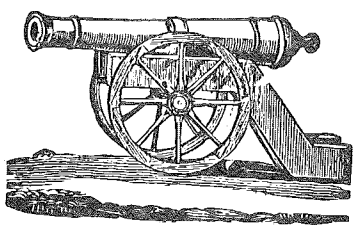
John Graham was born in Antrim County, Ireland in 1827. John came to America in 1847 and lived on Long Island for two years, then moved to Livinton, County, New York. From there he moved to Michigan.

On August 15, 1862 John entered service in the Civil War as Sergeant, Co. G 19th Infantry and was promoted to Second Lieutenant. June 15, 1863 John fought in eighteen Murfreesboro siege of Gettysburg and Peach Tree Creek where he was wounded.

In one battle when the eight color bearers had been shot and the ninth refused to bear the colors, he picked up the flag and bore it across the open plains and placed it upon the breastworks, the last one of the ten color bearers to do this.

John Graham was honorably discharged June 10, 1865 and returned to his farm near Decatur where he has since lived.

1948



History of the G. A. R. in Decatur

By Robert Lutz.

(This is the 13th story in the Norman B. Webster local history contest written by pupils of the Decatur public schools under the direction of Catherine Howland, teacher of history and science.)

The following account of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic was taken from the encyclopedia "Americana":

It was a patriotic association, organized in the interest of the surviving representatives of the military and naval forces of the Civil War, the families of those dead, and such objects as they think are related to these. The membership is of soldiers and sailors of the war, honorably discharged or continuing, and State Militia on active duty subject to National Call during that time.

It was organized in Illinois in the winter of 1865 by Dr. B. F. Stephenson and Rev. W. G. Rudolp, the surgeon and the chaplain of the 14th Illinois Infantry. The first post was organized in Decatur, Illinois, April, 1866. The first National encampment was held at Indianapolis, Ind., November 20, 1866. Its assigned objects are fraternity, commemoration, and assistance among the above classes; and it has aided in establishing soldiers' homes and memorials and maintaining and educating soldiers' orphans. It also instituted Memorial Day.

It ruled in 1869 that it should not be used for partisan work, nominations or debates, but naturally it has been a powerful factor in political calculations and the shaping of party conduct regarding both nomination of candidates for office and legislative action. It has also given out strong utterances against restraining liberality in pension legislation and has used its influence to prevent official restriction in the expenditure of money under such legislation. It has headquarters in the State House, Boston, Mass.

At one time it numbered its members by the hundreds of thousands. At the begnning of 1930 it had only 21,080 members in good standing. There are 2,238 posts throughout the country, almost every state being a department with a commander. During 1930 deaths were about 16,000. It holds annual meetings in the chief cities; the uniform is dark blue with black slouch hat. Its badge is a bronze star hung from a strap and ribbon flag; on the star in relief are a soldier and sailor clasping hands in front of a figure of Liberty, with two free men in the foreground, and the U. S. flag on the sides.

D. W. Brodhead, in his history of the Decatur post to be printed next week, says that the Grand Army of the Republic was fathered and sponsored by General John A. Logan, and that was our remembrance. Can anyone inform the Republican just what

active part General Logan did take in its organization?

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS

This was an organization created in 1883 by the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of Union soldiers of the Civil War of 1861-65 for the purpose of aiding and assisting the Grand Army of the Republic and to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead, to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans, to find them homes and employment, and assure them of sympathy and friends, to cherish and emulate the deeds of our army nurses. There are at present about 220,000 members.

THE G. A. R. IN DECATUR

One of the first G. A. R. posts to be organized in Michigan was Burnside Post No. 27 in Decatur. Most of the G. A. R. posts throughout the country were named after generals of the Cvil War. The organization flourished for a number of years and, as the number of Civil War Veterans diminished, it was finally dissolved by the two remaining members—Daniel Webster Broadhead, and Gilbert (Gib) Mead—who broke up the post, and discarded old furniture and Civil War relics.

The editor of the Republican looked out the window one day in August and saw Mr. Broadhead and Mr. Mead coming across the street with two antiquated pictures. They were old steel engravings in metal frames of Washington and Lincoln. They stll hang on the wall of the Republican office.

The last G. A. R. hall was located in the basement of the L. G. Stewart building where meetings had been held continuously for about fifteen years.

The old post had a membership of about one hundred ninety-two men when it was in its prime; only Civil War veterans could belong to the organization. It was very active during its early days and accomplished much for the good of its members. In the first few years the men, dressed in uniform, drilled every week on the green which extended about half a block, beginning where the Church of God now stands on St. Mary's street, and ending at Eli street near the school house. There were very few houses built in that block at the time.

The G. A. R. supervised Memorial Day programs for years and, with the cooperation of Arba Moulton, always secured prominent speakers for these occasions. The veterans always marched in a body to the cemetery until their numbers dwindled to the point where there was only a handful left. To my knowledge, there is only one Civil War veteran left in the state of Michigan, and he is past the century mark.

Daniel Webster Brodhead, who was one of the most active members and commanders of the G. A. R., wrote an account of the history of the organization and its activities in Decatur.

He was born in 1848, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen joined the army. He belonged to the 19th Michigan Infantry in the Civil War, and took part in Sherman's famous March to the sea. After returning from the war he attended school, and graduated in the class of 1869, after which he taught in the rural schools for several years. Afterward he specialized in peppermint farming, and for many years he was the competent manager of the A. M. Todd Campania Farm in Allegan county. Later he bought muck land in Decatur. He had a keen mind, and became one of the most efficient and successful muck farmers in Michigan.

History of Burnside Post No. 27 G. A. R.

By D. W. Brodhead.

(Continued from last week.)

The Post was organized September 19, 1881, with twenty-one charter members as follows:

H. B. Babcock
L. A. Roberts
David Cheney
Enoch Howe
M. S. Crittenden
Daniel Knight
Alf Myers
C. W. Willison
W. W. McCune
Aaron Eweet
Wm. Gilbert
Geo. Steele
W. E. Cary
A. B. Hopkins
Henry Burbridge
Chas. Dyer
S. M. Rawson
Reuben Calbetzor
John Grotzinger
Oscar Caldwell
John Wiles

H. B. Babcock was the first commander; W. W. McCune, adjt. Of the charter members eight were over fifty years old and three were sixty or over; A. B. Hopkins, the oldest, was sixty-two; Aaron Sweet and Alf Myers each sixty-one. The whole number enrolled as members of the Post in the forty-two years from its organization in 1881, to 1923 is one hundred and ninety-two, and at this writing (Dec. 1923) we pay per capita tax on twelve members. At the annual election of officers Saturday, December 8, only four were present, hence all officers hold over. Of the 21 charter members only one is living—George Steele.

The records show a soldiers' organization preceding the G. A. R. in Decatur called "Custer Encampment No. 17 O. C. D."

The first meeting recorded is April 17, 1880. From reading the proceedings of subsequent meetings we infer the lodge was just started, not long before this recorded meeting in April, 1880, and that it was a national order with state headquarters to which it paid dues and to which it made reports and when merged into the G. A. R. had around forty members.

At this first recorded meeting in 1880 officers were elected and twenty-three ballots were cast, H. B. Babcock being elected commander. Other officers elected were S. M. Rawson; A. K. Conklin, adjt.; Wm. Gilbert, officer of the day. New recruits were admitted at almost every meeting during the year. The last meeting of Custer Encampment was held Nov. 15, 1881, the G. A. R. having been informally organized somewhat near two months before. At this last meeting the Encampment voted to disband and turn their property over to Burnside Post. Most members of the Encampment hastened to join Burnside Post.

Of the 192 who at various dates joined Burnside, so far as I can ascertain, only 19 are now living.

On December 31, 1884, 69 members were in good standing and the Post had their meetings in Trowbridge hall, over what is now Carney's drug store.

September 30, 1886, membership was 82, and for some years after the number was between 90 and 100.

One court-martial was called September 12, 1885, Barney O'Dell, judge advocate and a court of 12 comrades to try Steve Parmater on some charge. No trial or statement of the charge is on record.

It may seem strange and unaccountable that so long a time elapsed before the soldiers of the Civil war organized, as the G. A. R. had been organized and in active operation for over ten years, fathered and sponsored by Gen. John A. Logan, a high officer in the army and prominent in national politics. Yet in spite of its favorable impression among the people and the impetus of the name and fame of its founder—Logan—it was 10 to 15 years before the G. A. R. got fairly started, and that Burnside Post was one of the earlier ones in Michigan is attested by its number, 27. There are 462 posts in Michigan. Some have disbanded, but 462 have been in active operation at one time and most of them were organized between 1880 and 1890.

But the reason why the boys did not organize soon after the war is very plain to me. They were 'fed up' on war. War has no charm for the American people, young or old. The pomp, glamor, and circumstance of war never at any time appealed to our nation. The boys in blue were sick and tired of war, of camp life, hard tack and sow belly. To even think of their army experiences fairly nauseated them. They wanted to get it out of mind and memory. Home and home pursuits were their whole thoughts. It took years to overcome their repugnance to army life and all its bitter withering memories. My own experience and observation confirms this view.

I arrived home from my final discharge at Detroit on July 2, 1865, and attended a 4th of July celebration at Decatur. Of course it was a two-fold celebration—the joy of peace, of victory, and the boys in blue were home to stay and hundreds of them were in Decatur that beautiful July day, but of those hundreds only 8 or 10 were in uniform. The committee finally persuaded us few who had on uniforms to head the marching parade, from Main street to the school grounds where the speaking was staged and other exercises also. We were preceded by the "sheep skin" command and I remember Mr. Nutting was one of the fifers. Of the

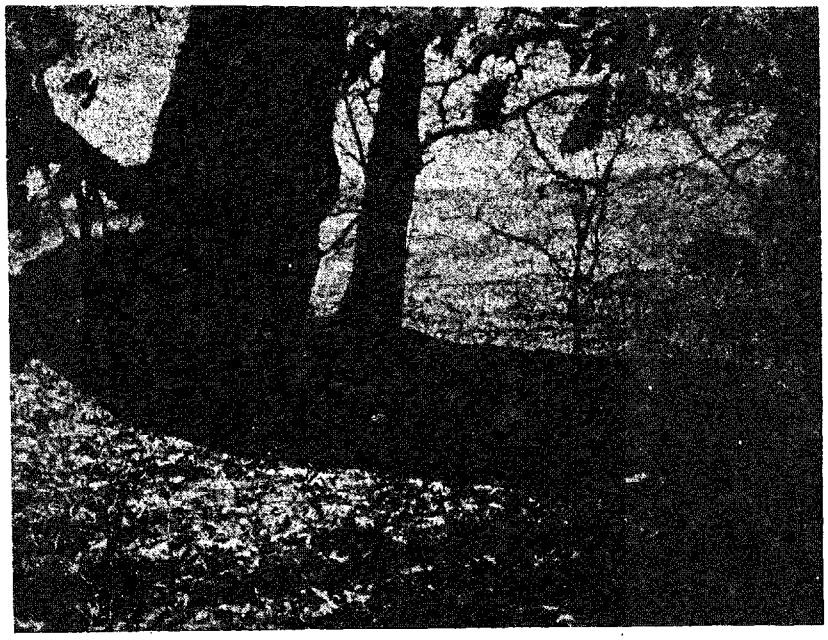
hundreds of citizens in that parade, how many were ex-soldiers? Of all the hundreds of the boys not more than 25 marched in line. You see, they even wouldn't wear their uniforms, much less march in line; but most of them heard the speaking and heard Dick Lyon sing "The Star Spangled Banner" in his best form. Here is what they said and how they felt—thumbs down on marching after that drum corps, 'we've done our marching.

It took long years to change the view-point of the boys and soften their bitterness towards the seamy side of war, but finally their hate and anger softened, and tender memories of comrades, of friendships formed in camp or on the march or in the din of battle prevailed and they longed to get together again and tell the story which, after all those years was so vivid in their memories, and they wanted to get together and unitedly voice their need of financial aid from the government which they saved from defeat and ruin, but which doled out only small sums after an endless and distracting tissue of red tape and often years of time. So in the '80's the boys in blue organized thousands, not only in Michigan, but in every state in the north and west and thousands flocked to the standard and the national G. A. R. became a political force that had to be reckoned with and its demands largely granted, and finally in 1890 the general disability pension bill became a law entitling all soldiers to $12.00 per month who were incapacitated for manual labor. This helped thousands who could not be pensioned under the old law, which only recognized defects in service in the line of duty.

Further the boys got together every year in regimented reunions and the camp fire was looked forward to as the real center of interest of these annual reunions. Memorial Day exercises and ceremonies were expanded and the deceased soldiers graves decorated yearly with flags, and the Woman's Relief Corps became a mighty force.

And so I might go on; what I am saying is just a sketchy touch of some of the high lights. It has been a great and fruitful power in the nation for over 40 years this old G. A. R. It has glowed with patriotism. It has upheld the flag. It succored the helpless and needy. It has fostered civic pride and good citizenship. It has been staunchly and fully 100 percent American. It has fully vindicated its motto of "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty."

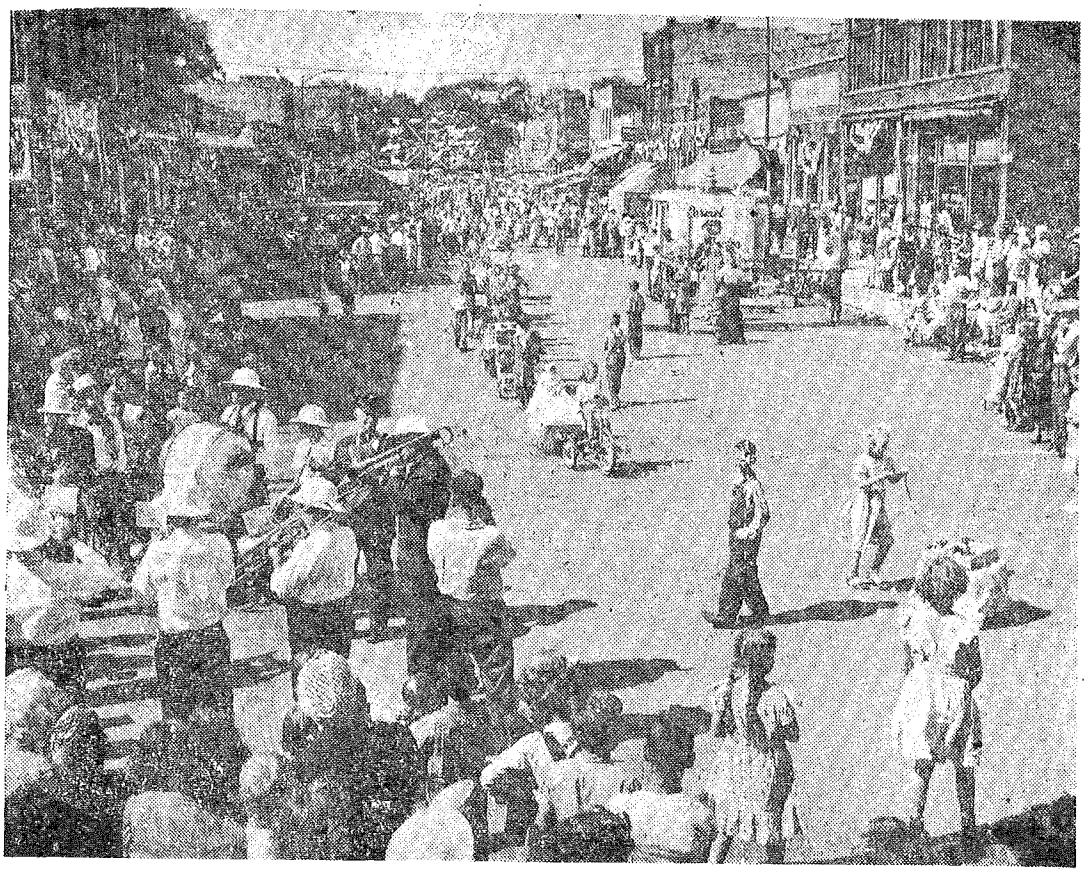
And now when the active life of the G. A. R. is near its close, when its lines are melting away like snowflakes in the throat of a volcano, each one of us can proudly say, "My life belongs to my country," and we still carry the old banner of the Union, and as the stars on the blue plains of heaven light up the world for the glory of God, so the stars on the blue ground of the Old Flag still light up the pathway to glory with honor and justice between man and man of all races and colors.



An Indian Tree on the Wooster Farm in Hamilton Township

WHITE OAK INDIAN TREE

It Is Located Just South Of St. Joseph City Limits. The Smallest Circumference Of Trunk At About The Man's Head Is 13 Ft. 6 In. It Points Across The Creek To The Site Of A Former Indian Camp Or Village Site. Really A Big Tree!



A [illegible] of the four-day Colony festival and [illegible], which ended Saturday night in Decatur, Ala., was this pet parade in which [illegible] participants vied for honors. Part of the Decatur band blows horns, [illegible] down Phelps street.

"Atmosphere" for Decatur's centennial was heightened by the growing of lush crops of whiskers on the faces of the village menfolk. The women donned their old-time "new look" dresses. Shown on one of the committee's shopping sprees during the festival are, left to right, Mrs. Leon Lovell, Henry E. Labadie, Anna Mahoney and Michael Mahoney.

Photo by Tribune Staff Photographer.

Edgar Bergen poses with the Decatur celery queen and her court Friday night at the athletic field, where Bergen staged a big homecoming show before a large and appreciative audience, as the outstanding feature of the four day Celery Festival and Centennial. Left to right: June Luth, Mary Margaret Southworth, Queen Esther as "Miss Decatur," Edgar Bergen, Irene Griffith and Fred Pennell, master of ceremonies. (Photo by Sally Lee, Hartford.)

Judges and fellow contestants as well as literally thousands of spectators gape in amazement and admiration at the luxuriant facial foliage of Arthur Stillwell, winner of the beard contest at the Saturday evening Whisker contest. In the foreground, left to right, are: Frank Hazzard, a judge; Lee Titus; winner Stillwell; Ray Bowers, judge; Village President Guy Curtiss, judge, measuring the beard; Guy Congdon; and at the extreme right, Chief E. E. Woolfe, official scorer.
(Photo by Sally Lee, Hartford.)

Esther Mae Schuur

Queen of the Decatur Celery Festival and Centennial Celebration
September 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1948

Queen Esther is a daughter of Mary and the late Al. Schuur. She was born in Decatur January 1, 1928, and has lived here all of her life. She attended the Decatur public schools from kindergarten through high school, graduating with the class of 1945. She is now beginning her senior year at Michigan State College, where she is taking an elementary teaching course. She went to East Lansing Saturday to begin the semester.

PICTURES FURNISHED BY BENTON HARBOR NEWS-PALLADIUM

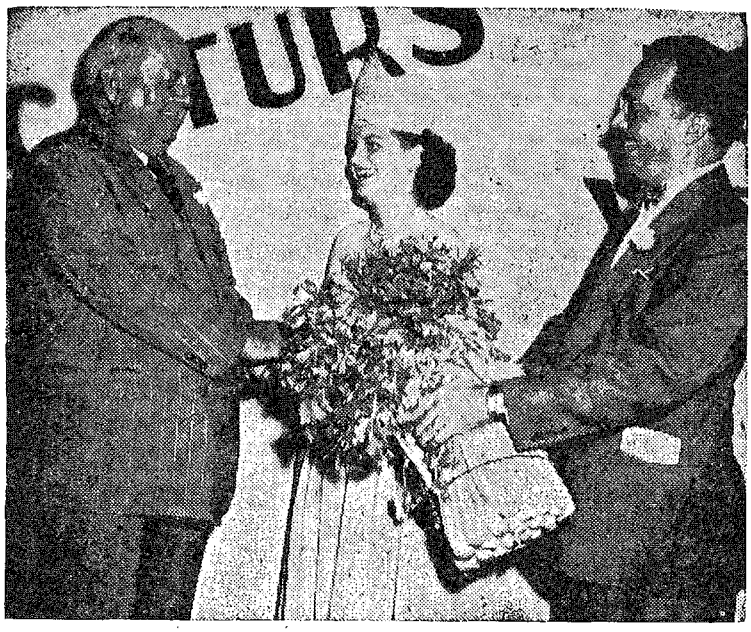
Most of the pictures on this page were furnished to the Republican through the courtesy of the Benton Harbor News-Palladium, which paper also gave excellent coverage to all the features of the big celebration. The newspaper's radio station, WHFB, also carried many of the programs, including the Bergen show, on its regular broadcasts.

This is the moment that stopped the show during the coronation ceremony on Thursday evening. Edgar Bergen, famed stage and radio personality and Decatur home-town boy, made a surprise appearance at the bandstand and striding quickly across the stage planted a fulsome kiss squarely on the lips of beauteous Queen Esther Schuur, as the huge and dumfounded audience of thousands packed into the streets below roared its approval. "It's all right," Bergen cried, "I went to school with her mother!"

(Photo by Sally Lee, Hartford.)

Charlie McCarthy, one of the most famous personalities ever to be aired on American radio, eyes the Decatur scene at the big homecoming show Friday evening, as Edgar Bergen, who grew up in Decatur, has the audience roaring with his repartee.

(Photo by Sally Lee, Hartford.)



Queen Esther Schuur is congratulated by J. L. McKee, vice-president and assistant to the president of the New York Central railroad, just after Mr. McKee had crowned "Miss Decatur" to reign over the 8th Annual Celery Festival and Centennial. At right, Fred Pennell, Decatur theater owner and master of ceremonies, prepares to present Queen Esther with a "bouquet" of Celery.

(Photo by Sally Lee, Hartford.)

DECATUR

WITHIN a stone's throw of Southern Michigan's beautiful "Lake of the Woods" is situated the village of Decatur, Van Buren County. Established in 1848, eleven months after Michigan received Statehood, it is rich in historical background and fertile soil. Though predominately an agricultural center and one of the world's largest shipping centers for celery and onions, the 13 lakes within a radius of five miles of the village each summer bring vacationists seeking rest and relaxation.

Decatur's population is 1599. It has sent forth into the world many interesting and famous "sons". Most famous, perhaps, is Edgar Bergen and his stooge Charlie McCarthy of radio fame. Eddie spent his youth amid the surrounding of the picturesque village . . . attending school, fishing, hiking and working at odd jobs for the local merchants and farmers during the summers.

It can be said that Decatur is one of the few "complete villages" of the State. Southwestern Michigan's vast network of highways and its location on the New York Central Railroad's main line make the town accessible in a matter of minutes to the large and metropolitan cities of Detroit, Chicago, South Bend, Kalamazoo, Benton Harbor and St. Joseph.

The town is replete with modern stores, utilities, lumber yard, railroad station, bank, newspaper, industry and some of the United States' largest celery, onion, peppermint, spearmint, sugar beet and cabbage cold storage plants.

Congratulations to Chase Salmon Osborn, born January 22, 1860. Today, Thursday, celebrating his 88th birthday.

He has had a notable career which is still far from closed, and the Republican wishes him many more birthdays. He may not care for them, but he is an outstanding character whose whole life has been one of making records, and he is making a record in the number of his years on earth.

He is probably the most eloquent orator who ever came down from the Northern Peninsula. He struck fire with his words and backed them with his dominating personality. Thirty-seven years ago he became governor of Michigan. He found the state deep in debt and left it two years later with a surplus.

But Governor Osborn was not at his best within the confines of a public office. The world was his foot stool, and he must be free to meet and master its problems anywhere and everywhere he found them. He mined the earth. He reported the wars of Africa and the Orient, he fought the toughs and demagogues who crossed his path, he made money and gave it away, he wrote books and kept abreast of the times.

Now at 88 he lives on his plantation in Georgia, which he has deeded to the state for future possession, and we shall expect and hope to keep hearing from him till his rugged frame is laid to rest in the sleep that knows no waking.

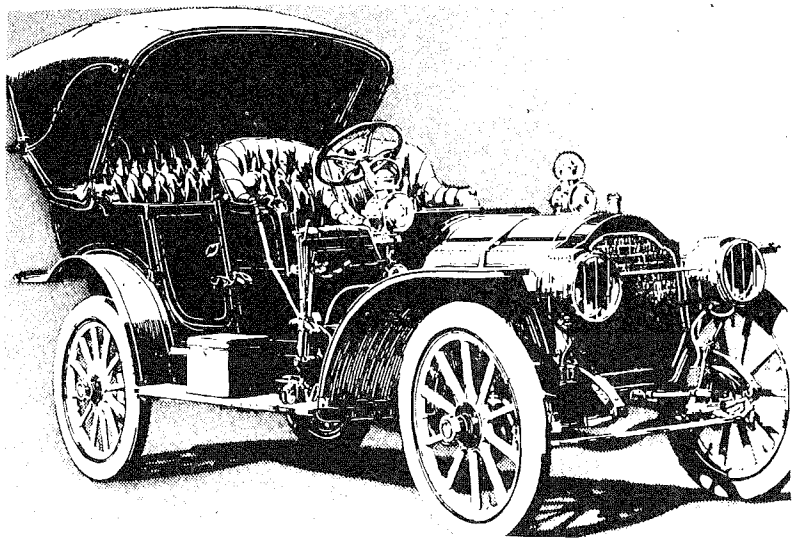
In the long list of governors of Michigan Chase S. Osborn will stand out with Lewis Cass as do Lincoln and Washington among the presidents of the nation.

The Atlantic Monthly celebrated its ninetieth anniversary with its November number. The first issue appeared in November, 1857, James Russell Lowell was the first editor at a salary of $2,500 a year, and Longfellow and Holmes were among the first contributors.

The Republican has the January, February, March, April and May, 1858, numbers bound in one volume. It is as interesting reading as are the late numbers which are highly prized in the Republican office.

Among the impressive comments of Capt. Charles Haydon in his diary written at the front in the Civil War were his frequent references to reading the Atlantic Monthly. Todty, after ninety years, the Atlantic ranks among the best in literary excellence.

A writer in the November number gave a list of magazines having over a million circulation. The Readers' Digest stands at the head of the list with an estimated 10,000,000. Life has 4,699,688, Ladies' Home Journal 4,463,950, Saturday Evening Post 3,710,392, Woman's Home Companion 3, 691,238, American 2,482,544, Look, 2,300,592.



Dr. Rose Memorial Fund Series Ends with Farm-Community Forum

Written for the Republican
by Waldo Phillips.

The Farm and Community Forun held at Decatur high school, Wednesday, March 23, scored a hit. Judged by several standards, it was an unusually successful program.

Due to the full cooperation of a number of people it was well planned. No substitutions were necessary: Every person scheduled to participate was on hand and prepared. The audience was very appreciative and generous with complimentary remarks.

The school, 4-H clubs, Hobby club, Extension Service and Soil Conservation Service, each demonstrated their activities by exhibits arranged in the corridors. They were attractively placed and drew much favorable comment.

The G. I. training class under the instruction of Bert Kidman exhibited a wagon and rack and several hand tools which they had made. This exhibit was on the school grounds at the north end of the school house.

The film, "By the Land We Live," was pleasing and instructive.

The morning address by George McIntyre was well received. He traced the development of agriculture from the crooked stick and sickle to the present mechanization, from the self-sufficiency of pioneer days to the present inter-dependence of all groups in our economy, and pointed out the basic position of agriculture. All people are dependent on the farms, not only for food, but for fibre, for clothing and for supplies for many industrial uses. He pointed out that we have nearly reached a balance between arable land and population, indicating the importance of conservation of all our resources.

The panel discussion, "Better Rural Living," was supreme. "The best thing of the kind I ever heard," was remarked by several hearers. Each panel member was particularly qualified to handle his or her assignment and responded in masterly fashion.

Dr. Ulrey of Michigan State college, is a veteran discussion leader with a broad experience in the field of rural sociology. His expert opening and closing of the discussion tied the various phases of community life together to form a pattern for "Better Rural Living."

John Woodman, discussing the position of Agriculture with respect to the community, stressed the responsibility of the farmer as trustee or custodian of the soil to present and future generations. "As the principle source of new wealth in a rural community and because the quality of its products may affect the general health, the public generally has a great stake in agriculture," said Mr. Woodman.

Marion Davis covered the part that education plays in "Better Rural Living" so well that apparently his hearers felt there was little more that need be said, judging by the attendance in that group in the afternoon. His presentation was well organized and took his subject into consideration in a broad sense.

John Flemming of the County Health department very ably brought out the importance of Health to "Better Rural Living." The matter of health directly affects the happiness and prosperity of the community," he said.

Mrs. Leona Washburn knows youth. This was so very evident in her masterly analysis of the problems and reactions of young people. She pointed out the responsibility of parents, teachers and the public generally and suggested means to meet this challenge. Said Dr. Ulrey, "The best discussion of this subject I ever heard."

Henry Houseman adopted a very realistic approach to the place of the Church in the community and very clearly and emphatically suggested the contribution it could make to "Better Rural Living." By broadening its activcity beyond the sphere of spiritual leadership, the Church increases, rather than diminishes, its power for good over the hearts and minds and souls of men.

W. C. Bates, superintendent of the Decatur schools, brought out the need, in our present day society, for people to work together. They must work together in groups having common interests. This is essential to the accomplishment of worthy purposes, as well as to the growth of the individual. But, said Mr. Bates, "A coordination of effort is frequently necessary, coordination of the thinking and action of the various groups, in order that worth while community goals may be attained. Otherwise, with groups as with individuals, effort will be expended and wasted in cross-purpose activities."

All together, this panel presented an unusually fine and able appraisal of the resources of a community, both actual and potential, and, what is more, suggested very practical ways of applying those resources toward "Better Rural Living."

An ample and tasty lunch was served at noon by the members of the Home Economics and Agriculture classes. It was provided by the facilities of the hot lunch program of the school. The expense was met by the Dr. G. L. Rose Memorial Fund.

Better than a half hour's very pleasing entertainment was furnished by the high school. Under the able direction of Mrs. Vliek, the Boys' Glee Club, the Girls' Glee Club and Sextette and Double Sextette responded to the spirited encores of the audience.

During the group discussion period, your reporter visited each group and found one common characteristic, full participation. This period passed quickly and was followed by reports to the assembly and summarization by Dr. Ulrey.

Dr. Wm. McKinley Robinson of Western Michigan college, in thirty minutes of rapid-fire comment, supplied everything that might possibly have been lacking up to this point. He was pleased to see town and open country considered together as a rural community and reflected on the significance and possibilities of such an approach to community problems. He contrasted this attitude with that of metropolitan areas in which such common interest is not recognized and the term "rural," in their thinking, means the open country.

As the meeting adjourned, the air buzzed with such comments as, "I wish Dr. Robinson had talked longer," "We ought to have more such meetings," "That was a fine program."

Your reporter wants to have it understood, that whatever degree of success this meeting attained is due to the cooperation in planning and in execution of a lot of people.

On behalf of the Dr. G. L. Rose Memorial Fund Committee, we extend sincere thanks to all those appearing on the program and to Dennis Caul, county agricultural agent, Kermit Washburn, assistant county agricultural agent, and the staff of the Van Buren County Soil Conservation District.

We are much indebted to Mr. Bates, Mr. Houseman and Mr. Davis for assistance other than their part in the program.

In spite of the satisfaction experienced at the favorable reception given the Farm and Community Forum, there are some regrets. There were several unoccupied seats, seats where farmers, business men, ministers, and other citizens should have been.

You, who were not there, are in the majority. What kind of a community do you want? Are you farmers so good that you need no inspiration to do better? Does not Main St. have an interest in the training and environment of our youth? Does not Main St. have an interest in the productivity of our soils? Do not you, Mr. Average Citizen, care what your community does about public health, or education? Mr. Sky Pilot, the majority, who were not there, if you were operating by remote control, it was not recognized.

Max and Dalton Rose, sons of Dr. G. L. Rose, are doing a fine thing in memory of their father. They were born and raised in this community, graduated from Decatur high school. Dr. G. L. Rose gave his life to this community and his sons are sufficiently interested in its youth and development to create a fund, in memory of their father, such fund to be used for the benefit of this area.

Interest in the programs made possible through the Dr. G. L. Rose Memorial Fund has been growing steadily. A large number of applications for Soil Conservation Service help

have gone in from this area. Community consciousness has been aroused. Farm press and farm radio programs are making inquiry. If some noteworthy achievement gains acclaim, Decatur might acquire re-

Dr. Dalton K. Rose

Dr. Dalton Rose, a former Decatur boy, has for many years resided in Clayton, Missouri, a St. Louis surburb, where he is engaged in private practice and was also professor of Urology at Washington University Medical School in St. Louis.

Five years ago when the doctor reached 65, he became 'Emeritus' professor "and, with this partial release from responsibilities," he writes, "together with approaching retirement from medical practice, he and his wife (the former Cora Lee King of Olivet, Michigan) began taking longer and longer vacations.

Last year they purchased a house on Belleair Beach which is situated on a key in the Gulf of Mexico, directly west of Clearwater and their postoffice address is Indian Rocks Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. Rose plan to spend six or eight months a year in Florida and the remaining months in Clayton, Missouri.

For their retirement project they have chosen an "improved" black walnut orchard. Previous to this, they raised cattle for many years. However, they sold the herd seven years ago and became interested in the unique orchard.

The walnut trees are planted 50 feet apart on the square plan and cover 80 or 90 acres of the old pasture. The doctor explains the orchard as follows.

"Improved black walnuts refer to varieties accidentally discovered somewhat like the original "Delicious" apple was found. They have quite a thin shell, large kernel, and crack out a very high percent of halves and quarters. This inproved variety must be budded or grafted upon seedlings grown from 'wild' or forest black walnuts. We trim the trees to at least a 16 foot bole-log. This means continued interest. It is well known that older people enjoy planting trees. Mrs. Rose is the chief 'budder' and 'grafter,' and warmly advocates this as interesting work "for the ladies."

Dr. and Mrs. Rose have a duaghter, Anne Lee Stewart and two grandchildren, Mike, age seven, and Molly, four. Molly was named after the doctor's mother Mary Kelly, called Molly as a child. They live in New Canaan, Connecticut, 45 minutes from New York City. Mr. Stewart is connected with McKinsey and Company, Capital Management Consultants in New York City.

Dr. Rose and his wife drive east to visit their daughter and family and also his brother Max, who lives in New York City. We also have a brief account of his life in this special issue.

Dr. Rose visits his boyhood home every year and adds that he is antiscipating a visit to Decatur in the near future.

Similar are the lines from The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,—

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!"

Dr. G. L. Rose, in the last year or two of his life, read much from this little book that was then having a popular run. He seemed to be fascinated by its philosophy and quoted many lines of it from memory.

Omar Khayyam was a Persian of the eleventh century. He was a man of profound learning who lived to the ripe age of 103. Not much was known about his writings in this period until Edward FitzGerald created his remarkable English version in 1859. Of this a contemporary said, "The Rubaiyat will come in time to be recognized as the highest expression of agnosticism."

Its philosophy as presented by FitzGerald is in effect as follows: "We know the loveliness of this world, we know nothing of the hereafter; but God, who created us as we are, will not punish us for being as He made us. Let us then enjoy the only life of which we are sure, before we inevitively pass into darkness."

Dr. Rose surely knew and enjoyed the loveliness of this world. He found beauty in the landscape everywhere. We have ridden with him behind his fast stepping Hambletonians and listened enraptutred as he talked about the wonders of the sky, the trees, the fields and the birds we saw as we drove along the way. His mind was in tune with the universe, and it was heaven to him. He so lived that when he had finished each day and year he did not worry about what would follow. In our talks he never stated his religious views and we do not intend to state that he was an agnostic.

To simplify the record will add that the word "rubaiyat" means "quatrains," being the plural of "rubaiy," and the dictionary describes "agnostic" as one who asserts the impossibility of any knowledge of God or ultimate things.

Fine Promotion of Former Decatur Young Man.

This letter from our good friend, Clyde Haefner, concerns Carl Squier, notice of whose promotion occurs in another column of this paper. Carl is making a prominent place for himself in the business world and his Decatur friends are all proud of him.

It is not out of place in this connection to say a few words about the writer of this letter, another Decatur young man who has gone out and by his own efforts gained a position of prominence with one of Detroit's big corporations. Clyde Haefner is now the general manager of the Detroit Harvester Company. Mrs. Haefner is a daughter of Mrs. Katherine Carney.

September 7, 1929.

Mr. Arba Moulton,
Care of Decatur Republican,
Decatur, Michigan.

Dear Arba:—Every once in a while something occurs to make life worth while living. This morning I read with a great deal of interest of Carl's promotion to general manager of the Lockheed Airplane Company of Burbank, California, and I felt that you would be interested in receiving the copy of the announcement which appeared in the Detroit Free Press today.

Should you not be familiar with the Lockheed organization, it is recognized as one of the outstanding aviation companies and their principal products are Lockheed aviation brakes and shock absorbers, both of which are used universally throughout the industry. Incidentally Carl is recognized throughout aviation circles as an expert pilot, and has steadily climbed the ladder to a point where he has gained the personal favor of Mr. E. S. Evans, the well known financeer who has brought together quite a number of mergers in the aviation industry, the latest one being the Detroit Aircrafts Corporation, which is a combine of the Aircrafts Development Company, Grosse Isle, The Eastman Aircraft Company, the Lockheed Company of Burbank and one or two others which I cannot recall at the moment.

In talking with Mrs. Squier a few moments ago, she advised me that she was leaving for the west on next Tuesday and upon her arrival on the coast, they will locate their residence in Hollywood. I regret that I did not talk with Carl before he left a week ago, while Aileen and myself were enjoying a ten days motor trip throughout the East. I personally feel that Carl is destined to be one of the outstanding executives in the aviation world. I base my opinion on the fact that he has made aviation his life work and while other opportunities presented themselves he could not break away from the aviation work.

I believe that our subscription for the Decatur Republican will soon expire and as this paper is received by us with a great deal of enthusiasm every week and we do not care to have the subscription in arrears, so I am enclosing my check for $3.00 to cover the subscription for a couple of years hence.

With kind regards to you and yours and trusting that Aileen and I may have the pleasure of seeing you down this way soon I am,

Sincerely yours,
Clyde Haefner.

M. DONAHOE, AUCTIONEER

By Arba N. Moulton.

(Note: Much of the following article has been written from the writer's personal memory of his acquaintance with Mr. Donahoe, an ecquaintance that extended over a period of nearly forty years; some has come from the older men of the community who knew our subject well; and the more personal information has been furnished by members of Mr. Donahoe's family.)

No series of articles touching on the farms and farmers of Southern Van Buren, Northern Berrien, and Northern and Western Cass counties would be complete without some reference to one of the most widely known men of his generation in those areas, a man who for nearly fifty years was engaged in selling farm sales throughout the territory just described. We refer to M. Donahoe (better known as "Mike" Donahoe), the famed auctioneer from Dowagiac, who in his lifeti sold thousands of sales within a radius of from forty to fifty miles of Dowagiac. His name will mean but little to the younger generation, but the older people of this community will all remember "Mike".

Born in a little settlement known as "Potato Creek" west of South Bend, on Dec. 8, 1850, Mr. Donahoe spent his younger years in Indiana. He was the son of James and Bridget Byrne Donahoe, early immigrants from Ireland. He never saw his father, as Mr. Donahoe, Sr., died a short time before the birth of his son, and is buried in the little cemetery at Bertrand. Mr. Donahoe was raised by his mother and his uncle, "Tommy" Byrne.

While yet a small boy, the family moved to a farm just north of the entrance to St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., and later to a farm near Bertrand, Mich. Bertrand, in those days, was larger than either South Bend or Niles. But the coming of the railroads—the Michigan Central to Niles, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to South Bend—changed that, and Bertrand gradually waned until it became but little more than a memory, although in the past few years it has been greatly built up again.

In later years Mr. Donahoe often told that the first money he ever earned was picking thorns along the little stream that runs just on the north edge of Roseland, Mich. These thorns were used by the carding mills in South Bend and Mishawaka.

He also used to tell of hearing the deer hunters of South Bend talk of going "up north" for their annual hunt—"up north" in those days, meaning in the vicinity of the present city of Buchanan.

Coming to Michigan

In 1867, Mrs. Donahoe, with her brother "Tommy" and her son left Indiana and started north, intending to settle somewhere in the central part of the state. They drove up through Niles, along present M-40 to Dowagiac, and then out through the township of Silver Creek. They were invited to stop at the John Bunbury home (now the Jas. W. Curran farm) northwest of Dowagiac. The Bunbury family had moved to Silver Creek some time before from the vicinity of Barron Lake in Howard township. The Donahoes spent the night at the Bunbury home, and the next day were prevailed upon to buy the 50 acre farm across the road from the Bunbury place. This farm is still in the Donahoe family, now being owned by Mr. Donahoe's youngest son, Vincent.

Several years later Mr. Donahoe married Miss Mary Bunbury. The young couple set up housekeeping on what was then known as part of the "Gregory" farm, just north of the Silver Creek Catholic church. Later they returned to the original homestead, which remained their home until their deaths. Ten children were born to their union, of whom seven remain alive, three of them still living on the old homestead, two in Dowagiac, a son in Mt. Clemens, Mich., and a son in Milford, Iowa.

His First Sale

It was quite by accident that 'Mike" took up the profession of auctioneering. In the middle 1880's a sale was advertised to be held on the Moore farm, just west of Dewey lake, and next to the Cullinane or Dewey lake school. Mr. Donahoe had no intention of even attending the sale, but Erastus Osborn, who owned the Osborn place at the Seven Mile corner north of Dowagiac, drove by his farm and prevailed upon Mr. Donahoe to accompany him to the sale. An auctioneer from South Bend had been engaged for the occasion, but due to some unforseen circumstances was unable to attend. Mr. Moore was anxious for the sale to be held, so called upon different ones to try their skill at selling. Shortly Mr. Donahoe was called upon, and he did so well from the very start that he was persuaded to finish the sale, which he did to every one's satisfaction.

Some time after this Mr. Osborn was administrator of an estate in Hamilton township, and, finding it necessary to have a sale to dispose of the personal property, he called upon "Mike" to do the selling. Always afterward Mr. Osborn made the claim that he was he first man to engage Mike Donahoe to sell a sale—that Mike wasn't engaged to sell the Moore sale. This, as stated, was sometime round the mid 1880's, and more nd more after that "Mike" was alled upon to sell sales.

The best known, auctioneers of hose days were "Bill" Baldwin of 'okagon and "Dan" Sammons of Hartford. But as they gradually etired, Mr. Baldwin from ald age nd Mr. Sammons from the effects f a broken hip, Mr. Donahoe radually took their places, until efore the turn of the century his erritory had so expanded and the ales were so numerous, that almost his entire time from the first f August until the middle of the ext May was given to the selling of sales. His territory included the southern and western parts of Cass, the northern half of Berrien, and the western half and the southeastern part of Van Buren counties.

The Selling Season

The sale season usually started the first day of August. Then there would be a few sales during the balance of that month. September, October, November and the first half of December would find him selling from four to six sales every week. Then there would be a short "vacation" until after New Year's Day, when his heaviest schedule would start. January having five and six sales every week. February and March found him engaged six days a week. His heaviest week found him selling seven sales, two of them in Decatur on one day, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. April would see a falling off in sales, as the farmers started their spring work. There would be only a few sales in May, and practically none in June and July, except in cases of estates that were being settled.

"Mike" kept no record of the number of sales he sold during his life-time, but the number ran into the thousands. Neither did he keep any record of the total amount that he sold, but it must have run literally into the millions. In the early days of his selling sales would run from $400 to $800. Later they would run from $4,000 to $7,000.

An excellent judge of values, either live stock or farm equipment, he disliked having any item sell for less than its fair value, and he would never 'dwell" on any article when he felt that the bids had reached a reasonable figure. This fact was recognized by both bidders and sellers, and both had unquestioned faith in his judgment and honesty. And speaking of honesty, one of Mr. Donahoe's prized possessions was a letter written by a gentleman near Benton Harbor who wished to engage him to sell a sale. The envelope bore only this address:

"An Honest Auctioneer,
Dowagiac, Mich."

and it was delivered promptly to Mr. Donahoe.

All Kinds of Weather

Of a strapping build—he stood over six feet in height, and weighed over 200 pounds—and having an iron constitution, Mr. Donahoe never missed an engagement on

account of illness. He missed one sale following an injury to one of his legs, and the sale was sold by one of his sons. Storms would sometimes cause a postponement, but even zero weather would not deter the holding of a sale provided a sufficient number of bidders were present to warrant holding it. Sometimes sales were held if the farm barn was large enough to hold the crowd.

One of Mr. Donahoe's proudest moments as an auctioneer came around the turn of the century when he sold a sale for Wm. Swisher in Silver Creek. One of Mr. Swisher's teams sold for the then unheard of sum of $300. This news quickly spread and the prices of horses took an immediate upswing. Years later a team sold at the James Gould sale in Volinia for a little more than $600, but "Mike" didn't get the thrill out of that sale that he did out of the earlier one.

In the early days Mr. Donahoe's traveling was done with horse and road-cart, his little gray "Billie" being almost as well known as the owner. Later he had a team of ponies with a buggy in summer and a cutter in winter. It was not until 1914 that he owned his first automobile. It was nothing for Mr. Donahoe to arise at three o'clock in the morning, drive over near South Haven, sell the sale return home to some other far point of his territory.

We have spoken of the first place bought by Mr. Donahoe's mother in Silver Creek. Later on he purchased 100 acres across the road from his original holdings, and that, too, is still in the Donahoe family.

Livestock Buyer and Shipper

With all his activities as an auctioneer, Mr. Donahoe was also engaged in the livestock buying and shipping, being one of the heaviest buyers and shippers in Dowagiac. Incidentally, some 40 or 50 years ago Dowagiac was the largest stock shipping point on the Michigan Central Railroad from Buffalo, N. Y., to Chicago, Ill. His largest shipment was nine carloads of stock sent from Dowagiac in the latter part of December, 1914. This followed the lifting of the quarantine which was imposed upon Berrien, Cass and Van Buren counties, in October, after the out-break of the foot and mouth disease near Buchanan. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were paid to the farmers in the Dowagiac shipping area for stock delivered to Mr. Donahoe in the years he was engaged in that business.

Large and Small Sales

As an auctioneer, Mr. Donahoe's native Irish wit stood him in good stead, as many a would-be heckler learned to his discomfiture. "Mike" could always turn the laugh on the other fellow, and few had the temerity to cross verbal swords with him the second time.

It is thought that Mr. Donahoe's largest sale was the James Gould sale, mentioned before. It amounted to something over $7,000, and was sold in a little over six hours. His smallest sale amounted to only $67, and "Mike" had to stand a great deal of good natured "ribbing" on account of it. His fees were on a percentage basis, with a minimum charge of $5. The proprietor of this little sale had so described his property when he engaged the auctioneer, that "Mike" said his charge would be 2%, without mentioning his minimum fee. It happened that the farmer's tools and equipment were old and worn, and the total of the sale was such that "Mike's" fee amounted to only $1.34 for his trip and day's work. At the other extreme was the farmer who carefully estimated that his sale would amount to a certain sum. However, the proceeds of the sale exceeded his expectations by several hundrd dollars, and he thought that "Mike" should cut his charges, because the sale had amounted to so much more than anticipated. The fact that the sale brought so much more than expected didn't seem to count with that farmer.

Twice In Politics

While deeply interested in civic affairs, Mr. Donahoe entered the political arena only twice in his long life. In the early 1890's, although not at the caucus, his party named him as its candidate for supervisor of Silver Creek. At the election he was elected by a large majority. The next year his party again wanted to name him and the opposing party offered to endorse him, so that he would have no opposition, but he declined. In 1912 he swung behind "Teddy" Roosevelt into the "Bull Moose" party, and was that party's nominee for State Representative from Cass county. He made no active campaign, but he received a substantial complimentary vote. For a number of years he also served on the school board of his district.

As stated in the beginning, Mike Donahoe's name doesn't mean a great deal to the younger generation, but to us older folks he will always remain as one of the outstanding characters of our acquaintance. We knew him well. He called at the Republican office frequently and no one was more welcome than he. We printed thousands of bills advertising sales that he would sell, and we could close our eyes and see the type that printed:

"M. DONAHOE, AUCTIONEER"

Mr. Donahoe died Dec. 10, 1933 two days after his 83rd birthday. He was buried in the Silver Creek Catholic cemetery, beside his wife who had preceded him in death 19 years, and beside his mother who had brought him to Michigan more than 66 years before.

His death marked the close of a remarkable career, and the passing of one of this editor's most esteemed acquaintances.

We shall not soon see his like again.

CANOE VOYAGE OF GENERAL CASS

Written by David Woodman and Reprinted From The Decatur Republican of Some 30 Years Ago.

Miss Catherine Howland, in her search through THE REPUBLICAN files for early history of this community, discovered this short story by the grandfather of John Woodman and the great grandfather of Jonathan S. Woodman of Paw Paw. She thought it ought to go in with these history stories and we agreed.

A clipping from the Geneva Gazette, an old newspaper of 1821, gives an account of Gen. Cass's canoe voyage in that year.

As a curious coincidence I might mention that several columns are devoted to the Constitutional Convention then in session in Albany, New York. The leading man was Martin Van Buren.

The most remarkable thing, however, in this ancient sheet, is the way in which Gen. Cass went to Chicago to hold a treaty with the Indians, and this I believe to be the most wonderful canoe voyage in American history. Let the reader trace on the map the following route from Toledo to Chicago, which is thus given in the Geneva Gazette.

Gen. Cass on his route to Chicago, ascended the Maumee River to Fort Wayne. From there his canoe was carried over a portage of about nine miles to the head of the Wabash river. This river he descended to the Ohio and then descended the Ohio to the Mississippi. The latter he ascended to the mouth of the Illinois, one of whose tributaries approaches within ten miles of Chicago. The reader will see that in order to avoid a land journey of 300 miles through a wilderness, a circuitous course of five times that distance was endured. In this manner the government agent reached Chicago where he had a council with the Indians.

The direct journey can be made now in as many hours as it then took weeks, and during the extraordinary canoeing the party probably lived on fish and game. The route took them past St. Louis and yet this was then the easiest and safest way of reaching their destination.

If Gen. Cass had kept a diary of that journey it would be one of the most interesting things of the kind in our history.

East Decatur Pioneer Days

Written for the Republican by Mrs. Sarah Graham Norton of Alamo, assisted by Mrs. Orris A. Roberts of Decatur, and published in the Republican in July, 1928. The clipping was sent to the Republican by Mrs. Marietta McDole Taylor who had written over it, "very interesting." We also find it very interesting and think this a good time to reproduce it. Mrs. Norton was one of the very early residents of Decatur. She was born in 1853 on Christmas Day and died in 1943.

When Wm. Ray's wife died he sold his farm to a Mr. Cross, who had one boy; they went out with the young people a great deal, and invited young and old to their home. They spent the evenings dancing, with "Bobby" Dunnington playing his violin. The girls took refreshments and all had a very pleasant time.

The school teachers would have spelling schools and exhibitions, and all enjoyed themselves much the same as at present. In the fall of the year when there were apples and peaches, the neighbors would go in, or make a bee, and pare and string the fruit until all was finished, when the lady of the house would serve refreshments; then they would play games or dance.

Two families, who came to East Decatur were always ready for a good time. They were Mr. Lathrope and Net Thurston. If the M. E. ladies wanted Mrs. Thurston to give a social she always complied and after supper when the older people had gone home, some one would ask if they could dance a few sets. "No quicker said than done." That caused quite a commotion, turning a social into a dance.

One night young and old went to Frank Carpenter's to a husking bee. The girls and women sewed carpet rags for Mrs. Carpenter, while the men were husking corn. After supper all had a good time playing "The Needle's Eye," "Drop the Handkerchief," or "Button, Who Has the Button," etc.

Mr. Doolittle lived on the Smith farm and sold it to William Powers. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Powers and two adopted daughters. Frank Carpenter worked for Mr. Powers, and married one of the girls and John McAdams married the other one.

Mr. Moon sold his farm across the road from the Powers place to Myron Newkirk. Will Newkirk lived north of his brother's home on what was in later years known as the Burt Andrew's place. The Newkirks invited the young people of the neighborhood to come in for evenings and they danced and had fine times. We did not see any drinking or fighting.

A very sad accident happened about this time. Mr. Durkee had bought a small farm north of the McAdams place and built him a small house. He was clearing a few acres and in some manner a tree he was felling struck him and injured him so badly that he died in a few days. It was in a terribly stormy time and but few people were able to attend the funeral. My mother and aunt went to the home and did all they could to help them and keep them comfortable. There were four children—Libbie, Allie, Jim and Carrie. The neighbors were very good to them and made bees to help put in their crops and get wood and do anything needed for their comfort. The children were all very good to help their mother as soon as they were large enough.

if I would promise not to go on the lake. I promised and kept my word but I felt bad when all the rest went and I could only sit on the bank and watch the others have a good time.

Dennis Murphy bought the Sam Sweet place west of our place. There were several children—Thomas, Mary, Maggie, Lizzie, Nellie and Mat. Their place was not far from the Howlands, who were related to the Murphys; there was quite a family of them also—Will, Mary, Maggie, Anna, James, Mike, George, Nellie and Richie. The older Howland and Murphy children, my cousins, Alonzo and Ed. Ray.

The two Waters' children, Quinglas and Nettie and my brother and I had some good times going and coming from school. We had a lot of different teachers as so many of them only taught one term, which might be of two, three or four months. A teacher seldom stayed a full school term.

The worst teaher or master we ever had, was Jim Maddison. No matter what the weather was if we were not on the grounds when the last bell rang, we were not allowed to enter until recess or at noon. He bacame so cruel that the pupils all left school. The school board tried to discharge him but he had his contract and claimed they could not discharge him, and he refused to go.

It was in the contract that he was to board around. Each family was to board him so many days or weeks, according to the number of children they had of school age. He went to the school house each morning and built a fire and remained there all day alone, not a pupil came. He studied law until the end of the term and drew his salary the same as though the full quota of children were there every day.

I worked in Decatur for Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tuttle. They were very nice people. Then I went to Lawyer Cole's. He was very sick with the old-fashioned T. B. and died in the spring. Then his daughter and husband came to live with Mrs. Cole and her children. The daughter's husband was E. A. Blackman, editor of the Decatur Republican.

I stayed there until I became sick with the ague. I would have a chill and fever every other day and worked as long as I could, but finally had to quit and go home until I was well. Then I went back to work again, as Mrs. Blackman and I got along so well that they were glad to have me back, so I stayed with them until all three of their children were born.

We do not hear anything much about ague any more since the timber has been cut down and the swamps drained. There are not so many mosquitoes to carry malaria as formerly. While I was working for Mrs. Blackman the East Decatur people planned to have a Christmas tree. It was their first attempt and was certainly a grand success. You can imagine how we felt as the names were being called, each wondering whose would be the next name called. I think that was in December, the 24th, 1870.

In 1872, Oscar Caldwell went north to Howard City to work at lumbering. He hired Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirtland to stay at the camp until he could get other help. He hired my mother, brother and myself giving us three dollars a week. He also hired Mr. and Mrs. Milo Hatch and my uncle, William McNeal, Johnny Richmond and the two Stone boys. My mother cooked for eighteen to twenty men all winter.

It was there I met Mr. Rollin Norton, who was Mrs. Oscar Caldwell's brother, and we were married on the tenth of the next September, 1873, and left in December for Alamo, where we have resided ever since, excepting about six months when we were in Ohio.

Fifty-five years later there only remain a very few of the old settlers and all but two have moved onto other farms.

Our Winter In Florida

By Fred W. Green

Since our return from the South Arba has repeatedly asked me to write about the trip. I have refrained from doing so because the ground has been so thoroughly covered by others from Decatur. But so long as he felt I should add my impressions and experiences, and to keep the peace within the Republican office and at 110 West St. Mary's street, I here proceed:

Starting from scratch, I began to prepare for the trip South in September, first by placing an ad in the St. Petersburg Times for a room to stay in when I arrived there. The ad. brought many 'answers,' so many that they raised Edna's curiosity, and she asked what all the mail from St. Petersburg was about. I told her I had advertised for a room. Her next question was when I expected to go. My reply was October 10th or 11th, or about that time.

A few days later she said, "You know I have been thinking I will go with you this year and try it again." Fine, I replied, so sent another ad for an apartment which brought 42 answers, all of which were turned over to her for inspection. She asked questions as to where the various places were located, all of which I was able to tell her.

The places were sifted down to two that I thought would satisfy her. Both were out of the down town radius, so I sent the two addresses to a friend who lives in St. Petersburg the year around and asked him to visit them and send his impressions, which he did. Then I asked my friend Gus for a confirmation and we took the place he selected. It was satisfactory and we lived in it all the time we were there.

Planning the Trip

Next we talked about the trip and made plans as to when we would start. My question was how much time she wanted in which to get ready. She didn't know, so to bring the matter to a head I asked her if 30 days would be enough, and she said, "Plenty."

I said, very well then, we will start October 11. I tol her the car woul be standing in front of the house all packed and ready to start at 10 a. m. It was there at the minute and I was seated in it waiting for the lady to arrive. She was there a little late, but take it all in all she did a good job of getting ready. It was raining good and plenty and she kicked on starting in the rain, but I brushed that aside with the remark that starting out on a 1,300 mile trip one could not regulate the weather. So off we started, getting a nice send-off from Miss Carney and Mrs. Bope.

It rained continuously all the way to South Bend, in spite of the old adage of "rain before seven, shine before eleven." The sign failed, so on we went in the rain until I became discouraged and asked her if she did not think we should find a place to stay for the night. After traveling another 40 miles, that is what we did. We found a nice place, not very attractive from the outside, but the food was good and that was all that mattered.

After a good night's rest we found another good restaurant and after a good breakfast continued on our way. The rain had stopped. We went through Indianapolis to a small town named Memphis where we found excellent accommodations, including our first chicken dinner.

We stopped at Elizabethtown, called "E" town for short. From there we went to a town called Springfield, then to Huntsville, a lively town where we stopped at the Erskin Hotel where, to our surprise, we found one of the best hotels on our entire trip. Edna was not feeling any too good there, so I had to eat alone, and I did eat a regular dinner with all the trimmings.

We stayed at Huntsville but one night and drove on to Guntersville where the government has a wonderful dam. We stopped to examine it, but there was nothing to see but water. We next reached WeDOwe where I have a post office friend, and then Opiteka. It was very hot and I was ready to get out of the car when we arrived there Friday. We stayed there until Monday morning and had a good rest.

The country was football crazy. Georgia Tech was playing a conference game about four miles from there and I never saw such crazy driving as we saw Saturday and Sunday, so it did not take much persuading to hold me there till Monday. That was the biggest drive I made on the way to St. Petersburg,—210 miles, not far for an expert, but enough for me in one day. The landlord turned his radio over to us for the Northwestern game while he went into another room and turned on one for the Georgia game. They got trounced but Northwestern won.

Monday morning we went on to Columbus, Ga., 20 miles, for breakfast, then on to Thomasville where we found a super motor court hotel. It is wonderful how they get those places up with everything to make one feel like being at home. We stopped there one night. We then were within hailing distance of our destination.

I always stop at Brooksville before going in to St. Pete. It has a nice hotel and good food. One can get an extra dolling up there and after sitting in a car a week he needs it. Besides it is better to arrive at your destination early in the day.

We Arrived at St. Pete

So we arrived at our new home in good season and were able to get our things unpacked and find a good place to eat before night. We had three rooms, all electric household utensils in good working order and plenty of hot water, so what more could we ask. We had to furnish our own sheets and other linens, but we had them and I think you will agree that we were well housed.

Now that we were there, just what did we do with ourselves? That is a hard one to answer as there were so many things to do to take up the time. Let's take up Edna's activities first. She fussed around the house and now and then went down town with me, but very seldom.

Silver Springs

We took two trips out of town and chose one of the two days it rained while we were there. We went to a noted place called Silver Springs. Had to leave home at seven and be down town at eight in order to get a seat in the bus. It is a four hour ride from St. Pete. On the way the bus stopped at an orange grove and all were allowed to pick one orange just as a novelty. All got out and picked it in the rain and the bus went on to Silver Springs.

The driver announced that we were about to pass a novelty, to take a good look at it and a picture if we desired. The bus stopped a minute for all to read the sign over a large juice factory. It read "California Juice Factory." I wonder how many juice factories in the heart of the California fruit belt have Florida signs on them. I would say, not many or any. This factory is run by the famous Del Monte Canning Company. All their products are labeled California. I thought it queer for a California company to be processing fruit in Florida, but there it is, an enormous plant.

This Silver Springs is a water picnic place as the name would indicate. We were taken out in a boat with seats all around it, and in the middle one can see the springs through the glass bottom. We could see fish in profusion and all kinds of aquatic growth. It was spectacular. We floated around in this boat for perhaps 30 minutes, then entered another boat with portholes all around it so we could see what is going on under the water which is crystal clear. That took up another 30 minutes.

Then there were the diving ladies who do water stunts, but the day we were there they were afraid of getting their bathing suits wet, so we did not see them perform. We were told they were wonderful high divers, but they can't prove it by us. We purchased cards and looked for a

place to eat, but found none inviting and so postponed that part of our picnic until later on. The driver announced that the bus was ready to start back so we clambered aboard and returned home via Tampa tired but satisfied we had seen a lot, even if it had rained all day.

Lucy Howland

Another trip we made was to see Lucy Howland. Lucy wasn't at home but we improved the loss of her company by having supper at the famous Columbia restaurant known all over the world. There are five distinct restaurants,—Spanish, American, Italian, German and Cuban. You can get anything you want in the way of food, and if you eat all you are served you are a wonder. I do not like the place for that reason. They pile the plates so full of what is ordered that it takes one's appetite away. It is a shameful waste of food, but they do it every time. The wines they serve are from all over the world and of rare vintage. Then of course they serve Balantine ale and other brews on the market.

After being the guest of a lovely lady who worked with me in the post office for many years we returned home. This lady visits St. Petersburg a few weeks every year. So we failed to see Lucy but had a good trip and a wonderful dinner anyway.

Lucy took a day off later and visited us in our York street home. Her and Edna's tongues wagged for several hours while I spent the time listening, writing letters and sleeping. They roasted anyone and everyone they could think about, including some newspaper people we will not mention by name, but you should be able to guess.

Lucy is going to visit here later on but thinks she is pretty well tied up this year. However, she added, one can never tell. She looked good to me, and I am sure she enjoyed the day off from her arduous duties.

Spending the Time

I put in much of my time reading the daily newspaper. Took Edna to look at the waves, but she refused to go in, in spite of the fact that I offered to buy her a one piece bathing suit. Nothing doing, although it did look nice and the women wearing them seemed to be enjoying themselves.

I put in a lot of time at the Bowling club playing cards and bowling, every now and again taking a stroll down town. I sat on the Green benches when I was tired, which was frequently, but was not snatched up as you can see.

When Monday, April 11, arrived the car was already loaded by Gus and myself ready to sail at the break of dawn, but the sailing simmered down to almost noon. Edna was glad when the sails billowed out and the ship started North to dear old Michigan.

Time never hangs heavily on one's hands down South. There is something to do every hour of the day. Sunday was one day Gus and I always spent together. He would pull up at York street in the morning. Edna would have a good dinner of strawberry shortcake, which was in season from January to the latter part of March. Then we would attend community singing conducted by a fascinating lady who will get more singing out of a crowd than any other mortal I ever saw. She conducts the Sunrise Easter service attended by 5,000 people.

After the Sunday singing Gus would go home with me and we would spend the balance of the day talking about Chicago, and Milwaukee avenue in particular. We never get tired talking about Chicago. That takes care of the way we spent the days in St. Petersburg.

Going Home

Now we are on our way home, receiving the best wishes of our neighbors as we leave. We returned home a different way, going through Argo, Clearwater, Tarpon Springs and Port Richey, New Port Richey and Brooksville. After we were out a couple of hours it began to rain and we drove through rain all day and the next day.

The hills are steep this way, but are not to be considered mountains. The drivers going South this way don't get behind those big trucks, for some of them are loaded so heavy that they get stuck on the hills. On the last day of the trip, when we were 125 miles from South Bend it snowed, and this was the first snow I had seen in six years. After breakfast we started out in a rain and it rained all the way till we arrived at 110 West St. Mary's street, Decatur.

Anyone who has the patience to read this letter I hope will enjoy it. It took me a long time to get started to writing it, but when I did get started I enjoyed the writing. It has given me an opportunity to answer a lot of question about the trip both North and South.

I must mention a pleasant incident which occurred on our way home. We were given the high sign by a continual tooting of the horn, so returned the salute and stopped. A gentleman walked up and said he knew we were from Van Buren county. I greeted him by saying, I know you but do not recall your name. He replied by saying, "Your name is Green." Then I asked him his name and it turned out that I bought some spray dope from him many years ago when he was clerk at the Lawrence Coop. Later he went into business for himself and he and his sons are still in it. He was Mr. Simmons of Lawrence. He asked where we were stopping. We were about 20 miles from Opelika and I told him we would stop there over night. It turned out that his daughter had driven 237 miles that morning and was still going strong, so after a pleasant visit we parted company.

We visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buys twice at their Lantern Lane apartment in St. Petersburg, and also Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gaertig at their winter home. We also saw Mrs. Chas. H. Wolbert, sister of our townsman, Raymond Gale, who is a permanent resident of St. Pete. We also saw Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Tremper. They are former residents of Decatur although they have not lived here for many years. They went from here to Cleveland, Ohio, where they taught school until their retirement, and they now have a pleasant home in this Floria city. Mrs. Tremper is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alden Knights.

This is the finish.

Fred W. Green.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

DEATH OF CHARLES E. WARNER

Charles E. Warner, 86, 312 Broadway, Niles, a former justice of the peace and a prominent Mason, died shortly after noon Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Helen Miller in Chicago.

Mr. Warner, who was known among his many friends as Judge Warner, had been in failing health since the first of this year when he and his wife, Kittie Lee Warner, joined their daughter in Chicago for the winter.

He was born in Volinia, Cass County, February 1, 1863, and was reared in that area.

Early in life he entered into the furniture industry and was employed by several large furniture companies in Chicago, Ill., and Denver, Colo., before returning to this area 18 years ago.

He served for a time as Cass county sheriff and from 1934 to 1936 he was a justice of the peace in Niles.

Besides being prominently known in the furniture field, Judge Warner gave much of his time to Masonry.

He was among Michigan's most prominent members of the Masonic body and held many high offices during his years of activity in the lodge.

He was raised to the third degree in Volinia lodge 227 and later became master. On May 24, 1884 he served in offices in Chicago and Den-

ver lodges while residing in those cities.

He was elected to honorary membership in the St. Joseph Valley lodge of Niles on May 2, 1939, and served as chaplain of the Niles lodge for several years. He was a representative to the grand lodge from Niles on many occasions.

Surviving besides his widow is one daughter, Mrs. Helen Miller of Chicago; three grand daughters, Miss Helen Warner, Santa Barbara, Calif., Miss Phyllis Miller, Chicago, and Mrs. Patricia Earl, Washington, D. C.; and three sisters, Mrs. Ralph Goodenough and Mrs. Edna Sherman of Cassopolis, and Mrs. Jessie Green, Dowagiac.

Funeral services were held last Friday at 3:30 p. m., at the First Presbyterian church with the Rev. T. M. Greenhoe officiating. Burial was at Crane cemetery in Volinia.

Roscoe Burch, past grand master of the Masonic lodge of Michigan, officiated in the Masonic rites at the church and the St. Joseph Valley chapter of Niles conducted the graveside services with Harry Blake, chaplain of the Niles lodge in charge.

Masons of the Niles lodge and the Volinia lodge attended the services.

Charlie Warner remembered his friends with original greeting cards each Christmas holiday. He had a natural gift of composing rhymes and poems and it was his way of remembering those near to him. We have received one of these clever Christmas greetings from him every holiday for the past twenty years or more, have looked for it and expected it, and should have been greatly disappointed if it had failed to appear in the mail. Mrs. Warner joined him in the sending and the last one, received four short months ago, was as follows:

A SURE CHRISTMAS GREETING

What kind of a Christmas card is this?
Somebody's thinking has gone amiss.
Whoever wrote the crazy thing
Has bells in his belfry that do not ring—

Sez you.

FESTIVAL ECHOES

By Elwood Scott.

Decatur's Centennial and Celery Festival is past, but many things of that occasion will live in the memory for a long, long time. Many of the boys had grown whiskers for this event and they did a swell job of it in presenting different types of beards, mustaches, and chin ornaments. We hear a lot about the "Gay Nineties," but the hairy facial adornment so strongly in view the last day of the celebration belonged more to the "Elegant Eighties." Then, too, Mrs. Alta Taylor, Mrs. Doc Marks, Mrs. Bert Kidman, Mrs. Tom Mahoney, Mrs. Lohroff, and Mrs. Lou Graham, with several others, were garbed in the costumes of a long time back.

The display of relics in the store windows was a revelation to the thoughtful of this generation, while it gladdened the eyes of the old timers, for in their younger days they had used implements like these in their daily tasks.

Grace Weeks had a lot of pictures taken in the village when the camera was a mysterious rarity. Other windows had photographs and tin types of some of the pioneers whose names are now only a tradition. Two fine oil paintings stirred the memory deeply, for they were the likenesses of Dolphin Morris and his wife, the father and mother of Henry Morris, who with his wife, were the victims of an unsolved and spectacular murder mystery in 1879. These paintings were loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Morris.

Charlie Hughey had a German song book of 1726, fully two inches thick, only slightly wider and seven inches long. This was leather bound, but of surprisingly light weight. Other books of his collection were bibles dated 1781 and 1769. He had also a "Non Sectarian" bible dated 1836, and on the fly leaf was a notation that his great-grandfather had been killed by lightning, and had a Masonic funeral in 1838. In one binding was the Old and New Testaments, 1845. Almost like new was the famous McGuffy Fourth Reader of 1879, and by the same author a "Juvenile Speaker" dated 1860. But Mrs. Guy Collins probably had the oldest book exhibited, a bible printed in 1609.

In the Reick jewelry store window was a truly remarkable machine, in its day. This was a combination lathe and jewel setting tool, with many other uses. It was a beautiful precision instrument made of brass, or bronze, and had spiral gears. It was used in the actual making of watch parts over two hundred years ago. If the foot power treadle wheel had been invented, it was not used here. The fine mechanic of those old days turned the crank with one hand while he used the cutting tools with the other. Right beside this there were two chain drive watches, considerably more than a century old. The chains which drove them were made much like a bicycle chain, though they did not run over cogs. This chain, no larger than an ordinary thread, had carefully finished tiny links riveted together with almost microscopic sized rivets. It was fastened to the mainspring barrel, and by the cleverly designed principle of an ever-widening spiral applied the same power to the watch mechanism when fully wound up, or when nearly run down. These watches were made by M. I. Tobiac, of Liverpool, and were considered the finest in the world. Earl Copley had one complete in the case, and in fine preservation.

The highlights of the festival were furnished by Edgar Bergen, who besides giving his own services, brought some topnotch entertainers, so the people had a rarely good show. No doubt the best part of the fun began after the scheduled show Friday night, and the players had returned to the band stand. There, Edgar Bergen and his brother Clarence, Ircel Twing, the comedian (Pat Patrick), and Jim Sherman went into high gear and convulsed those fortunate enough to be there.

The Kangaroo Court was convened, and many were tried and fined for not growing beards. One of those "arrested" and tried was Edgar Bergen, himself. During his testimony, "Judge" Hughey asked him how many times he had lied to the court, and he answered, "Twice." So he was given a stiff fine for lying the third time. When he refused to pay they put him in the stocks, and if any photographer had snapped the scene it would have been a rare picture of the great comedian with his hands and feet fastened thus. Then the crowd found the "Judge" guilty of a misdemeanor and put him in the stocks also. With this the whole company went down the street playing the games of chance, pranks upon each other, and acting like a bunch of happy kids. Bergen was no longer famous, nor any kind of a celebrity. His friends took him in, and again he was just one of the old gang. It was noticeable that while here he stopped to chat with all his old acquaintances who made themselves known, regardless of how they were dressed. And if he did not enjoy himself in this homecoming, then he is a superb actor, far better than anyone could believe. It was probably summed up best in the inelegant remark of a bystander, who said, "He is a regular guy." And for sincerity, no higher compliment could be paid.

An Indian Mystery

By Lisette Stevens,
Paw Paw, Michigan.

In the early years of 1800, my great-grandfather, Nathaniel Leverich, with his three brothers and their families, started west from "York State" by wagon train. In Indiana, my grandfather and several other old time families, decided they would go north into Michigan, while his three brothers and the rest of the train decided to go on to the Oregon trail.

They reached the trading post of Chicago, in time to join an outfit leaving soon. When they arrived at the Mississippi River, it was in flood, so they went south a day's drive, crossed at another ford, made their circle, built fires, to dry their bedding and clothes, and rest, to get an early start in the morning, as they were in hostile Indian territory.

The next morning, a fourteen year old boy, the son of one of my uncles, was missing. They searched for four days. He had been "sick with the fever" when they got there. Then a scout rode up to tell them he had sighted hostile Indian scouts, so the wagon boss said they should leave at once for the safety of the others. They headed north to the Oregon trail, never knowing whether the boy in his delirium had wandered away to be killed by wild animals, captured by Indians, or drowned in the Mississippi.

Honorary Degree Doctor of Laws Conferred upon Charles H. Mahoney

The Republican editor has recently received a copy of the commencement issue of The Olivet Optic, on the first page of which is a picture of Charles H. Mahoney and the announcement that Olivet College had conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. Thomas of the faculty read the citation for the honorary degree as follows:

By direction of the faculty and the board of trustees, I have the honor, Mr. President, to ask your official commendation of Charles Henry Mahoney, of Detroit, Michigan. Born in Decatur, Michigan, he attended Olivet college for three years where he was a member and officer of Adelphic society and where in 1907 he won the college's most esteemed junior award, the Drury prize in oratory. Offered a teaching post in the preparatory school of Fisk, he taught there during his senior year and graduated from that university with the class of 1903. After three years at the University of Michigan where he obtained his degree in law, he was admitted to the bar in 1911 and immediately began the practice of his profession in the city of Detroit.

He has since had a distinguished career serving city, state and nation with characteristic devotion for well nigh forty years. Mr. Mahoney has served his city as a member of its planning commission, his county of Wayne as supervisor over a period of ten years. He has served his state under three governors as commissioner for the department of labor. He has served his nation during the recent war as chairman of the inter-racial war bond committee. Eminent in civil affairs, he is eminent also in the field of education. He has been Detroit chairman of the United Negro College fund for several years. He has been active as a member of the Southern Education Foundation having in its disposition, the Jeanes, Slater, Peabody and Virginia Randolph funds, and maintaining some five hundred teachers in the south and giving needed aid to southern schools.

Lawyer, loyal alumnus, distinguished citizen, Olivet is proud to claim him for her own. His career most happily combines activitiy and accomplishment. We honor him for that ability which has enabled him together with some associates to organize a great insurance company and to preside as chief executive officer of that organization for twenty-one years; we honor him for those years of sacrifice which led him to serve his community and country with so selfless a devotion. To honor him and also to honor ourselves, I would ask, Sir, in the name of the faculty and the board of trustees of Olivet college that you now admit Charles Henry Mahoney to the degree of Doctor of Laws, Honoris Causa.

Dr. Mahoney's childhood and youth were lived in Decatur. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Barney Mahoney and their home was just around the corner on West St. Mary's street. Charles graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1904, and his splendid record from that time on to the present is told in the statement printed above.

"The feature of the Olivet College alumni banquet," states the Olivet newspaper report, "was an address by Charles Henry Mahoney of Detroit, a former student and classmate of President A. L. Ashby who left the campus 42 years ago.

"Dr. Mahoney was introduced by President Ashby who told how he had followed the career of the speaker as a public servant and a member of the legal profession.

"There are some things that money cannot buy," continued Dr. Ashby, "and friendship is such a thing. Friendship becomes sweeter through absence."

The college head related how he and Mr. Mahoney were classmates and that he recognized the stamp of a real man in the latter—a man of whom Olivet could now well be proud.

"When it was first suggested that I come to Olivet as a speaker I thought it was a fine idea," said Mr. Mahoney in opening his talk. "But as the time grew nearer I began to think that it was not such a good idea after all. I began to turn over in my mind what I should say. I wrote two speeches. One I threw away and a part of the other I brought with me.

"When I came back today, I attended lunch and then I walked around the campus. I noticed that Parsons hall was gone. The chapel was gone. The old gym was gone. And then I began to wonder what there was left of Olivet life to remember after 42 years. I tried to recall who my professors were and what subjects they taught. I could not remember the names of some of the professors and what they taught."

The speaker then went on to tell how he remembered Dr. Thomas W. Nadal, Professor George Knapp, Dr. Herbert A. Miller and Professor Daniels. He then realized, he said, that Olivet meant personalities and what they stood for.

"I would have chosen this commencement of all the commencements in the 42 years to come back," declared Mr. Mahoney, "because Olivet has reached a place where a new start is to be made."

A GOOD WORD FROM DR. MAHONEY

(Dr. Mahoney does not forget his old home town and his reminiscent letters are looked forward to with pleasure. We are particularly pleased to receive this one which indicates that his health is improving. Before the summer is over he may be able to visit Decatur again.)

Room F270, Hines Hospital,
Hines, Illinois, May 2, 1949.

Dear Sir:

Nothing marks the flight of time more accurately than your little reminder on the wrapper of my copy of the Decatur Republican which said May 4, 1949. So as not to be on the delinquent list, yesterday being Sunday, I am forwarding post office order for $2.50 not being a resident of Van Buren or Cass counties.

We have a large and busy post office in this hospital. It occupies a large area of floor space and has many employees. It certainly does a large volume of business. I have been here now nearly three years which is a long time to live in a wheel chair, but I hope to be able to walk some very soon, and I will then leave here and go and live with my son who lives in Wilmette. He has a nice home, a large lot and many shade trees. But certainly Uncle Sam takes good care of the veterans here. No fault to find.

Sincerely,
Geo. W. Mahoney.

THE FIRST RESIDENT OF ARLINGTON

An interesting history of the township of Arlington, written by C.B. Charles, was published in the Bangor Advance last week from which we quote the following:

The first settler in the township was William N. Taylor, who, as a young man of twenty one came with a party from Monroe to New York to settle in the township of Columbia. Mr Taylor purchased one hundred twenty acres and built a log cabin on the corner of Section 8 where Earl Bigelow now resides. Mr Taylor's three brothers settled in Bangor Township.

"It is related that the men, women and children of the party, with whom Mr. Taylor came, walked from Detroit along the trail, single file, like the Indians who had made the path. Their sole possessions were hauled by a single pair of steers which they had purchased in Detroit."

William N. Taylor was the father of Mrs. Ella M. Moulton of Decatur and grand father of the publisher of the Republican. He was born in 1812 and moved in an early day from Arlington to Lawrence. The Taylor farm on the north bank of the Paw Paw River was for many years a land mark of the town.

William N. Taylor died there in 1899 at the age of eighty-seven. He was a tireless worker all of his life. The fall that he was eighty-six, the writer drove over to his home and found him high up in an old apple tree picking apples.

Albert Breed, who is mentioned in the story as the first white child born in Columbia Township, was a few weeks old when his mother died. He was adopted by Mr and Mrs. Taylor and remained in the family until he married. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

1949

Daniel S. Powers, Prominent Detroit Engineer

Graduate of Decatur High School in 1917.

By Bessie Fuhrman

"Daniel S. Powers, e'19-'22, prominent Detroit engineer, and former resident of Traverse City, was guest of honor at a dinner given by the R. H. McManus Company at the Park Place hotel in Traverse City early this fall. He has been associated with many large engineering projects such as Willow Run Bomber Plant, manufacturing plants for General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Kaiser-Frazer and other large industries, as well as numerous highway projects. He is a member of the Engineering Society of Detroit and a Registered Civil Engineer and land surveyor. For the past two years he has commuted weekly between Acme and Detroit, and he is now retired from active participation in his firm, but is continuing as consultant. He is spending most of his time in Traverse City now."

—The Michigan Alumnus.

Several years ago I wrote a story for the Republican about one of our pioneer widows, Mrs. Daniel Alexander of Porter township, who was left with six children to bring up by herself. It was one of a series of pioneer stories of Van Buren county, and the title was, "Great Aunt Margaret." The baby Dannie in my story has become the Daniel Spencer Powers in the article that I have taken from my Michigan Alumnus magazine of Nov. 5, 1949.

Having known Dan since he was a baby, it is only natural for me to be glad to pass on further information about him as a man. The "Alumnus" hits a few of the "high spots" of his career, but has given little else concerning him as a man of character in which perseverence, painstaking care, kindness and modesty are some of the dominant traits.

So, I am taking it upon myself to present a further account of some of the facts which never could have been probed out of Dan by a merely curious questioner, much less by a reporter for publication.

Having given the setting of Dan's babyhood in "Great Aunt Margaret," I shall start here with his work as a boy on the farm of his mother's pioneer parents. He worked there as any other boy probably would have done, and after completing his district school education at the Bell school, decided to go to high school in Decatur. He was here four years, graduating in June, 1917. Before he was through the first World War began and he was claimed for training at the Great Lakes training station near Waukegon, Ill. However he was released long enough to return and receive his diploma with his class.

One of Dan's experiences he had in trying to finance his education he should tell himself, but since he isn't likely to do so, I'll tell it.

One summer he and several other high school boys were hired to sell a stock book with other helpful ideas besides those about stock. Dan went to Lafayette, Indiana, and tried selling the book around Purdue University. He could not find prospects or if he did he must have been too scared to push the sale or his training was inadequate. Anyway, Dan had to give it up and get another job. The only one then available was that of driving mules. As he was not familiar with mules and their ways Dan soon got sick of this job and had to write for money to pay his way back home. Hitch-hiking then was too slow for a hungry boy.

Whether he shook the mule's dust off his feet as a testimony against the fellow who got him into that "raw deal" I don't know, but I am certain that Dan has not forgotten that experience in trying to be a salesman.

Farm work was after all his best chance for earning his way through college, so having chosen U. of M. for his college course he went there in 1919. There he secured jobs that helped to finance his expenses. One of them proved to be a blessing in disguise other than that of financial help.

He had made the acquaintance of one of the regents of the University through tending the furnace in the regent's home. While working there Dan's marks were not what he thought he should have. In desperation he confided in the regent. The result was that after that his marks were better.

It is my opinion that had it not been for that helping hand and the regent's confidence in him, Dan might have lost his chance to pursue his education at the U. of M. It is certain that the influence of the regent who interceded for him with his professors did help him. Dan held on until he had accrued enough knowledge to obtain a position which released him from the University in 1922, one year before he had completed his four year course and before he could receive his diploma.

So without the help of the credential—a U. of M. diploma—Dan was on his own.

One of the first of his noteworthy achievements was that of re-routing the Penn R. R. through South Bend. The tracks in 1918 ran across S. Main street, and the flagman sat where the new Super Market now stands. Having known that location before the change was made, the improvement is easily appreciated.

This summer when he and his brother Fred, from Cadillac, called on me I asked Dan how long ago it was since he did that work for the Penn R. R. and he said it was about 25 years ago.

Several years ago when his mother (cousin to my mother) called on my mother and me. I mentioned the visit of our neighbors, Cora Caldwell and Jean, to the Edison Memorial. Dan said, "I was there." I asked how it happened that he was there and he replied as casually as if he had been just another sight-seer, "I was the construction engineer." Modest? Well, that's Dan as a man.

As to Dan's private life, I regret to say that he has lived through much sorrow—enough to break the spirit of many. Not only the death of his parents, for whom he provided a lovely home in their old age, but the death of three of his uncles who still lived in the home where Dan grew up, the early death of his brother Gary who died with cancer and the sorrow of his sister-in-law's death, and that of his first wife, the latter having died of mental illness in a private sanitarium more than twelve years ago.

Dan has since remarried and after the long siege of sorrows and troubles of life it would seem that now happily married the long road of unhappiness had turned at last and that everything would be right from there on. And for a time the normal happy life seems to have prevailed.

Little Daniel the third came and is now a beautiful child of four years of age. Dan's spacious home on which he has lavished both time and money is in Traverse City to which he has commuted from Detroit some time by train and sometimes by auto for two years, and that's Dan as a family man.

Then after a comparatively brief time of happiness Dan had to undergo a major operation. He has recovered but the condition of his health has necessitated his retirement as an engineer, although the company for which he has labored many years still retains him as consultant.

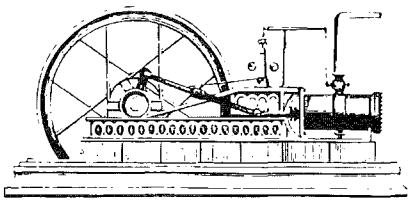
Thus the blood of Michigan pioneers has made itself evident in telling records in the world's work by another "boy from Decatur."

(It is interesting to note that following the comment about Dan Powers in the Michigan Alumnus is the picture and a brief sketch of Ormond E. Hunt, also interested at one time and well known in Decatur.

Mr. Hunt was the husband of Hazel Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Hill, one of our best known Decatur families. She passed away some 20 or more years ago.

Mr. Hunt entered General Mo-

tors organization in 1921 as chief engineer for Chevrolet and played an important part in the development of Chevrolet's six cylinder engine. In 1929 he was appointed vice-president in charge of engineering at General Motors, and five years later was named a director of the company. Mr. Hunt has recently retired as executive vice-president of the great corporation.)



Noted Potowatomi Chiefs

Taken from "The Potawatomi Indians", by Otho Winger (Courtesy of Harvey Franz, Benton Harbor.)

Continued from last week.

While the Potawatomi did not produce chiefs as famous as some Indian tribes, there are a number who deserve special attention and should be familiar names to the student of Indian history.

TO-PE-NE-BEE

For more than forty years Topenebee was chief of the Potawatomi Indians. We do not know much about his life except in connection with his work as chief of his people. He was born at his father's village on the St. Joseph about the middle of the 18th century. His father, Ansquiba, was a noted chief in his day. Besides Topenebee, there was another son, Sawawk, whose daughter became the wife of the Indian chief, Pokagon. Anaquiba also had a daughter, Kaukeama, who became the wife of Wm. Burnett.

METEA

Near the present town of Cedarville, on the St. Joseph river of the Maumee, seven miles northeast of Fort Wayne, Metea, one of the best known of the Potawatomi chiefs, had his village. From this place he went forth to many a battle and later to many treaty assemblies. He is said to have had an active part in the massacre of Fort Dearborn. He led the Indians in the attacks on Fort Wayne shortly afterwards. Here he was wounded severely. He was in advance of his men when suddenly he came upon a part of Harrison's army. He jumped behind a small tree but his elbow was exposed. Major Mann of Harrison's army fired and broke his arm. Metea rushed back through the forest towards his men, carrying his broken arm and hotly pursued by Major Mann and others. His arm never healed, and after the wars he often told of his encounter with the white man.

He was a full-blooded Potawatomi with marked Indian characteristics. He was 6 feet tall and dignified in bearing. He appeared sullen and obstinate. His many experiences in bloody battles had left their impression. He usually had one eye painted red, significant of his savage nature. He often visited Detroit and Ft. Malden to receive presents from the British, whom he admired. He was interested in his people and later in life advocated and aided their education. But like too many of his people he fell a victim to drink. He attended a council with the Americans at Fort Wayne in 1827. Here he showed all his former dignity and ability. After the council he drank heavily, during which he drank some poison, as well as whiskey. Whether he did this by mistake or whether an opponent gave it to him has not been decided. He died the same day and was buried near the St. Mary's river in the western part of the present city of Fort Wayne.

SHABBONA

Shabbona was of Ottawa blood, a grand-nephew of the great chief, Pontiac. He was born on the Maumee river, Ohio, but at an early age migrated to Illinois where he later married a Potawatomi woman, the daughter of a Potawatomi chief, Spatke. Later he was elected chief of the Potawatomi and became one of their most admirable men. He established his village in what is now DeKalb county. When the Shawnee, Tecumseh, came west, he had a long conference with Shabbona. He later became an admirer of the great chief and followed him to war against the Americans. When Tecumseh fell at the battle of the Thames in 1814, Shabbona was at his side. After this battle he became disgusted with the way the British were using the Indians. He joined the American cause and was ever their trusted friend.

In 1827, during the Winnebago, rebellion, Shabbona visited the Winnebago chief, Big Foot, on L. Geneva, Wisconsin and tried to persuade him from attacking the Americans. Big Foot took him prisoner and for a time threatened his life. He was released, but the Indians reproached him by calling him the White Man's friend. During the Black Hawk war, Shabbona constantly warned the Americans about the intentions of the Indians. He saved many lives but gained the hatred of his race, for which he paid dearly in later years. One group of white people on Indian Creek, La Salle county, Illinois, did not heed his warning and all were killed by the Indians. There today, 14 miles north of Morris, is Shabbona Park, in honor of the Indian who was indeed the white man's friend.

WINAMAC

There has been much misunderstanding about Chief Winamac, because there were two Potawatomi chiefs by the same name. One was friendly to the U. S., the other was bitterly opposed to the Americans. The latter was killed in 1812 in a fight with the friendly Shawnee chief, Captain James Logan. The subject of this sketch died in 1821. His village was on the Wabash river, 11 miles downstream from the mouth of Eel river, where Logansport now stands.

While Gen. Harrison was governor of Indian territory, Winamac was his friendly aid in getting the Indians to make adjustments of their lands. Harrison wrote that Winamac was "an open and avowed friend of the U. S." He was strongly opposed to Tecumseh. For this reason he was marked for death by the Shawnees. At one time in council, Tecumseh poured out a torrent of abuse upon Winamac and threatened his life. Winamac cooly got his pistol ready and was undisturbed by the threats of the great Shawnee chief. Tecumseh accused Winamac of trying to persuade the Indians to sell their lands to the U. S. Winamac reported all the plans of Tecumseh to Gen. Harrison. At one time he attended a great council held at Parc Aux Vaches, now known as Bertrand, Mich. There the council under Tecumseh's suggestions planned to kill all the old chiefs and enlist the younger ones against Harrison. Winamac continued to attend the Indian councils and at one time boldly told The Prophet that he lied. He must have had great influence to be so daring without being killed.

SAUGANASH,
OR BILLY CALDWELL

Sauganash, more familiarly known as Billy Caldwell, was the son of an Irish officer, Colonel Caldwell, in British service. His mother was a Potawatomi, remarkable for her beauty and wisdom. He was born in Canada about 1780, and was well educated in the Jesuit schools of Detroit. He was given the name of Sauganash, meaning "The Englishman." He fought with the British against the Americans and is said to have been with Tecumseh when he fell fighting the Americans in the Battle of the Thames.

He was in the neighborhood of Fort Dearborn when the massacre occurred there Aug. 15, 1812. After so many had been killed, some of the friendly Indians, were trying to protect their old friends, members of the Kinzie family. Among these were the Potawatomi chiefs, Waubunsee and Black Partridge. At one time it looked as though their efforts would be entirely unsuccessful, and that all white prisoners would be massacred. Just then another Indian chief arrived. The unfriendly Indians asked him his name. "I am the Sau-ga-nash," came the reply. It was the Indian chief Billy Caldwell, who aimed to say that he was the white man's friend. He entered the house, put his rifle behind the door as suspecting nothing, and then addressed the Potawatomi who had recently come with unfriendly attitudes:

"I was told there were enemies here, but I am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Is it because you are mourning for friends you have lost in the battle? Or is it that you are fasting? If so, ask your friend here and he will give you food. He is the Indians' friend and never yet refused them what they wanted."

The Indians were taken by surprise and were ashamed to state their real purpose. After receiving some presents they went away. The Kinzie family remained in hiding for some time and then were taken to the St. Joseph (Mich.) Potawatomi by Tope-ne-bee.

ALEXANDER ROBINSON

Alexander Robinson, whose Indian name was Che-che-bing-way, meaning blinking eyes, was the son of a Scotch trader and an Ottawa woman. He was born at Mackinaw, Mich., in 1789. In 1794, though only 5 years old, he was present at the Battle of Fallen Timbers when Gen. Anthony Wayne defeated the combined forces of many Indian tribes. Later he came west and identified himself with the Potwatomi. He came to be an influential chief among them. He was present at the massacre of Fort Dearborn and tried to keep the Indians from committing so much cruelty. He helped to rescue Capt. Heald and wife by taking them in a canoe the entire length of Lake Michigan to Mackinaw. In later years he helped Chief Shabbona to keep the Potawatomi from joining Black Hawk in his rebellion.

ZACHARIAH CICOTT

One of the Many traders along the Wabash river was a French Canadian by the name of Cicott. He married a Potawatomi squaw at what is now Independence, near Attica, Indiana. He and his Indian wife had five children. The oldest was named Zachariah who became skilful in all the ways and arts of the Indians.

When Tecumseh came west seeking allies among the Potawatomi, Zachariah opposed him, saying he was nothing more than an agent for the British. He was a scout for Gen. Harrison at Tippecanoe, and during the war of 1812.

Zachariah Cicott was a fine looking man, more than 6 feet tall. He was swarthy, with keen, black eyes. He was a shrewd trader and became quite wealthy for his time. He died in 1850 and is buried beside his wife in the old cemetery just north of Independence on the old Potawatomi Trail and near the great Potawatomi Springs. His important and faithful services for the Americans have been overlooked by many Indian history writers.

MICHIGAN MISSIONARIES

Max Hill has been sent to the British West Indies as a missionary. He is a son of Harvey Hill, once a resident of Decatur, now of Kalamazoo. The family lived here on East St. Mary's street. Zoe, the wife and mother, died here and is buried in Lakeside cemetery. Neva, Max's wife, is also a missionary and their little son Roger is with them.

Mrs. Bert Goens brought the Republican a copy of the Michigan Bulletin, published by the Christian service board of the Church of God. It contained pictures of the three standing beside their automobile, and a separate picture of Max.

A letter from the two contained this information: The Hills left Michigan on Sunday, August 21, and arrived in Grand Cayman Sunday, August 28. They went by boat as the plane was grounded for repairs. The trip was a stormy one with plenty of wind and rain. Max's letter in the bulletin contained this information:

"School began the 12th of September. Sister Hill has the primary grades, Sister Emily the elementary grades. We are looking forward to working with these people and are asking that God use us to the salvation of many souls."

When Max was a young boy and lived in Decatur one of the Hill family's closest neighbors was Mrs. Eva Kinney. She was always nice to Max and he has never forgotten her kindness.

A few weeks ago she received from him the following letter:

Max V. Hill,
Georgetown,
Grand Cayman, B. W. I.

Dear Eva,—

I suppose someone has told you we are here in the Islands for a year teaching and preaching. The weather here is very lovely. It is especially nice right now. We live right on the banks of the sea.

We go swimming often. Roger swims just like a native, and he is so brown he looks like one.

Tell Madeline hello for us when you see her. Foods here are high except the native foods.

It seems funny to think it is almost Christmas when it is so warm.

The last boat for the states before Christmas leaves around December 1. So we have to mail our cards early. Airmail costs too much for so many.

Max and Neva

Worry

One of Henry Ward Beecher's favorite stories was about a young man who was applying for a job in a New England factory. Asking for the owner, he found himself in the presence of a nervous, fidgety man who looked hopelessly dyspeptic. "The only vacancy here," he told the applicant, "is a vice-presidency. The man that takes the job must shoulder all my cares."

"That's a tough job," said the applicant. "What's the salary?"

"I'll pay you ten thousand a year if you will really take over all my worries."

"Where is the ten thousand coming from?" asked the applicant, suspiciously.

"That, my friend," replied the owner, "is your first worry."

300 Passengers Lost In Sinking of Ship 'Lady of Elgin' 82 Years Ago

South Haven.—What was considered the greatest loss of life in the history of shipping on the Great Lakes occurred 82 years ago September 8, when the "Lady Elgin," a sidewheel schooner, went down in Lake Michigan, with a loss of 300 of its 400 passengers.

The ship sank off Winnetka, Ill., after colliding with the schooner, Augusta, conveying a cargo of lumber from a Michigan port to Chicago. The Augusta, which did not sink, was repaired and used for many years as a lake carrier. The ship, however, bore another name after the accident.

The sinking of the Lady Elgin was the subject of poems—long ago forgotten—and popular ballads. One of them, written by a Chicago printer, and entitled, "Lost on the Lady Elgin," was heard in theatres and music halls over a long period of years.

Adelbert Doebert, last survivor of the disaster, died in Milwaukee in 1921, aged 89.

The LADY ELGIN

Out from the poor man's cottage,
Forth from the mansion door,
Scattered along the waters,
And echoing 'round the shore,
Caught by the morning breezes,
Borne on the evening gale,
Cometh the voice of mourning,
A sad and solemn wail.

CHORUS

Lost on the Lady Elgin,
Sleeping to wake no more,
Numbered with those 300,
Who failed to reach the shore.

O 'tis the cry of children,
Weeping for parents gone,
Children who slept at evening,
But orphans awoke at dawn.
Brothers for sisters weeping,
Husbands for missing wives,
Such were the chords dissevered,
By those 300 lives.

PICTURES OF THE EASTLAND DISASTER

Ed [illegible] of Decatur, south of the village [illegible]ht to Weaver's last week two [illegible] of the Eastland tragedy in the Chicago river which occurred during the summer of 1915. The pictures were taken by an amateur photographer, the only photographer on the scene. He was about to board the boat as it began to turn over and stayed on the pier. The pictures were published and copyrighted by the Chicago Tribune. Several hundred excursionists were drowned by the overturning of the boat.

Our former townsman, Bert Hazleton, was on the staff of Mayor Thompson at the time, and in the Mayor's absence he took charge of the rescue work and the recovering of the bodies of the dead. It was one of the three worst tragedies ever to occur in Chicago. The others were the Chicago fire in 1871 and the Iroquois fire in 1903.

The pictures are in Weaver's window.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

Mrs. Margaret Parker passed away in Bangor last Saturday, July 16. She was 85 years old last Christmas Day, and has been a resident of this community from the time she was 17. She was born in the North of Ireland, in a section of that rugged island which has furnished Decatur some of its most substantial citizens, notably the Pollocks, the McWilliams, the Orrs and others.

Mrs. Parker was Margaret Pollock. She was but 17 when she left her native country alone for America and particularly Decatur, Michigan. Her brother had come here before her, was working for one of the McWilliams' and she had come to keep house for him. In a little while he got the Western fever and set out for the territory of Dakota. He expected his sister to go with him, but she had a definite mind of her own. She had come to Decatur to live, had made friends here and liked living here, and here she preferred to stay. The brother went on alone, located in the part of Dakota territory which later became the state of South Dakota, became a prosperous farmer, and the name of Pollock is well established there.

Mrs. Parker (Margaret Pollock) as a girl was honest, trustworthy, loyal, and a tireless worker, — qualities which remained with her throughout her active life. She could always find work. She did not look for it, the work looked for her. We were a small boy when she went to work in the home of Professor Upton on School street across from the school house. Being a chum of Conde Upton we were much in their home and our acquaintance with Mrs. Parker dates from that time. The Upton family also gave up to the Horace Greeley advice to "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." They too wished their unusually agreeable and competent young helper to accompany them, but again she refused to leave Decatur, and it may be at that time young Edgar Parker had something to do with the refusal.

The Upton family never returned to Decatur and it is quite probable that Mrs. Parker never saw any of them again, but they never ceased to keep in touch with her, and she prized their friendship. After Mrs. Upton's death the children sent Mrs. Parker a copy of their mother's poems entitled "October Roses," and it became one of her prized possessions. Several times at her request we have published poems from it, and were glad to publish them.

Of this fine Upton family of father and mother and six children only Lucy and Belle are living, and their home is in Long Beach, California. It is an interesting coincidence that in this issue of the Republican which announces the death of Mrs. Parker, also is published the interesting letter from the Upton sisters on their trip east.

Mrs. Parker is the last of her generation to go, but there are younger generations who possess the same splendid qualities that her generation possessed, and this community is stronger and better for the influence of their lives upon it.

A few weeks ago we received the June bulletin of Solle's Bookshop located in the hamlet of Omena in the north of Leelanau county on Grand Traverse Bay. It brought the sad news of the sudden death on March 20 of Will Solle, who some ten years ago went into the north country, "far from the maddening crowds," and established a book shop now known by book lovers all over the United States.

Will Solle was vice-president and manager of the Kroch Company of Chicago when his health gave out and he sought rest in the quiet country of Northern Michigan. His many customers and friends, writing him for information about books, gave him the idea of selling books from his country home by mail. The plan was successful from the beginning and the business has grown each year. Mr. Solle had a record of 97% in finding books that were out of print and hard to obtain. He located several for this writer. He took such pains to please his customers, and was so friendly in his correspondence, that purchasers of books would go out of their way to buy of him. He gave complete service to the smallest detail, all in his desire to please, and without adding to the cost of the purchases. His son who will continue the business seems to possess the same desirable traits of the father and the Republican wishes him abundant success.

The National Geographic Magazine:- If you like to know more of the world in which we live, if you like beautiful pictures and stories of travel, entertainingly and accurately told, add the National Geographic to your regular reading, or read it in the Decatur Library. The article on shells by Rutherford Platt and the colored pictures of several hundred different shells in the July number is worth a year's subscription. Shells like the ornaments in our home from earliest memory are shown among the illustrations. They had their places on the old whatnot in the parlor and were seldom touched, but they represented something far away in the family history and were held in great respect.

One of the best pictures shown is that of the Chambered Nautilus. The writer says this shell is in a class by itself, "Not only for the beauty of its dynamic symmetry, but also biologically. It belong to the most highly organized group of Mollusks—the nautiluses, cuttlefishes, squids and octopuses. These animals, in contrast with other mollusks, have large bodies, well developed eyes, and a circle of arms (tentacles), often with sucker discs, arising from their heads.

"The Nautilus family occupies only the largest outer chamber of its shell. It protrudes from this to swim about and to catch crabs and other animals with its tentacles. For protection it withdraws completely within its shell.

"As the baby Nautilus grows, it builds its spiral with mathematical precision and, as it moves outward, leaves vacant chambers sealed with water tight partitions. The age of this shell is unknown. The chambers do not bear any relationship to years. One of the largest perfect specimens of the Chambered Nautilus ever found measures eleven inches across."

Oliver Wendell Holmes describes this shell in his beautiful poem printed here:

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.
Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

The Republican is publishing in this paper a delightful travel story by two old time friends, Lucy Upton and her sister, Belle Upton Van Etten. Their trip took them across the United States and return, and as they reside in Long Beach, California, we have given the story the title, "Long Beach to Long Island and Return."

The ladies are daughters of Henry B. and Susan Conde Osgood Upton, and Mr. Upton was superintendent of the Decatur public schools at the time we began school. Mrs. Minnie Covington Wadsworth, their fellow resident of Long Beach, was also a resident of Decatur in those early days, and it was at her suggestion that we are favored with the story of the trip. It is pleasant to keep in touch with these friends of long ago, and there are still readers of the Republican who will remember them.

We saw a young man drive up to the curb on Main street, park and go into a store. He had straddled a streak of yellow about as nearly perfect as one could guess. His home is in the country approximately equidistant from two other towns. There was only one other car in the block, but the young man was clearly a violator. Down the street was an officer engaged in serious conversation with a prominent citizen of the village.

We stopped to watch the outcome, hoping the young man would get away without being ticketed. The officer continued to visit while the young man made his purchase, stepped into his car and was gone, all unconscious of the fact that he had perhaps narrowly escaped a ticket and a fine.

Some of our country friends have stated that they will not park on Main street because of the strictness of our parking laws. We believe they do not need to take such a stand. Our parking laws are no more exacting than those of other towns, and our officers are men of judgment. As a village we surely want the good will of our neighbors of the country, and a complete understanding with them is greatly to be desired.

The Republican has added to its staff another feature writer whom we believe its readers will follow with interest. He is Mr. Earl Wright who has, within the past year become a permanent resident of Decatur. He will write under the heading, "Country Folks," and the second of his contributions will be found in this paper.

Mr. Wright served 48 years with the United States Steel Corporation, 37 years of which he was superintendent. He became one of the most valued employes of the giant corporation and he holds three patents for making and rolling steel.

Twenty-eight years ago he bought a home on East St. Mary's street in Decatur and with his family spent the week-ends and vacations here. He retired the first of June, 1948, when he and Mrs. Wright gave up their handsome apartment in Chicago and came out to their Decatur home to stay.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

It is not easy to record the death of a lifelong friend. Charles Haefner called at the Republican office last Friday afternoon. He was making plans for a big trip, but his actual destination was very different from what he was planning.

He came to tell us that he intended to start for McEwen, Texas, Wednesday, the fifth of January, and to hold his Republican until he could send his address there. He would stop at Berrien Springs for Fred Hinkley who was to accompany him.

Next he asked if the new license plates were on sale yet, and we thought they were. He stopped for a few minutes visit and left the office to drive to Paw Paw, and that was our last meeting. He obtained the license and his number was "1 2 3 4."

In the evening he drove over to the Ella Graham farm for a farefell call on this former neighbor. She went to the kitchen to prepare refreshments and he lay down on the couch. When she returned he was gone. His leave-taking was as swift and unheralded as that,—a shock to his relatives and friends, but as the Psalmist said of the upright man, "The end of that man is peace."

Charles Haefner was a substantial member of a substantial family of this community. Their residence here dates back to the time of the Civil War when the generation of Haefners before him fought for the Union and helped to keep our country one country under the Stars and Stripes.

Throughout his younger years in farming Decatur was his trading town and in later years he followed a natural inclination to establish a home here. He was planning to spend his third winter in the Rio Grande Valley where he had made new friends, as he would wherever he located.

Charles Haefner is gone and he will not return in the spring as he had expected, but the influence of his life, well lived, will continue with us.

We think that fitting and appropriate for him is the following:

Not how did he die?
But how did he live?
Not what did he gain?
But what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man,
Regardless of birth.

Not what was his station?
But had he a heart?
And how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile,
To banish a tear?

Not what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But how many were sorry
When he passed away?

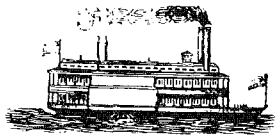
People who buy books will hereafter notice another increase in the cost of them. The much criticized 80th Congress raised the fee for mailing from four to eight cents for the first pound, and from three to four cents for subsequent pounds. The increased rate began the first of January. The National Postal committee for books, headquarters New York, will petition the new congress for redress on the ground that the new rate is highly discriminatory.

Like the skyrocket and the stick 1949 is likely to see prices going up and down. Farm writers are predicting that farmers have seen the best prices for their produce that men now middle aged will ever see. Public servants are about to enjoy salaries larger than have ever before been paid in this country. Our local express agent receives orders that his company will not deliver express received at this station, even for the merchants on Main street.

A Detroit citizen says wages of carpenters in that city are three dollars an hour and he is holding up improvements on his house. The telephone company is not finding it easy to obtain an increase in rates. The president of the Great A & P store state in this paper that food prices are coming down.

The holiday trade everywhere was light and stocks look uninviting on the shelves. The beginning of a readjustment is upon us, and "caution" is the word to keep in mind. The recklessness of the war period will give way to the more healthy and

satisfactory years of peace, and if our statesmen are sufficiently wise to guide our nation into years of permanent peace, the year ahead will be one in which we ultimately can rejoice.



Magician Lake

By Capitola Fassett

Some time ago our Editor requested an attempt made to write something of a history of Magician Lake, and efforts were made to learn more of the early days of the country surrounding it when the Indians composed quite a portion of the inhabitants. Their women appeared quite often at the homes of the white folks with baskets to sell or exchange for something to eat, and the baskets were worth all they received for them.

Had the writer been older when the time was at hand to take notice of that talked of by her elders, more of interest might have been remembered of that which was said.

One thing learned about the habits of young Indians was, when becoming "of age" (as we would say), in order to establish their standing in their race, a number of them would gather at the shore near the deepest water known to be in the lake, and all swim to the island opposite, and back. Any who failed and drowned were supposed to have been taken by "The Magician" because not fitted to live up to the requirements of a real and ideal Indian.

It seems by this that "The Magician" was considered as the "Great Spirit" or a Being appointed by Him to make the decision. Just at this point in the writing of this article a story was told to the writer which must have had a connection with the idea of magic concerning the lake.

Perhaps that which was said to have happened, or appeared to happen, was when few but Indians were dwellers in the vicinity.

The story is that there was a time when one of the islands sank into the lake and after a time (length of time not given) rose to the surface, seeming the same as before.

The earliest remembrance was when there was but one house on the shore, which was at the east end on a quite high elevation and between this bank and the lake was room for the roadway, which had, at the turn in front of the house a gravelly hill so short and steep as to make an almost impossible climb for a horse with buggy.

The residence here was the home of Ira Gould, the forefather of all the Goulds in the community of lakes, Sister, Dewey and Indian, besides Magician, which seemed, magically, to have no inlet, but really was fed by springs. The outlet was beautiful Silver Creek from which the township was named and which made possible, in the old days, to have mill ponds and flour mills where the country people could procure supplies of that kind.

Speaking of the oldest home of the Goulds, which was the only one on Magician 80 years ago, reminds one that a son and family lived about one half mile farther east.

The reason for the writer being strongly reminded of the place was an occurrence which might be of interest to younger people, it showing so plainly how much everything can change through the years. At the time when this younger Gould family lived at the place mentioned, the writer (then a child) went with others to this place to attend the funeral of an infant twin.

In that time of little convenience, and crude ways of an almost new part of the country, to a little girl who loved flowers, seeing a fan shaped bouquet clasped in a tiny hand of the beautiful babe, was something never to be forgotten. In those days there was no special help to bear the last duties to our loved ones other than that which came through the kindness of neighbors and friends.

Few flowers, if any; no funeral car, no undertaker with minute attention to needs of the occasion.

Also within the memory of the writer is seeing the earthly form of a saintly old man of her childhood days conveyed from his home to the church and cemetery in a light wagon drawn by that which, to him, was a beloved companion and faithful friend,—his old white horse. Services were held in a country church which he always attended and naturally had helped in building.

The church was surrounded by giant oaks, all with a background of farming fields, creating an unforgettable picture, as seen from the roadway, on the other side of which, a little farther toward the village, is the cemetery. Pondering on all the different phases in this sphere of existence, is it possible for us to say—that it was not an ideal funeral?

In nature is our first teaching, and, with all our trials, we still have our lakes and woods, and expressed in the Indian way, "thanks to the Great Spirit."

The Pathfinder and The Pony Express

By C. C. Evans.

I told last week about the Mormons in Utah and if it had not been for John C. Fremont the Mormons would not have known there was such a place as Utah. He traveled all through that great salt valley and spread the news of it to the world.

In 1842, 107 years ago, the government asked him to explore the west and to bring back as much of a description of it as he could. So with a party of engineers and Kit Carson as a guide he explored the region of the Rocky Mountains for a route to Oregon.

While on this mission he heard that the Mexican commander in California was about to expel all Americans from the province. At the same time he received orders from this government to protect our interests.

Fremont defeated the Mexicans in the Sacramento Valley and Commodore Stockton, with an American fleet cruising off the Pacific coast, gained control of the country, and California declared her independence of Mexico. That was the fifth of July, 1846. He led five different exploration parties to the west and became known as "The Pathfinder."

His wife paid him a fitting tribute when she said that from the ashes of his campfires have sprung cities. In 1850 he was elected California's first senator and in 1856 he was the Republican party's first candidate for president.

I visited his camping station at Santa Cruz Big Basin where his army camped in the Red Wood forest.

John Butterfield is another prominent western character. He was head of the Southern overland mail that ran from St. Louis to San Francisco. On October 9, 1858, he sent word to President Buchanan that the overland mail had pulled in safe at St. Louis, making the run from San Francisco in 23 days and four hours. The President replied, "I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road and the East and West will be bound together by a chain of living Americans which can never be broken."

Johnny Frey, Buterfield's friend, rode the first pony out of St. Joe, Mo. when his pony express started back in 1860. When he started out everybody for miles around was on hand to see him streak for the plains with mail that would be in San Francisco some ten days later. Few people nowadays appreciate how big a job the Pony Express had and how well they did it. It took 500 ponies and 80 riders to take the mail through, and there were 190 stations along the route.

Some of the boys averaged 75 miles a day and occasionally they rode 150 miles without stopping to rest. They changed horses every 10 or 15 miles and in this way covered as much as 250 miles a day. They lost only one small batch of mail in 650,000 miles of riding. It cost $5.50 an ounce to send a letter across the country by Pony Express.

My next subject will be William F. Cody, nicknamed Buffalo Bill.

Salutatory of Class of 1949

May Miyoshi

Parents, Teachers, Classmates, Friends:

My high school career has been very satisfying in many aspects, one of which is the numerous friendships and the associations I have formed with my schoolmates. Friendship is something we can cherish throughout our lives, and is surely one of the most valuable things to be acquired from public education. But just as an education brings many satisfying rewards, so too, it has many functions to perform. In general, we might say that the school has two larger purposes, the one to transmit knowledge and the other to teach us the importance of mutual understanding amohg individuals and among people of different races and nationalities.

This nation is made up of many people of varied ancestral backgrounds. Therefore, each individual has his contributions to make and his responsibilities to accept. There are numerous segments of America's population who are misunderstood by their fellow citizens. The hopes, ambitions, and the backgrounds of these minority groups are not understood by the larger groups, and because of this, the majority are often unsympathetic and intolerant. Such was the case with the Pilgrim fathers who settled in New England, the Huguenots who settled in Georgia, and the Quakers who settled in Pennsylvania. And such is the case of the Nisei, the Japanese Americans of this country. Thus history records that life is not only a struggle for existence, but also an effort to be understood.

On that fateful Pearl Harbor day, our family resided some seven miles from Sacramento, the capital city of California. I can still vividly remember the day after the Japanese attack. We went to school that day as usual, but there was a feeling of tension, hostility, and fear, that existed between us and the Caucasian students. Until that day, we had laughed and played together, but from then on we were only "Japs" and "enemies" in their eyes. Then, late in April, rumors began to float around town that all people of Japanese ancestry living on the Pacific coast were to be evacuated into war relocation camps. These rumors changed into reality when a few weeks later, MP's in jeeps came into town, tacking up notices giving us government orders to prepare for evacuation.

In May of 1942, approximately 5,000 of us entered Fresno Assembly Center, one of fourteen camps consisting of hastily built barracks and scattered throughout the West coast. Culminating a six months' stay in Fresno, we were sent to Jerome, Arkansas, a relocation camp. Our family moved here from Arkansas in 1945 to start life anew.

When we entered those camps, we were forced to leave our homes, our businesses, our friends, all that had been dear to us in the years gone by. Those were big sacrifices for anyone to make. The right or wrong of mass evacuation was not for us to decide, but we sincerely hope that no other group or race will ever have to know those sacrifices. Though we took this matter of evacuation in our stride, knowing it was something of necessity, in a sense, wrong had come our way. Therefore we strove the harder to right the error, and from vivid experience lead the way upward, so that never again would America stoop to lose sight of the precious ideal, so dearly won for our heritage. We tried to make that experience a tremendous force towards building an enduring generation of finer Americans. Camp life taught us the importance of co-operation and mutual understanding.

In a sense the evacuation was a "blessing in disguise," as someone once put it, for as a result of it, thousands of Japanese Americans, who before the war, never dreamed of leaving the West coast, really "discovered" America. They have found greater job opportunities here in the middle west and in the east. We Nisei, in particular have been gratified by the matter-of-fact acceptance of our fellow Americans here in this section of our country, based on our face value rather than on our face appearance. For basically, despite the differences in the color of our skin, and in facial contours, we are no different from you. We laugh at the same things, enjoy the same things, and the same things make us sad. It makes me very happy to say that I think my fellow citizens are beginning to realize this.

During the war, we experienced many hardships. I know from bitter experience what it means to be a victim of racial prejudice. That is why I am going to strive all the harder to help bring about the destruction of this vicious thing called racial barrier. I want to become a living part of the community of Decatur to help make brotherhood a reality.

I am glad I had this opportunity of attending Decatur high school because I feel that I have accomplished something, not only from the standpoint of having gained much valuable knowledge, but also in learning to live and work harmoniously with my fellow citizens. Education, in my opinion, should be one of the primary agencies instrumental in producing future generations of children, free from any racial intolerances.

Here in Decatur high school, we have planted the seed bed of racial tolerance. Let's let it grow out and engulf this community, the county, the state, the nation, and the whole world. Then we shall have taken a tremendous step toward world peace. Then, too, we shall have served the purpose of education, which is not only to enrich our minds in the field of academic learning, but to make us more cultured and understanding of other peoples.

Thank you.

May Miyoshi

May Miyoshi attended school at Decatur public schools during her entire high school days. She was a quiet, self-contained young lady, but always had a ready smile on her face. She was liked very much by her teachers and by the student body.

The Salutatory given by her is idicative of her thinking. She very much wants to be known as an American and with the start already made in high school, this goal will be attained. She has done much to let us know more about some very little known citizens of our community.

JIM CHAMBERLAIN'S PECULIAR ACT

Jim Chamberlain has sent the Republican some of his personal papers which show that he was a man of financial and educational standing in Texas in his active years. A calendar of the Westlaco high school for the year 1922 records him as president of the board of trustees. The calendar contains 25 pages and indicates that the high school is as large or larger than the Decatur high school.

Last September he transferred $5,000 to the Fort Worth National Bank and his son Milo as joint trustees to be held by them and paid out for his use and benefit. The provisions of the trust are set forth in three typewritten pages.

On the back Jim has written, "These papers are of value to no one only as mementoes. The trust fund is still intact and has not been of value to me, as my expenses have been paid out of the income of my apartment house."

Can't see any reason why Jim should have put his property out of his hands in such a way during his lifetime, and believe a good lawyer might get it back for him, less fees. Shall not destroy the paper and if at any time he wants it returned to him he can write for it.

The Shaw School Teachers and Pupils

Reminiscences of The Famous Litle School House Where Edgar Bergen Went to School.

Decatur, Mich.,
Oct. 22, 1949.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

At your request I shall try to write an account of my two years of teaching in the Shaw school.

I was interested in the letter from Emerson Calahan and pleased to note that some of my former pupils enjoyed the days we spent there.

I started teaching there in September, 1914. Had Edgar Bergen remained another year in Shaw school I would have been his teacher.

I have a picture of my school and pupils taken in the fall of 1915, my second year of teaching. There were only eleven pupils present that day but I think some were absent. We never had a very large attendance, not more than twenty-four at any time.

Some of the pupils that attended school both years I taught were Karl and Lowell Kern, Harold and John Sherburn, Harry and Russell Bellis, Pearl and Velma Reits. I think Emerson Calahan came to school there in spring of 1915 and remained for the next school year.

Eva Latham Morse and Dewey Zerbe were my eighth grade pupils the first year. Eva passed the county examinations ready for high school, Dewey just missed it by a small margin. I felt badly because Dewey had worked hard and attended school faithfully that year and was a good student.

Emerson Calahan and Frank Ickes were the eighth graders the second year and both passed. There were many other pupils who attended school part of the school years and then moved away.

I remember well one family that lived in the valley. Their name was Kiser, one girl Daisy and an older brother came to school. They furnished a team and sleigh in the winter for sleigh ride parties. We would ride around and pick up the children, then go to a home and play games and have a supper.

I lived in the old Shaw house most of the time, with Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson. Mrs. Thompson was formerly Nellie Earl and attended Shaw school when a girl. I also boarded with the Owen Latham family and Judson Southworths one winter.

While I was teaching Claud Kern was Director; Jud. Southworth was Moderator, and George Thompson was Treasurer.

Mr. V. R. Hungerford was county commissioner of schools during my first year of teaching, then Mr. E. V. Root was elected to that office the next year and Mr. Hungerford left Paw Paw soón afterward and took up work elsewhere.

I think I have given you most of the facts about my teaching experience.

Of course the boys had to play their pranks and pick on teacher's boy friend. I think some really felt the sting of Leo's whiplash.

On September 6, 1916, Leo and I were married and two years later moved onto his mother's farm there and Leo became Director of the school board and served in that office until we moved into the village of Decatur in 1923.

Of course Leo and his brother Maynard attended Shaw school when boys as they lived on the farm there all their lives until both married and left their parents' home.

Shall be looking for more letters from other teachers and pupils of Shaw school

Sincerely,
Mrs. Leo Southworht.

The Shaw District School

Third Letter

In the spring of 1882 I moved with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Dewey and two little sisters, Vedah and Elizabeth from Cambridge Junction, Lenawee county, to Decatur and onto the Parker farm, southeast of the village.

The farm was located in the Shaw school district. At that time the old school house was standing. Some two years later the present school was built, the old one moved up to the Shaw farm and turned into a tool shed, and the present substantial building was built.

The school house is located on high ground, and in the edge of a beach forest. At the rear of the school, it was level, where we boys would play ball. Just a little way to the east was a hill where we would slide down hill in the winter time and what fun we did have. Then, about forty rods on east was a large pond, which made fine skating in the winter time, once in a while we would fail to hear the noon bell, then would have to stay after school and make up our lessons, and that was not so nice.

One winter day three of us larger boys got interested in hunting rabbits and failed to come back at one-thirty. The boys were Charley Wickett, Oliver Calbetzor and the writer; what fun we did have, but as I remember, we didn't get a rabbit. When we got back it was nearly time for school to be out. The teacher, Miss Abbie Barker, thought we did it to heckle her, and it made her sick for two or three weeks. We never went hunting again on school time. It was some years later that Edgar Bergen was a pupil there, and he has made the school known all over the country.

Fred H. Dewey,

Lansing, Oct. 23, 1949.

Dear Arba:

I hope that you are all well and happy. I am very well and have a very nice place to stay here in Lansing.

I notice by the Republican that you would like a few comments about the old Shaw school. I have enjoyed reading the comments already made and I might add a few more.

I have said many times that it was, perhaps, the best located school in the state. At the time I went there to school, we not only had the hill, but we had the big pond on beyond. I understand that the pond is now drained.

Yours truly,
F. H. Dewey.

Our former fellow townsman intimates that his mind is filled with more reminiscences of his happy school days in the old Shaw district school, and we shall expect him to send them along.

Teachers and pupils, both young and old, are invited and urged to send the Republican remembrances of their Shaw school days and those who preserve them in a scrapbook will have a treasure they will value in the future.

If you were ever a teacher or pupil in the Shaw district school of Decatur, Michigan, the Republican will be happy to hear from you.

Indians in Canada are legally classed as minors.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS 85TH ANNIVERSARY

The 85th Anniversary of the Knights of Pythias was observed last month in Michigan where the organization was founded.

Justus H. Rathbone, a graduate of Madison University, New York, moved to Eagle Harbor, Keweenaw county, Michigan in 1858 to improve his health and to teach school. To while away the long winter evenings, he and his friends formed a dramatic society. One of the plays which they produced was the lesson of friendship, the story of Damon and Pythias, written by the Irish playwright John Banim.

Impressed with the play, Mr. Rathbone conceived the ritual of the Knights of Pythias order, based on the lives of those two famed Disciples of Pythagoras.

Called into government service at the start of the war between the states, Mr. Rathbone established the first lodge of the order among his government associates in Washington, D. C. on February 19, 1864. Learning of the new fraternity, President Abraham Lincoln praised it highly. At his suggestion an application was made to Congress for a charter and thus the fraternity became the first American order ever chartered by an Act of Congress of the United States.

The order now embraces more than three thousand subordinate lodges in the United States, Canada and Hawaii. The distinguishing principles being friendship, charity and benevolence.

There are three recognized auxiliaries; The Pythian Sisters and their juniors the Sunshine Girls; the Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan and their ladies order the Nomads of Avrudaka; and the junior order for boys, The Princes of Syracuse.

The little white schoolhouse in Eagle Harbor, Michigan, owned by the Supreme Lodge, is preserved as a shrine and tourist attraction.

Easy To Remember

An irate lady, seeking a divorce in court, told the judge, "My husband is an out-and-out loafer who thinks of nothing day and night but horse racing. He doesn't even remember our wedding day."

"That's a lie," shouted the outraged husband, "we were married the day Twenty Grand won the Wood Memorial."

THE STARS AND STRIPES FLAG OF OUR UNION

By Mrs. Ray A. Graham,
106 Pine Street, Decatur,
Michigan.

(June is the month when special attention should be given to the flag of the United States. Tuesday, June 14, was flag day. Mrs. Graham has given much thought to the study of the flag and describes how it is a symbol of the Christian religion as well as of our country. Her article will appear in two chapters, the second to follow next week.)

Our flag is a wonderful flag. How could it be improved upon? I truly believe that the men who planned our flag were inspired by God.

When our flag was made and presented to us as a nation, we were a Christian nation, and it is the will of the Father we remain a Christian nation, that we always hold high the standard of Christianity. Psalm 33:12 says, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the

everlasting life."

Christ the Son who died for our sins, "Romans 4:25 "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." God the Holy Spirit Eph. 4:30 "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

The flag has two parts — The blue which speaks of heaven, and the other part with the stripes, speaks of the earth. We will let these two parts represent the two phrases of a person's life. The Blue, the Christian life, which is only for those born of the spirit. And the other part with the stripes represents our earthly life with its troubles and tribulations.

There are two kinds of stripes in our flag, the red and the white—13 in all. Let us look at the white stripes first, there are six white stripes. White stands for purity, man tries to be good enough to get into heaven under his own strength. But six is what God calls "man's number," which means he comes short of being as good as God wants him to be, short of perfection.

Although a life may be pure and fine, it is not good enough for God, unless it has become a member of the body of Jesus Christ. And can say with Paul. Gal. 2:20 "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet, not I but Christ liveth in me; but the life I now live in the flesh; I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." The write stripes remind us of something else, when people want to surrender they raise a white flag; so it suggests, we raise our white flag and say to God, "I surrender, I cannot be good enough of myself and will let you save me in Thine own way."

The red stripes speak of the blood of Jesus for our redemption. Math. 26:28. Jesus says, "For this is my blood of the new Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." And Heb. 9:22 says, "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins."

There are seven red stripes in our flag — Seven in scripture is God's perfect number — God has provided a way; whosoever will may become good enough for heaven, first accepting, Christ who died for our sins, then the holy spirit coming to dwell in our hearts. You'll notice there is a red stripe at the top of our flag and another at the bottom, which tells us God watches over us as well as keeps us. We are under the blood. Ex. Chap. 12—tells of the redemption by blood of the first born of Egypt (Egypt in scripture symbolizes the earth). The Lord says in v. 13 "When I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." Then Scripture tells us of the memorial by blood.

We are under His blood and His everlasting arms are underneath us. Deut. 33:27 "The eternal God is Thy refuge and underneath are His everlasting arms."

The fact that there are more red stripes than white ones reminds us that Jesus said His grace is greater than our sins. Rom. 5:20. "Where sin did abound, grace did much more abound."

THE ACTON SISTERS DECORATE HARLEY'S GRAVE

The Acton sisters, daughters of Joseph Acton and wife of early Decatur days going back to the period just following the Civil War, made their sixty-first annual pilgrimage to the grave of their brother Harley last week Wednesday.

This year the family party consisted of Minnie Acton Koons, 76, of Jackson, Mrs. Mary Acton Champion, 70, of Gillett's Lake, six miles out of Jackson, her daughter, Mrs. Fred Hanselman of Cement City, 20 miles out of Jackson, and her friend, Mrs. Charles Shelmandine of Cobleskill, N. Y.

They drove here, arriving after dinner and going straight to the cemetery where they decorated little Harley's grave and then came direct to the Republican office to call on one of their few Decatur acquaintances of the time when they were children. Harley was only 18 months old when he was parted from this life, but he is still held in reverent memory as their little brother.

Ora Acton is the oldest of the children of Joseph Acton. He was 82 last Saturday, May 28, and lives in Dayton, Ohio. He is making plans to visit Decatur this summer. He will come with his son and grandson and it will be a great trip for him. He will hunt for some of his boyhood friends of 60 to 70 years ago, will find a very few of them, and it may give him a touch of sadness to learn how many have long since gone to other places or their names are carved on monuments in Lakeside cemetery.

In our early boyhood Ora was a hero. He was manager of the Featherweight baseball club and Captain of the watermelon gang. We will go over again with him the raid on Ben Clark's melon patch and how the Featherweights beat the Silk Stockings and won the title of Decatur fourth nine.

WIDOW'S LAMENT

Oh, give us a man, a good hear man
Who can do all the chores 'rour the home as only he can.
Shovel coal and empty the a: pan,
When the snow is deep make path to the street,
Pick up the basket, go to town f something to eat.

Home again soon, fine as a fiddle
Off with his coat and get out th old griddle;
Pancakes we will have, we kno they are good,
Ate them when young as everyor should.
Day in and day out he is up wit the lark,
Jobs are not done when it ge dark;
No wonder the poor man has bald spot on top
And wonders what it is all abou
We old women all forlorn
Wonder why we were ever borr
But here we are and here we mu

stay,
Until the undertaker carries
away.

It came in the mail, Decat
postmark. We don't know w
sent it but it will do for the c
ner. Sign your name next tin
if you just as soon. We like
know the identity of our lo
flowering poets.

JIM EXPLAINS MISTAKE

Dear Arba:

In response to your request for an explanation of my crediting Miss Browning as the author of "Out In the Fields With God," I am enclosing my copy of the poem which I cut out of a newspaper several years ago and which I have been using since. When I saw your naming of Louise Imogen Guiney as the author I took the question to the encyclopedia and found that you are right. It has been so long ago that I cut out the clipping I cannot recall from what paper I got it, but you see that I had reason to believe Mrs. Browning to be the author.

Some of my early troubles would not be of interest to many readers, but I will recount a few that might be of interest to you.

I recall that you named Miss Annie Breece as your first teacher, and she was also my first teacher in the Decatur school. You may ask why I didn't keep in the same class with you. The first reason dates back to the time when I was about two years old. When father and mother were out of the house brother John took father's whiskey bottle off the shelf and poured considerable whiskey down my throat which nearly strangled me, of course. I got this information from my parents several years later, with the information that it broke father's habit of leaving liquor within reach of his family.

Hardly had I recovered from John's giving me the drink when I was seized by a strange malady which Dr. Ross diagnosed as an affection of the pancreas. Father in later years declared that everyone who saw me but Dr Ross declared my case to be hopeless. He said there was only one medicine that could possibly save me. Father immersed me in warm water [illegible] few minutes and [illegible] a [illegible] powder prescribed [illegible] to [illegible] me ill.

The [illegible] perfect [illegible]

[illegible] that in my first year in school I was out so much that I was not promoted with the class, so you gained a year on me.

My only recollection of Miss Breece was when she called at our home to ascertain when I would be able to return to school. As a result of one or both of these troubles I consider my lack of co-ordination of certain muscles caused me to perform certain acts in a clumsy manner. You who saw me batting many times in ball games know what I mean. I had to do everything the hard way. I never could make graceful movements.

I hope in the near future to have something pleasant to write about, as I feel I am torturing the readers of my letters as much as I have experienced from ingratitude.

Your friend, Jim.

Jim sent the newspaper clipping of the poem, "Out In the Fields With God," ascribed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which is ample excuse for the mistake he made. How it came to be made originally we may never know. There seems to be no doubt about the authorship.

A card received from Jim Wednesday reads, "Send my paper to 755 Ninth avenue, Fort Worth, Texas. Letter will follow."

Van Buren County's Doctor of the Year

A few weeks ago Dr. John Charles Maxwell of Paw Paw, brother of the late Dr. James E. Maxwell of Decatur, was named by the County Medical Association the "Van Buren County Doctor of the Year." This meant something to Decatur as well as to the town in which for 54 years he has been one of the leading practitioners. Dr. Maxwell is a native of Hamilton township and Decatur was the home town of his youth. His first familiarity with the medical profession was behind the counters of the Carney drug store. He went from here to the University of Michigan and in the limited opportunity he had for recreation he played ball in Decatur's well remembered Barton Park.

A good sketch of Dr. Maxwell's professional life in Paw Paw, written by Dan Ryan, was published in a recent issue of the Kalamazoo Gazette, and from it are taken the paragraphs following:

A Rugged Life

"Being a country doctor was a tough profession in the old days." Dr. Maxwell recalls. "My first equipment was crude, the medicines and drugs limited and working conditions unbelievable.

"If we were called out in the country we never knew what to expect. Usually one of the kids would run into the office or pound on our front door at night. He'd holler 'Hurry out to our house, Pa's sick!' and then he'd be gone. I guess I got calls nearly every night in those days. Sometimes I wonder how so many folks survived so many ailments."

Things got a bit better for the doctor in 1908 when he bought his first automobile. But for years the country roads were so poor that he had to go back to the horse and buggy frequently.

"Nobody ever thought of clearing out a road in those days," he says. "More often than not we ended up walking the last few miles on bad winter calls. Even the horse bogged down."

Dr. Maxwell's most trying times came during the late days of World War I. In 1917-18 he was the only doctor examining military candidates in the entire county.

"Besides my regular practice I had about 15 soldier-boys a day and around 100 each weekend to examine," he says with a sigh.

But what he likes to remember is that not one man he ever sent to Fort Custer for army service was ever returned for medical reasons. During World War II when he handled hundreds of ear and throat examinations of Van Buren County young men, his amazing record held up.

In Nov. 1918, the deadly flu epidemic which swept the U. S. hit Van Buren County full force.

Remarkable Record

It found Dr. Maxwell the only physician in Paw Paw. For the next three months he worked an average of 22 hours a day battling some 600 cases of flu along with his regular practice.

One of the doctors' oldest friends, Dr. W. F. Hoyt, now 86, returned from a vacation to help out. But soon he too was stricken and became just one more patient for his friend.

"It was awful," recalls Dr. Maxwell. "I would go out to farms and find the whole family down with flu. I had to bring in the wood for the fire, heat the water myself, take care of each person separately and then move on to the next farm. About the only help I had was from Merle Young, (now a retired judge) and the late Jake Reidl. They were always ready to go.

"And of course my wife was always there to help. Until her death this year she was production director for the Red Cross in this area and, if anything, she worked harder than I did."

And again the invisible but unforgettable record pops up. Of the 600 odd cases of flu which struck the Paw Paw area, Dr. Maxwell lost only five. And these were mostly beyond aid. Elsewhere in the country the epidemic took thousands of lives.

In the years which followed, Dr. Maxwell has continued his quiet service to his people. He has taken perhaps five vacations in the half century and then for only a few days. Until five years ago he never had a hospital nearby. In-

stead he had to ship his patients by baggage car on the old Fruitbelt Railroad to Kalamazoo hospitals.

Son Top Specialist

For years his fee was $1 a call and 50 cents at the office. He sent out bills once a year.

"I guess I've crossed $100,000 off my books for folks who just forgot to pay," he says.

Dr. Maxwell has also given medicine one of its top men—his son —Dr. James Maxwell, professor of Otology and Laryngology at the University of Michigan, a recognized authority in the field of ear and throat medicine.

A daughter, Katherine Maxwell has also devoted her life to medicine. She is records analyst at the Rapid Treatment center in Ann Arbor.

The white-haired physician has a simple creed. "The practice of medicine isn't a trade or a commercial thing," he says. "It is a way of life."

Three generations of Van Buren County residents can testify that Dr. James Maxwell, their Doctor for many years, has lived it well.

Recollections of the Singer of Michigan

By E. R. Washburn.

(Two years ago the Republican published a story about the 'Sweet Singer of Michigan." Rev. Leroy Cabbage asked for information about her which led to a book and library acquaintance with this unusual character. The story especially interested E. R. Washburn who was a student in the Ferris Industrial School at the time the Sweet Singer was acquiring her reputation, and at our request he wrote the following account of the interest created by her peculiar type of ignorance.)

The expression, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," has been getting headlines in newspapers and various periodicals now and then for more than half a century and one wonders why. Is it because of the characteristics of the one who bore the name or is it simply the euphony of the expression?

Your writer first heard it a little more than fifty years ago and there is evidence it had been in circulation for some time before that. Your writer was a student at the Ferris Institute and there were heard discussions as to what constitutes worthwhile literature, there were stories used in morning chapel exercises, and others in class work. The little so-called poem at the close of this article was written at that time and because of discussions heard there. It was printed in the November, 1897 issue of Literary Voice, a paper put out by the Literary Society of the Ferris Industrial School.

So elated was the writer at having gained the northwest corner of the front page that he sent a copy of the magazine to his girl friend, Miss Myrtie Rogers of near Hastings, Michigan. A short time ago while rummaging through the "treasures" of the past what was his surprise at finding his "poem" in a box of clippings made more than a year before our marriage which occurred December 29, 1898. Evidently Myrtie, too, was elated at my making the front page of the College paper.

Who was the Sweet Singer of Michigan? She was a woman whose maiden name was Julia A. Davis. She was born near Plainfield, probably near or in Wexford county in 1847. After her marriage to a farmer named Moore they lived on a farm near Edgerton and she passed away in 1920 near Manton in Wexford county, Michigan.

Why did she need any defense, if she did? She wrote poetry so-called, which was not always in good poetical form, often times it showed poor choice of words, or was not appropriate to the ideas she was trying to express. Not only all this, but she thrust it upon the public many times where it were better left untold, so she aroused a great deal of unfavorable criticism.

She liked to write in rhymes which were sometimes good but more often not. She liked metrical expressions in season and out. She called herself "the Sweet Singer of Michigan" till many people used the name in derision and in poor taste on their part.

People of seeming ability used their time, energy and seeming ability in making fun of one, probably not their equal, who was fond of expressing herself and (who knows) in helping or pleasing or in other ways making life brighter for others of lesser abilities.

She at least set an example of accomplishment where persistence and determination are applied. She wrote for fifty years or more. She wanted people to read what she wrote. They did. She wanted her name on a book where people could see it. It is on a book and a bookshelf in the State Library at the capitol of our State. She wanted the attention of others. She got it whether or no. Witness one school where she gained some attention.

During most of the school year of 1897, I was a student at Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan, and undoubtedly received my share of the attention of my teachers. C. E. Manigold, lightning calculator, and teacher extraordinary for many years at Vicksburg, sat beside me in geometry of which class Mrs. Ferris was the teacher. I was a classmate of the Sellers brothers, W. H. and Roy, one of whom is still a professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan. Another classmate was Isaiah Bowman now and for several years of the past, the president of Johns-Hopkins University, and if I mistake not, one of the men chosen by th U. S. Government to help estab sh the boundaries of the countries of continental Europe at the close of the First World War.

These were good students as were many more not only of this school but of hundreds of other schools in our state and nation. When lessons were assigned they prepared them to the best of their ability.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low 'thou must',
The youth replies, 'I can'."

And here is a reason why the schools and students, teachers and leaders of American educational institutions are in the forefront of similar elements of the entire world.

Whom shall we blame? The one who produced a poor product which was her best or the ones who made to much use of the poor products when they were capable of doing much better? Just one person produced the poor poetry. But hundreds if not thousands felt themselves called upon to make fun of it till actually time to explain why one bit of verse was worth while and other bits of verse were only worthless rubbish was taking taxpayers money and this levy was the result of derision and foolish fun-making.

If you are desirous of seeing some of those poems you may find them in a copy of the Decatur Republican of the date June 19, of the year 1947 where they were placed so that you might see and judge for yourself the kind of material which caused the intermittent fever of derision during more than half a century of valuable time.

The Ferris Institute

The Kalamazoo Gazette of the date May 10, 1949 bears a headline statement to the effect that the state of Michigan will take over the Ferris Institute ninety days after the present legislature adjourns. Thus will end the career of a school organized sixty-three years ago this fall, which has been a wonderful power for good, educationally, morally and politically for thousands of young men and women in a state strong in the affairs of one of the mightiest nations of the world today.

This school was organized in a section of the state where The Sweet Singer of Michigan was born, where she worked and lived, and where she passed on to her reward. The school was organized by W. N. Ferris with the aid of his estimable wife (the former Helen Frances Gillespie) who also aided him in his later gubernatorial campaign.

They were aided by some of the best teaching talent of their time, for instance, W. D. Henderson, later of the University of Michigan faculty; H. H. Barrows, afterward of Northwestern University; Rose

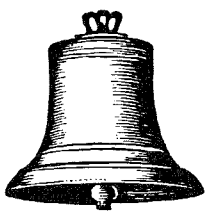
Anderson, Bert Travis and the little Thomas Carlyle, affectionately known to the student body as Tommy, in part because of his diminuitive size, and many more well known teachers of bygone days.

The quasi-poem which follows was written by E. R. Washburn during one of those times when feeling was running high in class room discussion and students were permitted to make a choice and then defend it.

A DEFENSE OF THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN.

Can it be a very sinful thing
For one to write quasi-poetry, and bring
To the world simple thoughts in rhymed measure?
Or must the every word bear a treasure
To the world; a lesson teach of things obscure
Or occult; or tell of things worthy eternity to endure?
Has time then come when even verse
Must be shaped in the mould of language terse?
Must rhyme bear within it a lesson so far from plain.
That one must rack his weary brain
For half the hours of a gloomy night,
To catch the erudite poet's flight
Of thought? Must one, with a blind faith, still trace
The uncertain, stumbling pace
Of poets, who with brains o'ercharged with intellectual fire,
See naught but stars, yet wade through earthly mire?
There are some poor mortals at even this late day,
Whose feet have never touched education's paved way;
Yet whose souls have in some small degree,
The inward visions with which great poets see,
And if they tell in uncouth rhyme
Of things existing in their intellectual clime,
Perhaps there are those whose lives will be brighter
For these same foolish things, and some whose hearts will be lighter
Because of them; when learned men's thought-laden rhymes would blight
The soul-growth of cimmerrian minds by too effulgent light

E. R. W.



THE POTAWATOMI OF THE ST. JOSEPH

Taken from "The Potawatomi Indians," by Otho Winger. From the books of Harvey Franz.

(Continuation of the fourteenth story in the Norman E. Webster Local history contest.)

So far as our American history goes, northern Indiana and southern Michigan have been Potawatomi lands. However, when LaSalle and his companions, the first white men to enter the state, came by canoe up the St. Joseph River from L. Mich. to the present site of South Bend, the Miami Indians lived there. LaSalle named the river the Miami and the first fort at the mouth of the river was called Fort Miami. The conflict that came between the Miamis and the Potawatomi in eastern and northern Illinois, about 1765 soon spread eastward and the Potawatomi entered this Miami country. In the course of time the Potawatomi drove the Miamis southward to the Eel river, tributary of the Wabash. So when the Americans first arrived the Potawatomi were in possession of this country and their names had already been given to many places.

The St. Joseph river is largely a Michigan river. The Waukakee was connected with the St. Joseph by a portage of only a few miles. Both the Miamis and the French had used this connection between Lake Michigan and the Illinois river. Then came the Potawatomi who used the Kankakee not only for hunting but for trade and travel as well. The name probably comes from the Potawatomi word Ki-a-ki-ki, which means swampy country. While too swampy for villages on its banks, yet nearby were villages, so that the Indians would not be far away from good fishing and hunting.

The great prairie stretching for a hundred miles south from the Kankakee in western Indiana, really belonged to the land of the prairie Potawatomi of Illinois, but is mentioned here with the Indiana lands. Here and there throughout this large territory were camping places for the Indians, not only the Potawatomi, but also their friendly neighbors, the Kickapoo.

One of the most noted of their villages was near the present city of Morroco, Newton Co., Indiana. Here a minor Potawatomi chief, Turkey Foot, had his den and went forth to plunder and murder. Many a theft and murder was later traced to him. He even went across the Mississippi to secure plunder. His end came in a very fitting way. Another Potawatomi chief, Bull Foot, came to visit him. Both became drunk and in their spree Bull Foot was killed by Turkey Foot, who, in turn, was killed by the son of Bull Foot. They disposed of the two chiefs by placing their bodies in sitting position against near-by trees. About them they placed their war trinkets and many other things which the Indian thought necessary for them in the happy hunting grounds. Around it all they built a pen of brush and logs to keep out the wolves and dogs. Years later the white settlers found the bones of these old Indians.

The Elkhart River is the chief tributary to the St. Joseph. Near the mouth of this river at the present city of Goshen was the village Elk Heart, or Me-sheh-wah-ou-deh-ik in the Potawatomi language. This is not the name of a chief, but was suggested by the shape of an island near the mouth of the river.

The southern part of Michigan was Potawatomi land. One of the most thickly settled portions of their domain was in the triangle included within the St. Joseph River and Lake Michigan. Near the mouth of the St. Joseph was the Burnett trading post where once stood Fort Miami of LaSalle. Near the Indiana line, at Parc aux Vaches, was the trading post of Joseph Bertrand and not far to the north was the village of the great chief, To-pe-ne-bee, father-in-law of Bertrand and brother-in-law of Burnett. Southwest of Bertrand two miles was the Pokagon village. Further down the river on the east side was the site of Fort St. Joseph. Opposite the present city of Niles was the Carey Mission where Isaac McCoy tried to help these people. North of him were the villages of Weasau and Macousin. Through this triangle ran the Great Sauk Trail from Chicago to Detroit. With the advantages of trail, river and lake, this section was of great value to both Indians and early white men. Much could be written about the history of this land.

There was a close relationship between the Potawatomi and the Ottawa. The dividing line between them, both as to blood and territory, was not clearly defined. The Ottawa claimed most of the southern peninsula of Michigan south to the Kalamazoo. In the territory south of this river, the Potawatomi lived and hunted. Near the present city of Kalamazoo once stood the village of Match-e-be-nash-she-wish. This and another small reserve not far away, called Prairie Ronde, were ceded to the U. S. in 1827.

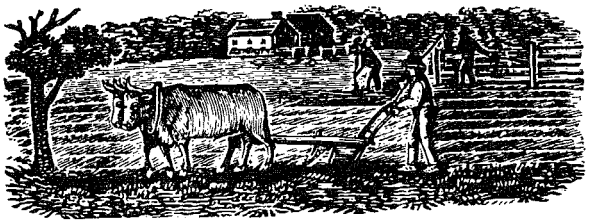
North of the present city of Sturgis, Michigan, was the reservation known as the Nottawa Sepa. Some say that the two words mean "a prairie along the river." J. B. Dalby, a Delaware Indian who speaks the Potawatomi language, says it means "the river of the Ottawa." It was definitely set apart in 1821 and reaffirmed in 1832. But on [illegible] 27, 1833, this [illegible] and receded to the U. S. [illegible] and that a French trader, Mor[illegible], came into this section in an early day, married a Potawatomi squaw and by her had seven children. The oldest was Sauaquet, who succeded his father about 1830. He was chief of the tribe when the final transfer was made. These Indians were very an-

gry about the loss of their lands and Sauaquet was murdered by one of his own tribe. The towns of Nottawa and Waseppi, and Nottawa road through Sturgis remind us of these Indians. At the site of Coldwater was the Miskesawbe reserve which was ceded to the U. S. in 1827. Along the old Sauk Trail were smaller settlements of Potawatomi but none of importance in eastern Michigan. There was at one time a Potawatomi village near Detroit, but it was of little importance and did not last long.

One of the stories that has come down to us from pioneer days is that of Wabememe, or White Pigeon. He was friendly to the whites. He attended an Indian council near Detroit where the Indians planned to massacre the early white settlers along the old Sauk Trail. He started out to warn his friends who had begun the settlement at White Pigeon, Michigan, one of the oldest towns in the state. He ran most of the way, fording streams and swamps. He warned his white friends of their danger, but the strain was too great even for his strong heart. He fell dead and is buried west of White Pigeon. Today there is a large stone marker at the junction of U. S. 112 and U. S. 131. On this marker is this inscription: "In memory of Wabememe, Chief White Pigeon, who about 1830, gave his life to save the settlement at this place." The town of White Pigeon and the Pigeon River are also memorials to this Potawatomi Indian.

Two small groups of Potawatomi Indians remain in Southern Michigan. One is the remnant of the Pokagon band. They do not have a reservation of their own, but live in scattered groups near the present cities of Dowagiac, Hartford and Cassopolis.

Near Athens, Michigan, is a small reservation of 120 acres. Here a remnant of the Potawatomi live in comparative peace and comfort. They raise much of what they need for food. They supplement their small farm income by work where they can secure it. They have a church of their own and seem to take much interest in religious work. Their children attend the public schools of Athens, where they are making good records. While this reservation is generally known as the Athens Indian Reserve, Albert Mackety, one of the leaders, says the official name is "Nottawa Seppe Pottawattomie Indian Reserve."



The Prairie Potawatomi

Taken from "The Potawatomi Indians" by Otto Winger. (From the books of Harvey Franz.) Continuation of the 14th story in the Norman E. Webster local history contesst.

There has been considerable discussion about the relationship of the names "Potawatomi" and "Mascoutens." The usual explanation of the term "Potawatomi" is "People of the Place of Fire." The most common explanation of the term "Mascoutens" is "People of the Little Prairie." With due regard to other explanations this one seems best: That the name "Mascoutens" was first applied to a small group of the Potawatomi who left the main tribe of the Potawatomi in Wisconsin and moved south to the prairie country of southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois. As others moved southward this term became applied to them also. In time the larger group of the Potawatomi were those in the prairie country and were also called "Mascoutens." So the name is often applied to the whole tribe of the Potawatomi. But since the Potawatomi of the prairie are so different from the Potawatomi of the northern forests, they came to distinguish them as the Prairie Potawatomi and the Forest Potawatomi. It is with the former that our history mainly deals. The Forest Potawatomi did not come in touch with the Americans as much as the Prairie band.

Just when the Mascoutens came into the prairies is not certain. No doubt their coming was gradual, but they grew rapidly. By 1765 they had become so powerful that by the aid of the Kickapoo and the Miami they were able to challenge the powerful Illinois and practically destroy them. Then in turn they drove the Miamis to the east out of the prairie country. They were more closely related to the Kickapoo and were on friendly terms with them. They lived in great numbers along the north side of the Illinois opposite Starved Rock, between the present cities of LaSalle and Morris. The present city of Utica was the center of their camps and villages.

The upper Illinois and its tributaries, the Fox, the Des Plaines and the Kankakee, were Potawatomi streams. On the prairies north of Morris was the village of Chief Shabbona. He was one of the most admirable of all Potawatomi chiefs. His own village at Shabbona Grove and at the nearby village of Assiminehon at Paw Paw Grove were on the western fringe of the Potawatomi settlements. Along the Fox River were a number of small villages, chief of which were the village of Shaytee near the present city of Geneva and that of Waubunsee at Aurora.

Another chief of this section was Black Partridge. We know him best for having saved the life of Mrs. Helm in the Massacre of Fort Dearborn. His village was on the Illinois River. He went west and some of his dessendents are living in the Kansas Potawatomi reserve today.

The Vincennes Trace passed through the entire length of the Potawatomi lands from Chicago southward. That and the Iroquois River, tributary to the Kankakee, were courses for trade and travel. Along this route Gurdon Hubbard established trading posts, so that the northern part of the route became known as Hubbard's Trace. Watseka perpetuates the name of Hubbard's Potawatomi wife. The western part of Indiana belonged to the Mascoutens or Prairie Potawatomi, but has already been described with the lands of the Potawatomi living in the present site of Indiana.

Milwaukee, 100 miles north of Chicago, was on the border between the Forest Potawatomi to the north and the Mascoutens, or Prairie Potawatomi to the south. Early travelers and missionaries noted its favorable position for trade. The name is of Potawatomi origin, meaning "rich and beautiful land." Both English and French traders bartered with the Indians at an early age.

Chicago was first known to early travelers, traders and missionaries as a Miami village. After the Miamis were driven to the east, the Potawatomi were all powerful in that neighborhood. It was with them that the early traders of Chicago, such as the French negro, Jean B. La Lime, Pierre Le Mai, and John Kinzie dealt. Though the Indians were in and about Chicago in great numbers frequently, they did not have any permanent or important village there.

It has been but little more than 100 years since the Potawatomi left Chicago for the West. The last great Indian dance was held in 1935. That was a great affair, a last expression of all the Indian felt about what he had suffered. He then went west and was soon forgotten by those who built their homes and carried on trade where once the Potawatomi hunted, camped and traded. Where only a few hundred Indians then roamed, millions of people now live in permanent homes. Instead of the war whoop there is now the shriek of hundreds of trains entering the city. Instead of the hunting and trapping of game there is now the greatest meat-packing business in the world. Instead of the wigwam or tepee there are the skyscrapers, and fine homes. What was then a wilderness of trees and swamps with very few human beings is now a great wilderness of buildings of all kinds with a population numbering millions. All of this change has come about in a hundred years.

SOME FAMOUS INDIAN TRADERS

Taken from "The Potawatomi Indians," by Otho Winger. (Courtesy of Harvey Franz, Benton Harbor.)

Continuation of the 14th Story in the Norman E. Webster contest.

During the Indian and pioneer days here were many white men who were Indian traders. Most of them were here and there and for a short time only. They were traders only for what they could get out of it. Many of them married Indian squaws with no intention of living with them very long. Others who took Indian wives built up good homes, and their wives made good mothers and housekeepers. Some of these men became real pioneers and contributed much to the permanent welfare of the country. The following are a few of these men who had many dealings with the Potawatomi.

WILLIAM BURNETT

The first permanent settler on the St. Joseph river in southwestern Michigan was William Burnett, who came from New Jersey about 1776. He spent one year in fur trading and then went to Mackinaw to sell his furs. Here he got in trouble with British agents who had him arrested and sent to Montreal. Later he returned to the St. Joseph to find all his property destroyed. He improved his position as an Indian trader by marrying Kaukeama, daughter of Anquiba, and sister to the coming chief, Topenebee. The marriage of Burnett and Kaukeama occurred about 1782 with the Catholic priest officiating and with much pomp and ceremony.

Burnett had connection with the trading post on the site of Chicago and marketed his furs at Mackinaw. His wife too seems to have been a real princess of much financial ability. Since her husband was away most of the time she had to raise the children. Burnett himself was always friendly to the American cause. This caused him to get into trouble with the British and their sympathisers. He died about 1812 under circumstances not well known. Some think he might have been murdered by some of his opponents.

JOSEPH BERTRAND

Joseph Bertrand was one of the early pioneers and one of the most noted citizens of southwestern Michigan. Little is known of his early life. One report is that he was born in Canada and another that Mackinaw was his birthplace. It is said that he was a close relative of Henri Bertrand, friend and confidant of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Young Bertrand, like many a young Frenchman, came into the western wilderness seeking his fortune. It is likely that he was at first in the employ of Wm. Burnett, whose nephew he became by marriage to Madeline, daughter of Chief Topenebee. He established a trading post on the west side of the St. Joseph river about 1808. This was on the Great Sauk Trail and commanded much trade with the Indians. The site of this trading post is now covered by the St. Joseph river. Later he located on the bluff just opposite on the east side of the river.

GURDON S. HUBBARD

The life of Gurdon S. Hubbard forms a connecting link in the history of Chicago extending over a period of almost 70 years. He was born in Windsor, Vermont, August 22, 1802. His father was a lawyer. He moved to Montreal, went into business and lost what money he had. The son, Gurdon, much against the wishes of his parents, engaged with the American Fur Trading Company for five years service. First at Mackinaw, then down to the Illinois country, back and forth on fur-trading expeditions, young Hubbard gained a great knowledge of the pioneer West. He learned to know and like the Indians. He was brave and without fear in the moment of danger. He frequently had dangerous encounters with drunken and enraged Indians.

In connection with Mr. Hubbard there was a romance that has become historic. The old chief of the Kankakee Potawatomi Tamin, took such a liking to Hubbard that he wanted the young trader to marry his daughter. Hubbard knew that the favor of this old chief was necessary to his success, but because the proposed bride was older than he and not very desirable, Hubbard proposed marriage with the niece of the old chief. Her name was Watseka. She was a favorite of her tribe and had been chosen to perpetuate the memory of a former woman by that name who had helped the Potawatomi defeat their ancient enemies, the Iroquois. The old chief consented, but Watseka was only 10 years old. Hubbard said he would wait till she was older, hoping that something would turn up that would make the marriage unnecessary. But when Watseka was about 15 her mother brought her to Hubbard and insisted that the marriage contract be fulfilled. Hubbard and Watseka lived together for about two years. She bore him two daughters, both of whom died in infancy. Then Hubbard began to think of accepting the more civilized way of life. Watseka understood and so the couple separated. But in later years Hubbard always spoke of his Indian wife as attractive and agreeable.

Gurdon Hubbard has been characterized as the last and the greatest of the pioneers. He had active associations with the Potawatomi of the early days of Fort Dearborn and lived to see Chicago one of the greatest cities of the nation.

ISAAC McCOY

"The Indian school of Isaac McCoy has often been mentioned by Indian writers, but the significance of his work has been overlooked. McCoy was a most remarkable character. Many of the pioneer preachers underwent great hardships, but no other equalled McCoy in this respect.

Isaac McCoy was born in Fayette county, Penna., June 13, 1784. His father was a Baptist preacher. When Isaac was six years old, the family moved to Kentucky. Here he grew to manhood, greatly influenced by a strong religious home life and by pioneer experiences. In 1802 he married Christiana Polke, daughter of Chas. Polke, also a Baptist preacher. Mr. Polke later became a member of the Indiana State Constitutional Convention.

After the War of 1812, McCoy became very much interested in Missions to the Indians. He was also a pioneer in education. One of his greatest schools was called the "Carey Mission," named after the great missionary, William Carey. They had thirty Indian students. But their difficulties and handicaps were many. The winter was very cold. The hastily constructed school had no floor, door, or chimney. A big fire was built on the ground in the center of the room. The smoke was annoying. They had to feed and house these Indian students. They had great difficulty in getting provisions. They sent back to Fort Wayne, a hundred miles away, for more provisions. In the meantime they had little to eat. An old Potawatomi squaw brought them a mess of sweet corn. Mr. Bertrand, the French trader, divided with them his supplies. By the middle of February, supplies had arrived. McCoy was happy, though he had much sickness and often was near death.

On McCoy's monument in the old western cemetery at Louisville are inscribed these words: "For nearly 30 years his entire time and energies were devoted to the civil and religious improvement of the aboriginal tribes of this country. He projected and founded the plan for their own colonization, their only hope, and the imperishable monument of his wisdom and benevolence."

TABLET HONORING CASS AND HOW HE BLUFFED INDIANS

The Republican is indebted to Mrs. Helen Hathaway for this story of Michigan history. It is taken from the Ann Arbor News.

A bronze tablet at Sault Ste. Marie honors Lewis Cass but omits how he outbluffed an Indian chief nicknamed "the Count" in a verbal battle that bordered on war.

The tablet is at the foot of Bingham Ave. in Brady Park. It impersonally states in part that "Lewis Cass, governor of the Michigan territory, here established the authority of the United States." It fails to indicate, however, just how the famed Cass outmaneuvered the chieftain to "establish the authority."

The episode took place in 1820 when Cass persuaded John C. Calhoun, United States secretary of war, to permit him to head an exploring expedition around the Great Lakes to examine the mineral and other resources of the region.

Cass also secured permission to purchase land at the foot of Lake Superior so that a fort might be established there to correct the hostile attitude of the Indians.

The Indians on American soil were still under British influence, according to information in the Michigan Historical Collections at the University of Michigan. This was due to distribution of presents at the British post on Drummond Island.

Indians Grew Hostile

Cass' party went from Detroit to the Sault by water, arriving June 18. The next day Cass called the Indian

chiefs to a parley to talk over purchase of the land. When the Indians came, they were dressed in British clothes decorated with medals and epaulets obtained at Drummond Island.

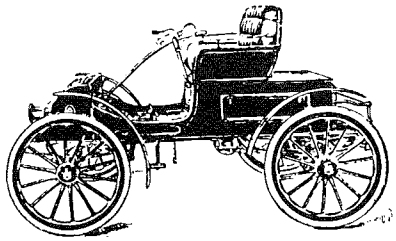
Evasive from the start, the Indians grew more hostile as the discussion continued. A chief named Sessabe and nicknamed "the Count" made a fiery speech, thrust his war lance into the ground, kicked away the presents Cass had brought, and stalked out of the tent, followed by the other Indians.

Word soon came that the Indians had raised the British flag, the Michigan Historical Collections information indicates.

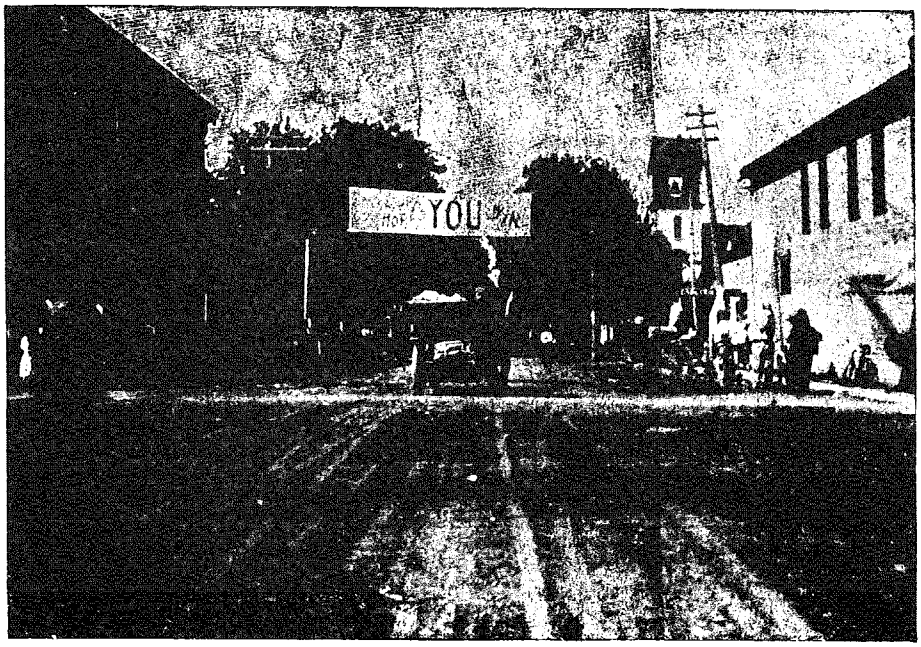
Learning of this, Cass strode to "the Count's" lodge, with only an interpreter for a companion, and lowered the flag. He warned the chief that if he attempted to repeat his hostile demonstration, the U. S. government would destroy him. Then the governor calmly returned to his own camp with the confiscated flag.

A period of extreme tension followed. The Indians sent away their women and children apparently prepared for an attack and Cass held his men ready for battle. But the audacity of Cass had had its effect. Older Indian chiefs got control of the situation and asked for another meeting, at which they sold a 16-sq.-mile piece of land on the St. Mary's River just below Lake Superior.

Two years later a permanent military force arrived at the Sault under the command of Gen. Hugh Brady, after whom the fort constructed there was named, data in the Michigan Historical Collections indicates.



Decatur Once Cheered The Glidden Tour Drivers



"Decatur Hopes YOU Win" was the banner that hung across Delaware St. to greet the Glidden Tour drivers when they passed through Decatur about 1909. The picture here was taken at Delaware and Phelps St., looking West at the cars as they passed. The wooden building on the right is the old I. Brooks Dry Goods and Grocery, and farther down on the right is the Church of Christ, since burned. On the left is the brick building that housed the B. K. Durkee Dry Goods store. This year's Glidden Tour begins Sept. 19.

"Notice! During the day of July 14, 1909, exercise care to keep unattended children, pets and livestock off the highway. Automobiles will pass through your town in the Annual Glidden Tour. Participants will not exceed the legal speed limit on any road."

So read a typical sign posted along the route of an early Glidden Tour. It was a warning that something special was in store for the town that day. It also was a plea for cooperation.

But no such signs will be needed for the Glidden Tour of about 250 antique automobiles which will make its first visit in history to central and western Michigan from Sept. 19 to 22. A half century makes a lot of difference.

The original Glidden Tours, sponsored by the American Automobile Association, were conducted between 1905-13 to prove to the public that automobiles were not merely rich men's toys but were a practical and reliable means of transportation.

The tours were abandoned after

1913 because they had served their purpose. Thirty-three years went by and then they were revived, by the Antique Automobile Club of America, as a sentimental gesture and for fun.

But the revived tours have proved bigger in every way than the original. Sponsored in alternate years by the AACA and the Veteran Motor Car Club of America, the participants tour various sections of the country in a festive mood, using restored vintage cars from the turn of the century through 1929. This is the first time that the revived Glidden Tour has visited outstate Michigan.

The Automobile Club of Michigan has planned a route over state highways with the least traffic for the Gliddenites so that the slower vehicles will not hamper modern-day cars.

Confetti was thrown from a lead car on the original Glidden Tours to mark the route for the participants. Auto Club will use special red and white printed signs to point the way for the 1967 tourers.

Many of the Glidden entries will take part in the 17th annual Old Car Festival at Greenfield Village, in Dearborn, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16 and 17, the nation's largest meet for antique cars. The 1967 Festival is expected to attract some 350 cars from the midwest, east and south.

Leslie R. Henry, curator of transportation at Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, is general chairman of the 1967 Glidden Tour. Henry, one of the country's leading authorities on antique automobiles, is a vice president of the Antique Automobile Club of America, largest antique car organization in the world with more than 21,000 members.

After a "crank-up" dinner Sunday night in Detroit, the Glidden tourists will visit Windsor, Ont., in their cars on Monday.

On Tuesday the tour begins. The 540-mile route starts at Greenfield Village, goes through Belleville, Mason, Charlotte, Nashville, Hastings and on to Grand Rapids for the first overnight stop. This is the longest leg of the tour, covering around 188 miles. Tour headquarters in Grand Rapids will be the Pantlind Hotel.

The next day the Gliddenites will make a circle tour, through Wayland to Douglas and Saugatuck on Lake Michigan and back through Holland to Grand Rapids for a second night.

An early start the third day will put the tourists in Flint that night. En route they will go through Ada, Lowell, Ionia, St. Johns and Owosso, covering about 111 miles. They will stay that night at the Durant Hotel.

Friday the tour will head back to Detroit by way of Lapeer, Imlay City, Romeo, Utica and a stop for lunch at the General Motors Technical Center in Warren. The tour will end with the awards banquet that night at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Detroit.

The Glidden Tour participants will not travel in a caravan when they leave Detroit but will spread out at intervals over the route. Departures are based on the driving time of the cars. The slowest, with a top speed of 28 miles an hour, will require eight to 10 hours for the trip to Grand Rapids.

Although cars as late as 1929 are permitted to participate, only cars of the Glidden car, 1905-13, are eligible for the top award, a miniature of the original AAA-Glidden trophy, and other prizes. The original Glidden trophy is on display at AAA headquarters in Washington.

As on the original Glidden Tours, today's participants will be checked in at points along the route. Today's judges aren't as tough, however, and the awards will be based on reliability and general performance instead of a race against the clock.

While car trouble along the route probably will be minimal, Auto Club will cover the entire route with its Emergency Road Service just to assure a safe trip for all.

The modern Glidden Tours started in 1946, the year of the auto industry's Golden Jubilee. Since then, the tours have covered parts of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Colorado, West Virginia, Virginia, New York, Ohio, Florida, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Ontario.

The Glidden Tours of 1905-13 are regarded today as one of the classics of early motoring.

In 1904, the American Automobile Association sponsored a run from New York to St. Louis for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, a distance of 1,218 miles. Fifty-nine cars reached St. Louis.

During the tour, Charles J. Glidden, a participant and member of the committee, offered a $2,000 trophy to the AAA to sponsor a competition for automobiles. Glidden, a wealthy industrialist, made motoring his hobby.

Glidden's name was first used on the 1905 tour. The trip covered 870 miles, from New York to Bretton Woods, N. H., and return. Twenty-five cars finished of the 33 that started.

The 1909 tour started from Detroit amid much fanfare and went 2,636 miles to Kansas City by way of Denver. Going to Chicago, the route went near some of the roads which will be covered by the 1967 Gliddenites. As on some of the earlier runs, Pierce-Arrow cars dominated the 1909 tour and posted the only perfect scores.

The tour was canceled in 1912 due to lack of interest.

My Trip to Colorado

By E. R. Washburn

Our headquarters were at Estes Park Village, one of the main entrances to Rocky Mountain National Park. The village has a population of several hundred or thousand depending on when you count them. Its water supply comes from the Black Canyon Creek drainage basin. A roadside sign reads: Help protect its purity by keeping out. The stream is really a rushing, sometimes roaring stream of clear cold water, clean enough to tempt any thirsty mortal, human or otherwise.

In plain view of Estes Park is Long's Peak, the highest peak in Rocky Mountain National Park. Its elevation is 14,255 feet above sea level. This peak is only fifteen miles from Estes Park but on a clear day it does not appear so far away.

At a convenient driving distance from Estes Park is the city of Boulder, the home of the University of Colorado with an enrollment of 9000 students. Boulder supplies most of the state with electric power.

Boulder claims the distinction of being the only city in the United States getting its water supply from a natural glacier, the Arapahoe several miles distant.

At a turn out parking place is a trail side sign calling attention to Arapahoe and helping the traveler to locate it. With binoculars the stream of ice is plainly seen but you better not wait to see it move.

One of the most important roads in Colorado is the Trail Ridge road, more than four miles of which are above 12,00 feet above sea level while eleven miles of it are above the tree line which of itself is about 11,000 feet above sea level.

Trees in the higher altitudes give a wonderful opportunity for studying forest fire effects because it takes a long time to regrow forests on burned over land due probably in part to the intense cold during much of the year. Many different burned over forest areas of adjacent regions are easily detected while simply riding along the highways.

Many signs have been placed along the highways warning of starting fires and telling when destructive fires raged on areas

pointed out. These signs give travelers data on judging time that elapses after one fire before there is a sufficient amount of fuel to feed another fire on the same area.

Noting the height of new trees and the size of standing stubs in adjacent areas together with the information posted helps in estimating how often destructive fires occur on similar or same areas.

Fire is a good servant under favorable conditions but, oh! what a master it becomes when control is lost and devastation sweeps home lands and naught but ash lands remain.

Time flies and we must start for home which we do, saying good bye to Colorado by staying over night at Burlington.

Next morning we worked up an appetite by driving into another state—Kansas—where we got our breakfast at Goodland, having passed through Kanarado, the first village after crossing the state line between Colorado and Kansas, as the name more than suggests.

Then making north and east we were soon in grasshopper land and the insects would rise into the air then plop down into the road ahead of the car, but not in such numbers as the stories of pioneer days tell of, when their crushed bodies would grease the road and interfere with traffic.

Soon passing that road hazard we again crossed a state line and found ourselves in Nebraska, the home state of most of the group, and by nightfall we were in Lincoln, the home town of most of the group.

Went to visit my sister Florence in East Omaha Friday, August 12, arriving at 4 p. m.

On Saturday, August 13, got my airplane ticket from E. Omaha to South Bend, Ind. $31.25 plus $4.69 tax, in case you care to know.

East Omaha, Monday, Aug. 15. I got off the ground at 6:35 a. m. and headed home. At 6:45 a. m. it is foggy but not so thick but I can see the ground. At 7 a. m. clouds very heavy, can't see the ground.

Intermittently till near 9 o'clock it was cloudy, partly cloudy, and clear, changing quickly and, of course, without warning.

At about 8:45 came the high light of the whole trip. The cloudy sky above and below was composed of large fleecy white clouds partially broken in places when suddenly as I was peering from my window (I sat on the right hand side, well before the middle of the ship) to see if I could see Mother Earth, the wished-for happened. We crossed a large rift in the sky and looking nearly straight down, there lay the green earth with farm buildings and a large farm house and trees about it, all framed by those fleecy white clouds. It was a picture of a life time so soon gone that but one word is needed to describe it—evanescent—yet so firmly established in memory as to last to the end of time.

Yes, sojourners of the land, it may be worth one's time to take a flight just to get one fleeting glance that may serve to provide a model for all futurity.

Flight Log

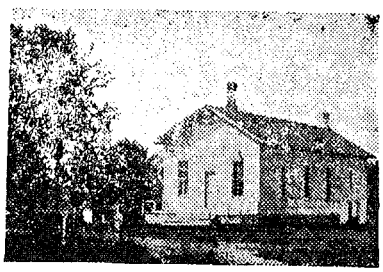
United Air Lines, Main line Airway; recorded by the captain on trip 136, date 8-15-1949. Position at 0901 a. m., over Moline, Ill., altitude 9,000 feet above sea, 8,400 feet above ground. Our air speed is 183 m.p.h. We have a head wind of 20 m.p.h., giving us a ground speed of 163 m. p. h. Temperature 57° F. at flight level; 79° F. at Chicago. Descending at 9:25 a. m.

Arriving Chicago, Ill. at 9:58 a. m. Remarks: all times Central Standard. Will arrive Chicago 20 minutes early account no Moline stop. The Moline Airport is under construction. Signed: Captain L. E. Duescher.

Started for South Bend at 11:10 a. m. on plane No. 124. Passed over end of Lake Michigan. Could see water as far as sight could reach. Over the land again two minutes later.

At South Bend for dinner then a long wait for bus to Decatur where the long trip ended with your servant all safe and sound before dark of the same day that I left E. Omaho, Nebr.

And that's that, and it fills the promise I made Sept. 8. E. R. W.



Recalling Hamilton Fair

Mrs. Blanche Youells, who now resides at Santa Barbara, Calif., sends this writer a clipping from the Decatur Republican which she found among some of her old keepsakes. It is an account of the Hamilton fair. There is no date on it, but an item on the reverse side indicates that it was during the administration of President Taft, which was from 1909 to 1913.

Under a picture of the Grange hall is the following:

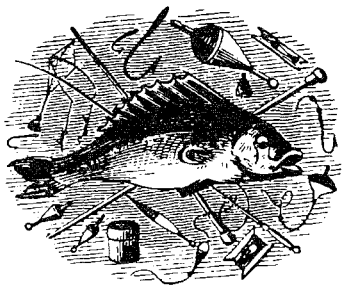
All roads will lead to the Hamilton fair Friday. The fair management have worked hard to get everything in first class shape for a big day.

The usual number of exhibits is assured and in addition the Breedsville band, one of the best in this corner of the state, will be on the grounds to play all day.

Hamilton Fair day is a home coming day for former residents of the township and a number are already here visiting relatives and friends and awaiting the big event.

Hamilton Fair was a great event. There was nothing like it in Michigan. It was a free fair and every year, when the weather was pleasant, there gathered around the Grange hall and the old race track, and most every year the weather was pleasant, from 3,000 to 5,000 people. What great times they had.

Hamilton Fair could be revived. The spirit of the old timers like Arthur Haydon, Al. Bidlack, Luke Tinney, Sam Strong, the Osborns, the Conways, the Creagans and others who made the fair the unique event it was could do it again. You say we have Hartford fair to take away its glory, but then we had Dowagiac fair, as great as is Hartford fair today.



FISHING-TACKLE.

IN A WONDERFUL EARTHQUAKE LAKE (REAL REELFOOT REELING)

BY: F.L. KERN

My good friend, Helen Hatheway, wrote a good story about the interesting Michigan YMCA camp, named for the Indian hero of her father's great story, "The League of the Iroquois," and then another old-time friend, Jessie Thomas Edwards, gave to your readers a beautiful and graphic description of the famous Bok Campanile and Bird Sanctuary in Florida, which she saw dedicated last winter.

While I cannot hope to compete with those fluent writers, I should like to give my friends and relatives among your readers, a little description of the historical Reelfoot Lake, about one hundred miles north of Memphis, down in Dixie, where son, Don, took a party of us for a day's fishing a few weeks ago.

One hundred twenty years back, there was a quiet, old primeval forest, largely of cypress, stretched along the mighty Father of Waters in western Tennessee, where many tribes of Indians camped, hunted, fished, loved, hated, and fought.

Then, as the legendary story goes, as neatly told us by Master Richard Leonard, a school boy, who was one of our party, a high chief of the Chicasaw nation known as Kolpin,

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Then, as the legendary story goes, as neatly told us by Master Richard Leonard, a school boy, who was one of our party, a high chief of the Chicasaw nation known as Kolpin, which meant "Reelfoot," so named because he had a flat foot, causing him to reel as he walked, went out on a journey to find him a wife.

Among the Choctaws he found the beautiful princess Laughing Eyes and fell desperately in love with her. But her father, a haughty chieftain, scorned the liberal offer of high rank, supplemented with a goodly showing of fine furs, ponies, blankets and other inducements.

But Reelfoot was so deeply smitten by the charms of Laughing Eyes that he resolved to return and kidnap the haughty maiden. The old medicine man strongly advised his chief against doing such violence, warning him that the great Manitou would be displeased and might blot out the entire tribe by some dire catastrophe.

But the flat-footed chieftain was desperate and stole the charming Laughing Eyes and took her to his teepee under guard of his many warriors. But no sooner had he done this cave-man act than at 2:00 A.M. of Dec. 16, 1811, the wrath of the Great Spirit came in the form of a terrible earth quake, causing the forest to reel, rise and fall with great chasms reaching to unknown depths below and these dreadful shocks came one after another, lasting until in the following February, forming a great valley fourteen miles long and four miles wide, destroying Reelfoot, his captured bride and his entire tribe.

Drawing from the Mississippi, through subteranean channels, the valley filled with water to a depth in places of nearly one-hundred feet and with shallow flats covering thousands of acres, liberally stocking this wonderful lake with all kinds of fish.

All over this remarkable lake today may be seen untold trees, mostly cypress, some with only their tops showing above the surface while those near the shore are still green and growing, and among these green trees, instead of our water lillies, the fragrant nymphes orodata, we see a wonderful lotus lily known as Yoncopins. Its leaves, lying prone on the surface, are about two feet in diameter, resembling those of the giant victoria regia of South America. The blossoms of these Yoncopins are white and from ten to twelves inches in diameter. In the South Seas, a species of this lotus lily may be seen, which is a bright red, closely resembling the Egyptian lotus in form.

In western Arkansas and northern Louisiana a number of smaller lakes were formed by the same seismic disturbances.

Andrew Jackson and Davy Crockett visited Reelfoot shortly after it came into existence. This is mentioned that you may know other noted men besides myself have seen Reelfoot.

We fished along the south bank near the spillway, our catch consisting of gar pike, black and striped bass, croppies and bream. There are plenty of cat-fish, some weighing fifty pounds. The fish are of excellent quality, as the bottom of the lake is covered by quick sand.

Reelfoot in the fall, is a refuge for countless thousands of game birds, or would be if the hunters from far and near did not raise havoc among them. All kinds of ducks, geese, brant, cormorants, herons, cranes, coots, gallinules, rail, bittern, teal etc. Many of these birds nest among the water lilies, smart weed, saw grass and wild rice along the shore, which has a length of about fifty miles. Big fat swans used to be killed here and shipped away by carloads to be sold at twenty-five cents each. Trappers still find mink, weasel, otter, opossum, raccoon, deer and bear.

My space is filled or I should like to tell you still more of this most primitive place.

There is an intersting story of a noted outlaw and desperate killer who lived at Reelfoot contemporaneously with his friend, Jesse James. The state finally made up a posse of ten noted sheriffs and detectives who deployed out, each bent on winning the big reward offered, but the desperado got every one of them and then escaped, never to be heard from afterwards.

1949

galley bits . .

by ella nore

a potato chip made of sweet potatoes is soon going on sale . . the georgia experimental station has worked out this new nicknack . . the southern yam are salted and trimmed with powdered sugar . . wholly unlike the irish potato chip but equally delicious . . .

g b

dog food companies spend many thousands of dollars each year in research . . the gaines research organization maintains a kennel for 100 dogs of 20 different breeds . . they are fed all kinds of food . . with the best going on the market . . the food must be tasty as well as nutritious . . the sale of dog preparations is a big business . . .

g b

a robot was shown by the new york safety council . . this scientific contraption speaks a word of warning when needed . . can be used in factories as a reminder for workers who may become careless . . also to protect pedestrians from impending danger . . .

g b

los angeles has county toy libraries . . the toyrarian checks out the toys to the two year olds as well as for the early teen agers . . the children are asked to take care of all toys . . if they are returned on time and in good condition an s is put on their card . . 20 such marks entitles the child to an "honor" toy . . one of more value as a wagon or tricycle . . if a little girl gives the borrowed doll good care for six weeks . . adoption papers are drawn up and she may have it for her very own . . there is also a repair shop for putting the toys in good condition . . these libraries fill a need as is shown by the 50,000 customers in a single month . . .

g b

two schools are trying a new system in education . . one is in ohio . . the other in pennsylvania . . the school year is divided into 4 quarters of 9 weeks each . . a student is confronted with only one subject at a time . . with a review in the spring . . thus four subjects are covered in the usual way . . all study is done at school . . no home work . . the students and teachers both like the plan . . the results show a better interest on the part of the students . . the system was put into action in 1944 as a last and desperate attempt to turn out scholars . . rather than graduates off an "assembly line' . . with little learning . . .

g b

the mormon church claims a membership of 840,000 . . strange as it may seem this vast number have insured themselves against want . . 110 storehouses throughout their land contain fuel drugs clothing and other necessities . . they are bonded together in an organization called welfare . . each of the 1400 districts or "wards" contain about 600 people . . all work together to fulfill a quota for the group . . they do what they can as farm mine make clothes or work in the canneries whatever they are fited to do . . as a result of this working together they own property totaling more than 6 million dollars . . these large storehouses scattered here and there are much like a super market . . with furniture clothing and other items in addition . . there is one exception however . . no cash registers . . the morman selects from the stock only his actual need as determined by the bishop of his ward . . .

g b

scotch tape was invented by richard drew . . and for one specific purpose . . two-toned automobiles were the style . . the car painters could not find a suitable material to hold the masking while applying the different colors . . drew was traveling for a company selling a new kind of sandpaper . . he heard the painters swearing and saw their problem . . after many unsuccessful attempts this mend all wonder working tape appeared . . another reason for the long search . . goods of many kinds were being placed on the market in cellophane wrappers . . something was needed to seal them . . now since drew's discovery this minnesota company manufactures 124 different kinds of tape in all sizes and colors . . as well as scotch tape with its hundred and one uses . . none of which was foreseen by its inventor . . .

henry partin is the owner of the 75,000-acre ranch known as heartbar. it is locate in kissimee, florida, near orlando . . partin introduced the big brahmans of india into the state 20 years ago and they now have become the most popular breed of this flourishing industry . . they thrive on poor pasture and a hot climate whereas the ordinary run of cattle become lean . . with the coming of these "bray-muhs" the beef population has passed over the million mark . . they also eat oranges and grapefruit . . when mature they will weigh 2000 pounds . . are regarded as pets in india rather than for their milk and meat . .

g b

spebsqsa . . spells barber shop singing in america . . there are 510 chapters in the united states and canada with a membership of more than 24,500 . . each chapter selects its own name . . one such chosen is the snorers . . composed of a plumber, physician, lawyer and gas station attendant . .

g b

it seems that the moving pictures are now going to sunday school . . this has caused a lot of concern among many church people . . they have only connected the movie with the theater and do not stop to think of the many bible stories that can be dramatized and presented in this appealing manner . . there is the story of daniel in the lions' den . . david and goliath . . cain and able . . noah and the ark that would be unforgettable so portrayed . . we are told the general run of americans do not read their bibles nearly enough . . when the stories are put before them in this way they will then read the original writing . . over 12,000 churches are employing this method of biblical instruction . .

g b

andrew carnegie did not want to die a rich man . . so he spent ten years in the effort to rid himself of $350,000,000 . . and found this to be the hardest task of his life . . at seventy-six he had been successful in giving away $200,000,000 . . still he had money and just so he would not die rich he turned over the last $150,000,000 to form a "foundation" for good works . . thus we have the first of these institutions that have done so much to help those in need . . the ford foundation is the largest private fund of this great and worthy endeavor . . atwater kent left a million dollars to charity as was brought out by his will march 4 . . edgar bergen was remembered with $3,000, as well as 72 other friends . .

g b

robert smith is a justice of the peace in indiana pa . . he has the thought that each and every man should marry . . he supports this theory in that he performs marriage ceremonies on installment payments . . a new use of credit but much needed in the mining community in which he lives . . he set up in business a few years ago and has served over 150 couples in this way . .

g b

there was no divorce cases heard in the hamilton, ohio courts during holy week . . formerly this held true only before and after christmas . . but it was decided to observe the same policy during this week also . .

a 4 week observance of the 50th year of the s s kresge stores began may 9 . . over 700 stores in the united states and canada join in the celebration . . sebastian s kresge now 81 is still chairman of the board of directors . . there are 28,000 stockholders . . the store was first opened with 10 cent items . . after world war 1 25 cent merchandise was displayed . . later 25 cent through $1.00 was introduced . . now the store is crowded with articles bearing both high and low prices . . .

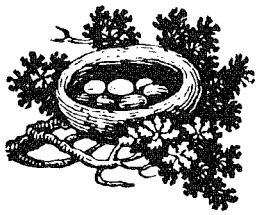
the talking book machine affords new interests for the blind . . this special type of phonograph is equipped with a slow motor which plays the records in a speaking voice . . the persons chosen to make the recordings have had professional experience on the stage or radio . . 12 inch discs are used for the talking book . . each disc will play 15 minutes . . almost any literary subject is available . . gone with the wind is recorded on 80 discs . . the 169 records which record the bible is the longest "volume" . . the machine is easily operated by the blind and the titles of the books are in braille . . .

g b

bernard o'donnell is a "man of letters" . . he writes nearly 10,000 a week to people he doesn't know . . it happens he handles correspondence for 11 radio and television shows . . the o'donnell radioland mail service has been operating 3 years . . he formerly was employed with a magazine company . . gave up this position because so many letters written to twenty questions a radio show were ignored . . he claims every one is entitled to an answer . . to a friendly reply . . not a form letter . . his staff of 40 handle about 30,000 letters a week . . he takes care of the difficult ones . . many of the letters are written in french italian spanish german and other foreign languages . . even some braille correspondence . . what he and his 40 can't handle a friend or neighbor readily gives them a lift . . he has collected over 7 million letters . . all filed away in 5,500 filing cabinets . . the letters come from "fans critics and grumblers" at the rate of 150,000 a week . . if you write a letter to stop the music your reply will be forthcoming from the o'donnell service . . .

g b

in 1920 owen p smith opened a greyhound racing track in a california town . . in the last 29 years the sport has gained immense proportions . . there are 20 such tracks with 500 racing kennels . . the dog track won favor with "bettors" . . thought it would be impossible to fix the winner . . just a simple affair . . dog chasing rabbit . . however it was soon shown that a hit of narcotic given the dog would slow him down . . immediately the public asked a clean up of such practices . . greyhound racing is legal in arizona florida massachusetts and oregon . . officials try to look at the race as an even run.



LETTERS

EARLY DECATUR DAYS

Dear Arba:

I am sending a money order for the Republican for another year. I do enjoy it so much, even though there are many that I don't know any more.

You have so many letters from the old timers that I used to know back in the eighties and nineties when I lived there. I don't suppose Jim Chamberlain, Charlie Frye, Charlie Dine, Frank Stapleton and others would remember me, but I remember them. So much has "gone under the bridge" since my time in Decatur, but I still work in our print shop every day, and am feeling just fine all of the time.

We moved into a new building in October, '48, and it is very nice. The entire space is light and we have much more room than we had previously.

With kindest regards,

Your old friend,

W. E. Secord.

It is like going back to another age to receive a letter from Will Secord. He must have begun work for Andy Johnson in the Republican office in the early eighties, and we first worked with him there in the summer of 1887. Will was an all around printer then and ran the Washington hand press, while we kicked off the Frank Tucker hand bills all day at a time. When school began in September that year we left the printing business and went to work out of school hours in the Browning drug store.

It was ten years later that we returned to newspaper work again. Will and Fred Dewey had established the Decatur Independent which through friends we were able to obtain from them the first of January, 1897. Both of these men are still living, in fact all three of us are. It is good to know that Will Secord is still following the trade and that Fred Dewey is comfortably retired.

THE LOST IS FOUND

It took a terrible accident to bring this editor in touch again with one of the best of his youthful friends. The early life of Stanley Dare Knight was lived in Decatur. He was one of the famous Potts grocery team of whom the late Thomas Mahoney was the other. Before Tom's death which occurred about a year ago, we often talked about Dare and wondered how he was faring. It is a great pleasure to hear from him again and wish we might be able to go right down to the Gem Cafe and show Tom this letter. We would talk of the escapades of youth all over again. Dare was in Cleveland when last we heard from him, and will not venture a guess as to how many years ago that was.

His letter follows:

May 13, 1949.

Dear Arba:

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me after all these years, but I often think of my home town (Decatur) and the ones I used to know so well. While going through my morning paper I ran across the enclosed account of a terrible happening to a couple from Three Rivers and immediately thought you and the other folks at home would be interested in hearing more about it from our local paper. Needless to say it was a terrible happening.

Am cutting this short so as to get it on its way.

Sincerely,

Dare Knight.

Dallas Park Hotel, Miami 30, Fla.

P. S. Enter my subscription to the Decatur Republican, sending

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A GIFT AND AN ANSWER

1240 Ferdon Road,
Ann Arbor, May 12, 1949.

Dear Arba:

I am writing you rather hurriedly this morning to tell you I am mailing you a book, "To the Swift" by Anne Hawkins, which we have read, which came out recently. We think well of it and enjoyed the reading of it. It is an historical novel, telling the story of the "Pony Express," and is a thrilling narrative of the pioneer western days, bringing in the beauties of the Sierras, covered by the portion of the route where the story centers, covering adventures with the Piute Indians, the dangerous real gunman, contrasted with the restrained character of the real man, Sierra Dave Wagenet, the so-called gunman who had never killed any one, and his adorable young sister, who won the hearts of two of the more or less roughened pony men.

I thought you might like this book for the Decatur library. It is one of the Christian Herald's "Book of the Month" club books, which we are sponsoring because it attempts to give the public clean literature,—a drive that is much needed these days.

I have recently received a short letter from Lelia Brinkley, which I regret I have not yet been able to answer, as I have not too much strength and energy for typing these days. I intend to answer it as soon as I can and try to tell her a little about my life and family, which she seems to feel she would like to know about. I appreciate her recognition of myself as one of our family of Decaturites.

I am among those who regret any criticism such as was made about Nellie Truesdell's writings, which I greatly appreciate,—and can see no reason for such criticism. I especially appreciated her original poem to the tune of "Nellie Gray," I think it was, giving us a word picture of the Black River region from which she came. All her little homey details descriptive of the home there in its rural setting like our good old days, did sound good to me.

By the way, can you, if you do have a free moment, give me a few details about Alonzo Newton Benn's recognition and his writing for some of the big newspapers? I think I am going to put his poem on the "Old Town Pump" in the "Almont Squealer" or whatever we may decide to call it, this summer. Would like to mention his noteworthy work when I do it. Have seen something about him in our good Republican, but cannot recall what issue, or quite recall what papers in large cities he has his publications in.

With affectionate regards to yourself, Mollie and Eleanor, I am,

Ever sincerely,

Helen Hathaway.

Helen Hathaway is another newspaper and personal friend who is always doing something nice for others.

The book she sent is a fascinating story. We sat up late Sunday night reading it, but had to go to bed before the finish. In another week will turn it over to Librarian Gertrude Van't Zelfde with the compliments of the sender, and think it will become at once a popular book in the library.

"To the Swift" is a story of the gallant men and one woman who made the Pony Express a fabulous chapter in American history. We first learned about it when a boy collecting postage stamps. The boy who could boast of having in his collection a Pony Express stamp was the envy of the other young collectors.

The pony express was the mail service inaugurated in 1860 between St. Joseph, Missouri, and California. Eight days were allowed for the schedule; 190 stations were established; there were 80 riders and about 400 horses, and over 300 station keepers and their assistants. The service was discontinued in October 1861. Reading this book will give one a thrilling chapter in pioneer American history, and an entertaining romance as well. It has just been published by Harper and Brother.

When Cecil Rhodes was suffering from a serious affection of the lungs he was told by his physician and friend that he had but six months to live. His reply was, "So short a time and so much to do." He did not, however, give up his planning for the future. His life was prolonged for ten years and in that time he became the great financier and statesman of South Africa.

All we are trying to bring out by this incident is that there is not the time to do all we would like to do. So are asking our friend, Alonzo Newton Benn, if he will kindly send Miss Hathaway direct the information she seeks and send us a copy. And would be pleased also if Helen would send us a copy of the letter she writes to Lelia Brinkley.

Young writers interest us. It takes hard work to win recognition as a writer, and we admire their efforts. We know young people, and those who are not so young, right here in Decatur who have ability in that direction and we encourage them all we can to write. One will never lack for interesting employment when writing, even though it may not often bring rich financial returns.

The author of this story, Anne Hawkins, is the daughter of a Texas ranger. She studied in the University of California and the London School of Economics and has worked as a stenographer, court reporter and publicity writer. While reading a history of the Pony Express she decided to write her story. To learn the true facts about it she rode over every mile of the route. She is married to a jazz musician and lives in a suburb of Los Angeles.

JIM CHAMBERLAIN COMING OUT

New address: 1113½ Commerce, Fort Worth, Texas.

May 12, 1949.

Dear friend,

It seems good to be able to tell you that I feel much beter, that I am counting the hatched chickens and planning on a visit to Decatur sometime this summer. You remember how I was disappointed on coming last summer. I had planned a big trip, going on to New York to see my cousins, then into Indiana and Ohio, then swinging west to see my nephew, Paul Chamberlain and his folks in So. Dakota, and continuing westward to ride in Wanda's airplane and possibly to visit with her mother, Nellie Nelson, and then on to Eugene, Oregon. I also planned to take advantage of Louie Cracraft's hospitality before returning to Ft. Worth. But all I visited was the hospital and that was a very prolonged visit.

My son finally sold my home and I deposited the proceeds along with my other trust funds on which the bank deposits $150 per month to my checking account, or more if I require it.

I am enclosing a leaflet of the bank's resources, and also an illustration of the Star-Telegram's new press, also a photograph of the mother of the year. Ft. Worth was also honored in receiving the appreciation car filled with gifts from the French people for donating more than any other city in Texas. In fact Fort Worth donated more friend bundles of supplies to the French people than any other city in the U. S.

I am still taking the doctor's medicine and shots, but for reasons I will state have discontinued the services of the nurse. As $100 per month is too much for me to pay for room and board I am preparing to change my location. I hope to locate near the library where I expect to do much reading. The hospitals are over-crowd-

ed and these rest rooms have sprung up like mushrooms. They are making good money.

The hospital prices are outrageous, but the funeral expenses are also prodigious, and you have to pay the freight whether you stay or go. I have much to write but realize that my faculties have failed miserably. As a number of my friends have written that they enjoy my articles will write about the matters I promised to write about some time ago. If you have anything special for which you would like to employ my poor efforts say it, but remember I am like the old horse that was being led through the street. The bystanders laughed at him, at which the man said, "Don't laugh, boys, that horse trotted a mile in 2:06 in his prime." One of the boys replied, "It isn't what he has done, but what can he do now."

Hope to see you in July.

Your friend, **Jim.**

GETTING HIS BEARINGS AGAIN

The old saying is still true, "You can't keep a good man down, and Jim is rising above his "sea of troubles." For an old man of 19 birthdays he has made a good come-back and we expect now to record his 20th birthday. Owing to the fact that Jim was born on the 29th of February this will necessitate a wait of three years.

755 9th Avenue,
Fort Worth, Texas.
April 14, 1949.

Dear Arba,

Your kind favor received for which I return sincere thanks, for return of the paper, for the kind wishes and the sage advice, all of which, if God so wills will promote my health and welfare.

When I signed that paper I was in a helpless condition and did not realize its import. Also I did it upon the advice of my banker, doctor, lawyer and other people I thought had my interest at heart.

If I get better so that I can transact business I will see what I can do about it, and I believe I will sell my apartment house and if strong enough visit Decatur this summer. I am going to keep going until God calls me home; and I remember Mrs. Truesdell's "Admonition."

Now, as to your two unsettled questions: You know that Miss Guiney lived the last 30 years of her life in England. I do not find the poem, "Out in the Fields with God," in "Happy Ending," her complete poetical works, and authorities differ so much about the authorship of the poem in question that I have quit trying to find out whether she or Mrs. Browning wrote "Out in the Fields with God."

As to capital punishment: As a boy I was opposed to it, but back in the nineties if a man in Windsor, Canada, had serious trouble with another man it was commonly reported that he would often state, "I will meet him sometime in Michigan and settle with him there.

Three brutal crimes caused me to change my attitude toward capital punishment. I cannot always depend upon my memory, but you surely recall the druggist, Latimer of Jackson, Michigan. He boarded a freight and went to Detroit, hired a room, mussed up the bed so as to make it appear that he had been sleeping in it, killed his mother for her life insurance and returned home. You may also recall how at his trial he received sympathy and flowers from lady spectators; and after being convicted and sentenced for life he was made a trusty and escaped. He killed good men who would probably have lived long and useful lives had capital punishment been in force in Michigan.

No. 2. Millionaire lumberman Wright had difficulty with one of his employes about wages. He sued Wright and got a judgment against him, and when Wright did not satisfy the judgment the constable employed to serve the writ to enforce payment was shot and killed by Wright. He was arrested, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, and afterward pardoned by Governor Pingree.

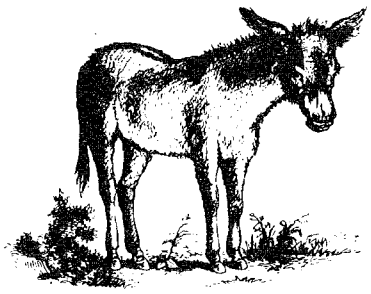
No. 3. I do not remember the name of the man who dynamited the school house near Lansing and killed so many of the pupils. I do not recall his being pardoned, but if a Michigan Pingree or a Texas Ferguson had been governor he might have been out to destroy many more useful young lives.

Jesse Pomoroy is another example of trading the lives of good people for the life of a born criminal, and as Gertrude Lyle states there is abundant Scriptural authority for capital punishemnt when it means saving innocent lives.

I am feeling some better now. I have a room by myself. The people who own and manage this rest room have a television set and I get to see lots of ball games without leaving the house, and I see plays much better than if I were able to go to the games. Among the games I have seen was the one in which the Fort Worth Cats beat the Chicago Cubs 3 to 2, with Mort Cooper pitching.

But Porterfield of the New York Yankees shut out the Fort Worth Cats without giving up a hit. You ball fans watch that boy Porterfield. He looks to me like another Bob Feller.

Your friend, Jim.



HISTORIC PALM SPRINGS

By C. C. Evans

Location 125 miles southeast of Los Angeles on Southern Pacific, where the desert meets the mountains. It is in Riverside county and just about the nicest place you will ever want to step your foot on.

I was informed that for centuries before any Spanish people ever saw the desert a peaceful group of Indians belonging to the Shoshaman family lived in the canyons and on the mountain slopes where water and game were plentiful. They were separated into two bands, the Palm Springs Indians and those living further west, the present Cahuillo, which now number about 65 individuals.

At one time the reservation comprised a little over 49 sections of land or approximately 32,000 acres. The first reservation was set aside for the Palm Springs Indians during the administration of President Grant and at the present time the most valuable of these sections is just east of the main business part of the city. Most of these Indians live there.

From this point San Jacinto mountain towers straight up from 100 feet above sea level to 10,805 feet into the clouds. It is the steepest and most perpendicular of any mountain in the United States. Only a few mountaineers have attempted to climb it, but soon the summit may be reached via the highest lift in the world.

A little to the South is Palm Canyon which has been pictured in newspapers and magazines and is a famous beauty spot. An easy foot trail leads down into the canyon where moving picture people frequently set up locations. This canyon is located seven miles south of the city, and its 13 mile length of canyon wilderness is breath taking.

Further up the canyon are water falls and palm trees said to have attained the age of 2,500 years. A fire swept this area in 1939, but the palms have come out again as beautiful as ever.

I was about to forget one of the most picturesque and interesting phases of Indian life in Palm Springs. It is the mineral baths. For centuries the Red Men have gathered around these hot bubbling springs and drew health from their curative waters which contained traces of 11 health giving minerals. This is the original Palm Springs. It is fascinating and friendly, providing every facility for a healthy holiday vacation in a community. It is not just another resort, but a totally different way of life. When you are in it you will realize the change.

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

1949

May 20, 1949.

I don't believe in bad luck on Friday the 13th, but I do believe in four leaf clovers. I find them almost every day. I found one this morning when I was looking for a favorite trowel I have lost. No I didn't find the trowel but I will. Last Wednesday a 'phone call from Grace Hinkley. Now I think 'phones are wonderful, but to hear that pleasant voice and not see the person . . Anyway we've made a date to meet before the summer is over.

I received a letter that day from George Roberts, 2856 Vermont Ave., Grandville, Mich. He had read the song I sent—Johnstown flood—in May 12th paper. He said he thought it was about 1889 and he was a little boy going to school. He has been trying for years to get the book which he thinks was called "The Johnstown Flood." I was sorry I couldn't help him. I never even saw the song in print. but I told him I would send his request to the paper and if any of the readers know how he could get the book he says he will pay them well for their trouble. Thank you Helen Hathaway for speaking so nicely about my little song of home, and all the nice things you say.

"They are not dead who live in
hearts they leave behind."

Like the poem about the apple tree you spoke of in your column. Now it is among my favorites.

Yesterday the Garden Club met at my house. Our topic was wild flowers. I had two specimens from my garden. One is Herb Robert and the other golden meadow parsnip. Others brought flowers but the one I was happy to see again was the Mandrake blossom. The foliage is like umbrellas. In fact that's what we used to call them. I think the first bit of verse I ever composed was about them. We picked them and held them over our heads and said:

"Just see us strut,
With our umbrellas up."

Anna Rose gave a book review of Pioneering with wild flowers, by Geo. Aiken. Grace Hinkley knows Anna.

And now for the song Mr. Moulton asked for:

THE QUILTING PARTY

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus:
I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
It was from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

December 8, 1949.

I wonder what has become of all the buffalo robes. In my girlhood so many folks had them. We did not, but we did have a soapstone and warm blankets. My husband's father gave us a robe made from a cowhide. It went with us on our trip across the country and slept in tourist camps, not any cabins in 1921 and '22. I found a verse I had saved which reminded me of the robes. It is written by Mary Louise Tredinnick.

THE BUFFALO ROBE

Whenever stars crackle above creaking snow,
I smile and remember the days long ago,
When grandfather, smiling, would harness the bay
And tuck me beside him deep down in the sleigh.
Hot bricks for our tiptoes and over us both
The buffalo robe from some wild behemoth
Whose hide challenged onslaught of sun or of snow,
So promised snug riding at twenty below.
Rough, shaggy and coarse, and heavy as lead,
With the reek of the wild, in my lap it would spread;
The great tale of the West and the lush rolling plains,
While grandfather, slapping old Joe with the reins
Would fill me with wonder with phrases like these—
"Such herds on the prairies that no man, Louise,
Could count them. In waves like the sea
They grazed there as far as a man's eye could see!
They say there's no meat like a buffalo steak,
But takes a fast horse and a dead shot to take
These critters. There isn't a hill
In all those savannahs, and no man could kill
In a lifetime enough to miss in the herd!"
Yet gone is the sleigh, those swift hooves and his word,
Then I held the West in my lap, now I ride
In dull, heated comfort—the frost all outside,
But I know that never in all of the globe
Will there be quite the thrill of that old buffalo robe!

—Nellie Truesdell.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR
By Arba N. Moulton

Many people believe the fracus between Spain and Uncle Sam over a half century ago was a toy war, but there is some evidence to the contrary.

Here is a list of the members of Company A. 35th Michigan Infantry, who left Decatur for the front on that memorable Fourth of July, 1898. They were Richard Abrams, Will Labadie, Will Fox, Henry Mahoney, Robert Oaks, Will McIntire, Will Pike, and James Hall.

The captain of the Company was Nathan F. Simpson of Hartford, who later served as representative in the state legislature and as warden of the state prison at Jackson. The first lieutenant was Bret H. Cocket of Decatur. Lt. Cocket was a natural born soldier and popular with the men under him.

Information concerning Michigan's part in the Spanish-American War is hard to find, but there is much to read about the participation of the United States in the war.

The war had been brewing for almost a century. Cuba was held by Spain and her rule was somewhat despotic. The United States, controlled as it was in the first half century by the slave states of the South, desired to annex the island. After the Civil War the South had no interest in the slaves of Cuba. But by 1895 the government was ready to do something for the island through sympathy.

When President Cleveland stepped out of office on the fourth of March, 1897, he said to his successor, William McKinley, "Mr. President, I am about to turn over to you a war which has long been in the making." It came in the following year. The "Maine" was sunk and the sinking was laid to the Spaniards, although it was determined later that the sinking was due to natural causes. The war followed, and it was mainly naval.

The Americans under Admiral Dewey opened fire on the Spanish squadron. His order to his captain was, "Fire when you are ready." Girdley was ready at once and the result of that first firing foretold the loss of the war to Spain. It was a victory that went round the world and made Dewey one of the greatest naval heroes of all times.

This reporter's lines were published in the Topeka Capital Daily on May 3rd, 1898.

"O Dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral
Down in Manilla Bay
And Dewey was the Regent's eyes,
"Them" orbs of royal blue!
And Dewey feel discouraged?
I Dew feel we Dew."

1898

FOR VICTOR MEAD

(This letter was overlooked in the rush of the Christmas season, but it is not too late to print it now. $132 was raised on the street for Victor Mead and we understand as much more was given him by others. If others care to contribute through the Republican we shall gladly accept the money and turn it over to him.)

Harvey, N. Dakota, Dec. 11, 1948.

For the Editor,—

The accident of Victor Mead hurts me terribly. How I wish something could be done for him to show how much we care.

Would it be out of place to ask every reader of the Republican, if they felt able to send $1.00 (or as much as they wanted to) to you, and you present it to him?

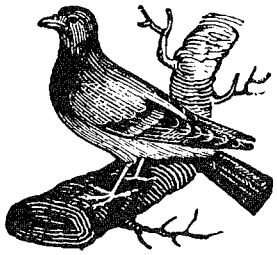
When our house burned, a young neighbor near us started a collection, and his father headed the list with

$50.00. Twenty-five miles away, another collection was started, and we knew nothing about either one, until the money was brought to us. They didn't do this because we couldn't replace the house. They did it from love, and as long as our memory remains, we will feel grateful. One small boy gave 77 cents—all he had. My eyes fill yet, over that offering.

I believe God tests us, when some one is hurt, and we escape, to see what we are going to do about it. He had no more right to get hurt than we do. It just happens, and we can prove we care.

Years ago, and maybe some folks do yet, use the word charity, and think of it as such an ugly word. If they do, they shouldn't, and it's because they don't know the true meaning of charity. There is no nicer chapter in the Bible than 1st Corinthians 13. That gives a perfect definition of charity, which is love.

—Nellie Nelson.



Personalities

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR, Jacqueline Cochran, who set a jet record of 652.337 miles per hour, with her husband, Floyd B. Odlum.

AVIATION'S ODLUM

He Finds Profits in Pools of Red Ink.

(Floyd Odlum was once a Decatur school boy.)

Floyd Bostwick Odlum is an amiable, mild-mannered wizard of 57, with thinning sandy hair, shell-rimmed specs, and a prodigious talent for making money. His philosophy: buy when everyone wants to sell, and vice versa. This formula has boosted his Atlas Corp. into a $100,000,000 investment empire and is now leading him deep into the deficit-trimmed operations of the aircraft industry. Late in 1947 Atlas bought control of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., then in the midst of a post-war financial tailspin. Odlum became board chairman. Today another unorthodox maneuver finds him petitioning the RFC for a $43,000,000 loan to set up an equipment finance company to rent planes to capital-shy airlines.

When Atlas bought control Convair was losing its shirt. Selling prices for its first few score Convair-liners were agreed upon with the airlines in 1945, but production costs about doubled before they could be delivered. Result: a heart-chilling $36,000,000 loss before taxes in 1947, and $9,000,000 more tossed overboard last year. Odlum hopes to sell the rest of his planes at a profit, but at their present price ($500,000) few airlines can afford to buy them. The Convair Equipment Co. is his answer to this problem.

If plans work out the company will buy 100 Convair-liners and lease them to airlines. If a line decides to buy the planes it can do so at cost less depreciation. Several smaller airlines are said to be interested in obtaining planes in this way, but some of the larger lines give the plan the horse laugh, say rental fees are so high that the only one to make money on the scheme would be Odlum. And says one executive: "Traffic would have to pick up an awful lot before any line would have to hire extra planes to take care of peak loads."

Nevertheless, it would take courage to predict failure for Odlum in his aircraft projects. He has seldom guessed wrong. In 1920, three years after he came to New York as a clerk in a law office, he was named vice-president of Electric Bond and Share Corp. By 1926 he was vice-chairman of the company's foreign subsidiary and was responsible for foreign investments of over half a billion dollars. In 1931 he resigned to take care of the growing needs of a sideline he had started in 1923: a $40,000 pool with the ambitious name of United States Corp. By 1928 the pool had become Atlas Corp. ,with assets of $6,000,000. Sensing evil times ahead, Odlum turned half the company's investments into cash, then

sold $9,000,000 in new securities, keeping the proceeds of this sale in a strongbox too. The depression year 1930 found the business world on its ear and Atlas Corp. with $14,000,000 cash, ready to prop it up.

Odlum started to buy up at bargain prices the shares of other, less fortunate investment companies, and by 1935 had upped his company's total assets to $100,000,000. This achievement got him tagged as the country's "Grade A" depression phenomenon. A few years later Atlas was worth $140,000,000. Odlum, however, reduced it to the century figure because he felt the larger sum was getting too hard to handle.

Since 1933 Atlas activities have been mostly concerned with "special situations," like Convair. TWA, Greyhound Bus, and RKO are among the larger companies which have received Atlas transfusions in the past. Banking, mining, manufacturing, utilities, retailing, hotels, and real estate are other fields which have benefitted from Atlas plasma, usually to the profit of both Atlas and the company concerned.

With Atlas dollars and Uncle Sam's bomber orders, Convair should recover as well. As for the equipment finance company, Odlum thinks it will do O. K. too. — Forbes.

FLOYD ODLUM MAY ENTER NATIONAL POLITICS

Floyd Odlum, once a Decatur youth, may take a leading part in governmental affairs. If he does he will be the second person from Decatur to become nationally known politically. Charles B. Warren, son of a former editor of the Decatur Republican, became Ambassador to Japan and Mexico and was President Coolidge's choice for Attorney General but the Senate, led by Senator Couzens, charged that he was a corporation lawyer and refused to approve the appointment. The following news story is taken from the Chicago Daily News:

Washington.—On the day that Louis Johnson was sworn in as Secretary of National Defense in an unprecedented and highly publicized mass ceremony, a dinner was given in his honor. On the dais were President Truman, Chief Justice Vinson and other notables.

At an appropriate moment from the rear of the room came cries of "Lou in '52." Thus was heralded the driving ambition of the new Secretary. As one of Johnson's close friends put it:

"Lou has been running for President for a long time. But he really began in earnest when this job put him in the public eye."

He is causing a great clatter in the Pentagon building as offices are switched about in accord with Johnson's concept of unity on that battlefront. But the suspicion is growing that one of his goals is to build up his own personal machine.

Johnson is reported to be privately pushing his friend, Floyd Odlum, the utilities operator and promoter, for chairman of the National Securities Resources Board. This is the post to which President Truman named his old friend, Mon Wallgren, but the Senate armed services committee refused to report the nomination to the Senate.

If Odlum's name goes to the Senate, there very likely will be an inquiry into the closeness of his connections with the aviation industry, and it seems to me properly so.

Odlum is president of the Atlas Corp., a holding company. Atlas according to a report to the Securities and Exchange Commission last December owned 418,200 shares of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. This is slightly less than 20 percent of the total, and considered equivalent to control.

Johnson recently approved a shift of approximately $157,000,000 in Air Force funds from other types of aircraft in experimental production to the B-36, which is made exclusively by Consolidated. This decision was said to have been approved by James Forrestal before he retired as Defense Secretary.

This may well have been a wise and inevitable move. Those with expert knowledge believe that in the past funds have been spread too thin over too many types of planes. Despite much criticism the B-36 seems to have established its reputation.

But when all this has been said there would seem to be a question of the propriety of the decision being taken by one whose self-interest must be, directly or indirectly, so involved. It raises, too some pertinent questions about the relationship between government and so-called free enterprise.

MORE DETAILS OF THE SQUIER-KNIGHT WEDDING

Another account of the Squier-Knight wedding comes from Glendale, California. It is taken from the Los Angeles Times, and the sender adds: "Have not made a contact yet. Guess I am at the end of the trail." This is the story of Carl and June:

Actress June Knight, former Follies girl, was married yesterday in Las Vegas to Carl B. Squier, 55, vice-president of Lockheed Aircraft Corp.

The wedding was solemnized in the Little Church of the West chapel in the Hotel Last Frontier by the Rev. A. C. Melton. Best man and matron of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Behan.

Miss Knight, 36, was married under her maiden name, Margaret Rose Vallikett. This is her third marriage. She divorced Paul Ames, broker, and Arthur A. Cameron, Texas oil millionaire. Squier is a widower.

Wish the papers out there could agree on whether June is 35 or 36. Carl is a part of the history of Decatur and we want it straight for the record.

Nature Notes . . .

Those who want the birds to visit their yards all summer should think about providing them with water. Now is the time to start coaxing them to stay. It does not take much coaxing; just a little kindness. Put out some kind of a bird-bath or drinking-fountain. The birds do not ask for an expensive stone one, although such a one will be an ornament in any garden. They are easily satisfied and will splash around in any kind of dish that will hold water.

Once you start, please keep the containers filled daily because the birds will depend upon you to furnish them with a drink and a bathing place.

Whether the day is cold, warm or hot the birds seem to be happy at their bath. Our bird-bath has had ice on it these last few mornings when the temperature got down to 22°. I thawed the ice by pouring a little warm water over it, and soon a couple of robins were bathing. Sparrows sat on the edge of the bath to catch the spray as the robins shook themselves. I call the sparrows lazy bathers because they so often do this. This is not always true because they often soak themselves as much as other birds do. Who hasn't watched the robin get into the water and throw it up over his back and leave to a nearby post or bush to shake off the water, then come back to try it again and again before he decides to shake himself, preen and dry his feathers? Once we watched an oriole and a flicker soak themselves in nearby baths. I thought the oriole would never finish. He really kept at it until the water was about gone. The robin will dry himself on a nearby fence or bush but the oriole will fly to the top of a tree and sing as he dries himself.

Have you ever set out your sprinkler and watched the swallows and humming-birds fly in and out? Some day count the number of different birds which come to your bath. Notice whether they dip in and out or soak themselves.

Of the birds we mentioned last week as new arrivals for this week we saw the chipping-sparrow and kingfisher. We also added the northern shrike to our list.

Ella Stegeman.

ARTESIAN WELL AT VOUGHT FARM

Struck at 160 Feet One Year Ago In April. First Real Excitement Created by Drilling for Oil.

A year ago Tuesday, April 12, Jack Baker, drilling for R. H. Kersey on well No. 1, on the Vought farm struck an artesian well of water at a depth of 160 feet.

The water came with such force that the drillers were unable to control it. Water overflowed ditches and spread over an area of several acres before the bulk of it could be turned into Red Run.

After some hard wet labor a 20 foot pipe was placed over the well, the wa-

[illegible] shooting through it and into the [illegible]

[illegible] pressure back of the water to be [illegible] to be gone and the [illegible] to be pumped dry. [illegible] This was the estimate of the [illegible] it would take if it were [illegible] exaggerated.

To the [illegible] with all of his [illegible] experience in the business had he never saw anything like it. It was the most terrific force he ever encountered in his experience as a driller.

Men who know the conditions under which oil is found predicted that oil would be found below the water.

The well created intense excitement throughout the village and surrounding country and thousands of people drove there to see it.

Looking Backward

Mrs. Ethel Van Duzer Trayner of Rolette, North Dakota, sent the following Decoration Day program to F. C. Stapleton. Decoration Day 70 years ago was in the hands of the veterans of the Civil War. They made much of the day and the village was crowded with visitors. Mrs. Trayner was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Van Duzer who were among the early residents of Decatur and Hamilton. She has taught school in North Dakota for many years and says she hopes on her retirement to again become a resident of this village:

The program:

DECORATION
May 30th, 1879.

The Soldiers and Citizens of Decatur and vicinity will, on this National Decoration Day, join in Decorating the Graves of DEPARTED SOLDIERS whose remains are intered in Decatur Cemetery.

Orator of the Day,
HON. O. W. POWERS,
of Kalamazoo.

PROGRAMME:

1st.—Procession will form on the R. R. Green at 10:30 a. m., in the following order: Marshal of the Day; Decatur Silver Cornet Band; Escort of Armed Veterans; President, Vice President and Orator; Clergy; Common Council of the Village; Invited Guests; Martial Band; Military Company, (all Veterans invited to "fall in.")

Civic Societies (in regalia) in the following order: Masonic Lodges; I. O. of O. F.; Patrons of Husbandry; Red, White and Blue Ribbon Clubs; Star Band; Decatur Union School; Citizens Generally.

2d. — Procession will march to the Cemetery, where the decoration of the graves of sleeping heros, with floral offering, will take place.

3d.—Prayer at the Monument by Rev. C. W. Wallace and Eulogy by Rev. J. W. H. Carlisle, followed by the firing of a Military Salute.

4th.—Procession will then move to the Grove opposite the Cemetery, where an oration will be delivered by the Orator of the Day, Hon. O. W. Powers, of Kalamazoo.

5th. — Benediction by Rev. R. Queal.

Proceedings will be Enlivened by Vocal and Instrumental Music.

COMMITTEES,

President of the Day.—Ransom Nutting.

Marshal.—H. B. Babcock. Assistants.—Geo. Arnold, L. D. Hill, Marion Chadwick and Frank Wilkinson.

On Finance.—H. B. Babcock, J. L. Harrison and N. Clark.

On Grounds.—W. Debolt, Jos. Acton and H. W. Botsford.

On Invitations.—J. Struble, G. Riley, Wm. Tuttle & E. Arnold.

On Reception.—A. B. Copley, L. T. Rawson and J. L. Harrison.

On Music.—Lucius Nutting, C. F. Prichard and H. M. Brodrick.

On Floral Decoration.—W. H. Clark, J. J. Sherman, Dr. G. W. Rogers, Mrs. L. M. Barney, Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Haynes, Mr. & Mrs. H. A. Northrup, Mr. & Mrs. S. N. Thomas, Mr. & Mrs. J. Struble, Mr. & Mrs. L. T. Rawson, Mr. & Mrs. I. B. Bagley, Mr & Mrs Dr. Baker, Mr & Mrs Brownbridge, Mr & Mrs Dr. Rose, Miss Elizabeth Thomas, Miss Lamphere, Carrie Nutting, Gideon & Libbie Browning, L. D. & Allie Hill, Misses Mollie & Kate Buffington, Mr & Mrs Wm Debolt, Mr & Mrs L D Roberts, Mr & Mrs J J Sherman, Mr & Mrs C Schuster. And all others.

Ransom Nutting, Chairman.

VISITS SCENES OF EARLY YEARS

O. O. Bishop of Rochester, New York, was a pleasant caller at the Republican office Tuesday. In his younger years Mr. Bishop was a resident of this community. His mother was Martha Richmond Bishop and his aunts were Amanda Richmond Thorpe and Kittie Richmond Hathaway, early residents of Marcellus and Volinia townships.

Mr. Bishop taught the Shaw school in 1895-6, and the East Valley school from 1896-8. He then attended the Ypsilanti Normal College and followed with three years as principal and four years as superintendent at Vicksburg. He next had charge of the department of Chemistry at the Ferris Industrial Institute 13 years and then went to Western New York as manager of a salt refinery.

From a copy of the Decatur Republican of March 5, 1914.

This copy of THE REPUBLICAN of 34 years ago was mailed to C. F. Mumaugh. We have forgotten who gave it to the office. Be reminded that it was the fifth of March and note this most prominent item on the first page:

Snow Races in Decatur Today.

Matched races for purse of $150 between Lady Hastings owned by Alex Griffin of Niles and Joe Murphy, owned by Mat Murphy of Lawton. Isaac Wilkes, owned by W. E. Meyri, against Silver Tail 2:10 and Billie S. of Niles.

Horses entered from Niles, Kalamazoo, Paw Paw, Lawton, Hartford, Lawrence and Decatur. Races begin at 2:30.

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Matthew Murphy was one of our spectacular young citizens. The world was always round and rosy and full of glowing adventure to him. Mat would take his listeners into his confidence and paint for them such nice word pictures that they would become his backers in his ventures.

Mat took naturally to drugs. He learned to be a druggist by sweeping out the Trowbridge and then the Carney drug store and studying the Pharmacopeia, and perhaps he took a year or two in college. He bought a drug store in Lawton and from then on he was only a visitor to Decatur, but we thought he always considered Decatur his home town.

Decatur was a horse town in those early years. Sylvester Hamilton owned Monty Patch and took him to Detroit that spring to work him for a record on the track of the Detroit Driving Club. Monty had a three year old record of 2:24¼ and Sylvester expected to put him below 2:10 as a five year old.

Battenburg Club Takes Sleighride

The ladies of the Battenburg Club and their husbands were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burrell Van Curen in Volinia Thursday evening. Twenty-four of the party went in one sleigh load driven by T. F. Spellman.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Spellman, Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Durkee, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Stapleton, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Copley, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Van Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Isham, Mr. and Mrs. St. Germaine, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Warner, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Bope, Dr. R. J. Huyck and Miss Lottie Welch.

The Lewis Graham family have lived on the S. J. Sherrod farm in Hamilton nine years and are planning to move. Thursday evening about 40 of their friends gave them a farewell surprise party. It was the 12th of February and the temperature was below zero, but the visitors did not mind that.

On the third of March, 1862, Andrew Corwin and Eli Hincher left their boyhood home of Andover, New York on horseback, and 18 days later drove into Keeler township.

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26 Years Ago

Taken from the Kalamazoo Gazette of October 14, 1923, and furnished the Republican by Will C. Labadie, son of the late Charles Labadie and nephew of the Labadie sisters.)

Mattawan, Oct. 13. — On the southern shore of Three Mile Lake reside the Misses Ellen and Mary Labadie, daughters of Anthony Labadie, who in 1835 erected the first white man's home in Van Buren county. Of the 13 children born to the settler, four are still living, including two brothers of the sisters. Charles Labadie, 87, resides in Decatur, and Frank Labadie, 68, lives near the old homestead. After Anthony Labadie died in 1861, the daughters, Ellen and Mary, remained at the old home to care for their mother, who passed away in 1888. Until two years ago, when they rented their acres, the sisters successfully managed the farm.

In their home, equipped with modern improvements, the sisters recall many interesting experiences in pioneer days. Their father did the first plowing for Indians of Van Buren county, of whom they always had the highest regard. Before the family could afford to buy glass for the windows, the faces of their red friends would appear in the openings day, or night, and no one was afraid for the Indians had always proved themselves trustworthy. Their father made the long trip to St. Joseph with other settlers to obtain timbers for the first mill erected at Paw Paw.

One of the many prized relics in the old homestead is a framed letter, yellowed with age, written from Canada in 1825 by their great-grandmother.

From a copy of the Decatur Republican of March 5, 1914.

This copy of THE REPUBLICAN of 34 years ago was mailed to C. F. Mumaugh. We have forgotten who gave it to the office. Be reminded that it was the fifth of March and note this most prominent item on the first page:

Snow Races in Decatur Today.

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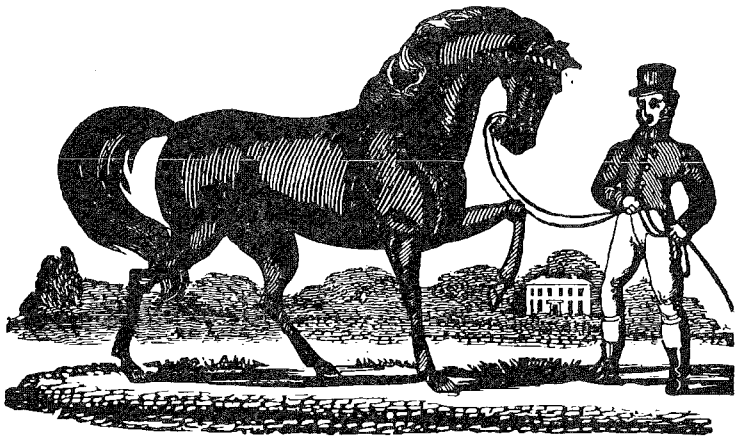


The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Lyle School District

1850 — 1950

Written by Theone Hughes and Read at the Centennial Celebration in the Lyle School House Friday Evening, May 5, 1950.

Chapter I.

IDEALLY located within a cluster of sparkling lakes are the broad and slightly undulating farm lands of the Lyle community. Its homes are neat and comfortable. And there is an air of thrift and success about them. Its barns, too, are well equipped, and its tool sheds house some of the latest in labor-saving machinery. Two of its farms have irrigating equipment. Like a white shaft through the community's center M-40 is a main artery down which flows the constant whine of auto or truck tires carrying passengers or freight towards Niles and points South.

But around 1850 there was no M-40. Even a generation removed from us Marshall Lyle, Jay's father, played as a boy in the sands of Eagle Lake where now M-40 curls about under the overhanging banks which were once the lake's boundaries. You probably have noticed the big old Maple across from the Maguires which shades the road somewhat in the summer. Jay recalls that his father told about playing under this tree as a youngster, with his feet in the water. One wonders how far from the lake the road will be in another hundred years.

It is difficult to picture our broad acres, now greening up from the Spring rains as timberland of white oak, whitewood, beech, maple and basswood. But just 100 years ago this community was a small part of the great unknown region called—"the West." Paw Paw was then a stopping place of about a dozen cabins, a cobbler's shop, and a lodging house known as Dodge's tavern. Sometimes the stagecoach traveling from Detroit West to Chicago over the old territorial road would bring new settlers. These would usually stay at Dodge's tavern until they could build their homes.

Sometimes there were as many as 100 to feed at Dodge's tavern and Mrs. Dodge did all the cooking. There were no mixmasters, electric stoves or refrigerators to ease her work then. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Dodge's death is the first listed in Paw Paw. We think we know why.

Let's hear what the old John Lyle cabin has to say about those early days.

CHAPTER II

THE JOHN LYLE CABIN SPEAKER

You little children there on the front row. You ain't afeered of a ghose, are you? You needn't be, 'cause I only come back every one hundred years. That's why I'm here tonight.

Jus' think of it, I'd be one-hundred-eight years old on my next birthday if I had lived. I guess I'm what you' call "an old fogey." But I was mighty strong and proud in my day and I could do more work than any stuck up youngsters can today with all their modern plumbing. Let me tell you about it.

I jes' forget now where I was growing when old John Lyle first saw me — only he wasn't old then. Maybe I was right here in this spot. "There's some dandy beech and maple." I heard him say.

"This ought to be good dirt around here." Next thing I knew he had me felled and was hewing me into logs.

They made my frame with whole logs — and only the best at that. No stingy, sawed-out thin boards went into me like you use now. No, sir. I was put together so I could stand up under any kind of storm. I wouldn't have any of those new fangled nails in my sides to rust out and come loose — not even if they had them then. Thank goodness they didn't. Maybe I didn't look as stylish as this fancy part on the school house where I'm a-sittin' tonight. But I was rugged — and mighty useful.

I had a great big room down stairs — just like these big combination living and dining rooms you think are so modern today. Only mine was a sittin' room, parlor, bedroom, kitchen and bath too. So maybe I was jes' ahead of my time. I 'spect at the next centennial I'll find that I'm put together jus' the way you folks are abuilding your houses. Oh, yes, I had a great big fireplace — bigger than anything around here. Mrs. Lyle did all the cooking here. And could she cook! And almost as good as Mrs. J. Lyle does now. I can still recollect the fragrance of them corn cakes, hominy grits and bacon. It took a lot of 'em too, to go around. Let's see, there was Levi, Marshall, Oliver and Olive of the children. They cleaned their plates too, no dawdling at meal times. There were lots of others at the table too. Let's see, Levi Schultz was staying in my cabin back in 1846. He was Harry Lurkin's uncle, you know. But he didn't like all this dense forest around me — looked like too much work, I guess. So he sold the tract he had gotten from the government to George Lurkins — that's Harry's grandfather, you know.

Well, let's see, what was I saying? My memory ain't as good as it used to be. Oh, yes — about food. Sometimes I can remember there was 15-20 a sittin' at my table right along, and there was bunks all over my big room at night. There was so many at breakfast they had to roll up the beds to make room. But nobody seemed to mind. They didn't get all het up about a-housin problem. I 'spect most likely they didn't know they had one.

Since I was the first cabin around here just about everybody stayed here until they could build. Some of those later cabins weren't as good as I was. My floor was all wood. John Lyle split the logs for my floor, putting the flat side up and laying the round side in the dirt. But the best part of me was that my sides were all plastered with lime to make me fire proof. I can remember John telling how he had to dig that lime from the bottom of lime lake in Almena and then had to burn it 'fore it was fit to use on me. Must have been an awful job to get to Almena in 1842 with no roads. They just blazed a trail by notching the trees. But when they got me all done they said I was worth it.

Seems like most everybody that stayed in me in the 1840s were either from New York or Pennsylvania. Some came by ox team, like the Lees: some by covered wagon, like the Orrs. John and his father who had come in the '30's came by boat from Detroit and then walked over the old Territorial Road from Detroit to Paw Paw — only it wasn't Paw Paw yet. Asa Hinckley came in 1846, but I can't seem to recollect just how he got here. He built a big house where Jean Hinckley lived and Jay and Jesse lived until it burned down. I recollect that Jay and Jesse had gone somewhere — Kalamazoo, mos' likely, when the lightnin' struck it and it went to the ground. Too bad. Burned all their wedding gifts too. But I was always jealous of that house. It was really built — as strong as a barn — with great white timbers and 4 × 4 studding, tenoned and mortised into the plate.

It was pretty, too. Well, after that burned they moved the old tenant house up from the back of the farm. That's where the Hugheses lived now. Arlene and Keith were born in that house. Keith is Louise Hood's father, you know. But now that's gettin out of my time.

What I started to say was — there was a lot of livin' in a house in the old days. I'm sure glad there wasn't just three or four people rattlin' around inside of me. 'Course, livin' wasn't expensive then either. Why, it seems to me that John Lyle's first taxes was around $6.00. Not more than $6.00 I'm sure. Of course, he wasn't old then.

I don't know what in tarnation this world is acomin' to. Sure glad I can just stay out of it.

Well, 'pears like you ain't listen' to me very well. Guess I'm not new fangled enough for you. But just you wait until the next Centennial. Then you'll all be a-flocking around waitin' to copy my style and my lines. Then I'll be too modern for you, mos' likely.

1950

Chapter III

FARMING AND CLEARING

Between the 1850's and 1900 the only thing that was plentiful was work. The trees were chopped down by hand. Swinging an axe from dawn until dark, some of the early settlers became masters of the art of hewing. There is the colorful figure of Hi. Sherrod, Mamie Warner's stepfather, who built the Warner home. Hi. could stand on a rolling log and hew to a line. The resulting log looked like it had been sawed. Mamie's mother, Lettie, was a bit of old Ireland, herself, and perhaps her influence is shown in Mamie's high spirits and good humor. Lettie could sew a fine seam and kept her young daughter as prettily dressed as any child around. Letissia and Hiram were well liked for their good neighborliness, just as the Warners are today.

Hi. owned a blacksmith shop in Decatur for many years. Being an excellent horseman, he made the trip daily to Decatur and back to the brick house on horseback. Harry Lurkins can remember him well as he rode by the Lurkins home, his short sturdy figure leaning into the wind, his black, forked beard flying as he urged his horse towards greater speed by hitting him with his cap, first on the shoulder and then on the rump. This pendulum motion kept the animal going "rippety-brindle" as was Hi's expression—the faster the better.

There were other pioneers beside Hi who could hew to the line with an axe — Harry Lurkins' grandfather Sanders who built the Plopper school was one of these men. Also Quint Hamilton (Cliff Hamilton's uncle) and Enos Winborn were excellent scorers.

When the trees were chopped down the logs—believe it or not—were burned. It was not the timber—which was everywhere—but the hand labor, which was scarce. The tough virgin land was then ready for the breaking team of six to eight oxen on a huge breaking plow.

Even after the land was cleared

farming wasn't easy in those days. Working from dawn to dark, walking behind the plow—not riding—a man could plow 3 acres with a good fast team. Jay recalls his father's seeding wheat at what is now the Ewert or Kuchmek place, but was then his grandfather's. Marshall Lyle used a 7' roller drill and seeded 18 acres of wheat per day. This meant walking from dawn until dark guiding the horses and the plow. It is small wonder with work so strenuous that so many men died early. Jay's father lived to be only 44, and Harry Lurkins' father died at 38, leaving young Harry at the helm. There was no time for play from then on in Harry Lurkins' life, but he has retained a wicked twinkle in his eye that lets us know he knows plenty about the art of living.

A large number of men on each farm were required to keep the work done. Asa Hinckley paid his threshing help by giving every eighth bushel. At that time wheat was worth 40 to 50 cents a bushel and it was harvested by hand. The crop was then hauled by ox team to St. Joseph where it was shipped by boat to Buffalo. It took a team of oxen and two men from two to three days to go to St. Joe and back.

Even when the grain was fed to livestock the work was still in it. Jay recalls how his grandfather fattened large numbers of hogs, steers, and around 1100 head of sheep each winter. Jay was small, then, and full of mischief. He was an excellent shot at a sparrow with a pebble, and equally skilled in hunting mice in his grandfather's barn. But, although Jay loved fun he was as observing then as he is now—and you know that is one of Jay's long suits. As a boy, Jay watched with admiration the efficiency with which his grandfather ran his 800-acre farm.

In the fall, Jay says, a couple of the men would drive the buckboard, or "cracky" wagon, as it was called, to Ace Fish's place near the county farm at Hartford. Here each Saturday Grandfather Lyle bought his sheep which were herded back to the Lyle farm on foot. Today a hired man who was asked to walk from Hartford to Paw Paw, chasing after a herd of sheep over rough countryside would hand in his resignation—plus some hot vocabulary, that same day. After the hogs and sheep were fattened they were driven into Decatur on foot and loaded into box cars, where they were shipped by train to Buffalo. Short-legged and very fat, the hogs would wheeze and puff like fat men at the finish of their 3 or 4 mile trek into Decatur. Consequently, the loss from bloating was considerable. Shrinkage was a big item, too.

Next week, the Orr house speaks.

CHAPTER IV

THE ORR HOUSE SPEAKS

I'm eighty-seven years old and my arthritis bothers me in this damp weather we've been having. But except for my joints creaking sometimes, by cracky, you'd be s'prised how fit I am. They ain't any of these youngsters in these here parts put together like I am with heavy white-wood timbers. I can still remember that spring day in 1863 when old Madison Eastman drove the last nail into my window trim and had me all finished up. He called Robert Orr and Anna Cumming Orr over to look me over. "It's the finest house in this section of the country," old Madison told the Orrs. "And you can well be proud of her."

News was just coming in from the South that same spring of 1863 of General Robert E. Lee's smashing victories against the Yankees. He had pushed the northern troops back all through the Shenandoah Valley, had driven Milroy from Winchester and had captured six thousand of our men and a large amount of valuable muskets, cannon and food supplies. But the Orr family was too happy over me to worry about the war news.

Sabie was eighteen that spring. She'd lived practically all her life in the one-room log cabin just behind me. She was pretty, too, and she was so excited over me that her face was all flushed and all the prettier. She'd been teaching school and had saved enough money to buy six cane-seated chairs to put in my parlor. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that I had a setting room too, and a bedroom on each side of it. I had a parlor bedroom too. The two boys, Sammie and Sabina, won't have to sleep in a loft now, no siree. I had a pantry too; a dining-room and winter kitchen, two porches and a summer kitchen with a meal room. I was really built. Yes siree! There wasn't anything to match my style for miles around.

The family was very happy — that is, for about a year. Then Sabie died and nobody seemed to care much about me anymore. Samie was sixteen then. With his sister gone Samie turned to his pets — the fawn he had raised with a bottle when the mother deer was shot near the log house, the squirrel he kept up in my shed room in a revolving cage. He liked to go up the "glory hole." Sabie used to play with him up here — it was their secret hide-out. You reached it by climbing up the old, red cupboard and over the top of the meal room. And there you were. Butternuts, walnuts and hickory nuts were always stored here. Seed corn hung from my rafters. And there was always a fragrance of an herb used to cure snake bites. Mrs. Pe-Pe-Aw, the Indian's white wife had told the Orrs' about it.

But after a few years Samie had grown too old to care about my secret room under the rafters. He began to be interested in the Lee house half a mile down the road. At first I was jealous. Then I knew it wasn't the house but Eva Lee that Samie liked. When Samie and Eva were married the family was sure happy. It was great to have a girl in the house again. And if anyone could have taken Sabie's place it was Eva Lee Orr. They brought the organ from the Lees' for Eva. And she could make the music pour out of it.

I can remember when the Add-A-Link Club met here for the first time. Eva didn't have time to play the organ much that week. She was busy scrubbing and polishing my woodowrk and my floors. She took the rugs out and cleaned them off with a stiff broom. She opened up my parlor and aired it out. She cleaned out all my cupboards and even the tops of the cupboards. I wouldn't think the Add-A-Link women would look on top of the cupboards — but she always thought every speck of me needed cleaning whenever they came. Of course, I kinda liked all of this attention and it felt sort of good to be so spotless, except that it made me feel stiff — like you do when your mother scrubs you up for Sunday school and doesn't get all the soap rinsed off. But what bothered me most was that Eva was too busy all that week to play the organ. But when Thursday came and all the women came in and admired me, Eva played for them. I was so happy to hear her play again my rafters shook a little, but I don't think a soul noticed. They were too interested in the music.

Samie and Eva had five children and what a hub bub there was inside me sometimes. But I liked it. And Eva always had time to play the organ or the piano. Let's see, there was Daisy, Dayton, Grove, Grace and Ivy.

Once in a while Eva used to tell the children about the old Lee house. This made me preen my joist and smooth out my shingles and feel pretty superior. "It ain't half as nice as I am," I thought. "Humph! — made with pegs instead of nails and with jes an old stick chimney like a log house." Eva said her dad, Uriel Lee, had plastered it on the inside with lime to make it fire proof. He had to dig the lime from the bottom of Lime lake in Almena, and then he had to burn it 'fore it was ready to use. The floor wasn't all sawed out like mine, but was made of straight poles hewed in half and laid in the dirt, the flat side up. Humph! No style! No summer kitchen and winter kitchen and parlor bedroom. No wonder Eva likes me so much better.

Grove and Daisy and Grace and Ivy and Dayton like to go down to Grandma Lee's house. It was because they liked Grandma Lee. Of course the house didn't compare with me. Grandma Lee was pretty fine. She could tell good stories. You know, she was Margaret Sherrod before she married Uriel Lee. Those Sherrods could all spin a good yarn. And there was about one or more Sherrods somewhere in the family tree of jes' about every family in the neighborhood. Grandma Lee knew a lot about medicine too, and what's that new-fangled word — psych-psychi-psychology — that's it. Whenever any of the kids at the Lee School had the stomach ache or somethin' the teacher would say, "You run down to Grandma Lee's and she'll know just what to do." After she doctored them up she laid them on the couch, took up her knittin' and told them about what Phipie and Wellie did when they were boys. Or she told them how her husband came all the way from Pennsylvanie with an ox team and arrived in Paw Paw with only $1.75. It's funny — wasn't no time 'fore the kid had forgotten all about the stomach ache.

All the children grew up and left home except Grove. I began to worry about him. He was pretty bashful as a boy. I remember he got up nerve enough to ask Katy Burten for a date once, and then lost his nerve and left her sittin' at home waitin' for him. He did better at the school picnic and took Clara Woodman for a boat ride. It took them an awful long time to get some water lilies.

When Grove was turning forty and still a bachelor I was getting discouraged. But I shouldn't have been, because that was when he met the dark-haired girl from Chicago — you know — Allene Cody. They liked each other and it was no time before wedding bells was a-ringin'. Then I could settle back with my memories and know I'd get taken care of like Eva always did. And what memories I've had.

There was the argument over Grove's first pair of long pants. There was the day the oxen ran away with Ivy, but she hung on. I remember the excitement when Dayton took Grove to Lawton with the horse and buggy, and put him on the Maccabee Excursion Train to Ann Arbor to the hospital for an operation. I never liked the oil lamp 'cause they sooted up my nice wood work. But I liked the cozy feeling of the big pile of wood behind the kitchen stove on a cold night, and the egg basket under Eva's bed. I liked to hear Nell Dunnington's orchestra when it practised here, too.

But, gosh, I'm plumb worn out with all this talkin' more'n I've done for seventy-five years.

Ouch, there's that durn arthritis again. Ho, Hum! Guess I'll go back to sleep. Hope I'll be seein' you at the next Lyle Centennial.

1850 — 1950

Written by Theone Hughes and Read at the Centennial Celebration in the Lyle School House, Friday Evening, May 5, 1950.

Chapter V

After most of the original tracts of land were taken over from the government, later newcomers to this neighborhood worked for the earlier landholders before buying their farms. Money came hard but there were not too many ways to spend it. Radio, television and fast motor cars were not tempting those hardearned dollars at every turn in the 1880's and 90's. Some of the top hands, such as Charles Hood and Thomas Hutchins would make 40c to 50c per day (about $10 to $15 per month) and saved money on it. Jay tells of his Uncle Robert's saving up $700 working for Evans (who owned the Paul Maguire home before Paul's father bought it.) Robert Lyle was plowing at Evan's and plowed under his wallet with the $700 in it. As soon as his loss was realized he plowed the furrows back and luckily, recovered his money.

It is easy to see that the recipe for success in 1900 was very much as it is today: one part shrewdness and two parts thrift, thoroly mixed with hard work and well seasoned with faith. A stranger who wanted work in those days was not asked for a character reference—it took too long to track these down. (Telephones were a rarity in 1900. The Jason Woodmans and the Lurkins were the first to have these conveniences in 1903. And there was no rural free delivery in those days, either. One received his mail when he drove his horse and buggy into town for it—perhaps once a week.) And so a stranger who wanted a job was appraised on the spot with native shrewdness as his only yardstick. Jay recalls his grandfather's technique: "So you are a hard worker," John Lyle would say to the applicant for a job, "Let me see your hands." If those hands were well calloused, the man got the job. If they weren't, he didn't.

These shrewd pioneers did not forget that educating their youngsters for the changing future was as important a task as clearing the land. Very early a school was built on the Henry Hinckley farm (now the Anna Hood place.) It was later moved to its present location.

Although the whole neighborhood exemplified thrift and hard work and integrity of character, somehow, when we think of these qualities we think in particular of Charlie and Anna Hood. Charles Hood and David Lane came over from England in 1881. When they set foot on American soil they found it well covered with a heavy snow, 4 feet deep. If they could have turned back that bleak day they would have. But Charles Hood had saved up not only his passage money but also that of David Lane, and it could not be wasted. So they took the train from New York to Decatur and walked from there to the Edson Woodman farm where they had agreed to work.

As the older members of the community recall, heavy set Uncle Edson owned what is now the Kowkowski farm, where he wintered some 70 head of Percherons. He also owned some land adjoining Lake Cora where the horses were driven for summer pasture. Most of the Percherons were imported from France, where Edson Woodman traveled each year to buy new stock. One of his most famous and lucrative stallions, which was bred on his farm rather than imported, was Duke. There were Shetland ponies, too: "Jumbo," the neighborhood pet, and others. And there were quantities of mint growing on the farm.

The horses, ponies and the mint required plenty of hard labor and Edson Woodman was highly pleased with his new hand from England, Charles Hood. David Lane, however, was not pleased with Edson Woodman. The early settler's spirit was uncompromising and exacting and David Lane wanted to quit. "We are staying until our agreement runs out," Charles Hood told him. They stayed. When the agreement expired, Mr. Hood went to work for Anson Webb, and later for Phil Sherrod and John Lyle.

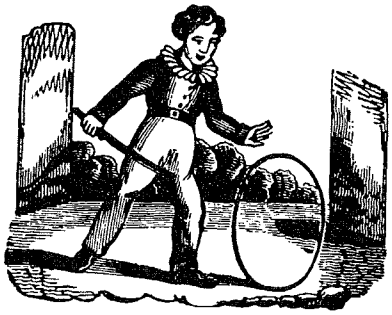
Charles Hood was eager to get ahead, and so he bought a farm at Berlamont. He was married then. But misfortune overtook him. After his son, Ward, was born his wife died and shortly thereafter his house burned down. His misfortunes turned out to be the community's gain as Charles Hood returned to this neighborhood and worked for John Lyle.

During those years that he worked for Mr. Lyle, it seemed to be necessary for him to make frequent trips down to the Lurkins home several evenings a week. He was always dressed up, too. The reason was apparent to all the neighborhood—Anna Kay, now Mrs. Hood was then working for the Lurkins.

After the marriage of Charles and Anna came the lean years of the early 1900's. Farmers' prices were not too favorable then. Clover hay sold for $6.50 a ton and timothy for $11.00 per ton, baled. The baling was done with a machine run by horsepower. But both Anna and Charles were not only hard workers—they were ingenious, as well. Anna could not trade eggs for yard goods in Paw Paw, so she tried at the stores in Lawton. Here she found she could swap eggs (which then sold for 5c a dozen) and butter (then 7c per pound) for muslin which cost her 5c per yard. The same dozen of eggs today will buy 1½ yards of muslin. Butter today will buy 2¼ yards of muslin.

By hard work, thrift and ingenuity, Charles and Anna bought the Henry Hinckley farm, where Anna still lives. Later, by the same hard work, they added other property. John Woodman recalls that as a young man he went to bed at night with the sound of Charlie Hood's voice reaching him across the fields as he urged his horses on the grain drill. He awoke in the morning to the same sounds. We wonder how Mr. Hood, slight of frame as he was, stood up under the heavy work load he undertook. Anna was always there to help, too. She drove the team on the hay fork or to rake the hay. Just 6 years ago both Charles and Anna Hood husked their field corn by hand, themselves. Anna said, "If Charles can stand it, so can I."

In the early days it wasn't easy to help, either. Ward was little then and quite a cut-up. He liked to run away from home, too. But having a mother and a home again, cured him of this. Ward liked home life and grew up with a deep appreciation for good food. At school he liked to sit by Paul Maguire, whose mother made excellent cakes. Fortunately, Ward is still able to indulge his fondness for good food by marrying Edna Beals, the neighborhood's prize cook. Was it manly intuition which guided him in this choice? Or was he just darn lucky?



The Hoop

1850 — 1950

Written by Theone Hughes and Read at the Centennial Celebration in the Lyle School House, Friday Evening, May 5, 1950.

Chapter VI

EARLY INDUSTRIES

There was a little commercial industry in the Lyle community some time before the turn of the century. Paul Maguire tells of the apple dryer and hop dryer and press which was on the Evans farm when his father, Dell, bought the present Maguire place.

There are still some hops growing on the Maguire farm. Louise plans to transplant some of these to the yard to prevent their be-

coming non-existent in future years, as the attractive hop vine is fast becoming a rarety. As you may know, the hops were used in making the yeast and malt for beer. Although beer has become no rarety, cheaper processes for the making of yeast and malt have been developed which have improved its flavor, as hops were bitter in taste. Before apples were stored by refrigeration or by canning, apple drying was the popular method of preservation. As you drive around Bangor and other apple growing sections, notice how many barns are still equipped with evaporation turrets at the peak. There are still several relics of apple dryers in that area.

Right across from Dolly and Henry Meyers' cottage on Eagle Lake on the east side of M-40 you can see the high bank which supported the building and under which was the cellar which held the furnaces. The apples were peeled by machinery, sliced and then dried in trays in evaporators. They were then packed in boxes such as prunes and apricots are today. The hops which were also dried in these same evaporators were then pressed into cakes or blocks and then packaged.

Jay Lyle can remember driving by this building with his grandmother in a horse and buggy, and seeing the cellar glowing with a reddish light. A few minutes later, before he could get help to put out the fire the whole building was ablaze and burned to the ground.

South of where the apple and hop dryer building stood, at an earlier date there was a saw mill. This was a desirable site as the logs could be floated on the lake (which edged the bank in those days) and from there skidded to the mill. The neighborhood children were as adept in riding logs as our present youngsters are in riding bikes.

Hi Sherrod used to haul his logs over to this Cuddeback saw mill by oxen. Harry Lurkins' grandmother used to watch him as he rode by the Lurkins home. Al the neighbors watched, in fact—because Hi stood astraddle the movings logs, hewing them off to a line with his axe as the oxen plodded along. The results were as good as the saw mill could have done.

East of the spot where the saw mill stood there was once a cabin where three little Cuddeback children, left alone for a while, burned to death.

LEADERS IN WORK AND PLAY

Also at the community meetings of a generation ago they had spelling schools, singing schools and debates. Wouldn't it be exciting if we could have had a wire recording of some of those debates? The great debaters of the 19th century were David Woodman, an excellent orator, George Sherrod, who could always produce the facts, and George Lurkins, who was as highly persuasive and as good a narrator as his grandson, Harry, is today. It is interesting to note that on whichever side these men debated that side always won. Or if they were divided—whichever side had any two of them always won, no matter which two.

About this time David Woodman's son, Jason, who was about the age of Tommy Hood now, would debate with the grown-ups and many times out-classed them with his eloquence and brilliance. Later Jason Woodman was sent to the State Capital at Lansing as Senator, where his gift of eloquence was put to advantage for several terms of office. He was also county agent for Kalamazoo county. With his research into soils, potato growing, and the continuance of his father's research into grains, he brought considerable prestige to that office. His son, John Woodman, and his neighbor and young friend, Harry Lurkins, continued that prestige for Van Buren and Berrien counties. The neighborhood has been most fortunate to have such men.

Just in case those of you who only knew John as an adult may be misled into thinking he was always reserved and dignified, let us disabuse your mind of such thoughts. John was the neighborhood mischief and what he couldn't think up wasn't worth thinking about. One of his favorite pranks was on his aunt's father, who lived where Carsons do now. John and his brothers would sneak into the stable where the milking was in progress. There were knot holes in the left side of the stable into which a stick could be inserted. At the end of the stick was bossy cow, and on her right sat Mr. Richmond on a 3-legged stool. The sounds of the cattle and the staccato notes of the squirts of milk hitting the pail drowned out John's snickering. The rest was easy. A jab of the stick and bossy stepped sideways. "What ails ye, ye blasted cow," Mr. Richman would ask. After righting the stool and pail he resumed the milking. But soon came successive jabs of the stick and John's uncle would forget what he had learned at Sunday school.

He never knew that his young nephew was the cause of bossy's queer behavior.

HARD WORK FOR THE WOMEN

Haven't you often wondered how the early pioneer woman held up under the tremendous work load with an average of 5 to 10 children and the same number of hired hands to board. Everything was done at home then, too. There were no Campbell soups and Broadcast redi-meats to make quickie meals. Or if there had been, these pioneer woman could not have afforded them. Everything depended upon their effort. Bread was baked daily, or every other day, a dozen loaves at a time. Clothes were made at home—and what clothes!—with yards and yards of material, elaborate tuckings and delicate lace. And these were ironed by miles of walking back and forth to a wood stove where the sad irons were kept hot. And weren't they correctly named—"sad" irons. A garment could be only partially smoothed before the iron had to be replaced at the stove for a hotter one. And such heavy things to lift.

The pioneer woman was her own milliner, too, and she was often the family doctor and nurse. Her time was valuable and children were not traipsed after and coddled. Maud tells how capable Mina VanFleet, who was cook, bookkeeper and housekeeper at the John Lyles made the children mind. Jay had access to the cooky jar when he was growing up but he had to sit in a chair with an apron to catch the crumbs while eating his cookie.

But although every sort of labor was expected of a woman, don't think that she skimped on meals. Each day the food safe in the basement was lined with freshly baked pies, home churned butter and cottage cheese. Only the sugar, whole solid cheeses and crackers (by the barrel) were bought.

Here is a sample menu taken from McCall's in 1903 for a suggested Christmas dinner: cream of tomato soup, roast turkey, turnips, mashed potatoes, chicken pudding, ham, apple sauce, cranberry sauce, squash, oyster plant, celery salad, plum pudding, mince pie, cafe' parfait, velvet cream, macaroons, and coffee. And all this without benefits of mixmasters, electric stoves or refrigerators. No wonder they were called the "good old days." However, few women would care to go back to them. Washings were not done in automatic washers then, but rubbed on a board by hand and boiled in a huge boiler. There was never any lack of soiled clothing, with large families and many hired hands all doing hard manual work.

Probably the women could not have survived this period were it not for the hired girls who were an essential part of every household. But even so, a woman's work was never done. Maud recalls how her mother who was fired with ambition for self improvement, took a chautauqua course in literature and did her studying after her work was done at 10:30 at night. As one wanders through an old cemetery today he notes the short span of life, particularly of the women during the last century. If we had to choose between the good old days and the good new ones I think we'd stick to our modern plumbing, our tractors, our automatic washers, and a few years hence, our television.

(Concluded next week.)

1850 — 1950

Written by Theone Hughes and Read at the Centennial Celebration in the Lyle School House, Friday Evening, May 5, 1950.

Chapter VII

FUN AS WELL AS WORK

The early settlers in the Lyle community had their fun. Since most of the neighborhood was interrelated, there was much visiting back and forth. One doesn't have to dig back very far into neighborhood history to find that the Cuddebacks are related to the Orrs and the Orrs to the Sherrods and the Sherrods to the Lyles and the Lyles to the Hoods, and so on. Perhaps this is one reason the Lyle community has been such a strong one.

There was plenty of community activitiy then as there still is: picnics with horse racing or foot racing down on the sand of Eagle lake were frequent. And there were community meetings such as we are now having.

RARE ANNA WOODMAN

The Lyle community is what it is today not by the industry or shrewdness of a few families only, but by the tremendous energies, generosity and thrift of a passing parade of names which bring respect and a brightening twinkle to the eye of those who are old enough to remember them well.

Let us first pay tribute to Anna Woodman whose brilliance and ability always elicits some word of praise whenever her name is mentioned. Capable as an actress, she could take the parts of several characters, putting on a one-woman show. Highly original, too, she kept the neighborhood entertained for many years, much as Louise Maguire does now.

Fred Woodman and his sister, Grace, inherited the present Warren Woodman farm from their parents, Jonathan H. and Ellen who settled here in 1862. After his parents died Fred and Grace lived together there for several years. But Grace married and Fred had ideas, too. The vivacious Anna Leddick was working for George Lyle in the big home we now call the Vincent house. She was small of frame with dark snapping eyes and quick speech. Fred Woodman was eager for opportunities to exchange work with George Lyle—anything that would give him an opportunity to see more of Anna. And Anna, too, was impressed with Fred—his steadfastness, his shrewdness, his ability to add columns of figures in his head, and spell down the neighborhood at spelling bees.

After their marriage, Fred's steadfastness and Anna's joy of living added much to community life. In those days Anna was a constant companion of her close neighbor, Anna Hood. The two women, together with Katherine Lurkins liked to go cranberrying or blueberrying in the Woodman patch. Katherine still remembers some of those days as highlights. In her words, "I honestly believe I had more fun with Anna Woodman and Anna Hood on those cranberrying days than I ever had before or after in my life.

Ward and Max were little then and tagged along with their little pails to fill. Sometimes the cranberries were so plentiful that they could sit on the ground and pull them by the fistful into their pails. At other times the ground was too wet or the berries too scarce for a big haul. But there was always the reward of a marvelous day in the open with an abundance of laughter and plenty of singing and, best of all, Anna Woodman's homespun entertainment. These blueberrying trips became so popular with the three women that Fred liked to kid them about it. If he would see Anna Hood somewhere in the neighborhood he would call out, "Say, Anna, I think there are still a few of those blueberries left."

Anna Hood recalls how she and Anna Woodman used to meet at the end of the lane to attend some activity together or to go to Sunday school at the Lee school.

Another of Anna Woodman's chief pleasures was a fishing trip with her neighbor, Inez Maguire. Sometimes they would spend the whole day fishing. On these occasions little Paul had to sit quietly in the boat for hours, and he grew increasingly restless, fidgety and mischievous. But the women fished on. Fred Woodman grew fidgety, too, if Anna had not returned by supper time. Then he would walk across the field to the Maguires to see what was up. He always looked first to see if Anna had a good string of fish to account for the day spent. If she did, he said nothing. If she didn't, he scolded. But Anna only laughed it off and quickly restored his good humor by telling him something funny that had happened. She always retained this ability to minimize trouble, and, in later years, to discount pain—a wonderful woman.

OLAF AND EDITH ANDERSON

Another fine couple who were contemporaries of ours, but should be mentioned nonetheless, were Olaf and Edith Anderson. By their industry and good neighborliness they were real assets to the community. Mrs. Anderson was an active member of the Add-a-links and of extension class. Always a good sport, we can all still remember her comical stories. One she frequently told was of their new innerspring mattress:

As you remember, Olaf was tall, but lean. Edith was tall, too, but with a well rounded figure. She never told just where she tipped the scales, but the arrow must have gone a little beyond the 200 mark.

Olaf was ready for bed first that night. He was anxious to try out the new mattress for the first time. The old one had been about as springy as a soggy biscuit, so this new luxury had found him already relaxed and completely off guard. But Edith had forgotten all about the new purchase. She had been housecleaning and was especially tired. With a heavy sigh she dropped her weight wearily onto the bed. There was a snapping of springs and Olaf flew into the air like he was thrown from a net. Edith rebounded, too. "Papa," she cried, "Var are ve going now?"

Mrs. Anderson loved to tell this joke, and many others on themselves. Their untimely death left an unfilled gap in community life.

THE RELIABLE HAMILTONS

Woven into the tough fabric of the community in many commendable ways was the hard working Hamilton family. Most of the community was dependent upon their brawn and ingenuity for getting the neighborhood work done. There was Quint Hamilton who was handy with an axe. There was John who was an early riser. John worked for the Lurkins and for many years occupied one of the upstairs bedrooms there. Harry Lurkins tells how John always awoke at 4:00 o'clock in the morning as though there were an alarm hidden in some inner spring of his body. Being punctual was a matter of honor with him and he would sometimes caution Harry: "Don't ever call me, young Judge. If I'm able to come forth I'll come forth."

There was also Jean Hamilton, and his brother, Bob. Bob was a comical fellow, who seemed to have an endless reservoir of funny stories.

And then there was Bill Hamilton, Cliff Hamilton's father. Bill drove a spotted horse and he entertained the neighborhood with his singing and dancing. Although Bill weighed only 135 pounds he could take a Flowerfield cradle and could cradle more grain and lay it in a swath than any other man in the country. Many were the times that he bushed men a foot taller and 60 pounds heavier.

Another man whose axe and saw and generous disposition carved a permanent place for him in the Lyle community was Thomas Cotton. Cotton built many houses in this area. But, being a bachelor and having no need for wealth, believe it or not—he gave them away. The Orrin White house and part of Elliott's was built by Cotton.

DOC FIE

One of the most colorful characters, and one which this community can never forget was Elmer Fie, better known as Doc. He won this title by being the neighborhood handyman and veterinarian in the day when veterinarians just "weren't." At one time or another Doc worked for just about

everyone in the community. He was a spiritualist, too, holding seances here in this schoolroom. "There he is!" Doc would exclaim when he had supposedly brought back the spirit of a deceased relative or neighbor. His audience was partly credulous and partly skeptical. But Doc knew "all the answers," right, or wrong. On one occasion Harry Lurkins mentioned to him that the Lurkins home was broken into and ransacked, with many articles of clothing missing. Doc deliberated for several moments. His observation became a neighborhood slogan:

"There's just two things about it—you'll either get him, or he'll get away."

A history of Doc Fie was also a history of the brick house, the one northeast of Warren Woodman's and still owned by the Lurkins. Doc worked for the Lurkins for 17 years and most of this time his short, stocky, bent figure was seen in and around that house. Being a restless soul, one year Doc moved 7 times. Five of those times was into the brick house. Whenever Doc was moving he always drove his topless buggy by the brick house. If it was empty, Doc always moved in for a while, if only for a night. There was something about that house that was part and parcel of Doc.

There was one year when Doc was living there that the going was pretty tough. He complained to the Lurkins that he had had some bad luck and he didn't see how he was going to keep his family fed. As there was a chicken coop on the property Harry thought that one solution might be to have this building utilized. And so he offered Doc 10 or 12 Plymouth Rock hens. The proposition was that the hens should be returned to the Lurkins in the fall, but that Doc should hatch some baby chickens from them and also have the eggs. The Lurkins brought grain down for the hens all that summer. One Fall day the men were working in the grapes up near the brick house. Doc was pumping the water by hand for the spray rig, when he stopped, leaned on the pump and addressed Harry:

"I tell you, Lurkins, B'Gawd, one of your hens died."

"That's too bad," said Harry.

John Hamilton was near by hoeing in the grapes and gave Harry a knowing wink and nodded his head towards the house, where Doc's smallest youngster was just emerging from the door with a very large drumstick in his hand.

That Fall during threshing, Mel Johnson (well liked for his nimble wit) was one of those seated at the Lurkins dinner table. Doc was there too. Harry was helping his mother serve the men some chicken. During a hushed moment Mel spoke up, "I tell you, Lurkins, B'Gawd, one of those hens died." Even Doc laughed.

A CHALLENGE TO THE PRESENT GENERATION

e In another hundred years ours will be the names to be reviewed. Will we in the year 2050 leave as deep an imprint on this community as did the colorful, hard-working people who composed our past have done?

We may or may not have the brilliance of a Jason Woodman. But do we have the drive, the thirst for knowledge which made him a pioneer in agricultural methods?

Have we the lightness of heart, the delight in the simple joys of living which forever keeps the world new and wonderful and which was the special gift of Anna Woodman?

Have we daring equal to that of a John Lyle and a David Woodman who blazed a trail through the forest to found a new community?

Have we the courage of a Charles Hood to come to a strange new country from across the ocean? And do we possess the capacity to work, to save and to have faith in God and our neighbors as were the distinguishing qualities of Charles and Anna Hood?

Or have we the driving ambition which compelled Maude Lyle's mother to study after her household tasks were completed at 10:30 at night?

Do we have the sturdy stuff of which these pioneers were made?

The seeds of our past were planted with hands roughened and calloused with care. But they were planted with wisdom. Our pioneers sensed the future in these soils of beech and maple. And the seeds they sowed were miracle seeds of thrift, good neighborliness and faith in God. We have seen how those early beginnings grew into a fine, progressive community with a spirit which sets it apart from the rest.

Tenderly we closed the chapter on the past one-hundred years. And with hope and faith begin the next.

THE END
1950

TEACHERS' CONTRACT.

BETWEEN

The District Board of School District,

No. 6

—AND—

Ethyl Lyle

Teacher.

Filed with me this 4th

day of March A. D. 1924

A. Maguire

Director.

OPENED LETT'S COFFIN

BODY OF FAMOUS WAR-TIME OFFICIAL WAS VIEWED

The Cemetery Board of Hamilton at one time transferred some of the bodies from one part of the cemetery to another.

The body of John Letts, the famous war-time deputy U. S. Marshal was one of the bodies to be moved. Letts was killed about the year 1864 at Dead Man's Hollow by a man named Simpson who mistook him for a highwayman.

Although it was many years after his burial that the casket was opened, his clothes still appeared to be in good condition, and even the scarf pin at his throat was still in place.

The Board now uses a cement burial vault and it is air tight and water proof. Twnety have been made this year and will keep a body life-like until opened. When the body is exposed to the air it soon changes, however. The twenty vaults which have been made are not enough for the demand, and more will be made as soon as the weather permits.

Date written unknown

THE HIGHWAYMAN

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas;
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor;
And the highwayman came riding — riding — riding —
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

Alfred Noyes
1950

Contract entered into this 10th day of April 1854 between School district two Six of the township of Lafayette in the County of Van Buren, State of Michigan, and Elnor Harrison, a qualified teacher in said township, the said Elnor Harrison contracts and agrees with the said School district that she will teach the primary School in said district for the term of three months commencing on the 17th day of April 1854 for the sum of two dollars per week which shall be in full for her services and for board

R. D. Pudelback, Director
Elnora Harrison, Teacher

Moderator
Assessor

Assessor of School district No 6 of Township of Lafayett

Pay to the order of John Lyle the sum of thirteen dollars and eighty three cents out of any moneys in your hands belonging to said district.
Dated this 28th day of March A.D. 1853
R. D. Pudelback, Director

Nov 16th 1849

Received of John Lyle Jr Assessor in Sch
ool District No 6 Township of Lafayette 6 Dollars
ets, for getting necisary things for School-house in
Said District

Daniel Abbott Director

Nov 16th 1849 Bought for the above said
District one pale 31 cts one broom 12 cts one tin
cup 6 cts glass 20 cts

D. Abbott.

Lafayette June the 17th 1850

Received of John Lyle Assessor of Sch.
ool district No 6 ten dollars of the money be
longing to said district, And paid the
same to Nathan Lawton for a School site
in said district

Daniel Abbot } Director

State of Michigan, } ss
County of Van Buren,

Decatur Township Treasurer's Office.
Jan 25th 1867.

STATEMENT OF TAXES DUE, on the following described Lands, for the year 1866:

SUBDIVISION OF SECTIONS.	SEC.	T. S.	R. W.	ACRES.	100	STATE TAX.	COUNTY TAX.	TOWN TAX.	ROAD TAX	SCHOOL TAX.
Lots 8 & 10	R.	4	14			45	42	56	1 05	4 29

RECAPITULATION

County Tax.		42
School Tax.	4	29
Road Tax.	1	05
Town Tax.		56
State Tax		45
Total.	6	77

RECEIVED OF A S Hinkley the sum of Six Dollars and Seventy Seven Cents, in full of the above

Clemency Collister
Township Treasurer.

THE NORTHERNER PRINT.

School Bill

Dist. No 9 Town. 2 La Grange

Names	Whole No days attendance	Amt of School Bill	Assessors fee thereon	Whole amt to be collected
Daniel Mc Ott	54½	$0.93	$0.05	$0.98 paid
J. Eisele	43½	0.73	0.03	0.76
Jo. Cockebeck	4	0.07	0.02	0.09 paid
Lee Kinsley	53	0.90	0.04	0.94 paid
Mrs. Lee	84½	1.43	0.07	1.50 paid
Mrs. Lee	76½	1.30	0.06	1.36 paid
Geo Perkins	53	0.90	0.04	0.94 paid
Geo Sherrod	120½	2.04	0.10	2.14 paid
David Woodman	85	1.44	0.08	1.52 paid
John Lyle	155½	2.63	0.14	2.77 paid
" Reynolds	78	1.32	0.06	1.38 paid
Rolan Cockebeck	164	2.78	0.13	2.91 paid
J. Leigh	34	0.57	0.02	0.60 paid
Robt Sherrod	24	0.40	0.02	0.42
" Howse	3	0.05	0.01	0.06
Total	1033	$17.60	$0.85	$18.55

George Sherrod } Directors
John Lyle } Meleta

Decatur, Mich., 189

Mr. 2,

To Hathaway & Lindsley, Dr.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL,

ALSO LIME, COAL, HAIR AND CEMENT.

		26 M shingles	1 45
Oct	26	" 7 ft flooring	11
		" 1/2 M shingles	1
		" 1 door 2/8 X 7	1 65
	20	" 48 ft select	96
	1	" 100 " flooring	1 80
		" 4. 2/4. 14 = 32 ft	47
		" 20 ft 3" 270 ft	90
Nov	4	" 10 M shingles	10
	10	" 24 ft 1/2" Cornice	20
	11	" 1. 1/4. 14	11
		By 2 wide 10 X 14 Sash, net $2.00	

The Old Hoppin House Near South Haven Still Stands

Written by Allen Chesebro of Evergreen Bluff Resort, South Haven. Thaddeus Hoppin was the great uncle of Mrs. Carrie Hall and Amos Vanderhoof.

One of the most interesting places in Van Buren county is probably the old Hoppin house. Not even some of the old landmarks along the Territorial road between Keeler and Decatur would compare with it.

No one seems to know just exactly when the Hoppin house was built, but it was long before 1860 when Thaddeus Hoppin came back from Jamaica island where he was a missionary for a number of years. The old house still stands on what is known as the Henry Waller farm along the north side of the Deerlick creek on Lake Michigan. It fronts west on what was once known as the old Paulville road, running along the bluff. The road was once known as the "St. Joe stage road." In 1840 and '42, Leonidus Hubbard, Sr., told me, his father drove the stage coach. This Paulville road as it was commonly known by the pioneers followed pretty closely the old Pottawattomie trail. It was the main traveled road south of South Haven until the lake shore was opened to the Packard tram track road, two miles south of here, in 1868. This tram track built of wood 4 x 4 ran from Ludwig pier to Packard upper two saw mills in a southeasterly direction. Those were busy lumbering days, in the 60's and 70's and 80's.

Ludwig pier was built in 1869. It had a platform where four or five lumber schooners could load at a time. Often time Packard saw mill would shut down to load schooners whenever they would drop in. Old VanBeck, a dutchman wearing wooden shoes would hang around the beach waiting for schooners to sail by. He would notify Jim Lee and others to run down to the pier to load schooners.

Deerlick school was built in 1868, a quarter of a mile east of Hoppin house on the Deerlick creek. It was so named when salt was placed in an old crotched tree by pioneers at the mouth for deer, according to legend.

Thaddeus Hoppin set out a large apple orchard. Set two rows of white pine trees west of the house leading to the Paulville road, also a wooden tram track to the beach. A truck with iron railroad wheels brought up stone, gravel and wood off the beach. At the head of this track nearby was the first out post set by South Haven's life saving crew, spring of 1887. This post was afterward moved to the Augensen place, now Ed Stieve, again on Ermina Moore. Then a concrete post was placed on the north side of Evergreen Bluff in 1931.

Thaddeus Hoppin's two oldest children were born on Jamaica island—Thaddeus Jr., and Helen. Jessie and John were born in a log cabin here, probably on the place. The rest of the children were born in the house, as Katherine Lee recalls. She is a cousin of the Hoppins.

Mrs. Hoppin's sister married Jim Lee in 1864 in the Hoppin house. Then they walked from there to the Jim Lee farm, a mile, as their first wedding trip. There was quite a to-do about it at that time. No weekly paper was published in South Haven then. The South Haven Sentinel began in 1870, I am told.

All the children went to Deerlick school. Mrs. Katherine Hoppin wrote that famous poem "The Deerlick School District No. 3." It was published in the South Haven Sentinel in 1872. Then post cards were printed in 1948 through the courtesy of Miss Katherine Lee as the 80th anniversary of the Deerlick school.

Jessie Hoppin went to the South Sea Islands and became one of the most famous missionaries in the world. Jessie was here a few years ago to see her old home. She showed us some of the pictures she had taken during her teaching in the Marshall Islands. She would rig up sailing craft and sail from one island to another. She never got tired of her work. Some of her pupils were highly intelligent and interesting to work with. Jessie never went back. She started to translate the Bible in California. She passed away there and her ashes were brought to South Haven for burial a year ago last winter.

Her work was well done, but the work and her memories in the South Sea Islands will go on forever.

After Thaddeus Hoppin died in 1872 (according to father's diary) Mrs. Hoppin sold the place to my Uncle Clare Chesebro March 24, 1883. That fall, Dec. 12, my folks moved over, it being a warmer house for us kids. The old house which Fred Kleckner built in 1865 was too cold for zero weather. We lived in the Hoppin house several winters. I can faintly recall many of the things that happened.

Straw was placed on the front room floor with a carpet on top and an old fashioned oblong wood burning stove to make the room warm. We kids slept upstairs in low-ceilinged rooms with low windows under overhanging eaves. They were four small bed rooms.

The south wing was the wood shed. An inside cellar stairs led to a Michigan style stone cellar. It had an odor which to this day I can never forget. There were the pork barrel, sauer kraut jars, vegetables, apples, soft soap, canned good, as I can remember, but where liquor was never known. Only two small west windows in the cellar.

The east wing just off the woodshed was the kitchen. An old-fashioned cook stove. Back of the stove was one of those narrow cupboards, directly under the chimney. It had a brick pitch cap with opening at both ends which are commonly seen in old houses.

The wall was covered with Harper's civil war pictures. These pictures today are worth $10 to $30 apiece. In fact they are even worth more than some of Currier and Ives. I would often visit this room years afterward whenever an opportunity presented itself. All this has long disappeared.

The Hartford Life Insurance Co. has put out Currier & Ives calendars a good many years. They are printed in Detroit. Mrs. Matilda Yodish who works for this concern told me that these pictures are more exact and clearer than the original and some of them are valued at $10 to $25 per calendar. If you readers have any of these Currier & Ives calendars or even the "Harper's Weekly" of the Civil war days, you can count yourselves lucky.

I save all the calendars, also a few civil war pictures. Four of them are behind heavy plate glass on our big dynamite magazine door. The Deerlick school gets a Currier & Ives calendar every year. They are educational for youngsters. Every school should have one.

When the place was sold to W. W. Winslow in 1925, Mr. DeVoe bought the Hoppin House which he kept to the old style pretty much when they had it remodeled. I was permitted to go through the house two years ago. It brought back memories.

The house is occupied one or two months of the year. Most of the time it stands alone, like a death sentinel. Most of the folks and families who have lived in this house are gone or passed away. It is surrounded by trees in a beautiful setting. Mr. Henry Waller lives in a nearby house, overlooking the Deerlick Creek. Right below the house half way down was an old spring probably used by some of the early settlers —Hoppins, C. C. Chesebro, and so on down. The cattle lane leading to the spring, moss-covered barrel trough, willows, elders, have long disappeared and forgotten.

Otto Gibson and Mabel Gibson have been on this place since 1912. They are caretakers for both Winslow and now Henry Waller.

The famous peach orchard for 30 years long has ceased. The old apple trees only here and there over the 50 acres.

EVERGREEN BLUFF RESORT
South Haven, Michigan

Song

to the tune of
"IN OUR MERRY OLDSMOBILE"

In our merry Parkard car,
Tho we can't go very far
We will have some fun at that --
Even if we have a flat.

With the Tinker at the wheel
Oh how trusting we will feel,
We will ride along at a merry pace,
In our merry Packard car.

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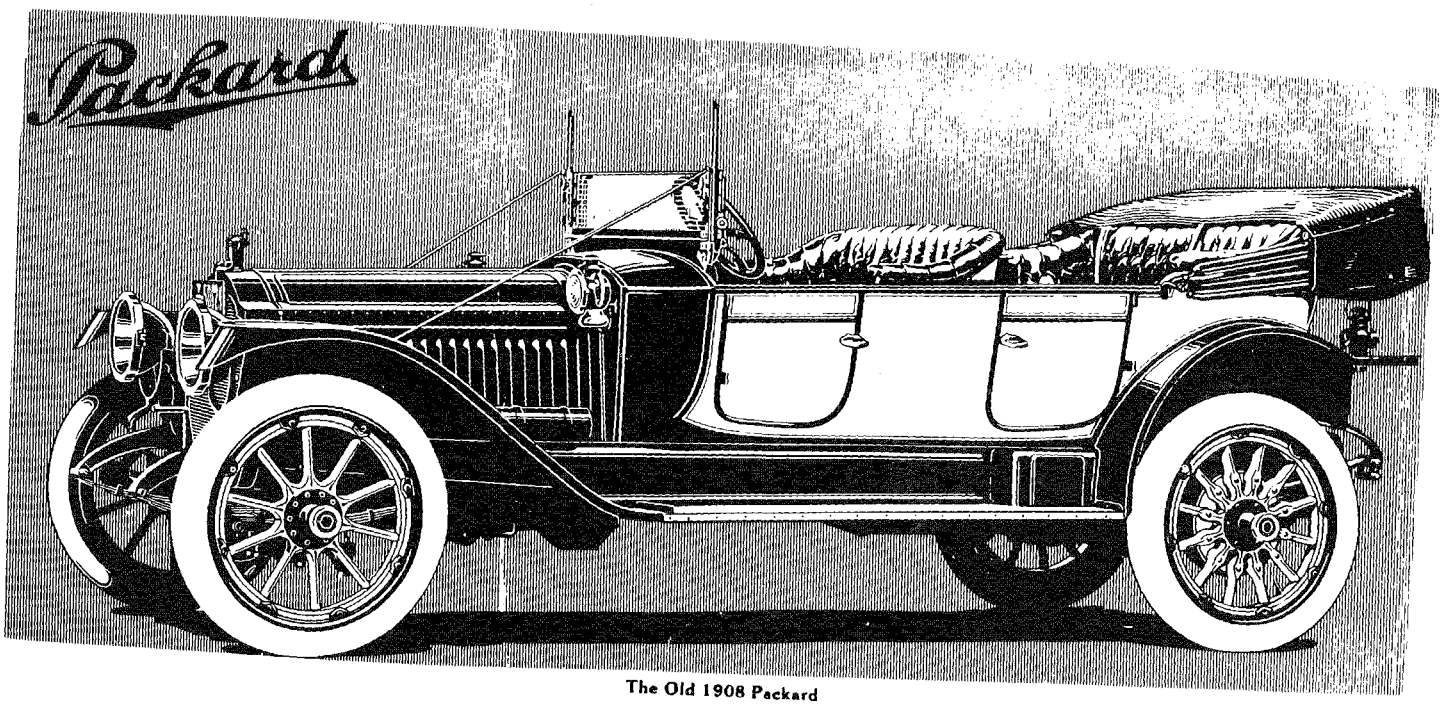


The Old 1908 Packard

1950

DEFINITIONS

SOCIALISM - You have two cows, and give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM - You have two cows, and give both to the Government, and the Government gives *you* milk.

FASCISM - You keep the cows, and give the milk to the Government and the Government sells part of it back to you.

NAZISM - The Government shoots you and takes the cows.

NEW DEALISM - The Government shoots one cow, milks the other, and pours the milk down the sewer.

CAPITALISM - You give the mortgage, and the Government takes the cows.

AMERICANISM - You have two cows, sell one of them and buy a bull.

Place in your Dictionary
Latest Edition

I. B. DAMFINO
Evergreen Bluff, South Haven, Mich.,
Allen Chesebro, Mgr.

REPRINTED FROM MIAMI DAILY NEWS

"Consider Poor Lo"

Consider "Lo, the poor Indian". Untutored and uncivilized "poor Lo" goes his thoughtfu' way and keeps his mouth shut tight.

He soars not on a crazy boom nor sinks into a deep depression. He revels in no revolution, nor is sucked into a World War. He supports no standing army, nor builds million-dollar battleships to go on the junk heap in a few years.

He does not send several hundred Big Indians to the Big Wigwam in Washington to make much big talk, 99 per cent of which counteth not to the value of a hill of beans. The Big Chief administers the law and the gospel, from which there is no appeal and no repeal.

If he raises more stuff in his little garden than he can eat, he does not proceed to destroy it so as to make his brother Indian, whose garden dried up, pay more for what he has to have nor give him some wampum to buy it with.

Consider also Lo's poor squaw. She chases not after the fleeting fashions, nor quarrels over bridge, nor bothers about divorce and alimony. Verily, thrice blessed is Mrs. Lo.

Poor Lo believes in a Great Spirit. Are the white man's doctrines any more sensible or logical?

F. H. Chesebro

BOCA RATON, FLA., APRIL 2, 1934

EVERGREEN BLUFF *An Ideal Place for Rest and Recreation*

SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN

COPIED FROM THE SOUTH HAVEN SENTINEL
MARCH 18TH, 1872.

Good morning, sir! By your looks I see
That you are a stranger in Number Three.
Just step this way for a quiet talk,
And tell me as onward slowly we walk,
If Nature's garb could more lovely be,
Than here in District Number Three.

O, a lovely district this Number Three;
Birds gaily carol in happy glee;
Flowers blossom, and fruits in plenty grow;
And music's sweetest melodies flow;
And our children, happy as youth can be,
Go to our school in Number Three.

And, with your leave sir, we'll go to-night
To our school house which is just in sight,
And you shall see that the truth I tell
When I say that in learning our youth excel;
For with your own eyes you shall see
That we keep no dunces in Number Three.

Our officers, stately and stern, but true;
(Some of them wore the "Loyal blue";)
Perform their duties as they should,
For they punish the evil, but praise the good;
And so we are well behaved you see —
For why? We live in Number Three.

Then, too, our teacher; some folks say
"He's very quiet in his way";
I'll tell you in confidence; he's got grit,
Which is quite to his pupil's benefit;
And a very orderly school have we
Who live this winter in Number Three.

Our people are modest, and quiet, you know;
For to whisky saloons we do not go;
The consequence is, we are all quite steady,
And ever to do a kind deed are ready;
So I'm sure with me you will quite agree,
That I'm glad I live in Number Three.

Then the grand old Lake in summer time,
Fills our hearts with thoughts of things sublime
Who, seeing each day this lovely view,
Would not seek to be noble, good, and true.
O, yes, the Creator's hand we see
Who live in District Number Three.

So, because we're not rich, we do not fret,
Nor seek by treachery, money to get;
But labor patiently day by day,
To earn our bread as best we may;
Grateful for mercies past are we,
And content to live in Number Three.

Then hail to District Number Three!
And long may we live in harmony;
Long may our people with children be blest,
And long may our teacher teach his best,
And soon may the world our prosperity see,
Who live in happy Number Three.

And do you ask why I spend my time
In writing this useless, silly rhyme?
In putting this jingle of words together
In this beautiful and fair spring weather;
My answer is plain, as plain can be,
I *live* in District Number Three.

80th Anniversary of the Deerlick School
District No. 3.

Written by Mrs. Katherine A. Hoppin

The Wreck of the "City of Green Bay"

1950

(2 miles south of South Haven
October 3, 1887)

By Allen T. Chesebro
Evergreen Bluff Resort
South Haven.

(This story of the wreck of the City of Green Bay was sent by Mr. Chesebro of South Haven to Mrs. Carrie Hall of Decatur. The old Hoppin place referred to in the article was the home of Mrs. Hall's great uncle. Mr. Chesebro, who wrote the article, is near 70 years of age and still active in business.)

Sixty three years ago today, October 3, the City of Green Bay, a three-master, was wrecked in front of the old Hoppin place. It was sighted early in the morning in a terrific storm—a Southwester. It had left Escanaba October 1st for St. Joe, her destination, with a cargo of 700 tons of iron ore. She was within sight of St. Joe when she became disabled, all sails down and flying a white flag, about 10 miles S. W. By 7:00 she had struck the second sand bar, and by 10 was all to pieces. Six men were lost and only one saved. His name was Slater. He came ashore lashed to a hatch cover. They built a fire in the Hoppin house and dry clothes were given him.

I was only 5 years old at the time, and of course was not allowed to go. Nearly 2,000 people were there. I remember well how the waves would strike the ship broadside squarely every now and then, probably a 50 or 75 ton blow. No ship can withstand such beating very long. The City of Green Bay once sailed the Atlantic ocean between Boston and Scotland. It was well built, 154 feet in length, all oak and iron.

The South Haven life saving crew had shot a life line over the rigging time and again, but the line broke every time, and the crowd became indignant. Then one of the men in the crowd shot a smaller charge, and the line went over. But it was too late. The main line got tangled up in the wreckage coming ashore. Then the ship broke into three parts, the bottom and the two sides. Some of the men were crushed. God be ever merciful to the dying sailors.

The next day I can remember the wreckage strewn along the beach, tangled wire cable, rope, sails, hatch covers, even parts of a piano they had on board. Folks were viewing the ghastly sight which the gale had wrought the day before.

Today all there is left of the proud schooner is the bottom, which lies just at the edge of the shore north of the Deerlick Creek, gradually going to pieces. Within another 50 years there will be nothing left. Shipwrecks along the shore are seldom seen any more. Back in the 70's, 80's and 90's sailing vessels and steamers were a common sight on the lake. Even passenger boats are fast disappearing.

I have picked up oak ribs and planks full of iron bolts and spikes off the beach now and then. I have a 10 pound pin from the center board, a 100 pound iron anchor gear, a 10 inch steel sheve and a deadeye.

Father, a year later, hauled some of the spars to a sawmill and sawed them up into lumber and built the shop in 1888. The wreck of the City of Green Bay was broadcast over the air on WLS a few years ago. Some of you folks may have heard it on the 7:15 rural mail box program. This cargo of 700 tons of iron ore was to be loaded on the Chicago and West Michigan for the new foundry at Bangor, which burned in 1889. I have a man who is working for me now, Capt. Lancaster Ludwig, who is 96 years of age. He sailed the Great Lakes for over 80 years, does more work than most teen-agers.

Next week I will write an article about the home of Thaddeus Hoppin, who came here from Jamaica island along in the 60's, as I recall, and what some of the pioneers told. Miss Katherine Lee will assist with some of the dates.

Allen T. Chesebro.

Girard Observes 106th Birthday

School for Boys Has Graduated 15,000.

PHILADELPHIA-(AP)-The largest boarding school for boys in the world observes its 106th birthday today.

On Jan. 1, 1848, Girard College opened its doors to the first 100 students under the will of Stephen Girard, early American financier. Girard's original endowment of $6,000,000 has since grown to $85,000,000, the income of which pays for maintenance and all services rendered the students during their nine years in the college.

Fatherless boys enter between six and 10 years of age and remain until they are 18. The school, which is non-sectarian, assumes all costs of a boy's care and education during his life at the college. It offers academic courses leading to college entrance, in addition to trade and commercial training through elementary school and high school to all orphan boys who meet its eligibility requirements.

The present enrolment is 1,300 students and more than 15,000 young men have been graduated since the college's founding.

The school is supervised by a board of directors of City Trusts, of Philadelphia's leading citizens who are appointed for life and serve without pay. The mayor and president of city council serve as ex-officio members.

President Truman has been invited to participate in the centennial observance by the committee, which includes Gov. James H. Duff of Pennsylvania; Mayor Bernard Samuel, judges of federal, state and local courts and many well-known business and professional men.

Timely Reflections

COMMUNISTS

Folks sing about the busy bee,
They praise the little ant.
But the wee termite daily proves
A growing irritant;
Because its boring work is slight,
It adds to no man's pay,
But bores unseen and silent corrodes
And in due time destroys.

The busy bee pays well its keep.
The ant has proved it's sand.
And folks for ages have admired
The way it does its part.
But Mother Termite regiments
Like Reds of whom we've read,
Which may just suit the termite clan
But fills our thoughts with dread.

The sightless termites work in gangs
Slaves to a central power,
Which rules them with an iron hand—
'Twould make the workers cower
Were they not termites like as peas
Accustomed to such strife,
But freeborn men could ne'er endure
A Communistic life.

The tiny termites bore and bore
In solid timbers till
They're honeycombed and made so weak
They break and sometimes kill;
And Communists well hid in cells
Work like the termites do—
They bore unseen in minds quite weak
And soon there's much to rue.

They e'er disdain faith, truth and love
But they rely on might,
And when they feel that they can win
They quickly start a fight;
So all who love America,
Must aid in putting out
All foreign Reds before they put
All loyal folks to rout!

Alonzo Newton Benn
5000 East End Avenue
Chicago 15, Illinois.

Chronicle Dims As Time Goes By

Time, Weather, Tourists Taking Their Toll

By RAY DANGEL
N-P Staff Writer

SISTER LAKES — One grew strong and the other fell apart.

That's the biography in a nutshell for two pioneer churches in the area, fostered more than 100 years ago by Fr. Louis Baroux. The priest lies buried now in Silver Creek cemetery, next to the church that survived. He died in 1[illegible] (1897)

Both churches served Potowatomie Indians in those early times.

Records are hazy as to when the first of the two was founded, on Beach Lake in Silver Creek township in [illegible] County. But Fr. Baroux [illegible] there in 1859 and replaced [illegible] structure with a better building, ministering to the Indians.

TAX ARGUMENT

About a year later, the tribe argued over a tax levied against their lands. When the wife of Chief Leopold Pokagon called for them to give her money to pay the taxes, it put [illegible] them so much that about half of the tribe moved to Hartford. This band built a log church on the banks of Rush Lake, and established their own burial ground there.

Fr. Baroux had charge of this new congregation also. In 1864, through friends in his native France, the priest obtained $1,000 and erected a frame building at Rush Lake. It was this church that failed to live, ending ingloriously as tourists ripped off souvenirs and weather beat down the remains.

Today, only a few rotting timbers can be seen of the Rush Lake church.

AMONG EVERGREENS

The original Silver Creek Catholic church, meanwhile, has become a modern brick edifice, nestled among tall evergreens on a little knoll. It is a place of peace and quiet, dignified guardian of the cemetery where its founder was buried, and where Chief Leopold Pokagon went to his Happy Hunting Ground.

Caretaker John Augusta said the church was built out over Chief Pokagon's grave. For years, he said, the chief's stone marker leaned against a basement wall in the church; one day it was gone.

Requiem

Rest, Church of the Bygone, rest.
Brambles reign upon your breast.
Rabbits 'neath your timbers burrow,
Unaware the secret sorrow,
That for you there's no tomorrow.
Sheltered by a snowsheath, rest.

— Ray Dangel

Augusta has been caring for the cemetery for more than 18 years.

In a shaded spot near the center of the Silver Creek grave plots is a marker of about 11 by 20 inches. Illegible to the naked eye, the letters were revealed by side-lighted photography. The words say "Mary Jane, Daughter of Simon & Angeline Pokagon. Born Feb. 2, 1853 (or 1855). Died April 24, 1858." A sprig of leaves is chiseled at the bottom.

GRAVES OVERGROWN

Simon was a son of Chief Leopold Pokagon, and the last chief of the tribe. There have even been debates among scholars over Simon's claim to that rank. Simon and his wife were buried near Rush Lake, and today even the lone marker that guards Angeline's resting place is broken in two. Both graves are overgrown with high weeds.

Time, weather and tourists who didn't realize the sadness of their deeds have nearly erased this page of southwestern Michigan's history. One by one, pioneers of this area who remember those old days are passing away. The Potowatomie tribe has scattered.

SHOP-PE-NE-GONS

By E. R. Washburn.

How long is 40 years and how many things can happen in it? More than half of my life to date, have I looked upon Decatur as my home and I find it difficult to think of any other part of the world as taking its place.

But that is not what I started out to write about. Rather, I was intending to tell of Shop-pe-ne-gons, an old Indian, to tell an Indian story, but to do that I must tell of something else first. Pardon me if I take time out to get married, for that was undoubtedly the most important thing I—we, my wife Myrtie and I—ever did. In the latter part of the summer of 1898 I received a letter from W. N. Ferris, president of the Ferris industrial school, telling me of a village in northeastern Michigan that needed a teacher, a man teacher, and he thought I could handle the situation. If I wanted to try it, to let him know at once. I did want to try it and soon was on the way to Mio, county seat of Oscoda county, and it was but a short time till I was located.

From September till December is a short time and on December 29, 1898, the wedding was solemnized and on January 4, 1899, Myrtie and I were on our way to the north land, our honeymoon to be spent in the wilds of northeastern Michigan, land of arbutus and pine, wild deer, wildcats and a few timber wolves. The sound of falling timber was sometimes heard, the odor of pine was in the air and the heat from burning pine helped in warming the houses, including the schoolhouse, at least in part, though some hard wood was brought in from farther south.

We soon got acquainted with the pupils and some of the parents, for they were as anxious to see what we were like as we were to see them. Mio was (and is) the county seat of Oscoda county and the county officials were located there and their children attended the school. The wives of the county officials called on Mrs. Washburn and they were soon on visiting terms. There was some farm land and grazing land in the outlying areas and so farm children were brought to school by their parents, and more acquaintances were made.

Mio, being the county seat, boasted a weekly newspaper, the Mail Telegram, which later became the Oscoda County News. Mio was fortunate in having mail delivered, at least part of the time daily from Roscommon through Luzerne and to and from Lewiston. I believe the mail carriers crossed routes at Mio in later years and carried express and light freight also.

Mio also had a water department and water was delivered to the school house, the court house and to Main street most of the time, except that in very severe weather the town pump was more reliable. A deep water well at the livery barn which was maintained by the logging interests helped out, too, in severest weather. If you are desirous of knowing more of Michigan's coldest weather, read the records of the winter of 1898-'99 and imagine the cold which dipped into the low thirties and from there to temperatures which I do not dare to repeat for fear I should get a habit which I might have difficulty in breaking.

Logging on the River

Soon great piles of logs covered the low bluffs along the Au Sable river, brought there not only by broad bunked sleighs, but also by great high wheeled carts tall enough to be driven astride a mammoth log, the butt of which was suspended by chains so as to swing above hummocks or other inequalities in the roadway.

So many ways and things were different that we from down state were kept busy learning the ways of the northland and understanding what was being done and why. The weather began moderating somewhat, for spring was in the air.

Word came that logs were coming down the old Au Sable. It needed investigating. In our younger days we had known waterways—the Coldwater river, the Thornapple and Bullhead Run—all good streams for fishing, swimming, boating and trapping, but none had logs coming down them though in winter time we could slide on or skate on them, or even cut a year's supply of ice, though most people preferred to get that at the lakes.

In Mio half a century ago it was different. Logs, huge logs, were coming down and to a tenderfoot it was worth going to see, a matter of interest long to be remembered. Everything was new and interesting. After a few more days, came word that a jam was forming down river. Now, to an oldtimer a log jam was no novelty. He had seen and known of many, but to the newcomer all was strange and full of interest. New faces began to be seen in town. The older pupils and many grown-ups went to the river to see the rivermen at work. When the jam had built upstream sufficiently near the town many citizens and children took the long walk to see the men and river at work. The sight was well worth seeing and the memory of it would take care of itself and no one would later regret the long walk which would soon be forgotten. A little later Myrtie and I, accompanied by some of the high school pupils, went to see the jam and to walk across the river on it to the opposite shore and then back again without lingering long, for we had visions and advice that there were safer places to take a long walk than on the far side of a log jam which at any moment might be too near the breaking point of the jam to take a long walk with perfect ease of mind.

An Indian Trapper

Among those we saw near the safe part of the jam was an old dark-skinned fellow in rough clothes who proved to be a better listener than talker, though he did not refuse to answer some questions. One of the older residents who had lived in the region for a long time said, as we had suspected, that he was an Indian—that he had hunted and trapped along the river for many years and that he had probably been held up by the jam. He said the Indian's name was Shop-pe-ne-gons and that he was fairly well known up the river where the country was still more like a wilderness.

After a time the down stream end of the jam was cleared of logs and out upon mid-stream appeared the old Indian on a raft which was loaded with his traps and bundles of furs. He was busy guiding his raft and letting the current do the work. As if by magic he had appeared and, paying no attention to anyone, was majestically continuing his journey to the place where he could dispose of his furs.

How long had he been waiting for the river to be cleared? I do not know, but the next issue of the Mail Telegram claimed that the entire length of the jam was seven miles. Not that its length at any moment was seven miles, but its length from where the first log was stranded to where the last log was loosened so it could float away covered a distance of seven miles. What a picture a moving log jam would make, for it is never at rest. The swift water is lifting the logs or lifting one end of them sometimes, even, so the log stands on end and is lifted while in this position, then totters and falls with a splash, or a crash as it hits another moving log. The swift stream is churning in some places and these places are good ones for the newcomer to avoid. Not only does the water splash but there are moans and groans as logs rub or scrape each other. Oh, there are plenty of sounds to stick in the memory, especially of the timid.

There are smooth stretches of river too, and the logs are moving rhythmically and quietly and, needless to say, these are good places to ride or to bird logs. Many men are able to perform fantastic tricks while riding logs—not always in quiet waters. The quiet places, however, afford a challenge—even to a down-stater—

and we of Barry county watched our chance and, each with a balancing pole, stepped from log to log and so crossed the river and then back, and stored in our memories some experiences to treasure for near a life time, even though the school boys and girls regarded us as amateurish but were secretly glad that their teacher and his bride were able to turn the trick.

Later in the spring while trout fishing I went back into the woods bordering the river to get earth worms for bait. Seeing a large elm tree that sometime in the past had been uprooted, I went to it, for the digging would be easier there, and there under the fallen trunk was a long smoothed cedar pole tapered to a blunt point at either end. By it was a large hamper made of small bent willow limbs, or should I say osier branches, and in it was an oatmeal box nearly empty. The old fellow had some modern ways even fifty years ago. How I wished I had that pole and basket down in Barry county and as I remember it, it was not entirely respect for the property of others that kept me from taking them there—the pole was probably fifteen feet or more long. I certainly coveted my neighbor's property then. A few years after that while teaching in Dexter, I went to D. E. Hoey's lumber yard to get a board from which to make an ironing board (school teachers and wives were frugal even in those days.) And could Mrs. Ie do a good job of ironing on that home made piece of furniture. But to get back to my story, as I went into the office to pay for what I had bought, my attention was immediately attracted to a calendar hanging on the wall. It was put out as I recall it, by the Hanson Lumber Co., of Grayling, and on it was a picture of a patriarch of the north lands—no, not a giant pine, but our old friend, Shop-pe-ne-gons.

I told Mr. Hoey of our meeting the old Indian on the banks of the Au Sable. As I started to go home with my load Mr. Hoey handed me the calendar saying, "Take it with you—it probably means more to you than to me." We kept it for years, adding a new calendar on it each year. We even brought it to Decatur, keeping it for more years.

J. G. Hirst, our neighbor, and lumber dealer, had an Indian working for him. His name was Mix, Arthur Mix, I believe. Maybe you remember him or his wife. They were our neighbors too, and lived on our street, where Mrs. Rank, the flower gardene, now lives. They had several children in school and especially a little doll of a "squaw poose" who used to play with a puppy they owned. She would pick him up by the cheeks or jowls and say "me bite 'im nose, make 'im squeal," and they both did just that. Mrs. Mix used to pick grapes for us when we owned the former Ullinger place. One day as we were busily working and talking some, Mrs. Mix told of her attending an Indian school at Mt. Pleasant, and even studying Latin and she still retained some of it. In talking of the north, it happened to speak of Shop-pe-ne-gons and she fairly [illegible] ground as she said, "[illegible] new Shop-pe-ne-gons? [illegible]s Sharp Needles in the Indian language." And so we had again come in contact with someone who knew at least the name and could translate it. We had come out of the north and to Decatur to learn the meaning of the name of our quasi acquaintance of the Au Sable country.

IMPROVEMENTS AT LAKE OF THE WOODS

Douglas Lee subdivision has grown into a community of seven families. The deal for the large expanse of land, previously owned by J. G. Hirst, was negotiated in the spring of 1946. The 54 acres were bought by Mr. and Mrs. Dalton R. Kinney and named in memory of their son, Douglas Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Athey bought the first house on lot 2 of Douglas Drive. The second house in the block was sold to Burton and Florence Houtman soon after Burton returned from the army. Mr. and Mrs. Orville Adams and family purchased the third house. Neal and Jane Elgersma came to live in the fourth house but have recently sold to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Garrett. Mr. and Mrs. John Dragan found a plan they liked and last fall Mr. Kinney completed their home. The sixth house was built by Clemet Hanauer for his own but was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Petrucci. Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Dragan bought the seventh house of Paul and Betty Maglaughlin, who formerly owned the Mercury Cleaners.

Four additional homes are now under construction and will be completed by fall. One of the houses is on Douglas Drive, the other three are on Pine Street.

The plat of Douglas Lee Addition, including 7 streets and 51 lots, has been accepted as a part of the village of Decatur. Gas lines have been run by the Consumers Power Company for both heating and cooking purposes. Sidewalks are to be provided next spring.

As one drives further down Pine street beyond the subdivision a brickcrete house on the right is under construction, that of the Hanauers. The summer home of Mr. and Mrs. James Mead is just across on the left. They are the proud owners of the beautiful iris garden. The Meads also have boats for rent and carry a complete line of fishing needs. The town park and bathing beach is found at the end of Pine street.

The road that leads off to the right, comes upon a group of cottages and homes. There are the Malinovskis who live in their comfortable home the year around. Mr. Garrow of Elkhart and the Warners of Chicago are summer residents. Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Lundy, Mr. Chick Grazulis and Mrs. Valaitis are year round residents. The Howard Haefners occupy the white shingle house with the bright red trim. Mr. and Mrs. John Kujwa of South Bend spend much time at their pleasant cottage that is now quite complete with its breezeway and garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Kinney and son spend about seven months of the 12 at their home which is constructed of logs and painted gray. Mrs. Brown and family of Chicago have been summer residents at Lake of the Woods for 17 years. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warner's "Moon Lite" cottage however was the first to be built on this side of the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey of South Bend enjoy the summer months at the lake also. The Bocks are seen at their cottage almost as soon as Chicago schools are recessed for the summer months, and are here until Labor Day. Mr. and Mrs. Grant also of Chicago spend much of the summer at their cottage.

Since one can not drive entirely around the lake, the eleven families mentioned above completes the list of families that live on the Hirst landing.

Driving out St. Mary's street, one passes Gaertig's Dream village, Hill's resort and the Ackley cottages. Other property owners are Mr. and Mrs. Shaw who bought the beautiful home formerly owned by the Whitneys of Kalamazoo, and Mr. and Mrs. Al DeWitt who spend much time at their attractive farm home. These are found, besides numerous other homes and cottages.

On the far side of the lake is Camp Greenwood, a summer retreat for many boys and girls of Chicago. There is another group of cottages to the west on what is known as the Fritz landing.

All in all the summer population of Lake of the Woods is several hundred. Many new cottages and homes have been built on the shores of the Decatur lake. This fact is readily recognized by the many lights that are seen in the stillness of the night as they shine out across the water.

Class of '24 Holds Biggest Reunion in History of D. H. S.

The class of 1924 was known as the class that "got things done." A quarter of a century has not dimmed the enthusiasm nor lessened the aggressiveness of this group of people as evidenced by the 17 class members, together with their wives, husbands and children, aggregating 44, who gathered for a picnic dinner at Maple Isle, Paw Paw, Michigan, at noon last Saturday. Highlighting the occasion was the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harper. Mr. Harper is superintendent of schools at Delton, Michigan. He served the Decatur high school seven years, both as principal and superintendent, coming to Decatur in 1922. Mr. and Mrs. Harper are held in high esteem by the people of Decatur and particularly by the class of 1924 as Mr. Harper was our class advisor.

The following class members were present: Bernice Washburn Dahlstrom, Crystal Kidman Rowe, Ilah Winkler Maltby, Alice Haefner Conway, Ruth Calbetzor Leighton, Frances Graham Ragotzy, Lois Howe VandePolder, Monica M. Howland, Harry L. Nutt, Alva W. Rowe, Richard E. Conway, Lyle MacKellar, Carl G. Fosdick, Gilbert S. Mead, Herbert L. Rowe, Hugh Paul and Paul Slack.

After a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon of reminiscing, swimming, etc., the adults attended the Alumni banquet in a body in the evening. The class was justly proud of the excellent toast delivered by one of our classmates, Crystal Kidman Rowe — "Make Mine Democracy."

After the banquet program, the group was delightfully entertained at a buffet supper by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Rowe at the home of Mrs. Rowe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kidman, who did much to make the 25th reunion a marked success. Mr. E. R. Washburn, beloved instructor of all time, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Myers, the latter the sister of Mrs. Rowe, were guests of the evening. Even though the class had spent hours together, they were still reluctant for curtain call at midnight. Originally it was planned to hold a reunion every 25 years, the next one to be held in 1974, but it seems there were a few who feared the scythe of Father Time so the second reunion of the Class of '24 will be held in 1954.

CLASS OF '24 CLOSES REUNION AT KIDMAN HOME

Following the Alumni banquet the members of the class of 1924, their husbands, wives and others to the number of about 30 were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe (Crystal Kidman), at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kidman.

This event concluded a day's reunion of the class of 25 years ago, which Supt. R. W. Harper of Delton declared to be "the best time of my life," and probably others felt the same about it.

The party at the Kidman home was one round of hilarity and joyful recalling of events of the happy past. "Do you remember when this was done, and when that occurred?" brought out responses that if told here would make this column sparkle, and perhaps some members of the class will yet add their contributions to this brief record.

There were 29 in the class of 1924 and all of them are living. That in itself is an unusual record. But even more unusual is the fact that over half of them, 17 to be exact, attended the class reunion.

E. R. Washburn and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harper were honored guests.

Decatur In First Place

Decatur's Red Raiders stepped into first place Friday night when they edged by Watervliet, 28-32. The Hartford Indians got revenge on the Coloma Comets and dropped them down to second place.

This coming Friday night (Friday the 13th) at 7 o'clock, the Raiders will play the Comets. Coloma has a tall fast-passing and fast-breaking team which will be a rugged tussle for the Raiders. Although Decatur has an off and on team and if they should meet them with an on night, Coloma will have a hard time outfighting them.

The Raiders have more team spirit than most any school around. They proved that when they came from behind in the Cass game with a 20-point rally to beat them, 51-49, also in the Paw Paw game, their hair-raising rally in the third quarter almost toppled the so-called mighty Redskins. So whether they're off or on they will still fight to the end.

—Joe Schonbok.

Graham Named to Public Works

A new department was created at Monday evening's meeting of the village board when Max Graham was appointed as public works supervisor for the village of Decatur.

Mr. Graham was elected as a member of the village board at the recent village election, and resigned this post to accept the position as supervisor. His duties will include the active management of the street, water and sanitation departments. Silas Knoll was appointed as chairman of the street department following Graham's resignation.

To fill the office made vacant on the village board, Roy Cramer was named and approved by the council members. Mr. Cramer has just completed a year on the board having been named a year ago to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lyle Marks.

Another change in village personnel came about Monday when police officer Frank Hazzard retired from that job, after having served for several years. Previous to his work for the village Mr. Hazzard had been a member of the county sheriff's department.

At Monday's township election, Mr. Hazzard was elected as justice of the peace, and he will establish an office for active work in that capacity. Ralph Antles was appointed recently to take over the police duties of Mr. Hazzard.

President Dr. Bowers' budget for the coming year was read at the meeting. It calls for estimated expenditures of $72,000, including $17,000 for streets, $3,000 for the fire department, $2,000 for administration and $2,000 for recreation. Receipts are expected to be about $75,000 for the fiscal year.

EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

C. C. Evans.

Nearly 400 years ago, Sir Francis Drake beached his ship only a few miles above the golden gate, which he had missed, raised the flag of England, and took possession in the name of his queen. Since then the banners of many nations have been raised over the Redwood Empire where now only the flag of the United States flies.

At Fort Ross, the Russian flag flew for nearly half a century, ending in 1842, less than a decade before the discovery of gold. Then the Russians left California and in 1846 J. C. Fremont raised a force of volunteers and defeated the Mexicans in the Sacramento valley, and on July the 5th, 1846, California declared her independence from Mexico and by this the power of Mexico was broken.

California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico were ceded to the United States. Scarcely was this treaty signed when news came that gold had been discovered along the Sacramento river.

This news spread around the world and excited adventurers rushed toward the diggings. Ships were deserted, while officers and men joined in the scramble for sudden wealth. The history of

the west is written around gold discovery and the fascinating story of frontier developments. San Francisco, a little village with mud cabins in 1849, grew to a city of 15,000 in the course of a year. The famous mining centers of Nevada City, Grass Valley, Auburn, Placerville, Jackson, and a score of others were mines discovered by the prospectors of '49 and are still actively productive after nearly one hundred years successful operation.

DECATUR HIGHLIGHTS OF THE EIGHTIES

By James Chamberlain

From a vocational viewpoint I consider the introduction of the muck shoe for horses by Brigham and also by Gates, the introduction of the peppermint industry by Brigham, and the beginning of the celery industry by Clark and Houseman, to have been the greatest factors in the industrial growth and general development of Decatur and contiguous domain.

The above were the main factors including the dredging of the outlet of Pickerel lake, changing the vast wooded unproductive muckland lying south of Decatur to the highly cultivated and productive region of the present. It has given employment to countless workmen and been the source of vast revenues. The vocational picture has been aptly illustrated in the Centennial issue of 1948.

Now let us glance briefly at some avocational high lights. To the old timers of today, most of whom were teenagers of the 80's, the most brilliant high light was the famous Decatur baseball club that was without a peer in this section of the state and whose fame was extended near and far.

The boys of that date never did tire of reciting the record that team had made. For the benefit of the late "tuners-in" I will repeat the line-up of the club: Stapleton, catcher; Thomas, pitcher; John Hughes, first base; Claud Haydon, second base; Dan Carney, short stop; Harvey Taylor, third base; Marion Chadwick, left field; Ed. Rawson, center field; John O'Leary, right field; George Kruse, right field.

In those days there were not enough jobs for every one, and of course, there were many days when the weather was unfit for out door work. As most of the fellows were chuck full of energy they had to find means of getting some of it out of their systems.

Many of the older ones would make their head quarters when not working, at N. S. Rathburn's grocery store, which was located adjoining the Charles Brigham building which in the early 80's was occupied by A. S. Hathaway's drygoods and clothing store, later by Lyscum Brigham.

Mr. Rathburn was an extremely genial host and freely extended credit to a goodly number of patrons. Among those who frequented his store and discussed politics, religion, philosophy, labor and related questions, as well as incidents of the Civil War, were E. P. Hill, Dr. Broderick, Orange Hayes, Eli Hincher, Jud and Silas Rawson, James Shockley, Jerry Fate, Charles Labadie, John Beach, Ransom and Lucius Nutting, George Hubbard, James Aldrich, my father and my uncle, and others.

Stories were related and each had his chance to tell the biggest one. Mr. Rathburn would finally relate one that would turn the proceedings into a different channel, a story such as the one that he trained a hog to keep up a fire all winter to keep a pig pen warm during severe weather.

Mr. Rathburn's son Edward N. (Ned) was a very talented young man with an extraordinary command of English, and would have attained a high position in life but for one sad failing. But, alas, there were no A. A. organizations in those days.

Uncle Jake Johnson's shoe shop, which was located where the Cozy theatre now is, was also the meeting place of many who were unemployed and desired companionship. They spent many happy hours in the shop where they were always welcomed.

Former Decatur Teacher Dies

Miss Mabel C. Willison, 87, a former Decatur resident and retired teacher, died in Detroit on Tuesday, January 12.

Funeral services were held in Detroit Thursday, January 14, followed by interment Friday at the Crane cemetery, Decatur.

Miss Willison was born in Volinia township, Cass county, October 25, 1872 and moved to Decatur at an early age. She graduated from Decatur high school in 1888 and having received her teacher's certificate at the age of 16, began on a career of 46 years of public school teaching.

In 1889-90 she taught in Decatur township District No. 7 rural school, and in 1890-91 in the District No. 6 school. From 1891 to 1895 she taught in the Decatur village District No. 4 school.

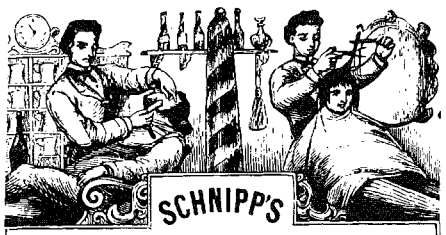
From 1895 to 1898 Miss Willison attended the University of Michigan, then returned home to care for her invalid mother for two years. She completed her college education in 1901, graduating from the University of Michigan with a B.A. degree and a special diploma for teaching.

Following her graduation Miss Willison taught one year at Matoon, Illinois, and in 1902 began a 13-year period of teaching in Decatur high school. From Decatur she went to Houghton, Michigan, where she taught high school from 1915 to 1918.

In 1918 Miss Willison moved to Highland Park, Michigan, where she taught Latin, English, mathematics and United States history in the Highland Park high school for 23 years. After her retirement in 1941 she continued to make her home in Highland Park until her death.

Miss Willison's record as a teacher was outstanding. Among her many friends she counted great numbers of former pupils who so highly respected the influence she had brought into their lives that they continued to keep in touch with her throughout the years.

Miss Willison is survived by her niece, Mrs. Eleanor Moulton Dyer of Marblehead, Massachusetts.



DECATUR'S BARBER EMERITUS REMAINS ACTIVE AT 90

By Howard Wilhelm
in Kalamazoo Gazette

DECATUR, MICH.—There was the morning, Tom Bass chuckled, when a man entered his barber shop and asked Tom to cut his hair with his cap on. That was the only time this particular customer made such a request and the reason still remains an enigma.

Born in Raleigh, N. C., in 1859, he came to Decatur in 1884 at the age of 24. Today he likes to recall that in one family he shaved five generations.

Richmond, Ind., was the town where he began the barber trade. And before settling in Decatur he had a shop for a while in Paw Paw across from the courthouse.

Edgar Bergen, whose home as a boy was in Decatur, was one of this barber's regular customers.

In those days the "college cut" was the rage, Tom said, which amounted to no more than trim. The hair was left full and free, no clippers being used and only the slightest snipping allowed.

As a contrast more substantial

and mature clients favored what was known in the trade as a feather edge,

RECALLING DECATUR HISTORY

Harlingen, Texas,
March 15, 1950.

Dear Editor:

We have enjoyed reading news of our Decatur friends through your paper this winter.

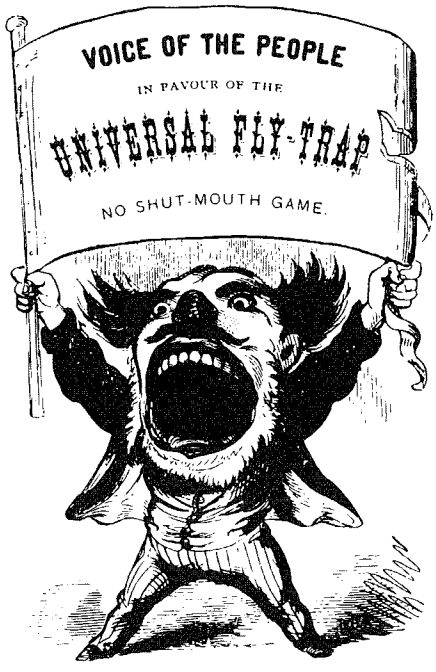
Now will you please send it to our home address in Winona Lake. As we are leaving here next Tuesday. We go to Albuquerque, N. M. for a few weeks so will not see the Republican till we reach home in April.

Am sending last copy to Mrs. Alice Gordon because of the item about those early graduates of D. H. S. She told me once that her father, Mr. Hill, was the first president of your village. She has been ill for months now.

Yours sincerely,
Elsie Hunsche.

Mrs. Hunsche is the former Mrs. Gillesby and a former well known resident of this community. She and her husband have spent the winter in the Rio Grande Valley in Southern Texas and will soon return to their home in Winona Lake, Indiana.

Mrs. Alice Hill Gordon also lives at Winona Lake and it is her father referred to by Mrs. Husche.



Looking Backward

Life in Decatur During the Eighties and Nineties as Recalled by One of the Boys of That Period.

Marshall, Michigan,
July 31, 1950.

Friend Arba,

I enjoyed my short visit with you recently and read very avidly the copy of the Republican you gave me. I have been out of touch with Decatur for many, many years, but I still recall some of the events that took place in the village when I was a lad.

I note the Republican has a column entitled: "Looking Backward." If you don't mind I would like to add a few items that go back into the 1880's and 90's. Some of these events made an impression on me either because of their lighter character or more or less tragic connotations. Of the latter I recall the time about sixty-five years ago when an elderly lady by the name of Teed was struck and killed by a train at the depot.

Then back in the 90's, a man, whose name was John Linderman, committed suicide out in the grubs west of town. He had been dead some days and wasn't discovered until the neighbors sensed his presense in quite a large area around him. The weather was very warm. The undertaker was faced with a problem of removing the body, as few people cared to go near the spot. So, John was moved to the mortuary.

He was unidentified for a time until it was noticed his shirt was open at the neck and then it was announced that he was the only man who was wont to go around with his shirt open, which he did winter and summer.

Back in the 80's we used to have Fourth of July celebrations that were momentous affairs indeed. I recall one that was held soon after the assassination of President Garfield. We had a parade, one part of which was given over to a display of "horribles," people decked out in weird and ridiculous costumes. One fellow was dressed up to resemble Satan, covered from head to toe in black, with horns and a long tail. He, or it, was pulling a two-wheeled gig, on which was fastened a standard with an effigy of Charles S. Guiteau, Garfield's assassin, depicting him as having been hanged with his neck broken and his head hanging over the back. It was a very gruesome sight indeed.

I remember when the old hotel stood on the corner and at noon the clerk came out in front and beat on a large brass gong to announce dinner. Dinner was served at noon in those days. Entertainment was very scarce then with only a medicine show coming to town once in a while. One such show was brought to town by old Dr. Staake, who had several artists with him.

One of his troupe was an actor with an artificial leg, by the name of Frank Tucker, who was a son of a local pettifogger, Bill Tucker. Dr. Staake also had an artist whose name was Professor Skiloni, who put on a very entertaining and mystifying act of legerdemaine. Another actor was Professor Carnell. They presented a pretty good show. The first night was free and consequently drew a full house. They stayed a whole week.

I remember another time when an Uncle Tom's Cabin show came and was located in a large tent south of the railroad. The seats were raised at the back like a circus and everyone was usually in attendance. There was an old Civil War veteran by the name of Ed. Koons in the audience and during the course of the play when Simon LaGree was flogging Uncle Tom, Ed. couldn't take it any longer. He yelled out at the top of his lungs: "By G—, I wish I had my rifle here and I'd shoot that ——." This nearly broke up the act; even old Simon had to laugh.

There was another old character around town who went by the name of Simeon Francis, also a Civil War veteran, who used to interest us boys with tales of the war. He was a sort of pessimistic old fellow and he told me one day he wished the war had lasted until then. I remember he always wore his old blue army overcoat and his index finger was turned at right angles from the first joint.

Another interesting old individual was Doc. Dillon who was lame and wore a plug hat, a Prince Albert coat and carried a cane. Doc liked to imbibe rather freely, as I recall. There were several old fellows around with an insatiable thirst. They used to go into the drug store and call for "boot blacking." I couldn't quite understand why they used so much boot polish, as nearly all men wore felt boots in those days. One of our neighbors would take on such a large cargo that he listed to port on his way home.

Decatur had at one time, years ago, quite a smart ball club. It seems they cleaned up on all comers until a team came down from Kensington, Ill. They were met at the station by our team and the band and both teams paraded up the street to the ball park. I always thought our team had sort of an off-day as they were so badly beaten that the team broke up soon after. Then, after a few years, the old gang got together again for a game which ended rather disastrously. Alv. Moon was hit by a pitched ball and subsequently died from the effects. Dan Carney broke his leg, so that

put an end to the team for good.

I used to be interested in watching the blacksmith, Jim Aldrich, shoe horses and one day after he had nailed on a shoe, he straightened up and said: "Young man, would you like to go to hell? If you would, better learn the blacksmith trade." I was also intrigued by watching Van, the harness maker, but never came close and had to be satisfied with a less important vocation.

I remember my first day of school in the village. On the way up I fell into step with a lad in knee Breeches, Fay Beach, who asked me what grade I intended to enter. I did not know what grade I was in, since the country school from which I came wasn't graded, so he took me up into the grammar room, ably presided over by Mabel Willison. There were two very apt pupils in the room, L. A. Hubbard and George Chamberlain, who always stole the show. I was an apt pupil also, only that I was apt to come up with poor lessons. George was very punctual; he would arrive at the north door at 8 o'clock and the doors didn't open until 8:30. He was thinly clad, sans oversoat and mittens. There was a recess of about three inches between the bottom of his trousers and the top of his socks, which left that part of his limbs exposed to the gentle zephyrs of the winter weather.

After struggling through four years of high school, I was allowed to graduate with the rest of the class in 1897. Our graduation was a momentous affair indeed. The girls were all dressed in their finest creations and some even had a little touch of talcum on their pretty faces. Bess Lindsley tried to cover up some of her freckles but didn't have much luck. We boys were dressed up to a great extent also. I remember I wore a high collar that resembled a white board fence around an insane asylum. I also wore a low cut vest and swallowtail coat. We had an orchestra, an address by A. Gaylord Slocum, and generally enjoyed ourselves.

Well, Arba, a lot of water has gone under the bridge since that day in 1897. Somewhere I got the idea that your brother, Will, is in Seattle, Wash. I have made two trips out there in the last three years and expect to spend some time on the coast again next year, and if he is in Seattle I will try to locate him.

I am very glad to receive the Republican and I hope you see a good many happy and prosperous years of living yet.

I beg to remain
Very respectfully,
J. R. Carpenter.

J. R. Carpenter, back in the Golden Days of the eighties was "Jim." He remembers Decatur well. What an impression the daily events of those times had on the youths. Our own mind is filled with memories of boyhood, some of which are as vivid as though they transpired only yesterday. The older we get the more vivid these early events become. We wonder if the youth of today, when their time comes to look back, will recall with as much pleasure the important events in their young lives.

We remember well the death of Mrs. Teed. Neighbors talked about it over the fence and on the street. They said she walked out on the track right in front of the fast train going west in the early evening. It didn't stop in Decatur then. The Gazetteer published in 1869 listed Henry C. Teed and Jeremiah Teed as living on Sherwood street opposite the Michigan Central freight depot.

Good shows came to Decatur in the early years and there was also good local talent here. Is there anyone living who will volunteer to write of Decatur's theatrical talent in the first half of its century of progress?

We were the active Justice of the Peace of Decatur when the body of John Linderman was discovered in the grubs down toward Lake of the Woods. Such cases then required an inquest which called for the services of a constable, an undertaker, a doctor and a justice who acted as coroner. We drove to the place with Dr. Rose. The job was fully as offensive as Jim describes it. We are familiar with all of the events which Jim describes and thank him for writing so entertainingly.

We hope others will catch the enthusiasm which Jim may inspire by his letter and carry the reminiscing along indefinitely.

RECOLLECTIONS OF
EDWIN W. PLOPPER

Lawrence, Nov. 10, 1950.

Dear friend,

Looking backward fifty years on Thursday, the 15th of November, 1900, St. Joe Council Royal Select Masters, invited Lawrence, South Haven and Niles to St. Joe. We drove to Hartford with a cutter. When we reached St. Joe, there was no snow, the ground was bare.

Carl Willison of Decatur bought some timber of Edson Woodman. My brother-in-law, Rufus Smith, cut the trees. Some of the neighbors got their horses shod to haul the logs. They could make from $1.00 to $1.50 per day if they had god luck. They made about two trips a day. The snow went off and there was no more till Christmas. There were a lot of mad boys.

I was working in a blacksmith shop and it didn't hurt me much. The boys who got ready to haul and couldn't were Ed. Mullinex, Will Nower, Sr., Hubert O'Dell, Nelson Beals, and George Walker.

P. S. I have the book which contains the piece, The World of Chance. It is in Sanders' fifth reader. We read in this book when I went to school.

Edwin W. Plopper.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO

From the Decatur Republican of August 26, 1917.

NICHOLSVILLE ONCE CALLED VOLINIA

From a history of the village of Nicholsville is taken the following:

One of the first water powers built in Cass county was on a stream in Volinia township connecting Finch and Bunker lakes. The dam was built there by Alexander Copley, and to utilize the power developed a saw mill and grist mill were built, and with them as a nucleus quite a flourishing little village grew up with post office and stores.

The mills were a great boon to the settlers and people came there from a great distance bringing grain to be ground and logs to be made into lumber.

As the country settled up and other waterpowers were developed, and especially after railroads were built, the importance of Nicholsville diminished, but the mills have been kept running as occasion demanded through all these years, with several changes of ownership, until this spring during the freshet, the washout occurred in the dam, and the waterpower which had turned the wheels there so many years was destroyed.

There seems to be some discrepancy in statements by early settlers of this locality who should know, and some of the printed histories. The latter say that there is nothing on the records to show that there was ever such a village as Nicholsville laid out, but that a village containing 33 lots, called Volinia, was platted, covering the ground now called Nicholsville, and that the postoffice located there was called "Little Prairie Ronde."

County Surveyor, W. W. Reynolds, who in conjunction with surveyor Fred E. Smith of Penn, and surveyor Chas. J. Bradt of Marcellus, has been surveying the land bared by the recession of the water caused by the washout in the dam, says that he has seen the field notes of the survey of "Nicholsville," in the S. E. corner of Sec. 11, and the S. W. corner of Sec. 12, made by John C. Bradt, surveyor in 1851. The latest Atlas of Cass locates Nicholsville as above described, everybody calls it that, so we think it is Nicholsville, maugre the county history.

The first sawmill in Volinia township was built in the summer of 1835 by Alexander Copley, where Nicholsville now stands, and was started up on its first work December 20, the same year. It is supposed that the power was obtained by an overshot wheel. The iron work was obtained at Mishawaka, of the St. Joseph Iron Works, where was located the first furnace for the smelting or reduction of iron are west of the Alle-

ghanies. The ore from which the iron was smelted was what is known as "bog iron ore," and was obtained from a tract of low marsh land, some of which is now a part of the farm attached to the Notre Dame college, where there was a considerable deposit.

This ore and the St. Joseph Iron Works, which reduced it to metallic iron, and got it into shape so it could be used for the manufacture of plows and other tools of iron, was of very great help to the early settlers of this part of the country. To its occurrence may be attributed the location of the Bennett Axe Works, and the plow foundry, in which a young Scotchman, who was a moulder, called in those days "Jimmy" Oliver, discovered a method of suddenly chilling and consequently hardening molten iron when it was poured into the mould, and which resulted in his removal to South Bend where the manufacture of the "Oliver Chilled Plow," made the name famous the world over and the inventor many times a millionaire. Specimens of the ore may be seen in the rooms of the historical society, in the old court house at South Bend, and pieces of it are occasionally plowed up on the farms in the vicinity of that city. Some of the ore is also occasionally found in Cass county. It is usually porous and resembles a piece of rusty sponge, and has a very high content of metallic iron.

A grist mill was built on this dam in 1851 by Harry George, and he soon sold it to Jonathan Nichols and his brother, who were keeping a hotel there, and it is probable that from time to time the place became Nicholsville instead of Volinia, as it was platted, or Little Prairie Ronde, as the postoffice was called.

Nicholsville, as late as 1875, had a population of 100, two stores, blacksmith shop, cooper shop, wagon shop, shoe shop, veneer and basket factory, tannery, grist mill, sawmill, hotel, two physicians, a lawyer and a carpenter.

DECATUR WHEN IT WAS YOUNG

Written for the Republican by W. H. Tuttle and published in the issue of August 26, 1917.

From a few years before until a few years after the breaking out of the Civil War, Decatur was quite a thriving little village, and, apparently, there was much more business going on here then than at the present time.

Outside of the Michigan Central there was no other railroad within forty or fifty miles of us, and all the farmers who had anything to sell, especially things which had to be shipped away, had to draw them to some place on the line of this road.

At that time Decatur had the reputation of being a first class wheat and live stock market, and those commodities were drawn here from as far away as twenty-five and thirty miles. All the loads of wheat had to be drawn up the long bridge to the top of the freight house and unloaded, and as only one load could go up at a time it was rather slow work.

What is now our pleasant little park was during the fall fairly covered with teams waiting their turn to drive up and unload, and many times farmers would have to stay in town over night because they could not get a chance to unload the same day they came in.

There are very few people left who were here fifty-five years ago, or at the beginning of the Civil war in 1861, and as to business men of the town, not one of that time is still in business.

There are very few buildings left that were standing then. Of the stores on Main street I think that there is only one brick building occupied by the Racket Store and three wooden buildings that had been put up before that time, and if one were to try to give the names of the early merchants of that day, the present generation would scarcely recognize one of them.

There are some few residences still standing that were in existence then, but most of those have been altered and built onto so that if the original inhabitants could return they would hardly know their own homes.

I do not think that Decatur could possibly have had more than 600 or 700 inhabitants at that time, for the last census in 1910 found only 1400 people here, and surely the town must be at least twice as large as it was in the sixties.

There were hardly any buildings south of the railroad tracks, except the old tannery, and the ground was mostly covered with oak grubs.

In 1860 the children went to school in the Old Red School House, located on the back part of what is now Walt. Greenman's lot, and so far as I can remember, there was not another building north of there, no street in that direction, and heavy timber covered the ground where the water works and the present high school building are now located.

At the west end of town there was hardly anything west of Williams street. I was too young to remember much about it but I know that we didn't have to go but a very short distance in any direction to get out into the country.

Decatur's Boom

About 1866-67 Decatur had quite a boom and there was quite a lot of building done for this small town.

A good many families moved here from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and houses had to be built for them to live in. What it was that attracted outsiders here no one seemed to know for there was no swamp land then to furnish people work, but they came here for some reason.

Henry Rogers built three houses at the east end of Delaware street, but they were pretty well out in the country then.

For a few years Decatur grew at a great rate, but the boom didn't last long. New railroads were built all around us, new villages and shipping points were established along their lines, they took away a good share of the wheat and stock shipments from Decatur, and our village settled back into a state of quietude.

We have never had any factories here to furnish employment for large numbers of men, and until the swamp land began to be improved we seemed to be going backward. But now the swamp makes work for a great many men, women and children, and brings a large amount of money into the town, and while it will never grow to any great extent, it is probably as thriving and as well off as many towns that are much larger, and certainly it is a pleasant town to live in.

The Old Michigan Central Freight Bridge

James Cotton, 75, a lifelong resident of Decatur village and community, has been looking up the history of the old freight depot once owned and operated by the Michigan Central.

Jim was especially interested in the old bridge on which loads of wheat were drawn up to the top of the bins for unloading. The first bridge was built in the sixties. It was built from the ground near George street on a long grade to the high platform where the wheat was unloaded and the teams with the empty wagons went down another bridge extending on west.

Along in the eighties the western section was removed, and the platform enlarged so that teams could haul the loads of wheat to the platform where they were dumped in the bins and return the way they came up.

Decatur was then a great wheat town. Wheat was brought here for shipping or storing from as far as twenty miles away. Sometimes at the height of the season loads of wheat extending from the elevator to half way down Main street would be lined up waiting the farmers' turn to unload. A farmer might arrive in the village with his load soon after noon and it would be after nine o'clock at night before he could make the

bridge and unload.

Lewis Graham has a clear memory of those early years. John Graham, his father, owned a good farm a short distance beyond the the First Baptist church northwest of Decatur, and raised wheat. He also owned a team of good horses, Normans, which he bought of Edson Woodman. He said they weighed about a ton each.

There was some pleasant rivalry as to whose team could pull the biggest load of wheat up the bridge. Graham's team went up with a load of 100 bushels, but another team soon matched it. Then John piled on 110 bushels and the powerful Normans took it to the top without stopping. Lewis says that record was never beaten.

Ed. Plopper came in while Jim Cotton and the writer were working up the story, and he remembered something about those years when Decatur was the greatest wheat market in Southwestern Michigan. Vet Hess worked in the Michigan Central freight depot in the late seventies. He told Ed. that William Wilson once put a load of 100 bushels onto his wagon and sent it up the bridge with a team of mules.

A necessary accessory which most farmers carried when going up the bridge was a block of wood big enough to hold the load if the team gave out. Hess advised Wilson to take a block for his unusually big load, but Wilson said he did not need it, and drove on without it. About half way up the bridge the mules gave out and Wilson by his own might held a wheel to the plank floor without turning till the mules could take the load again.

William Wilson was known as the strongest man in this part of Michigan. He was a good farmer and his son Ed. was about his equal in strength. Ed. was also a good farmer and rated high as a citizen. He left the farm and went to Benton Harbor to follow the trucking business. He died over there 20 years or more ago but is still remembered by Decatur people of his generation, and all of them will tell you, "There was a good man."

Ed. Plopper remembered that Vet. Hess quit his job at the freight depot in about the year 1882. He went over to Lawrence and began work in the drying house, drying apples. He married Jennie Ridlon, and their son Willie Hess lost his life in the first World War. Guy Eastman, brother of Mrs. Doc Marks, was also killed in that war and the Hess-Eastman American Legion Post of Lawrence was named for these two heroes who gave their lives for their country.

One of the daughters of Vet. Hess is the wife of Glenn Easton. They have a cottage at Lake Cora and visit Decatur every summer.

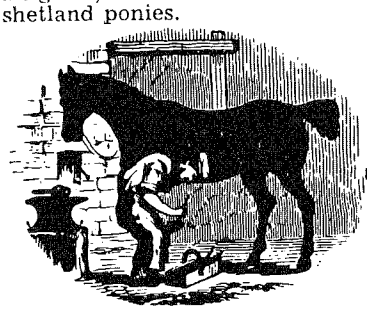
There is still another paragraph that belongs to this story. Some 20 years ago the New York Central gave up the elevator business, sold the freight depot to C. E. Wickett and Company moved its freight shipping business to the west half of the passenger depot.

We still have the New York Central and it is a valuable asset but the good old days of railroading as it was known in the time of our grandfathers are probably gone forever.

Clif. Hamilton said that when he was a boy he worked for Edson Woodman who had his wheat hauled to the Michigan Central elevator in Decatur. Clif. and young Eddie did the hauling. Clif. hauled as many as 99 bushel to a load and one time Eddie piled on 110 bushels and the team took it to the top of the bridge. He had the one team that could equal John Graham's load, and Graham bought his big Norman horses of Woodman.

Edson Woodman went to France for the sire of his stable of horses and they were powerful animals.

Mr. Woodman was the biggest breeder of fine work horses in this part of the country. He also raised Belgians, French draft horses and shetland ponies.



FARRIER.

Galley Bits . . . By ELLA NORE

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94 year old george bernard shaw is confined to a hospital bed all because of a broken leg . . his being in the hospital caused a furor a short time ago . . even though it is a british rule mr. shaw's ration book did not accompany him nor was it turned over to the institution . . explanation was given that he is a vegetarian—that he did not use tea, meat or other rationed foods . . nevertheless the hospital stood firm and the book was surrendered by his housekeeper—very much intact . . lady astor has befriended him since mrs. shaw's death in 1943 . . his room is filled with flowers and baskets of fruit . . some of which have been flown in from the united states . . .

g b

republican senator brewster from maine has suggested the following campaign slogan "confusion, corruption and communism" . . senator capehart, an indiana republican, charges marshall and truman are planning to relieve general mac arthur of his eastern command soon after the november election . . .

g b

even though niagara falls receives a lot of publicity and visitations, there are 67 waterfalls scattered in various parts of the world that are much higher . . .

g b

joe louis seems to be uncertain as to his future plans . . he may fight again and he may not . . word comes concerning louis and the fight . . it seems he lost because of illness rather than from old age . . he had been given penicillin as treatment for a cold and was not feeling well . . whatever his choice one columnist insists his name alone is worth a couple of million . . he has taken up his position as director of the international boxing club . . had been away on a brief leave of absence following the championship bout . . he will receive around $102,000 as his share of the gate receipts . . the check will be mailed to his attorney who in turn will straighten out the matter of his income tax, now past due and payable to the department of internal revenue . . even though louis lost the fight, a number of fans believed he would win . . mr. billingsley, proprietor of the famous stork club, bet $2,000 to $1,000 in favor of the brown bomber . . however this loss was overshadowed by a recent receipt of $22,000—a gross two-day profit gathered from the many celebrities and men of note who frequent the club . . .

g b

the fords—henry and clara—are now at rest in the ford cemetery on joyride . . "callie" as she was called by mr. ford was the woman behind the man that made them both world-known and wealthy . . it was she who gave mr. ford every encouragement . . it was she who worked by his side when others thought his ideas of little consequence . . it was she who believed that he would succeed . . the two met at a community dance but this first meeting was only a mere acquaintance, even though he lived on a neighboring farm . . a friendship didn't develop until a year later when they again met at the dance . . henry ford was five years older than clara bryant . . however after a courtship of two years they were married . . since they were both a son and daughter of the soil it

was only natural that they too become farmers . . mr. ford soon grew weary of this toil and they moved into the city . . here he worked on the first motor in the kitchen of their home . . later moved his "tinkerings" to an old brick building . . and she as before stood by and held her head high above the town talk . . mr. ford called her the "believer" . . thus over a period of time the ford automobile was produced . . mrs. ford was always consulted on important matters . . her influence over the company was far-reaching . . at the time when the lincoln motor company was about to fold up the leland's asked mr. ford to take over . . he refused because he was more concerned with making a low priced automobile than improving the expensive lincoln . . mrs. ford asked henry to reconsider the offer . . a short time later he made the purchase . . mr. and mrs. ford did not like publicity . . neither were they social climbers . . they enjoyed their family and a few close friends . . the fords entertained very little . . their partying usually took the form of a dance . . mrs. ford liked to dance and was very graceful . . she also liked music and played a pipe organ which she had in her home . . in order to avoid the long hand shakes after the dance, the butler announced the "goodnights" for the fords . . they retired from these gatherings at midnight . . mrs. ford liked flowers . . more than 10,000 varieties of roses cover a six acre tract of the estate . . she was a collector of rare china dolls . . they both gave to charity . . the ford foundation is an expression of their generosity . . they chose the quietness of living in preference to the maddening social whirl . . mr. and mrs. ford were devoted to one another . . mr. ford bequeathed to his wife (among other considerations) their home "fairlane" and its entire effects . . after his death life held little for mrs. ford

THE OLD GREENMAN INN

By Leland Sherburn

From D.H.S. Local History Stories

The old Greenman Inn was build on the Valley Road near Decatur in 1834, 121 years ago. It was one of the historical buildings of Southwestern Michigan, and although in 1953 it was entirely destroyed by fire, it is still an interesting subject for comment in the minds of our early settlers, and its location should be marked for the benefit of future generations.

It was a two story building, the first contained the kitchen and bedrooms, the dining and living rooms. On the second floor were the ball room and two more bedrooms.

The outside of the Inn was yellow with white trim around the windows. A balcony ran almost the entire length of the second floor, and below it a porch extended the same length. There were large stone steps leading up to the porch, and there were also two back porches.

The ballroom on the second floor was 35 feet long. It had a spring floor which caused the Inn to literally jump with joy when a merry crowd of young people assembled there for a dance. It was built with double joists so that the floor had "give." Everyone joined in the fun, even though some did not respond to the rhythm of the waltz and quadrille.

Sound boxes 14 inches square were installed in the ceiling, an early attempt to control acoustics.

The Lewis Sherburn family moved in to the Greenman Inn in 1909, and since 1917 had used the ball room as a storage room. Lewis Sherburn well remembered the dances his father held there in his early years.

Some people think that Jacob Charles built the Inn, selecting a place by a flowing spring for it. The spring still bubbles and my Grandpa Graham remembers that when he went from his home near Newton Woods to Paw Paw the horses would start stepping off when they got to within a mile or two of the spring. They knew that they would get a good drink of water out of the old wooden trough there. The Inn was best known when Boston Greenman operated a tavern.

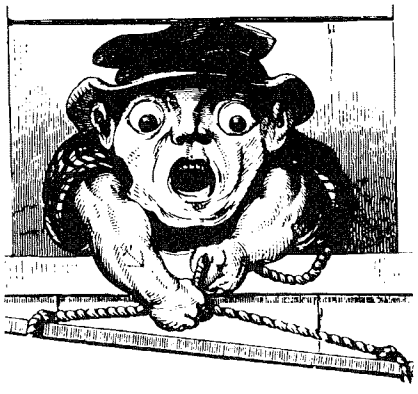
The old trail, which was the old stage coach road from Dowagiac to Paw Paw is still fairly discernable. A traveler down the Valley road could be carried away in imagination at the sight of the old Inn. On that spacious balcony while the dance was in the swing, stole the gay couples of pioneers for a breath of air or a gaze at the moon. Below on the veranda early settlers of the region paused for news and refreshments.

Those were the days when Ezra Stuyvesxant came home from the Civil War and earned his living playing the fiddle for dances. And it was said that he had a genuine Stradivarious violin . It was in the front yard of the Inn that Dan Gant dropped dead of a heart attack. There was much mystery surrounding his death, but no one in the neighborhood is left who can tell the story of it.

Charles Wickett, who is past 82 years of age, remembers the Inn from the time he was a little boy.

The Sherburns had been planning for some time to tear the old Inn down and build in its place a new home. They had decided that an old spring dance floor is no match for a modern kitchen. But before they could tear it down the Inn caught fire and burned to the ground. This was in the fall of 1953. No one knows how the fire started, but the accepted theory is that a little bird carried a lighted cigarette to its nest and started the blaze.

A fine new modern house will occupy the same spot on which the famous Greenman Inn stood for over a century, and the old building will henceforth exist only in the memories of our oldest citizens.



THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

Robert Ingersol said in one of his eloquent orations, "The past rises before me like a dream." And so it does to the most of us who have arrived at an age where the past reaches off into the distant shadows.

In the fall of 1885 we entered the high school and sat among the seniors who to us were exalted above all other young people. There were five of them and they fully maintained their high place in our estimation throughout the year. They were Nellie Arnold, Maude Nesbitt, Minnie Warner, Ward Copley and Nellie Murphy. The first two are still among the living, and the last named passed to the Great Beyond but a few short weeks ago.

It is in tribute to Nellie Murphy that these few lines are written. She was Nellie Murphy in school,and so she remained to the end of her mortal life. It is a name on which no one could improve. It stood for many things,—and among them were integrity, honesty and frankness. From a young girl she had a way of looking one squarely in the eyes, and inspiring a confidence which made her a lasting friend. This quality never left her. She was always the fine character that was developed in her in girlhood.

But the one thing which made her outstanding among a group of young people was her rare good humor,—her fine Irish wit which did not leave a sting. In high school entertainments or the commencements of earlier years we looked for something extra when Nellie Murphy was on the program. What fun there was in her small crowd when she was young and gay.

She went through life in the bright friendly way in which she begun it, and in later years, whatever the affliction she was called upon to endure, she never lacked for friends to give her help and encouragement. So long as the generations who knew her survive the name of Nellie Murphy will be remembered as one who left a smile and pleasant thoughts wherever she went.

Nellie Murphy was a native of East Decatur where she was born in 1868. She graduated from the Decatur school in 1886 and taught in the village and country schools. She was a faithful member of the Catholic church, and in those earlier years was a member of the Every Tuesday club. She went from Decatur to Kalamazoo where the greater part of her life had been spent. About five years ago she lost her sight, broke up her home and went to Borgess hospital. She suffered a stroke of paralysis last March and her health gradually failed until her death September 15.

Miss Murphy was the last of seven children of Dennis and Catherine Murphy, all well remembered by the older residents of Decatur. They were Mary, Maggie Ray, Lizzie Dillon, Katherine, Thomas and Matthew. She left four nephews and two nieces.

Received a pleasant letter from Mrs. Dana Smith of Paw Paw last week. When Dana died a few years ago she took over his real estate business and has been very successful with it. She sold over $100,000 worth of property last year and in the week before she wrote her sales amounted to $20,000. Her business cards contain this verse:

MICHIGAN

I love Michigan's lakes and streams,
Best state to me it seems.
Two-thirds the autos are made right here,
We have fruits and grains, and wines to cheer.
Have copper, iron, oil and wheat
Shut in from the world we still could eat.
Come be our guest and fish again
When it's "Blossom Tome" in Michigan.

The Republican filed its annual report with the Post Office Department last week, the first Thursday in October. On that day and for the past six months its average circulation has been 1,650. Interest in the Republican is holding strong and we hope to show an increase of at least 100 by this time next year.

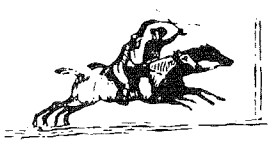
It is said that if the home town newspaper can keep its circulation equal to the town's population it is doing extra well. The population of Decatur is 1,599.

A good reading paper is also a good paper for the advertiser and we endeavor to make each issue of the Republican a good reading paper.

Readers can do the Republican a favor by buying from the Republican advertisements and mentioning the fact to the dealer.

The new Main street pavement came in for its share of praise during the Celery Festival. The contractor, John Yerington, did a good job and Decatur people are proud to show it off to their visitors.

Another thing that is noticeable is the cleanliness of the pavement. The street men are keeping the pavement clean. It looked as clean and pretty as a parlor floor every morning. Tilmar Nash and Cal. Chenoweth are responsible for this effort.



CONTRIBUTED

After reading our editor's request for Republican readers to send in items to complete the file of records of the startling tragedy of September, 1879 on Little Prairie Ronde (The Morris Murder), it has occurred to me to contribute two or three incidents that might lend interest to the story.

At the time of the dreadful occurrence, over 57 years ago, the writer was in Troy, New York and recalls that the episode was printed in the Troy Times of the Monday evening following the occurrence on Sunday evening in Van Buren County, Michigan — indicating the wide publicity given to this event in that early day of our country's history.

A pathetic side connected with the tragedy was the finding of Mr. Moris' little white dog — his loved and faithful companion — the morning after the murder, nestled close to the body of his master on the porch. The dog's hair was stained with the blood that had flowed from the wounds made by the gun shots.

It was Mr. Morris' habit to leave the dog in the barn nights, but when the assassin opened the barn door to steal a horse with which to flee, the dog dashed out in search of his master.

A further incident which adds interest to the story relates that the man whom public sentiment aided by circumstantial evidence, at the time associated with the murder as the possible murderer, was at one time the teacher of the East Decatur school. At the beginning of the term he entered the school house with his arms full of law books and during the term, devoted more time to the latter than he did to the unfortunate children whom he punished so cruelly at the slightest offense. Because of this the children were, one after another, removed from the school by their parents, until there were only four or five remaining. About that time the School Board called upon him and demanded his resignation. He laughed in their faces and told them to read his contract, reminding them that he, himself, had drawn the contract and they had signed it, and he defied them to undertake to force him to resign from the school. He assured them that they would find that they had made a mistake.

He then proceeded to order his four or five remaining pupils to busy themselves with bringing in wood and piling it up around the stove in the school house. He used the wood to heat the room while he studied law for the remainder of the winter.

Another circumstance which might be interesting to add to this article is a story given the writer by Mr. Elias Morris, an uncle of the murdered man, some years after the murder occurred. A young man called at his home one day to inquire if this were Mr. Morris. He stated that he came to ask for the story of that occurrence in detail; that he was ashamed and sorry to say that he was the son of the man supposed to be guilty and declared that his father was the wickedest man he ever knew. He said that his father had contrived to have himself appointed administrator of his father-in-law's estate (the maternal grandfather of the young man). This man was very wealthy. In the end he appropriated the estate's money for his own use, deserted his family, and was never again heard of by them until the murder occurred. (Mr. Morris was glad to state that the young man had told him his father was dead at the time of his call upon Mr. Morris.) The young man had, by the way, just been graduated from the University of Michigan, and stopped off upon returning from college to his home in the West, for the purpose of obtaining the correct version of the Morris Murder.

Another incident, which may be of interest, was related to the writer by Mr. Elias Morris. It was reported that shortly after the murder, a letter was received by the Sheriff of Van Buren County, from the landlord of a hotel in

Washington or some far western state. It contained the information that a man answering to the description given in the newspapers of the supposed murderer was there sick in the hotel. Acting at once upon this suggestion, the Sheriff left immediately for that point. He discovered upon his arrival that he had seen this same man about Van Buren County in the days before the murder. So he took a room in the hotel to wait for the man to recover sufficiently in order that he might return him to Van Buren County; however, instead of recovering, the man evidently recognized him, apparently grew worse instead of better. So, after waiting a few days and finding the man still too ill to travel, learned, to his consternation, that his prisoner had eluded him in the night and made good his escape from the hotel.

By Helen Hatheway

Nellie Truesdell's Column

916 Hays Park, Kalamazoo, Mich.

March 23, 1950.

"He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

"To a Waterfowl," by Bryant. And this by John Wirt Dunning:

"An old prophet says, 'The hearing ear, the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them. He made them to help us to see the true, the good, and the beautiful, and to hear sweet sounds of harmony.' It is failure to see and hear the glory of God in nature and in human nature. That is the cause of our wobbly condition today. A waterfowl on the crimson sky is only game to a hunter. To a poet it is a divine creature, guided from zone to zone by a Hand that "will guide my steps aright,' if only I have the upward look."

I received a nice friendly letter from William King who is in the Odd Fellow Home. He visited with my friend Margaret Fairchild, and inquired about my friend from Detroit. I was sorry to learn she is not able to leave her room.

I enjoy the Nature Notes by Ella Stegeman, and I want her to know I save them all and send them to different young folks who are in school. And I was glad to see the poems by J. H. A. and Mrs. Stanley Haas.

How well I remember the old wood box. Of course I had brothers to do that chore, but many a pan of chips have I picked up.

J. H. A. has a "seeing eye" when she goes out in search of Spring. I think she is a friend of the fairies.

I also like Leora Smith's song, "The Winding Paw Paw River" was near my mother's early home as the Black river was near mine.

"How will you find good? It is not a thing of voice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne and flows by the path of obedience."—George Eliot.

Nellie Truesdell.

Looking Backward

From the Decatur Republican of August 16, 1917.

PRSBYTERIAN CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE

So many readers express themselves as interested in this column that we shall try to run it each week. The destruction of the First Presbyterian church occurred 33 years ago, but it is still a well remembered tragedy of Decatur.

The church membership rose above their loss and a few years later built the stately edifice which stands on the same location. Plans for improving it are now in progress and it is now as it has always been a great benefit to this community. The Republican's account of the fire follows:

August 16, 1917.

The beautiful Presbyterian church is in ashes.

It was built in 1868 and was one of the most imposing structures in the village. Last Friday evening it was destroyed by fire.

Jakie Schneider is but five years old but in his short rise from the cradle he has made his name a household word in the community.

Jakie and Alice Barns were playing in the hay in the Galbreath barn Friday afternoon. Jakie had a box of matches with him and lit one. It blazed up and began to burn his fingers and he dropped it. Then he and Alice had to hurry to get out, which they did. This seems to be the most likely story, although Jakie tells that Alice dropped a lighted match down the hay chute. The little folks did not report the situation and the barn was a mass of flame before the fire was discovered.

The alarm was quickly sounded but the building and contents were destroyed and the firemen had to do active work to save the nearby buildings.

The barn belonged to the home of Mrs. I. B. Galbreath, the property fronting on East St. Mary's street. It was built by the late Mr. Galbreath about five years ago, and was a substantial building. It was filled with hay and grain and some pieces of furniture and a flock of chickens. The Schneider cow was just being led from pasture and was saved in spite of her efforts to enter the burning building.

Mrs. Galbreath is with her daughter Mrs. Dana Sherrod, in Bloomington, Illinois, and Isaac Schneider and family have resided in her home here the past year.

The burning embers of the fire had died down and the firemen and spectators had left the scene. At 9:30 in the evening, M. P. Cady went out and inspected his barn which was close to the fire, but found no indications of further trouble.

Soon after ten o'clock young men going home from the show discovered the Presbyterian sheds adjoining the Cady barn to be in flames. The alarm was sounded and the firemen promptly responded but the sheds and barn were past saving. The fire carried to the church building and it was so hot the firemen could not stop it. The big building was doomed and the flames spread so quickly that not all of the furniture was saved.

The homes of Mesdames Burlingham and Rogers on the west and Mr. Cady on the east were in great danger and the furniture of both houses was removed. Fortunately there was no breeze stirring and both places escaped without much damage.

The church was insured for $4,000 on the building and contents in companies represented by Mrs. Haynes and J. F. Brigham. $1,000 of the insurance on the church covered the pipe organ which was installed a few years ago at an expense of nearly twice that amount.

The loss falls heavily on the Presbyterian church society. The members have kept their handsome edifice in perfect repair and within the past ten years they have spent thousands of dollars in improvements upon it. They feel keenly the loss, but are not a society that will falter or lose courage. Already they are considering the problem of rebuliding, and although it is not likely that definite action will be taken this year, it is practically certain that within the near future a handsome modern church will take the place of the building which served its purpose well for nearly a half century.

For the time being the Presbyterian services will be held in the town hall.

When it became evident that the church would go, it seemed to many impossible that the adjoining houses could be saved. Calls for help were phoned to Paw Paw and Dowagiac and both companies promptly responded. The Dowagiac company drove their fire truck here in forty minutes. Before either company arrived, the home boys had the fire under control. Members of the Home Guard remained on watch duty all night.

History of The First Presbyterian Church

By Danny (D. W.) Brodhead

The First Presbyterian Church was built and dedicated in 1868, Nearpass and Bray were the builders. Its ground area about 45 x 75 feet.

For many years, thirty or more, it was surmounted by a tall, tin-covered spire. Once, so the story goes, a little boy asked his mother if that was God's toothpick.

Some years ago the spire was supplanted by the present belfry.

An immense gathering of people attended the ceremony of laying the corner stone when the building was completed and they

were very impressive. Rev. Toof was the pastor.

Deposited in the corner stone were several papers, two or three coins and a new testament.

Two years ago when the basement was excavated the corner stone was removed, the enclosures were examined and then replaced under another stone and were inclosed in a tin can. The coins were black and coated. The papers stained, yellowed and too rotten to be unfolded. The only word made out in them was the signature "Blackman," who was the editor of the Republican.

As I remember there were three papers, a history of the village, a history of the church. The third might have been the contributors to the building fund.

I remember Robt. Nesbitt contributed $100.00. I remember that distinctly as I heard the conversation between Hon. E. P.Hill and Mr. Nesbitt. When asked by Mr. Hill for some aid Mr. Nesbitt asked why he should contribute to the church. "You know it don't represent my religious ideas, I never attend your services, and no doubt I would not be very welcome if I did." Mr. Hill assured him he would be welcomed, and he should help for the general good of the community.

"Mr. Hill, how much do you think I ought to give?"

Mr. Hill replied, "$100.00."

After a moment's reflection Mr. Nesbitt said, "All right, Mr. Hill, make it $100.00."

The church was built larger than was necessary at the time as it was not only the hope and ambition but the expectation that Decatur would soon be the largest town between Niles and Kalamazoo. Some of the leading men were optimistic that Decatur would outstrip even those towns.

Decatur was the best and largest wheat market on the line and was the market for an immense amount of timber products, wool, fruit and livestock. They could not foresee that in a few years we would be sandwiched between two lines of railroad and our trading area more than cut in two.

Many minor changes, refinements and improvements have taken place on the church during its nearly half century of usefulness. The windows were changed, some years ago a grand pipe organ was installed and just recently the basement was excavated and a banquet hall put in with all accessories, as kitchen, dishes, silverware, tables, seats, etc. An ideal heating plant was installed consisting of two large furnaces, their equipment costing over $600. The entire insurance carried on building and contents was $4,000.

And thus another landmark of pioneer days, along with the sturdy pioneers, devoted men and women, who made the church a reality, has gone into history. All that remains is a memory, precious to most of us in association and retrospect. Its history and activities are closely entwined with the thoughts and lives of many of us and it will be good to think that though the church has gone its influence still lives to all eternity. D. W. B.

DAD'S RUNABOUT

When I was young, midway my teens,
Dad owned a horse and runabout,
And when the summer nights were fair,
I'd put the other boys to rout
By driving up to Lucy's gate,
Behind pa's speedy little mare;
And then with Lucy by my side
We'd speed away we cared not where.

At times some other boy would hire
A liv'ry rig quite spick-and-span,
And coax my girl away from me
And then I'd be "an also ran";
But liv'ry rigs then cost a lot,
Not less than fifty cents per hour,
So competition soon would lag
And then I'd cease to sulk and cower.

Quite oft I'd drive through Lovers' Lane
With charming Lucy by my side,
And there beneath the twinkling stars
I'd picture Lucy as my bride;
But still I didn't dare to speak
For I was much too young and shy,
Though none the less I thought a lot
And felt I'd win her by and by.

But by and by dad made a sale
That left me dangling high and dry,
For I had taught the maid to shun
The boys who walked as we rode by;
But since she's grown quite gray and fat
I thank my stars dad sold the rig,
While she, no doubt, is also glad
Now that I'm bald and need a wig.

Alonzo Newton Benn.

5000 East End Avenue,
Chicago 15, Illinois.

Feminine compliment: "My dear, what a perfectly stunning dress—didn't they have your size?"

Minister, Once Circus Clown, Tells How He Dined With Lincoln

(This clipping from the Detroit News, yellow with age, was send to the Republican some time ago with this note on the margin:

"Mr. Moulton, I know you like to read about Lincoln so am sending this to you." The note is not signed but we believe the clipping was sent by Nellie Truesdell. If this is not correct shall look to the one to set us right. It is indeed an interesting story.)

CLARE, MICH.—The life of the Rev. W. M. Younglove, former pastor of the Clare Methodist Church, is packed with adventure. While a boy he ran away from home to join a circus, and toured Michigan and Ohio as a clog dancer. During the Civil War he was captured by the Confederates. But the greatest adventure of all, and the memory he prizes most, was when Abraham Lincoln invited him to dine at the White House.

Not only did Younglove eat his dinner with the President, but he sat in Lincoln's chair, and wrote with the pen that had signed official documents the same day. Then, before he left, he demonstrated a few dance steps at the President's request. The incident occurred in 1864.

Speaking before a class in a Clare School, the Rev. Mr. Younglove revealed his colorful and interesting experiences. He was born in 1846 in a cabin in Lenawee county. At 10 years of age he ran away from home one night to attend a circus in a village a mile away. The circus had packed to move to the next town, but one of the men stowed him in a wagon when he asked if he could go along.

It was a small, one-ring show that led a none too prosperous existence in those days of hardships and penny pinching. The men slept in the wagons, and cooked their own meals. Younglove quickly learned dancing and was elevated to the station of performer. At 13, he joined another circus, but, when the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in Company G, 27th Michigan Infantry, and was mustered in at Hillsdale College.

While on a foraging expedition, his party was surprised and taken prisoners by the Confederates. As they were being marched to camp under a cavalry guard, Younglove and another soldier slipped out of the column and took refuge in a woods. They found shelter in a Negro's cabin, hiding under the floor for three days. Several times they narrowly missed recapture, for the Con-

federates suspected their whereabouts. At the end of the three-day period, however, the Negro guided them safely into the Union lines.

During the Battle of the Wilderness, June 18, 1864, the flagstaff Younglove carried was shot out of his hands. Though he escaped the bullets of the enemy, he suffered sunstroke a short time later and was sent to an army hospital. When he recovered, he was assigned to special guard duty at Washington, D. C., and then to the mail service.

It was during this period of dispatch-carrying that Younglove had his experience with President Lincoln. One day he was ordered to deliver a packet to the President in person, and wait for a reply. When he was shown into Lincoln's presence, he found the President in conference with a major-general and a civilian whose name he did not learn.

Lincoln asked the young corporal to be seated, and walked toward the door with his visitors. Younglove, who had lost his timidity during circus and Army life, accepted the invitation in an unusual manner. Wondering how it would seem to be in the President's chair, he walked to the opposite side of the room and seated himself at Lincoln's desk.

Taking a diary from his pocket, he picked up a goose quill to write of the unusual experience. Then, as he told his audience in the school room, he heard a rustle behind him. "A long, lean hand reached over my shoulder, selected a pen and handed it to me, and I heard a kindly voice say, 'This is a better pen, my lad'." The voice was that of Lincoln.

It was an embarrassing moment for the young soldier, but Lincoln quickly made him feel at ease. When the President finished reading the packet, he questioned Younglove on his early life and asked him to stay for dinner. During the meal, he had the soldier relate his circus and war time experiences to Mrs. Lincoln.

"We returned to the office after the meal was finished," the pastor told his audience. "At the request of the President, I gave an exhibition of double clog dancing I had learned in the circus. Before I left, he took a well-worn Bible from his pocket, and offered a prayer for the Nation's cause."

Younglove was ordained by Bishop Ninde in 1884, and served actively in the ministry until forced to retire by ill health. Today he is planning to write a book on his life.

DEMOCRACY

Democracy was hard fought for
By forebears brave and true,
And whether it will long survive
Is up to me and you;
For traitors now within our gates
With it will soon make way,
And Communize us, one and all,
Unless we save the day.
For self-determination fight
And keep our country free,
For there are those who would destroy
Our life of liberty;
And regiment us evermore,
And force us to obey
The orders of an autocrat
Who seeks to gain full sway.
'Twould be like whistling down the wind
When waves are dashing high,
For us to sit and idly wish
The storm would soon pass by;
Or steer our ship to meet a great
On-rushing waterspout,
Instead of batt'ning down each hatch
To keep the water out.
Our Ship of State must be well-manned
By staunch men tried and true,
Who have had much experience,
And know just what to do
To hold the ship on its true course
And safety e'er maintain;
And never sail uncharted seas
Dictatorship to gain.

—Alonzo Newton Benn.
5000 East End Avenue,
Chicago 15.

Mrs. F. D. McAdams spent last week with her daughters in Kalamazoo and Richland.

Decatur's Descendants Donate Letters

Letters and memorabilia relating to Commodore Stephen Decatur and American history were presented to the National Trust's Decatur House by two family descendants in September.

Letters from John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and others came from Storer Decatur of Kittery Point, Me., a descendant of Commodore Decatur's brother. Other items given by Mr. Decatur are a ceremonial sword and a one-pound gold medal presented to the commodore by the state of Virginia. There are also several signed letters from Commodore Decatur in the collection.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Machold of Wayne, Pa. (she is a collateral descendant of the commodore), have donated to the National Trust a white saucer with scenes on it that had been in a set belonging to the Decatur family and a small black tin instrument box marked, "Stephen Decatur, Junior Midshipman, April 26th, 1798." They also gave two letters that were written to Decatur—one from the Pasha Bay of Tunis dated July 25, 1815, and the other from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tripoli, dated August 7, 1815.

Adams on Peace

The letter from John Quincy Adams is dated September 21, 1815, 10 years before he became President. Writing from London, he congratulated Commodore Decatur on the negotiation of a treaty with the Dey of Algiers on the Barbary Coast forbidding the payment of pirates' tributes. Adams wrote, "I pray you to accept my congratulations upon the peace, which we have only to wish may prove as permanent as it is glorious. It is to be hoped that the lesson which you so promptly and so opportunely gave to that Power, will make a durable impression upon its future policy, and I most ardently pray that the example which you have

given of rescuing our Country from the disgrace of a Tributary Treaty, may become our irrevocable Law for all future time."

A request from John Henry Sherburne to Thomas Jefferson for information for a book, received the following reply from the 82-year-old Jefferson at Monticello on February 14, 1825. "During my residence in Paris I was much acquainted with Commodore Paul Jones, whose life you propose to write, and had much to do with him. Yet my memory is so decayed that from that source I can furnish you nothing worth a place in his history." But Jefferson did help by sending Sherburne "all the papers relating to him in my possession." In conclusion, Jefferson wrote, "I shall be glad if what I furnish may add anything material to the establishment of that fame which he *truly merited*."

Jefferson also recalled his acquaintance with the letter-writer's father, whom he had named to a now-unknown position. Jefferson wrote, "The best service I could render the public was to commit their affairs to honest men, and in his appointment I was satisfied I rendered them that service."

Virginia Presents Sword

Commodore Decatur received the sword and gold medal from Virginia after he had won an important naval victory in the War of 1812. The inscription on the sword reads, "In testimony of the splendid talents and valor displayed by Commodore Stephen Decatur, commander of the U.S. frigate United States in the capture of the English frigate Macedonian, 25th October 1812, the State of Virginia bestows this sword."

In a letter in the collection to his brother, Capt. John Decatur, on December 4, 1812, the commodore described his victory over the Macedonian. "I had only five killed and seven wounded, the Macedonian had 104 killed and wounded." Describing the British vessel as his "prize," he called her "a noble ship mounting 49 guns."

Among Our Pioneers

Joyce Ann Dodge.

(Because it would be impossible to mention all of the pioneers of Decatur I am telling the stories of a scattered few. It is to be understood that there were other great men and women in the history of this township but it is not possible to tell the stories of all of them. I am indebted to many local historians for much of my material.)

Our First White Settlers

The dawn of a new year saw the face of white man for the first time in what is now the township of Decatur. In the spring of 1829 Dolphin Morris and his wife Nancy started a home in the wilderness; a wilderness which was later to grow into a village; the village of Decatur.

Dolphin and Nancy Morris started in the autumn of 1828 traveling in a lumber wagon from Virginia to build a home out of the wild and beautiful wilderness of Michigan.

They built a house of logs, chinking them with basswood and daubing them with clay to help keep the cabin warm.

Dolphin laid a floor of split basswood puncheons and built a roof of oak shakes. Nancy did her cooking over an open fireplace. The first church and school in Decatur were held in this cabin.

Another Morris Family

(I shall now relate to you the story of another Morris family. This article was written by Mr. J. A. Shaw, for whom the Shaw school was named.)

Clark and Peter Morris with their mother and two sisters came into the township of Volinia in the early thirties. They lived in a log house which the boys built on the south side of the James Fulton farm. They were not related to the other Morris family.

Clark was a blacksmith. He built a shop in Charleston and became the best blacksmith in the township.

He forged practically all of the nails used by the pioneers in building their homes. He sold his Charleston shop to Dean Lawrence and set up a shop in Decatur soon after the railroad went through.

Peter Morris, Clark's brother, was a cabinet maker, carpenter, millwright, and jack of all trades. He made many pieces of furniture for the homes of the pioneers.

He was among the first helpers in both Volinia and Nicholsville mills. One time when he was tending grist mill in Volinia, Harvey Warner took some buckwheat to the mill. There were certain days when they ground buckwheat and Mr. Warner did not go on the right one. Peter said he was not grinding buckwheat and Mr. Warner replied, "I am awfully sorry because I want some buckwheat of the very worst kind." Peter then said maybe he could accommodate him and take it out of his grist, so he filled a sack and put it in his wagon. When Mrs. Warner went to set the pancakes that evening she opened a sack full of buckwheat, bran and flour scrappings and immediately there was trouble. The next day Mr. Warner took the stuff back to Peter and demanded to know why he sold it to him for buckwheat. Peter replied that he wanted buckwheat of the very worst kind and he sold him the very worst he ever saw.

Peter never married. He was a member of the Masonic lodge and his last few years were spent in the Masonic home at Grand Rapids. He died at the age of ninety-one.

One of the daughters became the wife of James Fulton and the other married a man by the name of Murphy. He died and later she married Jason Strong. The mother lived in the James Fulton home until her death in the early seventies at the age of 88.

Dolphin Morris

(The following article was also written by Mr. J. A. Shaw.)

Samuel Morris was the first settler in the township of Volinia. He came from Ohio and located on the east end of Little Prairie Ronde.

With him were his family, consisting of his wife, Rebeccah, three sons, Dolphin, Samuel, and John, and three daughters, Jane, Elizabeth and Nancy. All of this family except John remained on the Prairie the balance of their lives and their graves are in the Anderson cemetery. John Morris sold his arm to Levi Lawrence in 1861 and moved to Kansas.

Samuel Morris and his family made the trip from the old Ohio home with ox teams bringing with them all of their earthly possessions. Samuel, Jr., and his young wife made the trip on horseback.

Mr. Morris was particularly proud of a fine frame barn which he built in the thirties and which at that time was one of the best barns in southwestern Michigan. The next year after this barn was completed the prairie was visited by the worst cyclone in its history. The entire roof of the barn was lifted into the air, carried three-quarters of a mile and dropped into Swift Lake.

This part of the Prairie has always been subject to extra heavy wind storms and nobody has ever given a practical reason for it. (Mr. Shaw built for Dr. N. D. Thomas a square silo.) The year after it was built a cyclone came along, blew it from the foundation and turned it bottom-side up. During his residence near this section of the Prairie, Dr. Thomas lost two entire wheat crops and most of his other grain by wind storms and his windmill was blown down

upon his house.

Dolphin was the oldest son of Samuel, Sr. He located on the north side of Little Prairie Ronde in what is now Decatur township, Van Buren county.

Dolphin was the most ambitious of the Morris sons. He was a tireless worker and a good planner and accumulated a substantial fortune. He was a devout member of the Methodist church and helped to organize the society which held meetings in Charleston. Several attempts were made in these early days to build a church but the society never became strong enough to accomplish the work, although two members at one time pledged one hundred dollars each for a building.

The Dolphin Morris farm was a mile long and a half mile wide, three hundred acres of the finest land on the prairie, wheat, corn, and oats were his principal crops, as they were the principal crops of all the farmers of the Prairie. During the time of the Civil War these farmers could raise from twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat to the acre and market in Decatur to L. T. Rawson, Grove Tarbell or A. N. Chamberlin for from $3.00 to $3.25 per bushel.

Dolphin always prided himself on his water melon patch. Every year he had a big one and raised the biggest, nicest melons of any of his neighbors. The boys of the neighborhood knew this and they were generally as well posted as the owner as to the location in the patch of the best ones. On one particular Sunday night in the sixties three youths on mischief bent staggered out of the patch with three fine specimens and headed toward one of their homes for a melon feast. They had no sooner reached the road than three other boys came along and chased them. One boy hid in the cornfield, the other two dropped their melons and broke them while climbing a fence. The second trio had a grievance against Dolphin and went into the patch and smashed every melon there. Mr. Morris offered a reward of fifty dollars to find out who did the job but nobody told.

Dolphin Morris married Nancy (Beaver) Charles before coming from Ohio and they were parents of eleven children. In this family occurred the greatest tragedy that is recorded in the history of the prairie, the murder of Henry Morris and his wife at the old homestead on Sunday evening, September 28, 1879."

John A. Shaw

Perhaps after publishing articles written by Mr. Shaw I should give you his story. It follows as it appeared in a newspaper article:

JOHN A. SHAW

One of Michigan's Oldest Pioneers

"Mr. Shaw was born in Salt Creek township, Fairfield county, Ohio, July, 1823, in the same year in which President Monroe delivered the famous Monroe Doctrone. In Novembr of his ninth year he came to Michigan with his parents, the children, nine in all, a team and two cows.

They first settled on the Jacob Charles farm in Little Prairie Ronde. Here the father, Samuel Shaw, built a log house in the woods. Clapboards were laid for the roof; no nails were used. Michigan was then a territory and the Black Hawk war was causing considerable excitement.

John Shaw helped to drive to Michigan not only his father's cows but also the cows and sheep of another family.

At the age of eleven he attended a log school for six weeks. It was supported by subscription. The Bible, used as a reading book, and Webster's spelling book were the only textbooks used. Later he attended a winter school in a log cabin near the site of the Anderson graveyard. At a subsequent period he attended Nicholsville school, paying his own tuition. Again at Huycktown he attended school and studied grammar, arithmetic and philosophy. In 1848 he moved to Barry county and there married Miss Rhoda Ann Hollister.

Ten children were born to them. In 1853 Mr. Shaw bought eighty acres in Decatur township. The deed for this farm was written on sheepskin and signed by Martin Van Buren, president of the U. S.

Mr. Shaw was director of the school in his district for many years. In those times the district library was kept at the director's home, and he read by the light of the tallow candle and the blazing fire most of the books in the library. He was also school inspector and Justice of the Peace and many cases were tried before him and many marriages performed by him.

He was an honest, industrious, and well-read citizen, and respected by those who knew him.

During his citizenship in Kalamazoo county he enjoyed reading a great deal and kept well informed of the progressive movements of the day.

While attending a meeting of the Kalamazoo County Farmers' Institute he developed a cough caused by snuff and red pepper, which was thrown on the stove by some boys. The results of that evening's cough stayed by him until his final sickness."

By Joyce Ann Dodge, Winner of Local History Contest Sponsored by Norman E. Webster of New York City.

SECOND INSTALLMENT
EARLY PIONEERS OF
VAN BUREN COUNTY

By David Woodman

Their early residences were rough and humble, but they answered the purpose. If they had to climb a ladder to reach the loft in their simple dwellings, it was all the same as though they had had winding stairs. If they slept on wild cat bedsteads their sleep was just as sweet as though they reposed on black walnut. If they warmed their cabins by means of huge fireplaces and cooked their frugal meals over a blazing fire, or in a Dutch or tin baker, the food tasted just as good as if it were cooked on a sixty dollar range. If their children were rocked in a home made cradle or toted about in a vehicle costing a couple of hours work, they were fully up to the average of those of the present day in intelligence and vigor. If the kitchen had to answer the purpose of sitting room, parlor and often sleeping room, it was satisfactory, and a necessity.

Our musical instruments were of God's own invention. Our wives and children, and their music was the sweetest and most cheering the early settlers or the late settlers ever listened to. Our wives were their own cooks, chamber maids, dress makers, and milliners and were able to make up all light family clothing. Though they never did bang their hair or a piano, they did bang a broom, mop, and other household utensils around in a lively manner.

Such was the mode of living of our early pioneer fathers.

Van Buren County Attracted Pioneers

Van Buren county in its primitive state was a most inviting place for the sturdy, ambitious, pioneers to settle in. It possessed every variety of soil and all kinds of timber found in any northern state. It had land timbered with beech, maple, walnut, cherry, butternut, white wood and various other kinds. It had the timbered openings, white and burr oak plains without timber, called barrens.

It had its beautiful lakes, its streams of pure water, swimming with fish and its forest and plains with deer and other game. In the spring time it was the most charming. The plains were one vast flower bed and teams could be driven rapidly in any direction for miles.

Let not the reader imagine all was solitude when early settlers came to the country. Oh, no! There was music in the air and it might be the whoop of the Indian, the sharp report of his rifle, his deer or turkey call, the bleat of the deer, the croak of the crane, the squawk of the wild goose or duck, the hoot of the owl, or the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will.

Some of us have heard the howl of the wolf, and let me say it was not very pleasant music to the ear, especially when one was alone in the forest. Some music was likely to accelerate the movements of the hearer as I know from personal experience.

Nicholsville Once Called Volinia

Note—Mr. J. A. Shaw wrote these articles giving the history of Volinia and Nicholsville.

One of the very first water powers built in Cass county was on a stream in Volinia township, connecting Finch and Bunker lakes. The dam was built by A. B. Copley, and to utilize the power developed. A saw mill and grist mill were built, and with them as a nucleus quite a flourishing little village grew up, with postoffice and stores.

The mills were a great boon to the early settlers and people came from a great distance bringing grain to be ground and logs to be made into timber.

As the country settled up and other water powers were developed, and especially after railroads were built, the importance of Nicholsville diminished but the mills were kept running for many years, until one spring a washout occurred in the dam and the water power, which had turned the wheels for so many years was destroyed.

Nicholsville

There seems to have been some argument between early settlers and printed histories on the existence of Nicholsville. The histories say that a village called Volinia was platted into 33 lots and its postoffice was named "Little Prairie Ronde.

The first saw mill in Volinia township was built in the summer of 1835 by A. B. Copley, where Nicholsville now stands, and was started up on its first work December 20 the same year. It is supposed that the power was obtained from a tract of low marsh land, some of which is now a part of the farm attached to the Notre Dame college, where there was a considerable deposit of iron ore.

The St. Joseph Iron Works, which reduced it to metallic iron, and got it into shape so it could be used for the manufacture of plows and other tools of iron, was of great help to the early settlers of this part of the country. To its occurrence may be attributed the location of the Bennett Axe Works and the plow foundry in which a young Scotchman, who was a moulder, called in those days "Jenimy Oliver," discovered a method of suddenly drilling and consequently hardening the molten iron when it was poured into the mould. This resulted in his removal to South Bend where the manufacture of the "Oliver Chilled Plow" made the name famous the world over and the inventor many times a millionaire.

Specimens of the ore may be seen in the rooms of the historical society in the old court house at South Bend, and pieces of it have occasionally been plowed up on the farms in the vicinity of that city. Some of the ore is also occasionally found in Cass county. It is usually porous and resembles a piece of rusty sponge and has a very high content of metallic iron.

A grist mill was built on this dam in 1851 by Harry George and he soon sold it to Jonathan Nichols and his brother who were keeping a hotel there and it is probable that from time to time the place became Nicholsville instead of Volinia as it was platted on Little Prairie Ronde and as the post office was called.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

Volinia

(From the work of Howard S. Rogers, written in 1875.)

"The township of Volinia was originally called Volhynia. It was named after a province in Poland and the honor of having named it goes to Josephus Gard.

Samuel Morris made the first settlement on Mar. 27th, 1829. He settled on section one on which is now the farm of Elias Morris, Samuel's brother, Dolphin Morris and Henry D. Swift journeyel with him and settled in Van Buren Co.

Jonathan Gard, Jacob Morelan, Jacob Charles, Josephus Gard, and Samuel Rich made the first land entries in 1830. Entries a year later were made by Samuel Morris, Elijah and John B. Goble, Jacob Charles, Christanna Gantt, Christanna Charles, John Shaw, John Curry, Alex. Copley, Levi Lawrence, Jonathan Gard, David Crane, Daniel C. Squier and William Griffis. In 1832 and '33 entries were made by Samuel Morris, John S. Barry, William Griffis, Josephus Gard, Alex. Fulton, Alex. Copley, William Tietsort, James Newton, Samuel and John Morris, William Squier, Joel and Elijah Wright, John B. Gard, Amos Huff, Henry Myers, and Assan and Peter Huff.

A school was built in the spring of 1833. Michael V. V. Crane was its first teacaher and so the school holds the name of Crane School.

In the spring of 1832 the first wedding was performed. It was a double wedding, it being that of David Curry, and Alexander Fulton to Sarah and Elizabeth Gard.

John H. Rich, born October 21, 1828, was the first child to be born in Volinia township.

Alexander Copley built the first sawmill in 1835 on the site of the present village of Nicholsville. The irons were cast in Mishawaka, Ind., for the mill and it was started on December 20.

Three days after their arrival, Jonathan Gard, Samuel Rich, and Elijah Goble came. Jonathan Gard settled on what is known as Gard's Prairie. Rich and Goble settled on the west side of Little Prairie Ronde.

The two parties came under the guidance of Squire Thompson of Pokagon Point. Jacob Charles and Jacob Morlan came the same season. Samuel and Alexander Fulton, ohn Curry, William Tietsort, and Josephus Gard arrived in 1830. Abed Bunker, William Griffis, and John Shaw came in 1831. In 1832, James Newton, David Crane, Amos Huff, and Levi Lawrence came.

The township was organized in 1833 and an election held at the home of Josephus Gard, July 8th. Before this it belonged to Penn township. The road district comprised the township and Van Buren county in 1834. Men living on Little Prairie Ronde that season were obliged to work out their tax on the swamp where Lawton now stands.

Charleston

James Herron kept the first store in the township. It stood a little distance north of where Charleston stood. It was opened in 1836. Morris and Clifton opened a store at Charleston in '37 and Daniels and Huyck started selling goods in Volinia.

Charleston was laid out in 1836 on Little Prairie Ronde by Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Alexander and Samuel Fulton. The town was laid out in 32 lots.

In the same year Volinia was laid out by Levi Lawrence, David Hopkins, Obed Bunker and John Shaw. It was composed of 55 lots and a public square.

For a number of years before the competition of the M. C. R. R., Charleston was a thriving village. Daily stages passed through from Kalamazoo to Niles and it looked as if it was the coming town. Because of a lack of foresight Charleston and Volinia remain only in the minds of a few citizens and the places which were once a hustle and bustle are now marked by a few old houses.

A carpenter by the name of Smith who was employed by David Hopins in 1837 was in the habit of getting intoxicated. He was drowned in Bunker Lake while under the influence of liquor. At the time of the accident, he was on the lake in a canoe going to Charleston to obtain liquor of which he was already under the influence. Not succeeding in getting the help of one of the family to go with him he determined to go alone. When he was near the shore opposite from his house the canoe upset and he was seen no more. Men fishing another part of the lake noticed the empty canoe and went to look for him and for several days the entire neighborhood searched for him; but the only trace of him that could be found was a hat in the bottom of the canoe. He left a wife and family in New York.

In 1849 the M. C. R. R. was built through to Niles. Then a wagon road was built over the swamp to the railroad giving an outlet for farm produce. Before this they had to be driven to Paw Paw, Niles, or St. Joe.

Harry George built the first grist mill in the township in 1851. Soon after building the mill, he sold it to the Nichols Brothers and put up a store which burned in the winter of 1854. Since that time Wing, Wilkins, Goff and others have carried on trade there.

In 1876 Nicholsville contained a population of 100, two general stores, one blacksmith shop, one cooper shop, one wagon shop, one shoe shop, one veneer and basket factory, one tannery, one grist mill, one steam saw-mill, one hotel, two physicians, one lawyer and one carpenter and joiner.

Volinia then contained a population of around 50, had one grist mill, one general store, blacksmith shop and other stores.

The Volinia Farmer's Club was started in 1865.

The only meeting house was that of the colored Methodists erected in 1873.

The first cemetery laid out was the Crane, now known as the pioneer, platted about the year 1833."

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

A PIONEER JOURNEY

The story of the journey of the Mumaugh family is told here as it was related by the late Charlie Mumaugh.

In the year 1864 Silas and Mary Jane Mumaugh and their three children, Maggie, Lizzie and Charlie started for Hamilton, Mich., from Mansfield, Ohio.

They began their journey in a covered wagon one windy day in March. While traveling through a thick forest their first misfortune was a broken axel. Silas and Charlie had to walk nine miles through virgin timber to get a wheel before they could travel on.

While they were gone some men appeared, apparently thieves, and tried to steal their horses but the Mumaugh wolf dog drove them off.

After the wheel was repaired they continued on their journey. In a few days they had another unpleasant experience. They were attacked by Indians who wanted their horses and supplies, but some people in a nearby cabin helped to drive them off.

Another hardship which they had to endure was sickness. Their daughter, Lizzie became ill, and, as the services of the doctor could not be secured, her case soon became serious, and her fate was in the hands of her creator. Miraculously she recovered after a long illness, and she lived a great many years.

Thirty-three days after they started their journey, they reached their destination—in what is now Decatur, Michigan.

The Covered Wagon

(By Lena Whittaker Beakeney)

This poem is quoted in memory of those who made the journey in covered wagons across this land of freedom:

"Through a mist of tears I watch the years
Of my youth go by again;
The golden years when the pioneers
First people an unknown plain.
By our camp fire's gleam on a far off stream,
Like a light in a drifting haze;
I journeyed back by the old dim tract
That leads to the vanished days.
As the phantom trails of the windswept plains
In shadowy outline pass,
The cottonwood trees stir with the breeze
That ripples the prairie grass.
The prairies swoon in the radiant noon,
And I catch the faint perfume
Of the cactus, blent with the faint
Sweet scent of the yucca's wagon bloom.
The cattle drink at the river's brink—
At the close of the peaceful day,
They are dim-seen ghosts of the trampling hosts
That, far-flung, once held sway.
I hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And a note from a night-bird's throat,
The deadly purr of a rattler's whir,
And the bark of a lone coyote.
And the muffled thrum of the Indian drum
As it beats a weird tattoo;
For the wild war dance—the old romance
Still stirs me through and through.
The trail grows dim—Ah, now the rim
Of the sunset sky bends low,
And the gray-green sedge at the prairie's edge
Is bathed in a blood-red glow!
The measured beat of my mustang's feet
Still lures me down the years—
And I want to ride back by the strong man's track
That I see tonight through tears."

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

EARLY PIONEERS OF VAN BUREN COUNTY

This is the story of Benjamin Hathaway, the "Farmer Poet" as related by Mr. J. A. Shaw.

"Benjamin Hathaway was born in 1822. He came with his parents to the prairie and on the death of his father succeeded to the home farm. He made a model farm of it and at one time in competition he was awarded a premium for having the second best farm in the state.

He failed to receive the first premium only because the competition was for a 160 acre farm and the Hathaway farm contained but 120 acres.

Mr. Hathaway set out pine and maple trees among the native oak, raised beautiful hedges and gardens, nearly every kind of fruit that would grow in the country and kept one of the finest nurseries in the state.

Benjamin Hathaway was a poet and writer of fine ability. He became known throughout the country as the Farmer Poet, and his published works. "The Last of the Iroquois," "Art Life" and other poems are known and admired by students of good literature. On his model farm he trimmed the native oak trees to thirty feet and under them planted hard maples in rows. This made not only a pretty scene but a luxurious maple sugar grove.

When Benjamin Hathaway was a young man he set out a row of hard maples one hundred rods long. These trees became a rich sugar grove. One night in sap-running time several of the mischievous boys of that neighborhood emptied all of the sap from 50 or more pails out onto the ground and filled them with water from Samuel Morris' big horse tank.

John Nolan was bossing the sugar camp for Mr. Hathaway and when he came out from his home in Charleston in the morning he was accosted by that gentleman who had been out to the sugar grove before him. "Y-Y John," said Mr. Hathaway, "Chitter along, the pails are all running over, you must hurry and get the sap to boiling. We're going to have a heavy run." John got busy and soon had it boiling. He boiled it all forenoon and into the afternoon till Mr. Hathaway came back and sampled it and found that the water that had not gotten into steam was no sweeter or thicker than when it was poured into the kettle.

Mr. Hathaway always had several of the young men of the neighborhood working for him on the farm and in his nursery and garden. He could get plenty of help for they all liked to work for him.

He liked a good joke, humored the boys in their pranks and didn't complain when they were on him.

Mr. Hathaway also planted on his farm a chestnut grove. From one particularly fine chestnut which he had planted in his youth by the side of the house he had made the coffin in which he was laid to rest. He had the tree cut and sawed into lumber while in his prime and engaged Archie and Linneus Lawrence to make the coffin for him. They did their work well and when all that was earthly of the great man of the Prairie reposed therein and the sorrowing relatives and neighbors beheld his form for the last time the harmony and peace of that repose in the beautifully fashioned timbers from the chestnut he planted and loved, left an impression that will never fade away.

Mr. Hathaway passed from this earth in 1896 at the age of 74 years."

Following is a poem written by Benjamin Hathaway:

JUNE

Month of Flora! month of roses!
Bring again the gifts divine;
Autumn's gold thy heart encloses;
In the garlands thou dost twine
Hides the heaping horn of plenty
—brims the vintage glowing vine.

When the dewy dawn is breaking
Unto morn serene and grand,
Hark! exultant anthem waking,
Of the wildwood's warbling band.
Like a wind-swept harp Aeolian,
joyful, thrilling all the land.

High the thrush his song's swelling
Where no meaner voice intrudes;
Far the wood-dove's note is tilling
Love's soft matin through the woods
While a home of beauty building,
mid the leafy solitude.

Mad with Jay's delirium panting
Nearer sings the Oriole;
Loud the Bobolink is chanting
"Bob-o-link," with fiery soul,

Till through all the woodland arches wide the music billows roll.

Lowly minstrels! long above ye
Gently wave the budding sprays
Never will I cease to love ye,—
Let your choral roundelays
Waken still love's wild aspiring
yearning for harmonious days.

Though the seasons swiftly leave us,
Each some precious boon shall bring,
Nor shall ever Hope deceive us
Waiting for the coming Spring-
Waiting for the promised Summer,

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

JUDSON HATHAWAY

This is the story of Judson Hathaway taken from a newspaper article.

Adoniram Judson Alney Hathaway was born in Cayuga county, New York, August 15, 1824 and was the second of eight children born to Abner and Naomi Alney Hathaway.

As a lad he assisted his father in operating a lumber rafting business, from the forests of Northern New York over the Erie Canal taking turns with his elder brother Ben in driving the horses along the road.

Owing to reverses in their business the family moved in 1837 to Southwestern Michigan hoping to retrieve in a measure their lost fortune in the wilds of a New and growing country. They settled in Cass county on what was later known as the Hathaway farm which they purchased under heavy mortgage.

Their first home was a log cabin. In the course of time, however, they were able to build the large and commodious farm house which was for years the homestead of the Hathaway family.

In 1843, the death of the father occurred and the business management of the farm was left in the hands of the two sons, Benjamin and Judson, who worked like young trojans to pull the farm out of debt. In those days they braved the hardships of many a long winter drive to St. Joe in the open sleigh with their grains or other produce in order to ship to Chicago for market.

He and his brother, by cooperating with each other, developed the resources of the farm to a remarkable degree, beautifying it at the same time until it became known throughout southwestern Michigan as a model farm.

Judson Hathaway was by nature a home loving man and it was failing health that induced him in middle life to make his sojourn in the west where he fell in with a government survey company.

Oddly enough he was requested by "Colonel" Parker, so-called, who led the expedition, to accompany them as chaplain of the party. He camped with them in the open, slept on the ground with only his blanket for covering and "roughed it" generally while his skill as a huntsman was almost invaluable to the company since he was thus able to supply them with wild game which constituted the major portion of their provisions throughout the trip.

The rigors of camp life must have agreed with him for he returned to civilization at the end of six months a well man. It would seem also that he "made good" in his position as chaplain, for though he never offered a formal prayer nor exhorted the men to experience religion, it was said of him that his silent influence worked wonders in restraining the men from profanity and in keeping them in general true to their best selves.

His taste for adventure and sport took only one turn—that of love for hunting. It was this that drew him for forty consecutive years to leave his home and follow the trail of the deer in the wilderness of northern Michigan. On his return from one of these hunting trips in the north, he brought with him a little box and planted with his own hands the seedlings which became in time the stately evergreens growing in his yard and bordering the drive to the house. His adventures in camp and on the trail formed the theme of many an exciting narrative which he delighted to relate to the end of his days. His fondness for the chase was not confined however to his northern trips. For years he was a familiar figure to the whole countryside as, equipped with his cartridge belt and his trusty rifle, and his hounds he roamed the prairie and adjacent forests for game.

Physically he was a giant in strength as compared with ordinary men and there are rumors of his prowess in the early days when the strength of the fist was the measure of the man, though he was never known to injure or intimidate a weaker one.

As a man he stood well in the community and was respected by all who knew him as a kind neighbor and good citizen. He never preached but held ideas of his own and on occasion would settle his religious opinions in a simple direct manner that always struck home.

He passed away June 9, 1910.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

PIONEER SKETCHES BY MRS. ERASTUS OSBORN

Written in 1926.

I have been surprised by the suggestion that I write for the Republican some sketches of pioneer life in this part of the state. Upon reflection I find there are people and events connected with those early days that may profitably be brought to the attention of the present generation.

I cannot claim the honor of being a pioneer. I did not know this country until 1860, when there were cultivated farms, fruit trees in bearing, religious services, schools, comfortable houses, and fairly good roads when they happened to be dry.

I am amazed now when I think of the improvement the wonderful development effected in the twenty-five years that had elapsed from the time the real settlement began. In 1836, history tells us, there were only six families in the township of Hamilton. I doubt if any other period of the same length can show the same growth.

I would like especially to remind any who are interested in the history of the town of those two broad-minded, public-spirited, energetic men, Robert Nesbitt, who located in the town in 1835, and Philotus Haydon, who came one year later. As I recall many things that I used to hear said of them in the 60's and 70's and by those who spoke from personal knowledge, I cannot but feel that we of the present day are greatly indebted for the help and counsel they freely gave to the early settlers, and the benefit of a good example was to be highly valued.

Mr. Nesbitt, himself a millwright, built the first sawmill in the town, in time wearing out five or more, also the first gristmill, and only think what that meant—material for daily bread and boards to enclose the homes. The log houses were quite as comfortable. You remember how Mrs. Abram Wise longed for the warmth of her log house on the 'cold New Years,' as told by her daughter last winter in the paper.

Of course the frame houses made room for many conveniences not possible in the others, but the well kept log houses possessed a charm never found in those of later years, and that no architect could copy.

That each of these men accumulated what was called wealth in those days is no cause for reproach. None of it was obtained by any dishonorable business methods. It was a boast of both that they "trusted everybody" and almost never lost a debt.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

No. 2

Mr. Haydon, while not coming so close to the lives of the pioneers as Mr. Nesbitt, had more to do with public matters, having been ten years supervisor of the township, as well as member of the state legislature at different times. He was intensely patriotic and once when making a speech in the early days of the Civil War he said, "If I were thirty years younger I would say as I always used to say on my farm, 'Come on boys,' but I am past taking the lead," being then past seventy.

When he was delegate to a state convention for the nomination of governor, seeing there was no chance for the man of his choice to get the nomination or to be elected, he voted for the candidate whom he saw was likely to win. As he dropped his vote, he said, "God forgive me." His judgment proving correct, the man for whom he voted was nominated and elected. Being in Lansing as representative he attended the inaugural reception. During the evening someone told him the governor's lady wished to meet him. Several knew the lady's design and when he went up to be presented there was a hush in the assembly. After the formal presentation she said, "Are you the man who asked God to forgive you when you cast your vote for my husband?" "Yes," Mr. Haydon shot back, "but I knew He wouldn't." So her expectations of confusing the "country member" were not realized. I never saw the story in print though it probably was, but heard it told in the early years of my life here, and think it should be preserved.

I am not trying to write a history of any of these towns, that has been worthily done three or more times in the last fifty years, but only to recall incidents and persons connected with the development of the country, and especially the ones omitted from the printed histories. Indeed so many of these crowd upon me, it is difficult to make a choice, and I will have to ask you, as Henry Ward Beecher once asked his congregation, to give me credit "for what I keep back."

The mowing marshes were considered a desirable part of a farm, and were useful for pastures, for cutting hay, but later were regarded as having been really a damage, because farmers did not begin the use of clover as soon as the land needed it. There were few fences except to enclose growing crops. Stock could go as far as they liked, and "getting the cows" was the work of hours and sometimes days. I have heard Charles Osborn tell of going north from their old home because the cows started north in the morning, and finally finding them near where the North Wayne church now is, nearly four miles from home, almost directly south.

There were wild berries, wild game and Indians for neighbors, and oftentimes these Indians were very good and kind neighbors. There was plenty of wood, and I have heard people say girdled trees were not fit for wood and they would use only green timber, which now certainly seems foolish but the supply then looked endless.

James and Daniel Osborn and his sister Harriet came here in the spring, Daniel locating in Keeler and James coming the next year to Hamilton.

The first year they were together and raised some fine melons. Their father had said he thought the family would come, so these two eldest sons—James was already married—selected some fine melons and packed them in oats for a treat. But they looked and waited in vain, and finally quite late ate the melons, and the next day, lo, there came the covered wagons and the family.

Only think of the difference! Within a slow day's drive, and those here had given them up, had no means of knowing they were so near. Had not even heard they were on the way.

However a mail route was established and a post office opened on the territorial road, with Mr. Coleman as first post master. I remember before I came from New York addressing letters to Hamilton's post office.

No. 3

Perhaps no family impressed themselves so strongly upon the community as the Osborns, for the reason that they were more numerous, and as a rule longer lived. Seven of the sons grew up and raised families, and four daughters, while four of the first wife's children and three of the second mother died single, there being eighteen altogether.

Harriet of the first family lived into her fifty-fourth year, and was widely known and esteemed. Chauncey, youngest son of the second, died in camp hospital in the Civil war. All who are left of that generation are D. H. Briggs of Naper, Nebr., whose wife was Laura Osborn, Mrs. Horace Osborn and myself.

There are now more than 80 living in this section, who are either of Osborn blood, or married one who was, and as many in more or less remote parts of the country, besides, of course, many who have died.

The father, Stephen Osborn, was an honest, temperate, industrious and moral man, but unreasonably severe with his family. No child was spoiled by sparing of the rod, and by what I have heard different ones of them say, he welcomed a pretext for using it. Perhaps he thought he was doing his duty. Daniel Osborn once said to me, "I'd rather my boy would never mind me at all, than be afraid of me as I was of my father."

He was not a good financier, and the family, especially in his later years, were poorly provided for. The mother worked more hours, and slept fewer than any one I ever knew, and even then could barely keep them fed, and never comfortably clothed, with the scanty means at her command.

ERASTUS OSBORN

Many times when driving around the lake near their home my husband, Erastus Osborn, would speak of the times when he had gone over the road shivering with cold, because he was so thinly clad.

I do not allude to these things to bring discredit upon a pioneer citizen, but to emphasize the fact that in spite of all these hardships and privations they all grew up to be reputable members of the community and nearly all were exceptionally kind and liberal parents. I do not know if my husband was 7 or 8 when he started in school, wearing a sunbonnet, and had no book. Good Mrs. Baxter, a blessing wherever she lived, learning this from her children, "dug up" a book and gave it to him the second morning.

His father died when he, the eldest of 7 children, was 15 and I think it was after that, but am not sure, that feeling the need of an arithmetic and having earned some money, he sent by a neighbor to Paw Paw for one. He did not know what to buy, and came home with the Thompson's higher arithmetic, which was utterly useless. He remembered that disappointment as long as he lived. A dollar and a quarter was not easy to spare.

DANIEL OSBORN

D. Osborn was an elder half-brother, one of the finest Osborns I ever knew. With the environment which should be every child's birthright, and an opportunity for an education, he would have been a superior character. Even lacking these, he was a sterling man, and a dignified gentleman.

He removed to Harper Co., Kansas, in 1885, where he resided until his death in 1903. He purchased an extensive farm which is now owned by his son Milo H. Osborn. A recent letter tells of himself, one son and a hired man harvesting, threshing and storing in the elevator 6000 bu. of wheat, besides a few hundred bu. in smaller lots which had to be handled in the old-fashioned way. Mrs. Daniel Osborn, Minerva Babcock, died some years before he did, and their daughter, Mrs. Nora Weidenback, about 5 years ago.

BENJAMIN HUNGERFORD

The maternal grandfather, Benjamin Hungerford, came to Keeler in 1837 and bought 640 acres on the Territorial road with the intention of giving each of his children a farm, but his plan, I think was never carried out. He was of English descent, his ancestors having come to America in the 17th century.

Some of the family have traced

their ancestry in a direct line back to Sir Giles and Lord oRbt. Hungerford, and one cousin visited their tombs in Salisburg Cathedral dated 1438, also the sister of these who built the church at Stoke Pages, which was the scene of the elegy written by the poet Gray.

Benjamin Hungerford was a man of much energy and business ability, of strong character in all ways. He owned and operated a carding mill in Genesee Co., N. Y., which he sold when he came to Michigan. His "mantel piece," to quote Mrs. Partington, seems not to have fallen on his sons.

His wife was Jane Weston, daughter of Jonathan Weston, a Revolutionary soldier, but as records show eight by this name in the American army, no one has been able to learn which was the ancestor of the Osborn family, by reason of which some who desired to join the D. A. R. have been unable to do so.

They were parents of 16 children. He died in 1850, and she in 1853, and they are buried in the Keeler cemetery, his monument being the first one erected in that burial ground.

Millard Fillmore, in his youth, was an apprentice in the Hungerford mill. Not long before his death he re-visited the locality and wept as he gazed upon the familiar scene, and recalled incidents of his life there. It is related that great grandmother Weston rode on horseback with a babe (grandmother Hungerford) in her lap to witness the surrender of one division of the British army. It took two days or more, and she was in company with a neighbor whose son was in the same regiment with her husband.

LITTLE THINGS

It has been said and aptly too,
Mosquitos are more trouble, quite,
Than elephants are to me and you,
Likewise 'tis frost the corn does blight;
So one should ever strive quite hard,
From early morn till late at night,
Against the little things to guard,
We'll seldom have big things to fight.

When one does start to make a thing
On which a profit should be made,
Waste heads the list of things to curb
If for your labor you'd be paid;
And waste occurs along the line—
Waste product, labor and supplies,
So stop the waste of every kind
And splendid profits realize.

Ninth Installment

Pioneer Sketches by Mrs. Erastus Osborn.

Written in 1926.

I think only six of the children of Benjamin Hungerford came here with him, or at least remained here as settlers.

Morgan had a blacksmith shop in Keeler and about 1850 went to California, across the plains. Chas. Osborn was of the same party.

Morgan Hungerford, however, never returned. Stephen, whose wife was an Osborn, lived in Keeler and raised a family.

"Zack," Charles, Lester, Lucius, and Mary, who was the wife of Mr. Bullard, were the others. Lucius lost his life in the Union Army, Charles and Lester died in recent years, the only ones generally known. There were Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Parish and Clarissa, who married John McKenna of McKenna's prairie. Later, both Clarissa and Mrs. Palmer lived in western Iowa and died there. Mr. Parish was a carpenter and, I have been told, built the Silver Creek mill and the Silver Creek Catholic church.

Soon after the death of Stephen Osborn, the elder, Mrs. Parish was brought to that home very ill, and lived only a few days. Her mother went there, and on the day of Mrs. Parish's funeral, fell down stairs and died, the same day, I think. The eldest of the Parish family, Cecelia Babcock, past 90 years of age, lives in Galien, Berrien county.

It was Decatur and Hamilton about which I was asked to write, but, having strayed into Keeler, there is one more occurrence in that town which I wish to relate. Though not strictly a pioneer incident, it is of one of the older Keeler residents, Mr. John Rosevelt, many years deceased, and took place after the close of the Civil War.

A young man had bought from Mr. Rosevelt a yoke of steers and gave his note in payment. Before it came due, he enlisted but I do not know how long he was away. When the house in which Chas. Rosevelt now lives was being built, the young man came there to pay the debt. Mr. Rosevelt was much interested, and plied him with questions regarding his Army life. After awhile he said, "Mr. Rosevelt, I would like to pay that note and get home." Mr. Rosevelt said, "Don't go now until after dinner, I want to talk with you more." So the young man stayed and Mr. Rosevelt continued asking questions.

Awhile after dinner he said again, "I want to pay that note and go home. I have work to do."

Mr. Rosevelt said, "All the time you were in the Army I had a good bed to sleep in, and three meals a day. You don't owe me anything."

This was told me by a man who was doing some fine finishing work on the house and who heard the whole conversation. I cannot now recall his name, nor do I know who the young man was, but Chas. Rosevelt, perhaps, may know both.

The Baxters

In the family of Squire Baxter, as he was called, there were five sons, all first-class men, and three daughters, but there is now no descendant left to perpetuate the name. Mr. Baxter understood surveying, which was extremely useful in a new country. His eldest son, James, left one son, Frank, who married Margaret Brooks, but they left no children. Edward, Charles and Orlando had no children, and Lucius left no son.

Edward, when past 75, sold his farm and bought a home in Dowagiac, where he anticipated with enjoyment in association with the church he loved, but they had been in town only a short time when his illness, consumption, took a fatal turn, and ended his life in a few weeks. His widow, Mrs. Lydia Corwin Baxter, is still living, aged 88, very infirm and almost entirely deaf, so life holds for her little enjoyment. Her home is in Dowagiac with her niece, Mrs. Louise Corwin Blauvelt.

Of the daughters, Martha, Mrs. Sanford Whitlock, after Mrs. Sutfin, and Caroline, Mrs. Elliot Wrightman, were my earliest friends in Michigan, and always among my dearest. My acquaintance with Mrs. Jane Lombard was light, but all were worthy daughters of a noble mother.

Another dear lady, Mrs. Margaret Nash, who in those early days was an ornament and a blessing in the home and social life of the neighborhood, is still living in her 92nd year. If a bare existence of the body, without the mind, can be called living. When the mind outlives the body it is very sad, but when the body outlasts the mind I believe it is still more pitiful. The prayer book says, "From sudden death deliver us," and I would say more fervently, "From too long-life Kind Heaven preserve us."

This lady is well known in Decatur. Mr. Nash lost his life in the Civil War, and she is now the widow of Charles Stewart.

I once heard Mr. Stewart speak of a mutual friend as "an honor to any community," and that truly described himself. Both were former residents of Decatur.

Among Our Pioneers

By Joyce Ann Dodge, W[illegible] Local History Contest Sponsored by Norman E. Webster of New York City. Contest Directed by Miss Catherine Howland, Teacher of English and Literature.

Ninth Installment

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Written in 19[illegible]

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It was Decatur and Hamilton about which I was asked to write, but, having strayed into Keeler, there is one more occurrence in that town which I wish to relate. Though not strictly a pioneer incident, it is of one of the older Keeler residents, Mr. John Roosevelt, many years deceased, and took place after the close of the Civil War.

A young man had bought from Mr. Rosevelt a yoke of steers and gave his note in payment. Before it came due, he enlisted [illegible] not know how long he was [illegible]. When the house in which Chas. Rosevelt now lives was being built, the young man came there to pay the debt. Mr. Rosevelt was much interested, and plied him with questions [illegible] long his Army life. After a while he said, "Mr. Rosevelt, I would like to pay that note and get [illegible]." Mr. Rosevelt said, "Don't go now until after dinner, I want to talk with you more." So the young man stayed and Mr. Rosevelt continued asking questions.

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[illegible] year. He [illegible] body, without [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] buyers. [illegible] [illegible] said, but [illegible] the mind I believe it [illegible] peaceful. The prayer book says: From sudden death de[illegible] I would say more for [illegible] From too long-[illegible] preserve us."

This lady is [illegible] Mr. Nash left [illegible] the Civil War, and [illegible] the widow of Charles Steere.

I once heard Mr. Steere speak of a mutual friend [illegible] to any community," and [illegible] truly [illegible] Dropped off. Both [illegible] of De[illegible]

(This biography was written by Joyce Dodge from an interview with Mrs. Amy Millard Payne, granddaughter of the Calvin Millard referred to. The other biographies of Hamilton township pioneers were written by Mrs. Erastus Osborn and published in the Republican about thirty years ago.)

STORY OF THE MILLARD ANCESTORS

In the year of Grace, 1837, during the month of April, Calvin Millard and his brother-in-law, Ralph Mason, turned their backs on Lynn, Connecticutt, and headed for unknown territory.

The name of the steamship that they boarded was "Constitution," and their first stop was Albany, New York. They were later detained in Buffalo for two weeks because of ice in the lake. The next ports were Cleveland and Toledo. At Toledo they purchased a team, harness, and wagon. Starting the long trail with horse and wagon toward the St. Joe river, they landed in the southern portion of Michigan. Here, on the St. Joe, Calvin met land sharks who tried to outwit him. He took up the land in North Hamilton which is now the former William King farm. It was a beautiful spot, and there, cupped in among hills was a tiny lake. Here Calvin settled. He wrote back joyously to his wife, Lucy, telling her of the place he had found and promising to build her a home some day overlooking the lake which the hand of the Creator had placed among the hills.

The next spring he returned to Lynn and brought his wife and five children to the wild and beautiful territory of Michigan. It was on this return journey that they experienced the thrill of seeing their first Indian and his canoe. The craft was tied to a tree on the edge of the present Lake Cora.

The hardships of the following winter were very bitter. The cabin had no door until winter had almost withdrawn his icy fingers. A blanket was used as a very poor substitute. Candles and sunshine were the only light available. The former had to be made with painstaking care. A ladder led to the loft and it was here Lucy would take her children when the wolves howled without the cabin.

Little Lucy Millard was the baby of the family, being then only two years of age. One of her earliest experiences in backwoods life was a very unpleasant one. Railroad trains, at that time, did not carry household supplies of every description within easy reach of the homes, nor would a few words spoken over the telephone bring a delivery truck to the door with needed articles. Even that staple article, flour, was to be obtained only after a forty mile trip with ox teams through forest and swamp lands to the nearest gristmill, which was Flowerfield. The roads were mere trails and the traveling was rugged,

On this particular occasion the flour supply of the entire neighborhood was exhausted, and the winter, having been long and severe, the roads, such as they were, were not passable. There did remain, however, a supply of corn meal, but the delicate appetite of little Lucy rebelled against that, so the family had to suffer the pain of hearing her cry for bread and waste away for the lack of it. When she cried herself to sleep at night her mother cried with her. One night aninspiration came to the mother and the next morning the coffee mill was brought into service for grinding the wheat into flour. As fast as one pair of arms grew tired, another pair took up the task. There was soon enough flour for a small quantity of bread and this was undoubtedly the first flour that was ever ground in Van Buren county.

It was not long ago, that a little girl who lived with her parents near the site of the Millard pioneer cabin, picked up a piece of blue china ware near the original site of the cabin. She was on her way to visit Mrs. Fred Payne, the granddaughter of Lucy Millard, and showed her the piece of blue china telling her where she had found it. Mrs. Payne was sur-

prised to find that the piece was identical to a portion of a blue plate of "Staffordshire" china in her possession, which had once belonged to her grandmother, Lucy Millard. Evidently one of Lucy Millard's plates became broken and was thrown out. A hundred years later a piece of this plate was plowed up and found by a little girl.

Soon after, a few neighbors moved into the vicinity. Because those early people were deeply religious, and because they had no church at first, religious services were held in the cabins and Lucy Millard led the meetings.

Unlike so many people of today, those pioneer families knew the bible well, had a deep and reverent faith in the Heavenly Father, and completely resigned their will to His. Because of this deep religious spirit, they were able to bear afflictions and sorrow with perfect resignation.

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Yours in affliction,
Lucy Millard.

Tenth Installment

Among the earliest settlers in Hamilton were Marcus Merriman from Conn. and Calvin Fields. If I'm rightly informed it was a wedding trip for Mr. and Mrs. Fields, but the Merrimans had with them four children. They came by boat, probably only to Detroit, and I do not know how the first part of the journey was performed.

Both were among the earliest friends of my husband and he often quoted the opinions of both. When Mr. and Mrs. Fields were here on a trip from Kansas they made us a visit that we greatly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Merriman also were here several times from Paw Paw, staying one night or more and were interesting company with their narratives of old, old time.

After Mrs. Merriman's death Mr. Merriman also came. One time he told of their experience on Lake Erie. That piece of water behaved with characteristic depravity, when all the passengers were greatly alarmed, Mrs. Merriman said to her husband, "Well, we're all here. If we are drowned we'll all be together." But drowning was not to be their fate.

Good Watchers

There were doctors quite early in the history of this section, but nurses, at least trained nurses, were unheard of. When sickness came, neighbors took turns caring for those who were ill, especially at night, though even then there was a choice, and good "watchers" were liable to have many calls. I know by experience what a "good watcher" Mrs. James Osborn was, and no doubt there were others as competent. And in later years there was that angel of goodness, Amanda Phelps.

Of course I cannot say regarding all the different neighborhoods in the towns I have mentioned, but in this one there certainly was an excellent set of citizens. To remember the goodness and helpful kindness shown by one to another is to restore one's faith in human nature. If, when we read of the crimes that even a glance at the papers brings to view, one feels discouraged, but we must remember there are millions whose name are not published, of those who lead respectable, orderly lives. Those who know say the criminals are a very small minority of the population. One loose screw can disturb the running of a machine, while every other part may be working quietly.

Winter of 1842-'43

We are promised the severest winter on record, but let us hope it will not overshadow the one in 1842-'43 when it set in November 13 and lasted 'till the middle of May. Almost from the first there was a crust that could bear a team and loaded sleigh.

A lady told me of going from the home across from the North Wayne church, to the old Comly Place where Floyd Osborn now lives, without regard to the roads, but in a bee line over the fences, on the 15th day of May. There were several persons in the sleigh, but the next day the thaw began, and the immense body of snow rapidly and harmlessly disappeared.

The house on the Comly place and Mr. Baxter's were the only two log houses with which I was familiar, but I can never forget how wonderfully attractive and pleasant they were. During that winter people had to cut browse for their cattle. Many starved, and the ones that lived came through in sorry plight.

Mr. Milton J. Gard of Volinia, told here about 40 years ago of his recollections of that winter. On Nov. 12, his father loaded up a grist of wheat to take to Niles to mill for their winter flour. It was a four days trip with oxen, two days each way. In the morning the snow was so deep and still falling he dared not venture, and the grist was never ground 'till the snow went off in May.

They had 50 pounds of flour on hand, but his mother soon decided that must be saved for possible illness in the family though she now and then made biscuits for a summer treat.

They had a big iron kettle, and part of that 6 month's winter work was to pound corn with an ax or a mallet in that kettle to make meal for their bread. So with their cow, two hogs to kill, and potatoes they lived.

Sometimes I think we can never properly appreciate, we certainly cannot realize the privations of those real pioneers. It was not all hardships, of course. They had their good times too, and made the most of them, and thank heaven for that.

I do not know very much about Decatur. There was Mr. Carlton Wheeler. I guess the railroad never had a better station agent, his efficient helper, Rolla Osborn, and next Emily Barney, his wife.

One whom my husband respected and admired almost to veneration was Mrs. Phelps, past mistress, for her kindness to him when he was an almost unnoticed bashful boy.

Two of my husband's most esteemed friends were Mr. Yeckley, at one time representative at Lansing, and Joseph Bullard, brother of Stephen Bullard, living near the Grange hall. Joseph Bullard removed to Niles, where he died.

These not being intended for

personal sketches, I have tried, though not with entire success, to leave myself out. There are many unmentioned who really belong in them, but they are imperfect at the best, and the length has far exceeded my design as well as probably the anticipations of the editor.

Eleventh and Last Installment

(This biography was written by Joyce Dodge from an interview with Mrs. Amy Millard Payne, granddaughter of the Calvin Millard referred to. The other biographies of Hamilton township pioneers were written by Mrs. Erastus Osborn and published in the Republican about thirty years ago.)

STORY OF THE MILLARD ANCESTORS

In the year of Grace, 1837, during the month of April, Calvin Millard and his brother-in-law, Ralph Mason, turned their backs on Lynn, Connecticutt, and headed for unknown territory.

The name of the steamship that they boarded was "Constitution," and their first stop was Albany, New York. They were later detained in Buffalo for two weeks because of ice in the lake. The next ports were Cleveland and Toledo. At Toledo they purchased a team, harness, and wagon. Starting the long trail with horse and wagon toward the St. Joe river, they landed in the southern portion of Michigan. Here, on the St. Joe, Calvin met land sharks who tried to outwit him. He took up the land in North Hamilton which is now the former William King farm. It was a beautiful spot, and there, cupped in among hills was a tiny lake. Here Calvin settled. He wrote back joyously to his wife, Lucy, telling her of the place he had found and promising to build her a home some day overlooking the lake which the hand of the Creator had placed among the hills.

The next spring he returned to Lynn and brought his wife and five children to the wild and beautiful territory of Michigan. It was on this return journey that they experienced the thrill of seeing their first Indian and his canoe. The craft was tied to a tree on the edge of the present Lake Cora.

The hardships of the following winter were very bitter. The cabin had no door until winter had almost withdrawn his icy fingers. A blanket was used as a very poor substitute. Candles and sunshine were the only light available. The former had to be made with painstaking care. A ladder led to the loft and it was here Lucy would take her children when the wolves howled without the cabin.

Little Lucy Millard was the baby of the family, being then only two years of age. One of her earliest experiences in backwoods life was a very unpleasant one. Railroad trains, at that time, did not carry household supplies of every description within easy reach of the homes, nor would a few words spoken over the telephone bring a delivery truck to the door with needed articles. Even that staple article, flour, was to be obtained only after a forty mile trip with ox teams through forest and swamp lands to the nearest gristmill, which was Flowerfield. The roads were mere trails and the traveling was rugged.

On this particular occasion the flour supply of the entire neighborhood was exhausted and the winter, having been long and severe, the roads, such as they were, were not passable. There did remain, however, a supply of corn meal, but the delicate appetite of little Lucy rebelled against that, so the family had to suffer the pain of hearing her cry for bread and waste away for the lack of it. When she cried herself to sleep at night her mother cried with her. One night aninspiration came to the mother and the next morning the coffee mill was brought into service for grinding the wheat into flour. As fast as one pair of arms grew tired, another pair took up the task. There was soon enough flour for a small quantity of bread and this was undoubtedly the first flour that was ever ground in Van Buren county.

It was not long ago, that a little girl who lived with her parents near the site of the Millard pioneer cabin, picked up a piece of blue china ware near the original site of the cabin. She was on her way to visit Mrs. Fred Payne, the granddaughter of Lucy Millard, and showed her the piece of blue china telling her where she had found it. Mrs. Payne was surprised to find that the piece was identical to a portion of a blue plate of "Staffordshire" china in her possession, which had once belonged to her grandmother, Lucy Millard. Evidently one of Lucy Millard's plates became broken and was thrown out. A hundred years later a piece of this plate was plowed up and found by a little girl.

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LOOKING BACKWARD 40 YEARS

Another Exhibit of Old "Exhibition Days"
Of the Decatur Graded School

Across the chasm of the years—and forty of them make a wide one between the sunlit peaks of youth and the alkali plains of later life—I, too, become reminiscent and answer "Present" to the clarion roll call of our Richard the Lyon-hearted! Dear classmates of the years gone by—how vividly the magic wand of memory brings you all before me as I knew you in the dear old Alma Mater days of the Decatur Graded School before we were silver grays. And "way down in my heart I've a feelin' for you"—a feeling that has been there, lo, these many years. Perhaps an old bachelor—I plead guilty—is not supposed to have a heart; but I have at least a valular muscle that does duty for one and has many warm corners in it for you all. God bless you Dick! for thus burnishing up the links of that invisible chain of kindly feeling and interest that has ever bound us, one to the other, as the strenuous years went by—a chain that has never weakened or broken, only tarnished by the corroding cares of life. True, there are missing links, but they hold their places and carry the chain over the river to "loved ones who wait on the other side." But let us not make this a time for memory and for tears, but for joy bells.

Do you know as thoughts of that memorable exhibition come to me I seem to see and hear every incident, every detail, and it seems but yesterday. How hard we worked—our motto, no such word as fail. What councils of war and wisdom over ways and means and details; each one a committee of the whole as it were, to make their own part perfect in the finished production. I, too, have the old program carefully preserved all these years—and the cherished Bluebeard group picture. What a time we had getting to Mrs. Tucker's skylight parlor in the garish light of day in all our shining raiment to have it taken! And for each copy made a separate sitting or standing, for those were not the days of rapid-fire photography, and we were typed in—or on—tin. The costuming of Bluebeard alone was accomplished by individual and united effort, much ransacking of treasure chests of old, and the effect was striking and all that could be desired. I would give more to roll back the tide of years and see ourselves as others saw us that night than to see the most magnificent and finished spectacle of the modern stage. Then, the tableau of the Soldier's Dream, "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground." How we boys who were in it worked for it; how we carried real evergreen trees for the camp; whittled pine shavings for the real fire to give realistic light effects where the boys in blue were carefully grouped. It deeply touched many in our audience, we were told, for the terrible tragedies of the Civil War were close to the hearts and homes of many. And over and through and pervading each and every number the presiding genius of it all, our universally beloved Prof. Bellows, our ideal of all that was noblest and best in a man and instructor, and for whom we would have made any effort to please and assist. Nell thinks he would naturally forget us in the multitudes that came after us in his long and successful career; but I believe that in his inmost heart he remembers us all, individually and collectively.

Closely associated with him in my memory, although no one has spoken of her yet, is Miss Annie Abram, his assistant, that pleasant faced little woman whose quiet, earnest ways and friendly chidings of our frequent waywardness earned our respect and regard, though we were prone to shock her by gay and worldly ways and amusements when she would feign have had us attend prayer meeting six nights in the week and three or four on Sunday!

And do you recall that memorable last rehearsal and the Fall of Richmond? We were all there at the school house—Dick, Buena, Rusha, Nell, Wesley and myself, all the members of the noted school choir—putting the finishing touches before we were in the lime light of publicity. Suddenly every church bell in town began to ring joyously, Hinckley's Stave Factory whistle began to toot frantically and other whistles joined in the discordant chorus, wild hurrahs came to our ears, and the weird flare of numerous bonfires made lurid light on tower and steeple. We rushed to the windows thinking a fire had broken out. Some one passing yelled at us, "Richmond has fallen, the war is ended! Come on!" And we did, all going up in Trowbridge's Hall and singing patriotic songs out of the windows while a wild mob of excited people filled the street in front, yelled themselves hoarse and cheered us to the echo. Many a time and oft the scenes and events of that wonderful night have repainted themselves on the canvas of memory, and "the night has been filled with music," the echo of those ever remembered voices, for I have seemed to hear you singing with me as then. But closely following that time of excitement and joy came the death of the martyred Lincoln, and the gloom of mourning—for those were historic days and times

"Dick" says I was the poet of the school. Shade of Shakespeare! If so I must have been a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, and have expiated any such impractical tendencies of forty years ago by a very prosaic and unpoetical life up to date! Little did I think then I should ever pose before the public in the role of a rhymster: and now Dick has suddenly thrust me out of the dim light of other days into the blaze of the present where Vs and not verses make the mare go. So I shall make my bow and exit hastily before any more bouquets hit me.

I should like to speak of old Hamilton days, friends and associations, too, for several of us were Hamiltonians and events there were stepping stones that placed our names on the initial roster of the Decatur Graded High School, but time and space forbid. All honor to Dick and Nell; always leaders in our happy school days they still lead the van in keeping alive the fires of feeling on the Altar of Friendship forty years young. Let us hope that some day ere the silver cord shall break, we may meet face to face, wreathe with flowers of memory the vacant chairs, and bridge the great gulf between There and Now.

"TOMPIE."

Some Historical Data About Indians of This County

Dana P. Smith

The early history of the Indian tribes is well described in various historical works that are easily available so nothing will be said about it here except as it pertains to the Indians of this vicinity. All this part of Michigan east of the St. Joseph River was ceded by the Indians to the United States by the treaty of Chicago in 1821. By the treaties of 1828 and 1833 the lands west of the St. Joseph river were conveyed to the government, with the stipulation that the Indians were all to be removed west of the Mississippi River after 1838.

The government carried on the work of removal during the years of 1839 and 1840, using soldiers to round up the Indians, who resisted as much as they could, without fighting, the leaving of their old homes and hunting grounds, and graves of their kindred. The story of their removal is a most distressing one and a blot on our boasted civilization.

Chief Pe-pe-yah

Prominently among the Indians of Paw Paw township who escaped the removal edict was Chief Pepeyah and his band who were located about two miles southwest of Paw Paw on land owned by Chief Pepeyah. On account of his being a land owner, the old Chief would have been exempt from removal, but finally becoming fearful that he would be taken beyond the Mississippi, he fled with his squaw and child to Canada, where he died. Soon after his wife No-ninne-qua-pe-pe-yah and her son Na-na-quabe-pe-pe-yah returned to their old home on the Pe-pe-yah farm where they resided until they sold the farm to John R. Baker.

Na-ne-quaba-pe-pe-yah grew up and married a Christianized squaw Nancy by name, but consumption, the prevailing disease of the red man, claimed him while still a young man, his death occurring in 1854. Soon after his death a son was born to his wife Nancy and named Stephen Pe-pe-yah, well known about Paw Paw and who died in 1925.

The first Pe-pe-yah was a man of character and possessed with more than the average amount of intelligence, setting an example of thrift and morality which it would have been better if his people had followed but which but few of them ever did. His wife died at a ripe old age, an object of charity among relatives on the old Notawasepe reservation in Calhoun county.

Two sons of Stephen and Emma Pe-pe-yah, Paul and Silas, served their country in the world war, Silas being now deceased. Stephen Pe-pe-yah was typically Indian while his wife Emma was an educated woman of character, inclined to religion, speaking and writing English fluently, as well as the Pottawatomie, Chippewa and Ottawa languages. She was also a good musician.

Indians in Liquor

Beside the Pe-pe-yah band, there were other small scattered bands and individuals who escaped the government's removal plan, and who made their home in the woods in the vicinity of Paw Paw which was their trading point and when the Indians came to town to sell their berries or furs, or the government commissioner made his annual visit to pay the Indians their little stipend, the merchants did a thriving business while the Indians were in town as they were free spenders and their money soon found its way to the till of the merchants and whiskey sellers. Most Indians have an uncontrollable appetite for "sco-ta-wa-boo" (fire water) and there were always traders ready to sell them what they wanted as the selling of liquor was not looked upon as it is now. An Indian would never molest anyone who furnished him liquor, and while the traders were safe, other people were subjected to all sorts of annoyances, to say nothing of the constant fear of being butchered by them as a pastime. There is an impression that all Indians in liquor are dangerous which is to some extent erroneous as their dispositions vary the same as other people, but lacking the restraint of moral culture and law, those who were inclined to be ugly when drunk were to be feared the same as a wild beast. Although very reticent when sober, all are very talkative, and some absolutely silly when drunk. Such is their propensity to talk when drunk, that a continual jabbering is kept up, whether alone or with others, showing that whiskey completely changes their disposition. Once started on a drunk an Indian would as soon pay a dollar for a drink as five cents, and would persist in his enjoyment as long as he had any thing to pay or trade for whiskey. All Indians, however, did not drink or at least but seldom, and some used their money wisely to provide for their families. The quarrelsome ones were usually disarmed, and if too troublesome, were bound hand and foot by their Indian friends and laid away somewhere to sober up. The old settlers have told how the bucks became too drunk to sit up and drink any more and the squaws would fill their own mouths with whiskey and squirt it into the mouths of the helpless red men, probably on the theory that a dead drunk Indian was safer than one not so drunk.

I. W. Willard

Those were the colorful days in Paw Paw. Everything was new and there is a charm and romance about a new country just emerging from a wilderness to civilization that is very fascinating and our pioneers passed through an experience that will never be repeated in this country. By 1840, I. W. Willard had bought out the interests of his former partners in the mercantile business and at his store centered the bulk of the Indian trade as he had clerks who understood the Indian language. He kept goods especially for the Indian trade and took in their furs, maple sugar, berries, jerked venison and what not. To one of his clerks Enwin S. Smith I am indebted for interesting sketches of local Indian characters.

Indian Characters

Old Kac-kac was a brother of Mrs. Pe-pe-yah and with his family shared her abode until consumption did its worst and he joined his kinsmen in the Pe-pe-yah cemetery. He was known as a very honest Indian and his credit was good any where. He was very friendly with Calvin Hawley, Paw Paw's pioneer foundryman and would enter his house without the formality of knocking and ask for the loan of a dollar, which was always given him without question. On meeting Mr. Hawley on the street he would say "me pay you" and when he got some money he was promptly on hand to pay up.

Wap-seh who was a member of the Sin-e-go-wa band at Rush Lake northwest of Hartford was a frequent visitor in Paw Paw, being a friend of Kac-kac. He was born in the Pokagon village on Pokagon prairie, east of Summerville, Cass county, in July, 1783, and in 1894 was still alive at the age of 110 years. He was known as the greatest bear hunter in this section. Wap-seh and Kac-kac used to get "squib-by" together and were the jolliest of fellows when in liquor. No amount of tantalizing would ruffle them and nothing but the sobering up process would erase the broad grin on their faces. Their uniformly good nature made them not unwelcome in the stores of the new settlement.

White Wolf

"White Wolf," which was the English name given to an old Indian of the original stock, had his village on a tract of ground which centered about where the Lee school house stands. He was the father of Mrs. Pe-pe-yah. He and his squaw never varied from the habits and customs of their ancestors. With a few others he strictly adhered to the tribal style

of dress, namely, the blanket, leggings, and moccasins. He also preferred a wigwam to anything more modern. The Indians were there when James, William and Uriel Lee moved to Michigan and settled in what is now called the Lee district. The Indians had cleared between ten and fifteen acres after their fashion, which was to girdle the trees and plant their crops among the dead timber. White Wolf was a very honest Indian and his promise was considered perfectly good anywhere. During his life he retained a strong hold on the affections of both Indians and whites. In his young days he had been intemperate and very ugly and dangerous when drunk. At one time when under the influence of liquor he quarreled with Elder Joseph Woodman, who defended himself with a heavy horse whip, giving White Wolf a sound threshing, after which he was never known to drink. Nothing would tempt him to drink liquor, fearing if he did, that revenge would get the mastery and the killing of Woodman would be the result. When near his death he sent his aged squaw to Paw Paw to pay a debt of 75c at Willard's store for a field hoe bought some six months before. As soon as the government annuity was received in the fall, there was no rest for him until every debt was canceled. At a ripe old age he passed to the happy hunting ground, and was laid to rest with his kindred and friends in the Pe-pe-yah burying ground. On the western hillside toward the setting sun, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot," he sleeps in the land of his fathers.

More Paw Paw Indians

In a log hut at Agards trading post north of town on the river, dwelt an eccentric old Frenchman by the name of Jos De-ro-sha called by the Indians Ke-no-sha. His wife was a Pottowatomie squaw. He spoke both the Indian language and English fluently, making his services indispensable as interpreter on annual pay days. His squaw and half-breed boy drawing their little stipend with the others, were recognized as members of the band. Here at the French trading post he lived faithful to his squaw wife until he died. Personally he leaned to the ways of the whites, yet tolerating his wife's adherence to all the ways of her people. He mingled but little with the Indians outside of his family except on occasion. He was often seen around Willard's store as his language accomplishments made him very useful in dealing with the Indians.

Another old Canada Frenchman called by the Indians Moo-saw, but whose real name was Joseph Lash-ua, having for a wife a deaf mute squaw, with whom with their half-breed pappooses he was always present when anything was going on, was also looked upon by the Indians as one of them; but being more filthy and degraded, in most respects, than his associates he commanded little respect from them and less from the whites.

I have it from the late Thos. Dodge that when the wind was right it was possible to smell old Moo-saw clear across the street. Owing to the fact that he was a purveyor, first hand, in muskrat and skunk pelts, and a faithful member of the ancient order of the unwashed, he carried with him a penetrating and far reaching scent. So terrible was his appearance that he was the "bogey man" for all the small children in town. The sight of old Moo-saw coming in the distance would strike terror to the heart of the stoutest kid. His vocabulary was half Indian and half Canada French, with a sprinkling of English, which was very difficult to understand. His habits were Indian, of the lowest order, on account of which, what he brought to market did not meet a ready sale. His berries were not picked nicely, his maple sugar was dirty and spleened against, and he was shunned largely on that account.

Moo-saw's squaw was the half-breed daughter of a white man by the name of Johnson and a Pottawattomie woman. Being a deaf mute Mee-saw used to say of her, "not much talk, but mighty good squaw." Though she could not talk she was the most persistent beggar among the Indians. She had several pappooses and if she caught sight of a child's dress, there would almost be a fight to prevent her taking it. This socially undesirable couple lived in a cabin on the edge of the high bank, west of and a little south of the former Will Payne residence. Unlovely though he was, the name of Moo-saw will probably live in the history of Paw Paw longer than the many who lived a more civilized life.

On the Gremps farm on the west side of the river lived a Canada Frenchman with his half-breed daughter. The daughter was noted for her great beauty, owing no doubt to her French ancestry, and she was famous locally as Paw Paw's most beautiful squaw. Her name was Ag-nes-shaw-wan-eese, a name probably partly French and partly Indian.

Paw Paw's First Doctor

An old timer of 1842 some years ago related the following incident in regard to the late Dr. Josiah Andrews. The doctor came to Paw Paw in 1838, as yet a single man and began the practice of his profession. He soon became acquainted with the Indians as did almost all the new settlers. As housing accommodations were limited he slept in a room off from his office which was a small one story building. One winter night he was aroused by a tap, tap, tap on the window pane of his room. Getting up to investigate he found an Indian outside who made known by signs and "pidgeon english" that he wanted the doctor to visit, in a professional way, one of their band who was very sick. The doctor dressed and taking his medicine case started to follow his guide. They crossed the river at the foot of main street and took the trail through the snow-covered woods to the Pe-pe-yah village. There in a wigwam he found a young Indian rolling on the floor in great distress. The red man always had a healthy appetite and when enough food could be obtained he would fill himself to the utmost capacity. The doctor soon determined that here was a case of acute indigestion. There are no doubt some persons today who have reason to remember the fearful potency of Dr. Andrews' dependable blue pills usually administered with trimmings. The dose he gave that Indian was enough to move Prospect Hill to the north side of town. Mr. Indian was soon emptied of everything inside of his skin and on the way to recovery. The doctor left the Indians delighted with the magic of the white man's medicine and returned to town. Not long after he was visited by a party of Indians leading a young squaw. They made known to him that they thought highly of him as a medicine man, and that they desired to adopt him as a member of their band, and that as an evidence of their friendship and brotherhood they had brought him a beautiful young Indian bride. The embarrassed doctor tactfully made known to them that marriages between whites and Indians were "wean-net" (bad) and therefore impossible. They went away friendly but a little disappointed.

The Indian Cemetery

It was an unfortunate thing that the Pe-pe-yah Indian cemetery was destroyed. It was located on the southwest ¼ of the southwest ¼ of the southeast ¼ of section 22, Paw Paw township. It occupied a knoll covered with hard wood trees, with a thick tamarack swamp on the west. There in the open spaces between the trees the dead of the tribe had been buried for many years before the white settlers came. The Indians, in the lay out, or rather lack of lay out, in their cemeteries made the graves without any special system, except it was customary among the earlier Indians to arrange the graves with the foot pointing exactly toward the rising sun, in accordance with the tradition that when the Great Spirit should come to visit his Indian children he would come from the sun rising and thus it would be easier to see him coming. It was possible to determine nearly the time of year that the burial was made by observing the pointing of the grave. If it was well toward the northeast, the burial was made in mid-summer. If east it was in the spring or fall. If southeast, it was in the winter. In the Pe-pe-yah burying ground under the majestic

green trees, symbolic of renewed life and joys in the spirit hunting ground, and covered with autumn's recurrent, splendidly colored robe of dead leaves, reminder that death is the destiny of every living thing, they expected to be left to rest undisturbed. With the coming of the white settlers with a soul only for the utilitarian and a contempt for things Indian the sheltering trees in the cemetery were destroyed, and finally in 1876 as the crowning act of gross utilitarianism the cemetery was plowed up. Let not history record the names of those responsible.

In the Pe-pe-yah cemetery was buried an Indian by the name of Shavehead who died on the south bank of Four Mile lake and whom David Woodman recollected seeing carried past his cabin in a hollow log to his burial. Later some men, led by a prominent doctor from Paw Paw made a night visit to the grave of Shavehead, cut off his head with a lath hatchet, boiled off the flesh in the back yard of the doctor's home in Paw Paw and put the skull on exhibition as a curiosity.

Indian Habits

Judged by the standards of the white man the Indian was not considered very clean in his domestic arrangements. Of course some were worse than others. In his clothing he was not given to much change of apparel, the same clothing usually doing duty for all occasions. In the home life, whether in wigwam or cabin there was not much privacy, all living together in happy go lucky sort of fashion. Yet the family life was usually a happy one, the parents being very kind and affectionate to their children, it being almost unheard of their whipping their children.

The Indian had an armor plated stomach which would stand for most anything in the way of food, and while he preferred venison, wild turkey, and fresh fish, in an emergency, not having a very delicate taste, "everything was grist that came to his mill" in the way of food. My stomach still revolts at the remembrance of a party of Indians feasting on the entrails of a hog fried in corn meal, unwashed and rare done.

The squaws utilized their blanket in various ways. It was used as a covering for the head and shoulders in bad weather, or to wrap the papoose in, and also as a bed sheet to sleep in. In the sugar making season they would, in the absence of something better, slip off their blanket and strain their maple sugar through it. The squaws would in the interest of economy and efficiency utilize the boiling sap to cook the family dinner of muskrat, which accounts for the hair and other things sometimes found in the sugar. All things are more or less relative and so methods of living that were perfectly satisfactory to the Indians were looked upon with disgust by the white people.

Chief Shavehead Showed Hate For Early Settlers of County

Camping Ground of Famous Indian Still Marked by Discovery of Many Arrow and Spear Heads.

When the Pokagon band of Pottawatomies sold their lands around Chicago and came to Michigan they divided up into three bands. Pokagon, a son of the old chief, settled at Pokagon prairie, Weesaw located in Volinia township, on the present Mrs. Henry Crego farm, and Shavehead located in Porter township.

Pokagon and Weesaw were always friendly to the white settlers, but Shavehead bore a grudge toward them which lasted until his death. He chose the southwest shore of Baldwin's lake for his camping place, clearing of its brush and trees two acres of land overlooking the lake which to this day is an open glade in the woods, the forest still standing on three sides of it with the lake in front.

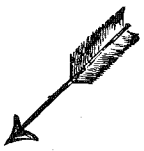
Trails came to this camp from every direction. This land now belongs to Stiles Carter, supervisor of Porter. When his father, Braddock Carter, came there in the thirties and took up land from the government, and built his log cabin, one corner of the cabin stood over a trail that was nearly a foot deep in the ground, so long had it been used. The Carter farm included the ground where the Indian camp had stood, and every year flint arrow heads are found there, with sometimes one large enough to show that it had been used as a spear by the race who lost it. Porter township was a network of Indian trails when the white man came here, its many lakes and vast wooded tracts making it both a good fishing and hunting ground.

Shavehead guarded his home jealously, and many were the encounters he had with the settlers who encroached upon his domain, especially if the intruder was alone and without arms. He always kept his head shaved except for one lock of hair, hence his name. Some say Shavehead was shot by Job Wright, a hunter and trapper of that time who located upon Diamond lake Island before the settlers came. Tradition has it that Wright buried several thousand dollars in specie near his cabin, which stood on the east side of the island, not far from the present hotel. Tradition also has it that Wright killed Shavehead, while others say the Indian died in a sugar camp one spring near Paw Paw, where he had gone after the settlers had occupied his hunting grounds in Porter township.

Evidences have been found that the Pottawatomies did not enjoy peaceful possession of their lands here, even before the white man came. There were at one time in Porter township and also in Penn township upen glades in the woods of some 40 rods in length by three or four wide, where the trees never grew, and where the early settlers were told by the older Indians that captives had in times of war been made to run the gauntlet. No shrubbery or young trees took root on the land thus cleared, and these reminders of one of the most barbaric customs of the Indian may have been a hundred years old when the first white settler came here.

For years after Porter township began to be settled there was plainly visible a deeply furrowed trail from Penn township down to Shavehead's settlement, and the presence of arrow and spear heads around his camp indicate that he had not only had a large following but that this had been his abiding place for many years, and was probably the camp of some equally warlike predecessor.

(Harry Garrett of Decatur, Ill., writes: Upon going through some of my old papers I found the enclosed article on Shavehead, the Indian whom we used to discuss. The clipping is taken from the Dowagiac News in the early years of the present century. Knowing your interest in early local history I thought you would appreciate it.)



Ar-row.

TECUMSEH

Tecumseh was probably the greatest American Indian that race has ever produced. He was the most eloquent orator ever known among the savage tribes. When he spoke, his voice was deep and full, like an organ, his face shone with emotion, and his words were remarkable for their poetic beauty.

His father was a Shawnee warrior, and was killed in battle with white settlers, when Tecumseh was a mere child. This impressed him with a great resolve to keep the white men out of the Indian lands, and to fight them whenever he could.

He possessed a sensitive dignity, as is shown by the following incident. Upon one occasion, when he came with his warriors to hold a conference with General Harrison, he looked around, after he had finished his address, to find a seat. Seeing that none had been reserved for him, he appeared offended.

A white man, seated near General Harrison, arose and offered him his seat, saying, "Your father wishes you to sit by his side."

"The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. I shall sit in his light and rest on her bosom," said Tecumseh. Whereupon, he sat down on the ground, in the full light of the sun.

Tecumseh was a noble soldier, and never allowed any prisoners to be tortured. He promised General Harrison that, in case of war between the Indians and the whites, he would not permit his warriors to massacre women and children. He faithfully kept his word. At the siege of Fort Meigs, the Indians began murdering their prisoners. Tecumseh ran in, and, brandishing his tomahawk, bade them stop at once. Turning to General Proctor, who stood looking on, he cried out,

"Why do you permit this outrage? Why did you not stop those men, and save those wretched prisoners?"

Proctor replied that the Indians could not be restrained, and that he could not prevent the massacre.

Tecumseh was furious at this, and said, "Begone, you coward. You are not fit to command men. Go and put on a petticoat, and sit with the women, where you belong."

Proctor was not a brave soldier, and, at one time, burned his stores and abandoned his fort, even though he had a thousand men and three thousand Indian allies. Tecumseh was so disgusted with his cowardice, that he compared him to a fat dog, who barked and held his tail high, when there was no danger, but who howled, and dropped his tail between his legs and ran, whenever any one attacked him.

When Tecumseh went to Alabama to stir up the Creek Indians against the whites of that section, he found them unwilling to rise against their neighbors and friends. All his eloquence failed to move them, and, to all his appeals and threats, they merely shook their heads. Finally, in a burst of anger, he cried out,

"Your blood is white, and no longer runs red like the rising sun. You do not fight because you are cowards and are afraid to fight. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me, but you shall believe it. I am going back to Detroit. It will take me many days, but when I reach there, I shall tell the Great Spirit, and I shall stamp my foot on the ground, and shake every house in your village."

So saying, he left, and journeyed northward. The Indians counted the days until he should reach home. Strangely enough, about the time he was due there, an earthquake shook the village, The Indians rushed wildly for their dwellings, crying out,

"Tecumseh has arrived in Detroit; he has told the Great Spirit; we feel the stamping of his foot!"

The last battle in which this warrior was engaged was that of the Thames. The Americans had been pursuing the British and their Indian allies for some time, until Tecumseh was tired of the disgraceful state of affairs, and told the British officer, Procter, that he would retreat no longer. "We will stand here and give battle," said he. "I and my warriors were not made for running away from our enemies."

The result was the battle of the Thames. At the opening of the conflict, Tecumseh turned to his friends, and said,

"Brother warriors, I shall never come out of this battle alive. I go there to die, but I go. My body will remain on the field, I know it will be so."

He unbuckled his sword, and handed it to one of his Chiefs, and said, "When my son becomes a great warrior, give him this sword,

Looking Backward

THIRTY YEARS AGO

From the Decatur Republican of April 14, 1921.

Thirty to sixty years ago Fischer's orchestra of Kalamazoo was the greatest musical organization of its kind in this part of Michigan,—we might say in the whole state. It was an official orchestra of the Pan American exposition at Buffalo in 1901 and of the 100th anniversary celebration of the Lewis and Clark expedition in St. Louis in 1904. We remember our first entrance into the dining room of the Inside Inn at the St. Louis exposition. There was the orchestra playing for the entertainment of a thousand or more guests, with Charlie Fischer leading and playing first violin and carrying his inimitable smile "that would not come off." Our eyes met at the same instant, and it was like being in Europe and meeting a friend from home. We had several pleasant meetings during our wonderful week at the fair, and Fischer added to his already great reputation as an orchestra leader.

In the years before the automobile, when travel was slower and more limited than it is today, it was more of an event for small town fellow residents to meet each other in distant places. One time back in 1894 when standing on a crowded street of Los Angeles watching the parade of the city's annual celebration, we met Cora Carney who had come to the celebration from the city of Pomona where she was visiting relatives. Both of us were surprised and delighted and it almost seemed that we were taking Decatur right out west with us.

We are reminded of a remark made by the late Mrs. Metzger on a similar occasion, also many years ago,—"I would be glad to meet a dog from Decatur."

The above remarks were inspired by an ad of the Decatur Dancing Club of a Fisher's party at the town hall April 19, 1921.

Items of April 14, 1921.

Ray Bowers is selling Nash, Chevrolet and Reo automobiles in this township.

August Knoll spent the week end at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Angus Cary, in Benton Harbor.

Mrs. Lew Morlan has returned home from St. Petersburg, Florida, where she spent the winter.

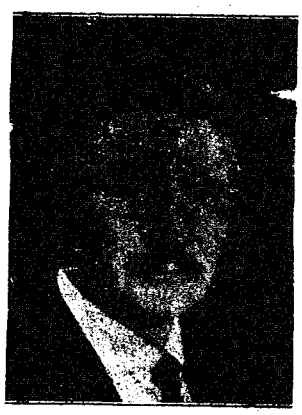
"Lockwood's Store At Your Door" was the sign on five large auto vans which passed through

the village on the Dixie highway Tuesday morning. The vans were larger than any moving van and were equipped to carry a complete general stock of goods through the country. The plan is being worked extensively through Ohio and Indiana. (We imagine that city and village ordinances will soon put a stop to this business.)

A big egg laid by a hen from a little state. Mrs. Lydia Eichler brought the Republican an egg laid by a Rhode Island Red hen that weighed four ounces.

Alexander Comley died Saturday at his home in South Hamilton, aged 69. He was the youngest son of Reason and Sarah Comley, pioneer residents of the township. He leaves two brothers, Frederick and John, and a sister Libbie.

Village officers,—F. C. Stapleton, president; trustees, Newell, Knoll, Buys, Criffield and Huyck. S. O. Van Hise failed to qualify and John Overley was appointed in his stead.



E. R. WASHBURN

Edward Rush Washburn was born March 7, 1872, in Greenwich township, Huron county, Ohio, and died April 18, 1951, at Lakeview hospital, Paw Paw.

He was the second son of William Rush Washburn and Alice Newton Washburn. He came to Barry county when he was only eight years old, traveling by covered wagon. He attended rural school at Rogers Corners, Carlton township, high school at Hastings, then Ferris Institute, Ypsilanti State Normal College, Valparaiso University, and the University of Michigan where he obtained his degree in science.

He was married December 29, 1898, to a neighbor farm girl, Myrtle Rogers, who preceded him in death November 9, 1948.

E. R. Washburn started teaching in a country school in 1892 when he was only twenty years old. He taught in rural schools until the year he was married, when he was principal of the Mio village school, Kossommon county. Later he was at Lowell, Grosse Isle, five years at Dexter, and thirty-two years in Decatur, eleven of which he served as superintendent. Two school houses were built while he held that office. He taught science and mathematics from 1926 to 1938 when he retired after forty-four years of teaching.

He had made his home with his son Kermit and family since January of 1950.

He is survived by his four children, Dr. E. Roger Washburn of Lincoln, Nebraska; Mrs. Bernice Marie Dahlstrom of Ann Arbor; Kermit V. Washburn of Paw Paw and Edythe Myrtle Haefner, also of Paw Paw. Also, his three brothers and one sister, Wiley Irving Washburn of Potterville, Mich.; Fred Elmer Washburn of Newfane, Vermont; Col. Homer C. Washburn of Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Florence E. Hecht of Omaha, Nebraska.

Funeral services were held at the Nevel and Sons funeral home Sunday afternoon at 1:30. There was a large gathering of his relatives and friends and many beautiful floral offerings.

Rev. Henry Houseman preached the funeral sermon and this was followed by the Masonic service conducted by Rolland Haefner. Among the large number present were his former school associates, P. W. Harper and Mrs. Harper of Delton, Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Allister of Holland, Al. Peets and family of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dutton of Niles, and others of the Decatur faculty.

Burial was in the family lot in Hastings.

Tribute to Mr. E.R. Washburn

Alumni Banquet — Decatur, Mich.
June 2, 1951

When a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Such was the greatness of Mr. E.R. Washburn, that the light he leaves behind him will manifest itself in the lives of the countless hundreds who were privileged to come within the realm of his teachings.

Some years ago, an alumnus of D.H.S. said, "Mr. Washburn could get more chemistry out of a hairpin and a piece of string than many college professors could with an up-to-the-minute and well-equipped laboratory." Nothing I might say could illustrate more clearly his keen intellect, his ingenuity and his remarkable ability to impart to others his wealth of learning. How little we appreciated that master mind — like the pearls in our own back yard — so often overlooked.

His classes were intensely interesting and never boring because he possessed such a fund of related knowledge. It seemed there was just nothing he did not know. He was a loyal student of nature and often spoke of the great rees to be found in Newtons Woods. He also knew a great deal of local Indian lore which he wove into the subject matter he taught. And intermingled with his teaching was a saving sense of humor — the subtle, intellectual type — he liked to make his pupils the butt of a good-natured joke.

Mr. Washburn's accomplishments were not confined to the class room. He was also a scientific farmer who took just pride in producing, and nurturing and harvesting the things of the soil. And just as all educated men should contribute to the civic welfare of their community, he accepted the responsibilities of public office and ably served our village as president for several terms.

Mr. Washburn did not please everybody — and why should he? — many years ago I heard a definition of failure. The definition is this: "He who tries to please everybody is doomed to failure." No — Mr. Washburn was not a failure. He carried the courage of his convictions and followed through in a most convincing and positive manner. Viewed in the light of present-day standards, his system of teaching would be labeled "old-fashioned." He consistently opposed the wave of "so-called" progressive education which swept the country some fifteen or twenty years ago, oddly enough believing that little Johnny and little Mary should not be allowed to follow the unbridled bent of their own inclinations but rather that they should be taught the fundamentals of education, particularly the 3 R's and to be able to apply them.

We in the business world would plead for more E.R. Washburns with their old-fashioned concept of education — and you may ask why — simply this: These young people, through no fault of their own but because of pussyfoot discipline and too many extra curricular activities — have never learned to concentrate — have never learned the value of perseverance — have never learned respect for superiors — and as for responsibility — THEY WANT NO PART OF IT!

And why *shouldn't* we have discipline in our schools! Mr. Washburn was a rigid disciplinarian who tolerated no foolishness nor disrespect. His was a sense of values, of balanced and constructive thinking and he had no time for sloppy soldiering. High school law breakers and "show-offs" were quickly brought to justice. The boys respected him and later in life admitted that he was the best teacher they had ever had. This spirit of discipline and orderliness was carried over to the home he loved so well. His home and family could well serve as a shining example to all America — a symbol of permanence and stability that is so all important to the welfare of a community and of a nation.

I guess I could go on and on about this great scholar whose loss we feel so deeply, and who now belongs to the ages. I know I speak for the entire village and for the entire countryside when I say, "We are grateful for having been enriched by his talents." Mr. Washburn was a lover of poetry and often quoted bits of verse and so I shall close with the words of Sadie Louise Miller, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

M. Howland
1951

Decatur Trapper Marks 70 Years Running Own Lines

Kalamazoo Gazette

Back in 1880 when children hiked to school through heavily wooded country, skirting large swamps or bumpety corduroy roads, there were opportunities aplenty for alert farm boys with a gun handy to make that walk a paying proposition during fall and winter months.

One of these enterprising huntsmen-scholars was 11-year-old Orlando Ball, Decatur, who conceived the idea to buy pelts from the other boys, adding them to his own bale of furs. He gave eight cents for muskrats, selling them to a New York firm at the rate of 13 cents each. This was his first venture in the business world and in order to make this beginning, his mother had forwarded $1.00.

When the letter came from this fur company, Orlando was bitterly disappointed for there was no money—that is, as he had always known it up to that time. However, his mother explained the value of the enclosed check, so the order marked the lad's entry as a fur buyer.

Now hale and hearty at 81, Orlando works his 40 acres with a team, milks four cows and is ready to carry on this winter as he has for the last 57 on this same farm —taking in pelts brought in mostly by country boys.

Furs dealt in are practically all muskrat, raccoon, mink and, until the last few years, fox. For "rats" Orlando has paid from three cents to as high as $6.50 each. Mink brought from 25 cents to $36, while "coon" never exceeded $12.50.

Looking back over the last "four score years and 10," this buyer recalls that his largest purchases occurred during a two and one-half hour period when the transactions covered $1,575. Another time he paid a farm boy $175 for the skins taken from his trap line over one week.

Unless a man is familiar with pelts, it is easy to be mistaken, Orlando said. Weasel and mink have the same color and shape with the exception that the former is white underneath. Then, too, a weasel weighs 4½ pounds while a mink but one-half pound.

'Rover,' A Real Find

Every hunter has a favorite dog story to relate. This sprightly octogenarian had a dog, Rover, he found "running the streets." Three coons and three skunks this hound was known to "bag" in one night with the former selling for $12.50 and skunks bringing $7.50.

Then a boy came one winter day and laid claim to an interest in Rover, which was settled for $13. Later, another boy called at the farm asking to have a price set on the dog. Not wanting to sell and

thinking to name a figure so high as to make the boy leave, he said $50.

Too late, Orlando discovered it was a trick, the boy having been sent by men waiting up the road. One year later, he bought the dog back for $150. Altogether, Rover lived nine years on the Ball farm and made more money for his owner than "any cow I ever had."

Of equal interest is the story of the nine-year-old Decatur boy who walked the five miles to Ball's farm on a freezing cold day in December. He brought what he thought was a weasel, laid it on the front carpet and would have been satisfied to receive about 30 cents. Instead, Orlando slowly counted out 20 one-dollar bills in the astonished boy's hands. It was a mink.

The highway through the Ball farm, called the West Valley road, extends from Lawton to Glenwood and has brought many fur-laden farm boys to its hospitable door. Formerly an old Indian trail, the region still provides tell-tale signs of the days when the Red Man was wont to lay his snares in the swamps and roast his meat in stone-filled fire pits.

Now, though the Indians are gone and the school bus transporting rural students has prevented the profitable diversion of taking pot shots on the way to and from the "little red schoolhouse," farm boys are still engaged in their time-honored winter activity. They are setting out trap lines and paying regular visits to reedy marshes where dome-shaped mounds tell of muskrat colonies.

And Orlando Ball, all ready to buy their pelts, finds them much the same as in the days of his youth.

A Tribute to Harry J. Lurkins

Given at His Funeral by Waldo Phillips.

Harry J. Lurkins was born on the farm which he always made his home. He loved that farm and gave it tender care. He loved its soil, he loved its trees, its vines, its grass.

His father died while a young man, leaving two sons, Harry and George, just boys, and their mother.

Responsibility fell seriously and heavily on Harry's young shoulders, but he managed to attend the country school and was graduated from Decatur high school with honor. This completed his formal education but did not end his study. He was a keen student and skilled observer all his life and an outstanding example of continued adult education.

His was a pioneer spirit. In this respect we are not referring to his homesteading in Montana, but rather his participation in the revolution in the science of agriculture which had its beginning about the turn of the century.

No eulogy is needed. His life and work, his deeds are familiar to all of us. However, it is fitting that we pay tribute to his memory. What we say here is our humble attempt to put into words the thoughts that are in our minds today.

We knew Harry as our friend. "The comfort of having a friend has been taken away, but not that of having had one." "Friend is a word of royal tone, Friend is a poem all alone." Yes, he was our friend when most needed and appreciated, a fount of inspiration when we weakened, a well of wisdom when we needed counsel.

"Ah! How good it feels—the hand of a friend."

Harry Lurkins was one of the Lord's great husbandmen.

He practiced his religion, making little profession of it.

He maintained the highest standard of honor and integrity.

He had an extremely keen sense of duty.

He loved his work, gave his heart and mind completely to it.

Possessing such attributes he naturally gave his life to the service of his fellow men. To this fact thousands can testify.

He gave freely of his talents to the whole community, not to agriculture alone. If humanly possible, he responded to calls for every worthy cause. He served business men's clubs, women's clubs, church and civic groups, as well as individuals. In more than twenty years as agricultural extension agent in Berrien county he left an imprint on the agriculture and horticulture of Michigan that remains his monument. As is said of Jesus in one of the sweetest lines in scripture, 'He went about doing good."

We hold in high regard the companion who has so ably assisted him, and our hearts go out to her in sincere sympathy in this hour.

If we but listen, can we not hear a voice quoting Sam Walter Foss,

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men goes by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish. So am I
[illegible] by the corner's seat,
Nor hurl the cynics ban.
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

May the precepts of his teaching, the principles he practiced remain with us.

With this thought and these lines from Kipling we would close.

"The Captains and the Kings depart.
Lord God of Hosts; be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

JAMES MAHONEY, ESTEEMED PIONEER

Came to Decatur in 1856. Passed Away at Home of His Daughter, Mrs. C. M. Rawson, January 26.

James Mahoney was born at Ennis, Clare county, Ireland, March 18, 1845, and died at Decatur, Michigan, January 26, 1931.

He came to America when six years of age with his parents and three brothers, John, Edward, and Michael, and sisters, Mary and Margaret. They first located in Syracuse, New York, and later the family came to Kalamazoo and settled there.

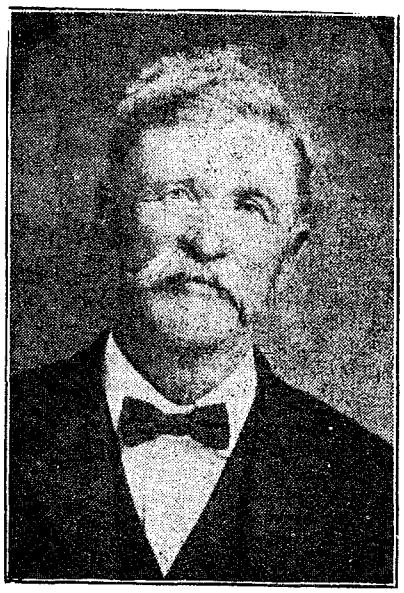
He first came to Decatur in 1856, but stayed only a short time, returning in 1861. On April 3, 1867, he was married to Mary Code at Silver Creek, Michigan. Decatur has since been his home with the exception of one and one-half years which were spent in Mattawan.

In April, 1916, he completed fifty-two years of continuous service with the Michigan Central Railroad Company. He was the first in Decatur to be pensioned by the company. His brother, Michael Mahoney, had completed fifty years in their employ ten years before.

In his fifty-two years of service Mr. Mahoney had not lost to exceed ten weeks time in vacations and illness and had never been off the pay roll. At different times he had been sent to Detroit, Jackson and Gary on special work, but for the most part had been on duty on the sections east and west of Decatur.

At one time the three brothers, Edward, Michael and James, had been foremen of the sections, west of Lawton and east and west of Decatur.

During all these years Mr. Mahoney never shirked his duty. [illegible] were never too cold or stormy for him to go out. He guarded the tracks and protected the lives of those who rode over his section, with never failing loyalty, and in his faithfulness he obtained true greatness. He retired with the thanks of his employers and with the congratulations and best wishes of many friends.



James Mahoney

Mr. Mahoney will be remembered by many for his warm affection for relatives and friends and the genial hospitality which characterized him. He was never so happy as when entertaining those whom he loved in his home, and the wayfarer and the poor and helpless found shelter and welcome there.

Decatur has lost an honest, reliable, upright citizen, and a large number of friends and relatives mourn for one whose heart was kind and true.

Those who attended the funeral from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mahoney, Will Howland and daughter, Mrs. Frances McDermott, George Howland and daughter, Mrs. B. Shean and sister Nellie of Jackson; Drs. Mahoney and Howland and Leo Howland of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John Rapp, Mrs. Carrie Kelly, Mrs. Jennie Clote, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Welch and Mr. Fred Rapp, Dowagiac; Misses Mary and Nellie Murphy, Mrs. Anna Kelly, Mrs. Floyd Chappell, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kelly of Kalamazoo; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Labadie, Mrs. John Dillon and son Dick, William Dillon and Edward O'Grady of Paw Paw; Miss Monica Howland, South Bend, Indiana.

CARD OF THANKS

To the friends who helped us in any way in our time of grief and trial, we extend our most sincere thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rawson,
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howland,
Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Mahoney,
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mahoney,
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Deering.

BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS

Frank C. Stapleton, 86, May 13.

His friends are legion and they call him "Stape." He came to Decatur in the early eighties and never left it to establish a home elsewhere.

We remember him when he sold overalls and hats and all men's wearing apparel in the Schuster clothing store now Harley Smith's. We remember him when he barbered and when he was cashier in the bank, and then when he served so faithfully as a member of the county roads commission, when he married the bright young Lena Free of Paw Paw and when they celebrated their 50th, 55th and 60th wedding anniversaries. Mrs. Stapleton was far from well on the 60th anniversary and passed away three months later.

Most of all we remember "Stape" when he was catcher and Frank Thomas was pitcher of Decatur's famous baseball team. That was in the golden era of the eighties and the home team was credited with being the best amateur team in the state of Michigan. Those were great days and the old timers never tire of recalling them.

IDA SWAN

A Tribute by Roy Cramer.

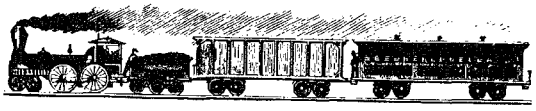
(Mrs. Swan passed away May 25 at the age of 90 years.)

She was a faithful pilgrim, living in a world of sin,
Her eyes were turned to Jesus and she longed to be with Him.
Always an inspiration to others far and near
To keep on looking upward till the Saviour shall appear.

Many a time I've heard her say, "We'll soon be going home."
Far above the starry sky never more to roam,
"Now just be faithful," she would say, for "just a little while
And we will be with Jesus and see his loving smile."

Now she is at her journey's end and will sleep beneath the sod.
I believe when the angel trumpet sounds she will hear the voice of God.
As he calls His saints to be with Him beyond the starry sky,
If faithful, we will meet her there and no tear will dim the eye.

Now to the children I would say, be not sad and do not sigh
And prepare for Mother's Saviour, who is coming bye and bye,
Then the circle will unbroken be in that home so bright and fair,
When all the saints will ever be with Jesus over there.



ANDROCLES AND THE LION

(Another of those once well known stories taken from Webb's Model Fourth Reader.)

When Rome was mistress of the world she had a colony in Africa, over which a governor was appointed. This governor had many slaves, to whom he was so cruel that they sometimes ran away from him.

Among these slaves was one called Androcles, who was so cruelly treated that he ran away and escaped into the desert, where he soon hid himself in a large cave. He was very weary and sore from the scratches of the thorns through which he had passed.

He had been but a short time in the cave when a huge lion approached. Androcles was greatly terrified, and felt that he should surely be torn to pieces by the savage beast.

But, to his surprise, the lion gently came near and held up its right paw, which was wounded and bloody. Almost overcome with fear, the slave took the foot and carefully examined it. He there found a large thorn, which was evidently causing the animal great pain.

With trembling hand Androcles ventured to pull the thorn out, all the time fearing the beast would destroy him, as he caused pain to the foot. But, to his great joy, the lion caressed him in the kindest manner instead of offering any harm.

At night the man and the lion lay down and slept together in the greatest harmony. The next day when the beast went forth for his prey he brought a good supply of food and placed it at the feet of Androcles. For nearly three years they lived together in harmony.

At the end of this period Androcles was captured as a runaway slave and sent to Rome, whither his cruel master had gone. At that time a master had power to put to death a slave who had escaped. This cruel master rejoiced in the opportunity to exercise his power, and resolved that his returned slave should be thrown to a lion for destruction.

The people assembled in great numbers to witness such an awful death as they expected the poor slave would meet with. Androcles was placed in a lot from which he could not escape and where he could be seen by the crowd of people. When all was ready an enormous lion was let loose upon him as his executioner.

In great agony the slave awaited what he supposed would be sure death. But, to his surprise and that of all the spectators, instead of opening his jaws to devour the poor man, the lion commenced fawning upon him and caressing him, as a dog would do on finding his long lost master. Androcles soon discovered, with great joy, that this was the same lion with which he had so long lived in Africa, and which, like himself, had been captured and taken to Rome for exhibition.

The Roman emperor, hearing of this singular friendship between the lion and Androcles, ordered not only that the slave should be set free, but also that the lion should be given to him as a present. From this time the noble lion and the freed slave were constant companions.

Androcles received quite an income by leading the lion about the streets and giving the people an opportunity to witness his gentleness and his friendship for the man who had so long before relieved him from pain and suffering by extracting a thorn from his foot.

Kindness, sooner or later, in some way or other, will bring its reward. T. Day.

Looking Backward

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO

From the Decatur Republican of August 26, 1917.

FINDING GOLD

During the summer of 1864 we had quite an excitement for a short time over the finding of gold in the swamp. A man by the name of Tucker lived at that time on what is now the Lewis farm on the New Swamp road. This Tucker spread the report that he was finding gold in the swamp, and, as may be imagined it didn't take long to send a lot of men down there prospecting, for, if there was any gold to be dug out of the swamp there was a whole lot of folks here who would be glad to get hold of some of it.

I remember going with my father and a lot of other men down there to see what could be found; Tucker had dug a big hole in the ground, about ten or twelve feet deep. This hole must have been located nearly where the little grove and buildings are now just south of the Lewis home. It was partly filled with water, but with long-handled scoops they could bring up the black mud from the bottom, and then with a milk pan they would wash away the mud and in the bottom of the pan would be left a residue of a heavy black sand in which there were little specks of something that shone and sparkled, and was claimed to be gold.

But if it was gold—and I believe that point was never settled to a certainty—it was in such very minute quantities that one would have to work a long time to obtain a dollars worth.

There was a merchant here at that time by the name of Wiggins, and he was very much interested in the matter, and he exhibited a small chunk of what he claimed was gold. It was tested and weighed by Fred Smith, the jeweler, and he said that it was gold and weighed about a dollar's worth.

On the strength of this small nugget, Wiggins tried to get up a company and sell stock, to lease land and explore for the precious metal. But the more that the little nugget was examined the more it looked like a gold coin melted and allowed to run into nugget shape on the ground, and the company fell through. They certainly did wash out small specks of something that sparkled like gold, but if it was gold it was so fine that they would have to work hard all day to get enough to come to 25 cents. Gradually people became satisfied that it did not amount to anything and the excitement died away. Now there is scarcely a person in Decatur who remembers anything about it. There are very few left who were here at the time.

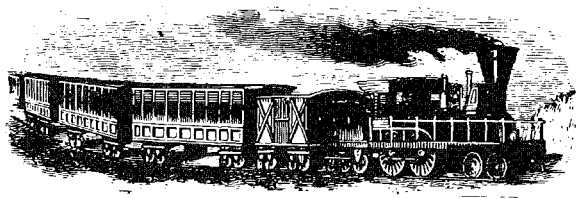
Charles T. Tucker was the first resident of the village of Decatur. In fact he was here before the village came into existence, and before the railroad. He was sent here by the company to get out ties for the road, and he built the first house in the village. He was the father of Lawyer William H. Tucker and grandfather of the actor, Frank Tucker.

A few years later he took up land a half mile to the south and built a house on it. In 1869 he sold this farm to Chas. A. and Sophia S. Moulton and it became known as the Moulton farm. They were my grandparents and I was born in the house that Tucker built. The improved building is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin.

The big hole which was dug in the search for gold was about half full of rubbish when my brother Will and I were little fellows and lived on the farm. It was called the gold well. The farm then consisted of 160 acres and the well was in a field partly cleared, next to the big swamp. It was about ten feet deep.

Will and I knew all about the gold well and climbed down into it many times. Finally we decided to dig it out and try to find the gold. It was a big undertaking for us and we worked about a month before giving it up as a bad job. After that we lost interest in the well and never went back to it again.—A. N. M.

Pioneer Railroading in Van Buren County



THE WRECK AT LAWTON IN WHICH NINE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND 28 INJURED.

This is the story which we have been for the past month trying to locate. It was written by Martin F. Ryan, who for years was ticket agent of the Michigan Central at Marshall. It was published in a Marshall paper, issue of October 26 (the year is not given, but think it was 1939.) Ryan was a native of Mattawan and one of the company of notable Irish railroad men to whom the Michigan Central in its early years was greatly indebted. The writer was a special friend of William H. Howland and through him became a friend of the Republican. The files of this paper contain a number of good stories by Mr. Ryan of railroading in the pioneer years of Michigan's most important railroad. Mr. Ryan was a cousin of our townslady, Mrs. Maynard Southworth. He died in 1943.

In his story of the Lawton wreck the writer mentions three persons from Decatur who were in it,—James Mahoney and Mary Case, who were injured, and Percie Nash, a little ten year old girl who later became Percie Nash Seymour and lived to the ripe old age of 94. She was a graduate of the Decatur high school, class of 1869, the second class graduated. We shall endeavor to obtain a more complete list of the dead and injured in the wreck.

The Republican is indebted to Attorney Carl Benton for the story which follows.)

THE TRAGEDY AT LAWTON

By Martin F. Ryan

The early railway history was not written without its tragedies. On an October night in 1863 the village of Lawton was the scene of a horrifying train wreck that took the lives of nine people and seriously injured 28.

In the dark days of 1863, when the Civil War was raging, at a time when the bloody battle of Shiloh had taken the lives of 26,000 men, including some from the flower of Van Buren county manhood, a state fair was being held at Kalamazoo. Looking forward on those dark days, it is remarkable to observe that despite the tragedies that afflict the human race, the horrors of war, plagues and starvation, humanity will take time off to sing, dance and partake of recreation as an antidote to relieve the suffering.

The Kalamazoo state fair held in 1863 was a gala event, drawing visitors from all parts of Southern Michigan. It was on the race track at this fair that "Dexter" the famous horse, covered the mile in 2:40. At this time the only means of transportation was the horse and buggy and the primitive railroad of the Michigan Central. To take visitors to the fair a special train had been provided, picking up passengers at stations and rural crossings all along the line between Niles and Kalamazoo. This special, in charge of Conductor Nick Summers, arrived in Kalamazoo in the forenoon with hundreds of merry visitors for the fair, and to witness the feat of the record breaking horse "Dexter."

In the late evening as dusk was approaching, a large crowd assembled at the station at Kalamazoo to return to their homes along the line of the road. It was soon discovered that there were not sufficient coaches to take care of the crowd. To meet this emergency, two box cars were fitted up with wooden benches for seats. While this was being done the train dispatcher allowed a westbound freight train to proceed with orders to take siding at Lawton and let the special pass at that point. The conductor of the freight train was the well known Charles Billings of Marshall, Michigan, and one of his brakemen was his son, Frank Billings, later to become a well known engineer of the road. It was Frank's son, Hylar Billings, that for many years was connected with the First National bank of Marshall, which position he held until his death.

The freight train arrived in Lawton and pulled into a siding to clear the main track for the special. A large crowd had assembled at the Lawton station to meet the expected special train, and among them were Charles Billings and his son Frank, the latter leaving their train after clearing the main track. At the time that the freight train was clearing at Lawton the two box cars were being attached to the rear of the coaches on the special train in Kalamazoo. These cars were attached by the now obsolete pin and coupling contrivance. The bell cord from the engine cab, running through the upper section of the coaches was extended over the top of the box cars, with the cord fastened at the end of the last box car for signal communication to the engineer.

Finally the passengers clambered aboard, filling the coaches and the two box cars. With a shout of "all aboard" the train pulled away from the station at Kalamazoo. The first stop in the darkness of the night was Mattawan, a distance of 12 miles. Following the discharge of passengers at this point, the train proceeded for the next stop, Lawton, a distance of four miles, and largely a down grade movement. Soon after leaving Mattawan, an investigation held some time after proved that some one, either through ignorance or malice pulled the iron pin from the iron link that fastened the box cars to the coaches soon after leaving Mattawan, and as it was a down grade movement the box cars would travel as fast as the grade would allow and the momentum attained at the time the pin was pulled. The coaches attached to the engine would naturally travel faster than the box cars that were detached. Subsequently the coaches arrived at the Lawton station, and passengers were leaving the coaches, suddenly like a thunderbolt from the sky the two loaded box cars crashed into the rear coach with terrific force, crumbling and splintering the wooden coach like matchwood.

Horrible screams of anguish and terror rent the midnight air as the crowd around the Lawton station rushed to the rear of the special train. Nine passengers were found dead and twenty-eight injured. Occupying one of the coaches were a young man and a young lady, the former, James Mahoney of Decatur, Mich., and the latter Mary Case, also of Decatur, both of whom had attended the fair at Kalamazoo. James Mahoney afterward became a popular rail track foreman, and was an uncle of Wm. H. Howland, a locomotive engineer, known as "Wild Bill" due to the fact that he was assigned to piloting presidential specials over the Michigan Central, also assigned to running the Wolverines. Mr. Howland is now retired and living in Jackson.

In the wreck crash James Mahoney sustained a leg injury that as long as he lived caused him a limp in walking. Mary Case sustained injuries that prompted the company to settle with her by giving her $3,000 in cash, a house and lot and eight vacant lots in the village of Decatur. Also in the coach was Percie Nash, a ten year old girl, who later became a school teacher. It is believed that the only living survivor of that train wreck at the present time is Percie Nash, living at Bangor, Mich. In the village of Lawton at the time there was no hospital and only one doctor, and there was no telephone. But in the darkness of the night, horses and buggies were utilized, also track hand cars, which traveled in various directions to obtain assistance.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

Commencement time will soon be here, followed by the Alumni reunion. The reunion will come on Saturday evening, the second of June.

The graduates of a few years ago are liable not to be as greatly impressed with the reunion as are the graduates having a silver anniversary or more. Dorothy Kinney Jung of Lawrence called a few days ago and is making an effort to get as many members of her class of 1926 together as possible.

The members of this class who graduated 25 years ago are Mrs. Jung, Lena Van't Zelfde Dees, Kermit Washburn, Nicholas Burggraaff, Helen Udell, Emma Behrman Borst, Royal Hirst, Larida Scott Peterson, Esther Szpiech, Lisle Howe, Ivan Ives, Benjamin Neidlinger, Horton Neidlinger, Maude Parish Goodrich, Pauline Woolfe Hanna, Carl Baker, Frederick Winkler, Georgia Welcher Carpenter, Edward Arnold, Waldo High, Ruth Beardsley Sheppard, Pearse Hollenbeck, K. Eugene Borst, Helen Austin Salisbury.

All are living and the addresses of most of them are known.

Some members of the class of 1915 are also hoping to meet as many of their class mates as possible. The members of this class are Doris Brigham Aitkin, Robert Ball, Helen G. Creagan, Fern Hamilton Carrington, Gladys J. Lyle, Theodore J. Rosevelt, Marie Conway Haskins, Leland S. Marks, Ruth Alden Pollock, Archibald Van Ossenbruggen, Marjorie Harris Brigham, Helen Lindsley Rutherford, Carl L. Athey, Dorothy Jones Kelley, Doris Kelly Rippey, Marie A. Parker, G. Sterling Wood, Don J. Morlan, Fern Geer Fuller, Harold Wendell Genung, Harry Snow Pritchard, and according to the records all are living but Marie Parker and Don Morlan.

We go back over the years for this class,—not quite forty years ago, but near it, and it recalls one of the most touching poems of school days that we know. It may bring to the reader a moment of sadness, but it will do no harm and it may increase the desire of some to recall those happy days of old and come back to the reunion.

FORTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground,
that sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me,
Tom, and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon that
green some forty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom;
barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the
hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place some
forty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered
some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
our jackknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the
wall, the bell swings to and fro:
Its music's just the same, dear
Tom, 'twas forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old
game, beneath that same old
tree;
I have forgot the name just now—
you've played the same with
me,
On that same spot; 'twas played
with knives, by throwing so
and so;
The loser had a task to do, there,
forty years ago.

The river's running just as still;
the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom;
the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined
now, where once we played
the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—
pretty girls—just forty years
ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath
the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas then so high
that we could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink,
dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed
since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
you know I cut your name.
Your sweetheart's just beneath it,
Tom, and you did mine the
same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled
the bark, 'twas dying sure but
slow,
Just as she died, whose name you
cut, some forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and
took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved
some forty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid,
some sleep beneath the sea,
And none are left of our old class,
excepting you and me;
But when our time shall come,
Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we
loved some forty years ago.

—Unknown.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson of Kalamazoo were callers one day last week. They are former residents of Dowagiac and were going to spend a few days there.

Mrs. Davidson is the former Maude Nolin, her family being among the early residents of Wayne township in Cass county.

A year or two ago the Republican received a letter from Clifford Hiram Nolin of Kansas City, Mo., 524 Cypress avenue, who wrote that he was once a resident of North Wayne and mentioned several of the township's early residents whom he remembered. He proved to be a cousin of Mrs. Davidson and they have renewed the family acquaintance.

Mr. Nolin located in Kansas City, Mo., 70 years ago and he is now 88. He is the author of a book of verse which contains some choice poems, and he sent his cousin a copy. The book is entitled "Apples of Gold," and this is one of the poems:

MUSTERED IN

(In memory of a G. A. R. neighbor.)

Close the book, the tale is told,
A record none may flout—
Ninety-eight were in the Post,
The last is mustered out.

Sound the taps, a hero goes
Beyond the world's ado,
Eagerly to join the great
And final rendezvous.

Vision him on the hills of peace
Free of a crippled knee,
Rid of a minie ball he found
In middle Tennessee.

Wrap him tenderly; the flag
Will warm him 'neath the snow;
Colors he had carried high
Where color-sergeants go.

Honor him! He joins the boys
In a uniform above
Our where the sainted Blue and
Gray
Have entered into love.

Carve upon the record stone
With reverential knife—
Thomas Kirkwood, Company D
Is mustered into life.

Thomas Kirkwood was one of the early settlers of Wayne township.

Mrs. Mahala Griffin Kay of Paw Paw, in the following note helps

to recall some early Decatur history:

"Some time ago in your paper you asked for information concerning two former teachers of Decatur, one of whom was Mae Duffin. She lived most of her life as a teacher in Chicago, spending many of her summer vacations in the home of my parents who were friends of her people. In contests conducted by leading daily newspapers of Chicago she was twice voted the most popular teacher of that city and sent on trips abroad. Both she and her family are buried in Lakeside cemetery, Decatur."

The Duffin family were among Decatur's earliest residents. The Van Buren county directory of 1869 has the following record:

"S. Duffin, boots and shoes, store west side of Phelps street, six doors south of Delaware." That would place it about where Frank Brewer's barber shop now stands. We do not remember the family as residents of this village, but well remember Mae Duffin when she came back here for summer vacations. She was a faithful member of her church, and once on a stormy evening when very few came out to the meeting, she made the trip in from the Griffin farm to be present. When praised for this faithfulness she replied, "Someone has prepared a lesson for tonight and it is my privilege to hear it."

It is my impression that the Duffin family moved from Decatur to Niles, for I was a young boy when his body was brought here for burial. The funeral was held in the Presbyterian church and was attended by a large company of Knights Templars in full uniform, and a band. I stood on the walk in front of the old town hall and watched that long procession of plumed knights, headed by the band playing a dirge, marching to Lakeside cemetery, and the impressive sight has remained in my

WILLIAM FOLEY TRIBUNE EDITOR, DIES

William B. Foley, 78, retired night editor of the Chicago Tribune and a member of the staff 32 years, died in St. Francis hospital, Evanston, last Thursday, April 12. Surviving are the widow, Ella M., two step-daughters, a step-son and three grand children.

Mr. Foley was a native of Indiana where he practiced law for a number of years. He became interested in newspaper work and in 1912 went to Chicago as night editor of the old Inter-Ocean. In 1914 he joined the Tribune staff.

For 20 years Mr. Foley was dog watch editor, carrying full responsibility for local, state, national and world coverage from midnight to eight a. m. He wrote much of the news of the night watches on his own typewriter. He retired in February, 1946.

Some 20 years ago Mr. and Mrs. Foley acquired a home in Nicholsville and spent as much of the summer time there as his work would permit. They enjoyed the lakes and surrounding country and often visited Decatur. Mr. Foley was an entertaining talker and his calls at the Republican office were always welcomed. He seemed to think that the Republican was an ideal country newspaper and once said that he would enjoy editing a paper like it.

A building in Hamilton township, which may be one of the oldest in Van Buren county, is about to be torn down and this local historian has been delegated to make a note of it.

The building is located in North Hamilton and is now but the wreck of an old barn, but it was once famous in local history when it was known as "Brown's Tavern." It was built by Henry D. Coleman in September, 1837, on the line of the Territorial road about four miles to the west and a little north of Decatur village, the location being known as Kidman's corners and also as Fritzburg.

Coleman's only competition was the Keeler tavern located about five miles further west, and before the coming of the Michigan Central railroad both places did a flourishing business.

Coleman used all of his money to build the tavern and then borrowed $700 with which he bought a small stock of merchandise. He also succeeded in obtaining a post office for Hamilton and was himself appointed postmaster. He kept the office at the tavern where it remained until it was abolished shortly after the abandonment of the stage route. He held the office continuously during its lifetime and later moved onto a farm in section four where he died in 1857.

It is presumed that Coleman sold the tavern to a man named Brown from whom it obtained its name. The Selby and Kidman families took over the tavern in the early seventies and in 1895 George Kidman moved the wing of the building across the road to the north and made it into a blacksmith shop. He did a prosperous business there for a number of years. The late Alonzo Phelps bought the upright and moved it to his farm about a mile distant, where it has since done duty as a barn. Fred Hungerford, who inherited the farm, sold it to his son for $50 and the latter plans to use the timber in it to build a barn on his own farm.

Van Buren county was organized in 1837, the year that Michigan became a state. It then contained seven townships. Keeler and Hamilton were one township named Covington. There seemed to be no local reason for calling it Covington and the early settlers did not like the name. In 1839, the legislature separated Covington into two townships. The western half became Keeler and the eastern half Alpena. The name Alpena did not prove satisfactory either, and the next year, 1840, the name was changed to Hamilton in honor of Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury under George Washington.

The above information was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hungerford from memory and from a history of Van Buren and Berrien counties which they loaned to the writer. Mrs. Hungerford is the former Daisy Kidman.

A letter from Helen Hathaway of Ann Arbor contains a list of fifty notable books of 1948 as selected by the American Library Association division of public libraries, and they are available at the Ann Arbor public library. Most of the writers are well known both from a literary as well as a political standpoint. One thing that has become quite noticeable of late years is the number of men in high public office who write books. It is presumed that the most of them do it to clarify and defend their public acts, and they all more or less shed light on the very intensive world history that is in the making.

Included in this list of books recommended by the Ann Arbor library are,—

The Gathering Storm, by Winston Churchill,

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight Eisenhower,

Memoirs of Cordell Hull, by Cordell Hull,

Making of an Insurgent, by Fiorella La Guardia,

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert Sherwood,

On Active Service in Peace and War, by Henry Stimson,

We Need Not Fail, by Sumner Welles.

The list has been turned over to our Decatur librarian who can undoubtedly obtain some of the books for patrons who would like to read them.

1951

It's a long road that doesn't have a turn, and sometimes it's a long road that finally does have a turn.

I have traveled a long road with The Decatur Republican, and have met with many pleasant experiences along the way. No other occupation in life could have come to me that would have given me as much pleasure as has this work of editing Decatur's home town newspaper. The paper came into my possession many years ago as suddenly as it has gone out of it this week. On a day late in December, 1896, I learned that the Decatur Independent was for sale. On the following day I became its owner, and on the following week took possession and restored to the paper its original name, The Decatur Republican. That was the first of January, 1897. On the 13th of August, 1951, 54 years, eight months and 13 days later, the ownership passed to Dalton and Eleanor Kinney. The sale to the new owners was as sudden and unpremeditated as was its purchase from Secord and Dewey in those days of long ago.

In the nearly 55 years that I have been publisher of the Republican the business street has undergone a complete change. Not a person, not an industry, save the First State Bank, not a mercantile establishment, is here today that was operating on the first of January, 1897. The pretty village is here. Many of the homes and places of business are the same, but most of the townspeople of that period are gone, and others have taken their places.

In giving up the Republican the thing that comes first to mind is a feeling of gratitude for the friends the paper has brought me down through the years. It is a priceless heritage. I have been brought many times since the sale to the point of tears over the letters, the newspaper comments, and the personal words of callers. There are more than a few readers who have taken the occasion to tell me that they have been subscribers to the Republican over fifty years, and some from the time I became its owner.

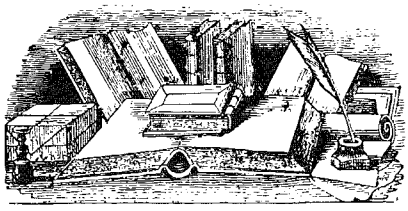
Without the advertising patronage of its home town merchants no newspaper can continue to exist and be a credit to the community. The Republican is not an exception. In the number of its subscribers the Republican has more than kept pace with the growth of the village, and it has been loyally supported by most of the business houses.

I know that the new owners will publish a good newspaper, one that will be a credit to Decatur, and I sincerely hope they will receive the advertising patronage the paper deserves.

Of the new owners, the Kinney family are well known in Decatur. They can be classed as pioneers of this community. Dalton is a son of Ransom D. and Florence Roth Kinney, and the Roth family also are among our early settlers. Dalton graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1935. He was married to Eleanor Hoppes of Anderson, Indiana, in 1937 and later took up the work of building contractor. He purchased of J. G. Hirst a plot of land on the easterly side of Lake of the Woods, which he named the Douglas Lee addition. On this land he has built ten houses and has two more under construction.

Mrs. Kinney, who has become well known to Republican readers as Ella Nore, is the daughter of Mrs. Grace Hoppes and the late Dr. G. A. Hoppes of Anderson. She graduated from the Indiana Academy in 1933, and from the Ball State Teachers' College in 1939. She taught five years in the Decatur public schools, most of the time in the Commercial department. She has a fondness for writing and her further ambition has been to own a country newspaper like the Republican. With a liking for the work, an energy almost unlimited, and an ambition to succeed, readers of the Republican may be assured that they will be well pleased with their home town newspaper.

Almost from the beginning the Howe brothers have had a prominent part in the publication of the Republican. They are natural mechanics and in composition and construction have made it a work of art. Otis, the oldest, learned the trade here and worked here until the opportunities in electricity seem to hold a greater interest for him. Clayton followed and took the advances from apprentice to foreman. Then the First World War called him and after his discharge from the Navy he worked in city offices until six years ago when his opportunity came to return.



A greeting to the readers who have missed this column! For a few weeks there was some doubt if it would ever appear again, at least under the name of the present writer who began it some 20 or more years ago. It was a case of the flu, that hard, unrelenting flu, which once it gets hold of an unsuspecting mortal is as difficult to shake off as a bull dog from the trousers of an intruder. The flu is said to be unusually severe on its victims this spring, and so is the spring itself.

We remember the first day the flu ever came to Decatur, in fact it was the year the foul disease was brought over to this country from Europe, and it is about the worst thing we ever got from there, not even excepting the English sparrow. That was away back in 1885. The flu was a novelty then and it had a novel name,—the Spanish Influenza. The sister of Mrs. Carrie Browning, who came from the East on a visit, brought it, and much talk about it was turned loose by the knowing ones when Dr. Rose gave its name and explained its nature. The United States went to war with Spain for sinking the battleship Maine in Havana Harbor, although we had a greater cause to war with that country for sending us the flu.

But, we have met the enemy and it is our's, so let us get on with the work again. There have been many things to write about during the past few weeks, and opportunities have passed that will never come again. Even so opportunities continue to follow each other in endless procession and we do not expect to lack for subjects to write about.

The subject most on our mind as we sit here at the typewriter is that of our long time friend, Edward R. Washburn, whose death was recorded in the Republican last week. It was our good pleasure to be a member of the school board that in 1914 brought Mr. Washburn to Decatur, and we have never had cause to regret that action. He was a good superintendent and a good teacher, thorough in the knowledge of his subjects, and a splendid disciplinarian.

Words of admiration and respect for him have been freely spoken by pupils and teachers who were associated with him in school as well as others, and we can truly say in the beautiful lines of Halleck,—

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Mr. Washburn's affections were centered on his lovely wife and their happy married life lacked but fifty days of covering a period of fifty years. When she was taken by death much of his ambition in life went with her. He was showered with attention from his children and friends and struggled bravely to overcome the de-

pression that seemed to settle upon him, but the bright light which brought him cheer and comfort was extinguished and could not be renewed.

Knowing well that anything he might write would be treasured by readers of the Republican we sought to interest him in preparing articles for the paper, and its files contain a number of fine articles from his pen. He had other subjects in mind but his strength was not sufficient to prepare them. He left some articles as yet unfinished which his children may complete and permit this paper to print, and we are looking forward to receiving them.

Mr. Washburn had lived in Decatur and vicinity, and been associated with the Decatur public schools longer than any other man and it was in line with his wishes and those of his friends that his body should be taken from this village to its last resting place in Hastings.

Drew Pearson is a writer of no mean ability, but one so rabid, and perhaps conceited at times, that the enemies he has made cannot find the words to say mean enough things against him. On the good side of his several sided character was his eulogy of Michigan's esteemed Senator Vandenberg whose death vied in the news of the day with the homecoming of the deposed Gen. MacArthur.

As an added tribute to our late senator Mr. Pearson's eulogy, given on his radio program, is printed here:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, last week an old soldier came home. The flags waved, the guns roared; thousands cheered. And last week, without fanfare, another old soldier faded quietly away. The flags of Michigan fly at half mast in tribute to Senator Arthur Vandenberg—a man for whom the tickertape never flew, for whom the bands did not play—but who was the grand old leader of a Grand Old Party and as great a warrior in the battle of good government as any soldier on the battlefield.

"Good politicians seldom receive the accolades that are extended to good generals. But the battles Arthur Vandenberg fought and the victories he won shape the course of history.

In the Days of Long Ago

WHEN OUR PROSPEROUS COMMUNITY WAS A HOWLING WILDERNESS.

Elias Morris Tells of This Region When the Red Men Ranged the Forest.

(From the Decatur Independent of June 13, 1895.)

Mr. President and pioneers of Van Buren county, ladies and gentlemen:

In response to a request by your executive committee, to prepare a paper on pioneer life for this occasion, I am happy to meet you here today. It affords us pleasure to be permitted to go back over a period of more than sixty years and contemplate events pertaining to the early settlement of Van Buren county.

Every county has its first settler, closely followed by the second, third and fourth and so on from year to year, all engaged in establishing homes and laying the foundation for social, religious and educational systems, and in various ways preparing the way for the generations that follow.

It would be arrogant to claim for settlers all the credit for developing this part of our noble state. Each and everyone are entitled to a share of praise.

Preceding the advent of the first settler, Van Buren county was in a state of nature, or nearly so, with dense forests and swamps filled with bears, wolves, lynx and wildcats ready to prey upon domestic animals on first appearance.

There were other large tracts of oak openings comparatively free from underbrush, kept so by the Indians burning them over every year to facilitate the hunting. Numerous swamps and marshes with malaria waited only for a subject to get in their work; also there were numerous lakes well stocked with fish. In certain localities wild fruit, crabapples, plums, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries and huckleberries were abundant. Here, too, was the redman reluctant to surrender possession of his favorite hunting ground. Here in this, Decatur township, on the borders of Little Prairie Ronde might have been seen the smoke from the wigwam as it curled upward to mingle with the clouds, or might be heard the tinkling of the bells on the necks of their ponies, indicating the near presence of their owners.

On the west bank of Swift & Anderson lake was an extensive burying ground or cemetery. There were long rows of graves side by side around which was a circle similar to a circus ring, suggestive of the pow wow or war dance, or whatever might have been the customary ceremonies of the race. The grounds were strewn with all sorts of trinkets and relics. I have often picked up a handful of silver broaches, beads, etc. Here, too, were the Indian corn fields, where tracts of several acres had evidently been planted and cultivated to corn, the small hillocks each representing a corn hill. Pits or holes dug in the ground, lined and covered with bark and on top of that covered with earth, were supposed to have been receptacles for their corn and other products.

To cut leave from friends, to sever family ties, to abandon the native home with all its endearments, to say good-bye to all the heart holds dear and start with wife and small children to seek a home in a comparative wilderness, requires a brave heart, a strong arm and determined will.

THE FIRST SETTLER

Dolphin Morris, the first settler of Van Buren county, was born in London county, Va. Here he grew to manhood uneducated and without means, his father being poor and unable to render assistance. March 29, 1823, he married Nancy Beaver. To them were born August 17, 1824, Samuel, July 30, 1826, Zerilda, June 4, 1828, Amos.

In the fall of 1828 he started with his family and all his personal effects in a lumber wagon destined for Summerville, Cass county, Michigan. The route was through dense forests, where they were compelled to ford streams and meet with many obstacles to impede their progress, arriving however safely at their destination.

Here he spent the winter with Joseph Gardner, a cousin. During his stay at the Gardner's he located in the S. ½ section 35 of Decatur township, and early in the spring of 1829 erected the first residence in the county and made the first improvement.

The residence was a typical pioneer log cabin, made of round logs 8 by 10 inches in diameter, about 24 feet long, notched at the corners to hold them in place; the cracks were chinked with split basswood and daubed with clay to make it warm and comfortable. The roof was made of oak shades held in place by weight poles; the floor was of split basswood puncheons 3 or 4 inches thick smoothed slightly with an adz or axe. There were three small windows below and one in the gable. The chimney was made of sticks and mud and thickly plastered inside.

The fire-place was long and spacious, admitting huge logs 4 or 5 feet long, in front of which our mother used to cook the meals for the family. The chamber was reached by a ladder and constituted our large sleeping room with 2 or 3 beds in it. The door was put together with wooden pins and hung on wooden hinges and provided with a wooden latch with the latch string on the outside.

The cooking implements were not numerous. They consisted of

a teakettle, one iron pot for boiling meat and vegetables, a bake kettle with iron corners, in which the bread was baked by covering the kettle with coals of fire. The cabin was located near the trail leading from Niles to Grand Rapids and often furnished food and shelter for the weary traveler.

The first sermon preached in Van Buren county, was in this cabin by the Rev. Wm. Sprague, a young Methodist preacher in the year 1829, who afterward became presiding elder; also a member of Congress, defeating the Honorable Charles E. Stewart for that office.

The First White Child

August 4, 1830, was born Lewis C. Morris, the first white child born in the county. He died December 20th of the same year and was the first person buried in the Morris and Anderson cemetery.

May 11, 1832, occurred the most important event of my life. I was born in the old log cabin within a mile of my present home and am now the last representative of my father's family of eleven children. I know something of pioneer life. I know what it was to eat plain food and wear scanty clothes and early in life learned to mend my own clothes and repair my own shoes. I have often listened to the howling wolves that warned us of their near approach and intended raid on the domestic animals, aspecially the sheep. It was one of my duties to bring in the flock and secure them within a high rail pen or corral built so high that a wolf could not get in.

I know something of the ague or chills, fever, the many snakes and the burning fevers we have endured of the sickly season, when nearly the entire family were sick at the same time and some of the neighbors' children were also sick at our house. I also remember the old log school house, with the slab benches, the birch and ruler, too, have left a lasting impression.

The clothing for the family was made from the wool shorn from the backs of sheep, washed and scoured by hand and then hand picked to free it of all foreign substances, carded by hand into rolls, then spun by hand on the old fashioned spinning wheel into yarn, colored and then sent to the loom. It would be amusing now to see the ladies and misses dressed in home made flannel or linsey woolsey dresses and thick calfskin shoes and old fashioned scoop bonnets, or the men and boys with their suits of blue jeans and brass buttons and nondescript hats or caps. The shoes for the family were made from the hides of animals, slaughtered, or that had died and been tanned at the local tannery. The shoemaker would take his kit and go from house to house and remain until the family had all been shod or material exhausted; generally one pair of shoes was all we could have for the year.

Game of all kinds was plentiful and contributed largely towards the family supplies, besides amusement for the hunter or trapper. The lakes were well stocked with fish and contributed liberally towards the family larder.

The nearest mills were at Three Rivers and Niles, 25 miles distant, where all the supplies of flour were obtained.

Crabapples and wild plums were abundant. The latter were excellent quality. Our mothers used to make use of the crabapples for preserves and sometimes the plums. People used to come 8 to 10 miles to my father's farm for wild plums, and on one occasion a man and several boys came on Sunday and found several of us boys enjoying some very fine plums. They asked permission to gather some, so certain trees were designated, one of which contained a hornet's nest. As this trees was well loaded, the boys were soon near the top and began shaking it vigorously. A scream, an oath or several of them and some tll running were in order. They however were permitted to take a supply from other trees to recompense them for the fun they had furnished.

The First School and Church

Owing to the unorganized condition of the territory, schools had not yet been in operation; however as soon as possible a school was organized. The person proposing to teach would visit each family and ask "how many scholars will you subscribe or agree to send to school?" the patrons subscribing one, two, three or four as the case might be, and when a sufficient number were obtained school would begin.

The first school taught in Van Buren county, was taught in my father's old log house by a Mr. Alexander. A few years later a tolerably decent log school house was built, where now the Morris and Anderson cemetery is, and as I remember G. N. Copley, now of this village, was the first teacher. In the winter time spelling schools afforded a large share of amusement for the young people in the vicinity and many a time the old house would resound forth the eloquence of the young orators in trying to determine the important question whether man was an animal or not.

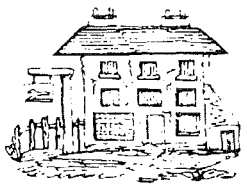
Soon as suitable places could be provided the circuit rider came. Preaching was generally at school houses throughout the vicinity, sometimes on especial occasions at my father's barn. The inhabitants generally would attend services five or six miles on horseback, sometimes two on the same horse. Buggies or carriages were not then in use. The minister would generally speak extempo and sometimes with eloquence and effect. The singing consisted in the congregation making a joyful noise, chords were of little consequence. Whenever there was a lack of hymn books the minister would line the hymns by repeating two lines and waiting until more copy was needed.

The Indians

The Indians were as a rule friendly. Some of the squaws were very kind and would assist my mother with her household duties. Often they would bring jerked venison, maple sugar or berries to exchange for salt pork or flour; the berries were always nice and clean, but the sugar was horrid stuff, having a greasy, sickening taste and offensive smell. One lone old chief, Shavehead, was somewhat a terror to the community and was regarded as a treacherous fellow. The last time I saw him was at my uncle's barn raising; he had his bow and quiver full of arrows and was smoking an old pipe. There is a lake in the southern part of Cass county called Shavehead lake. It is generally believed that some white man shot him a number of years since as he disappeared very suddenly and was never heard from afterwards. On one occasion an Indian called at our cabin and finding no men folks around, commenced some demonstrations with his knife to frighten my mother. She seized the gun hanging overhead and said, "Now, Indian, march." When he found that she would not frighten, he commenced to laugh and departed.

The Indians have disappeared from our midst. Wild animals, once a terror to the settlers, are all gone. Forests have been converted into lumber and the land into beautiful farms. The old log cabin is supplanted by the modern farm house—the fire place by the furnace, the old cooking utensils by the range and gasoline stoves. No longer the farmer cuts his grass with a scythe or grain with sickle or threshes or tramps his grain with horse or ox.

The mower, reaper and steam thresher and stacker have taken their places. No longer people take long journeys on horseback or are compeled to draw provision long distances. All over our state beautiful villages like mushrooms after a warm shower in May have sprung into existance. Railroads have been built for the accommodation of the people. Electric lights, telephones, phonographs, Audiphones, all suggest that a new era has dawned.



The Flight of Lincoln's Murderer

Mrs. Iryl Heap sends a page from the Washington Evening Star containing a story of the historic ride of John Wilkes Booth 86 years ago after he had shot and fatally wounded President Lincoln in the Ford theatre on the evening of the 14th of April, 1865.

From the story as written by George Kennedy is taken the following:

One of the most surprising discoveries that can be made in the Washington area is to come upon a section close to the city that has not been covered with housing projects and which remains much the same along the back roads as it did in Lincoln's day.

Such an area lies directly south of the District in Maryland, the country through which John Wilkes Booth rode after the assassination. The history fan who follows the flight of Booth through Maryland will be delighted to find all the houses mentioned in the account still standing and looking much the same as they did in the spring of 1865.

Of late, following the Booth flight has become a popular pilgrimage on or about the anniversary of the assassination, which occurred on Good Friday, April 14, 1865.

A police lieutenant, Bert Sheldon, annually guides parties approaching 100 in number over the route. He has made himself an expert on the subject. An older student of the Booth flight is Msgr. Edward P. McAdams, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Second and C streets N. E. He has one of the largest private libraries on Booth in existence.

In order to have an appropriate piece for Lincoln's birthday, the writer asked Msgr. McAdams to guide him over the route. We started about 9:30 Friday morning at the back door of Ford's Theater, now the Lincoln Museum, on the east side of Tenth street N.W., between E and F streets.

"Here's where Peanuts held the livery stable horse for Booth," the monsignor said.

"Booth limped out into the alley, lame from the jump from the President's box when his spur caught on the flag draping it. I don't think it correct to describe his condition as a broken leg. The break was in a small bone near the ankle and his cavalry boot probably kept it in position. He mounted and rode to F street and then turned east. We don't know what street he used to get to Pennsylvania avenue."

We kept on Pennsylvania avenue up the hill and on until Eleventh street S. E. where we turned to the right and continued to the Navy Yard bridge.

We crossed the bridge and went up Nichols avenue and turned to the left on Good Hope road, eventually turning to the right on Naylor road, crossing the Military highway, passing the Quonset Inn and turning to the right again on Route 5 at Silver Hill.

"You see," said Msgr. McAdams, "I knew the Surratt family. A grandson of Mrs. Mary Surratt (who was hanged as one of the conspirators) was a classmate of mine at Loyola College in Baltimore. He became a physician, Dr. Reginald Tonry. Through him I met his uncle, John Surratt, Mary Surratt's son. He was not apprehended at the time but was Bay Line in Baltimore when I knew him. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. I believe he was in the conspiracy to kidnap Lincoln but not to murder him.

"And let me tell you something that I got from the Surratt family that you won't find in any of the books. Louis Weichmann, who lived at the Surratt boarding house and was the chief witness against her in the trial before the military tribunal—"

Here I interrupted.

"Monsignor," I asked, "is the Surratt boarding house still standing?"

"Certainly," he said, "it's on H street near Sixth. Five forty-one was the number. It's a Chinese restaurant now."

He resumed his story:

"One day in the Surratt living room, while young Weichmann was helping Annie Surratt, Mrs. Surratt's daughter and the mother of my friend, Dr. Tonry, Weichmann tried to kiss her.

"Now Weichmann was from Baltimore. His parents were working class Germans. Mrs. Surratt was a Jenkins, an old Maryland family. She had attended Miss Martin's finishing school in Charles County. Her daughter knew she was not a girl to be kissed by a boarder whom she considered beneath her. And she laid him out. He never forgave her. That's why he had it in for the Surratts at the trial. He later drank himself to death, saying he was responsible for the death of an innocent woman."

"In 1901," our guide said, "Osborn H. Oldryod, a collector of Lincolniana who is the real father of the museum on Tenth street, walked the Booth trail. It took him 11 hours to get here. Booth, on horseback, did it in six. The distance is 17 miles. Mrs. Mudd, the doctor's widow, was living here at the time and Oldroyd had a talk with her which he included in his book. "The house is now occupied by Joseph Mudd, a grandson of the doctor. He's a tobacco farmer."

We drove up the lane to the house. Its exterior had changed in only one respect from the pictures in the history books—there was a television antenna on the roof.

'The couch on which the leg was set was over in that corner," Msgr. McAdams said.

"Is the couch still in Baltimore?" he asked Mrs. Mudd.

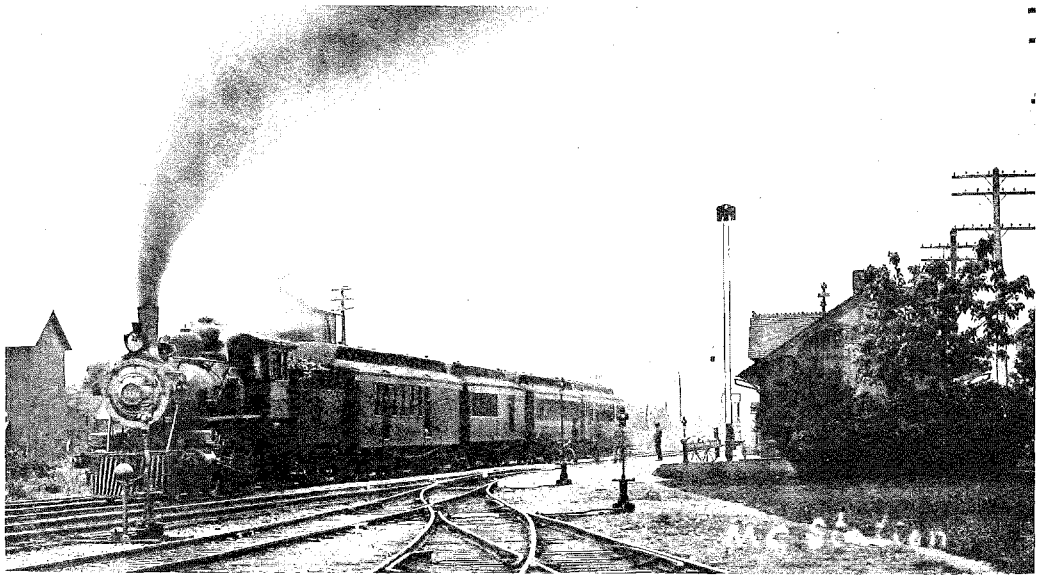
"Well," said Mrs. Mudd, "Mrs. Monroe died. It's probably in storage. It's pretty well worn out by this time."

She was referring to her husband's aunt, Mrs. Nellie Monroe, who went to Hollywood as a consultant for the movie "The Prisoner of Shark Island," then sued the producing firm for $50,000 because she thought Gloria Stewart, the actress who played Dr. Mudd's wife, was not as beautiful as her mother.

Dr. Mudd was sentenced to life imprisonment as a conspirator in the assassination. Booth, who had been at the Mudd place in the preceding November relative to the purchase of a farm or horses, arrived there at 4 a. m. April 15. He was wearing a false beard. He gave his name as "Tyson." Dr. Mudd set the leg. After his conviction Dr. Mudd was sent to a prison at Dry Tortugas (Shark Island) near Key West. He was the hero of a yellow fever outbreak which had carried away the prison doctor. He was pardoned after two years by President Johnson.

As we drove away from the Mudd home I said to Msgr. McAdams:

"I heard a grandson of Dr. Mudd, Dr. Richard Mudd of Saginaw, Mich., give a talk before the Columbia Historical Society last summer. He said that he heard from his father that his grandfather went to Bryantown and heard that Booth had killed Lincoln. When he returned 'Tyson' and his companion were leaving. Mrs. Mudd told him she was suspicious of the men because 'Tyson's' beard kept slipping off. Dr. Mudd was going to go back to Bryantown and report the incident but Mrs. Mudd said she was afraid to be left alone with her four young children. Then Dr. Mudd decided he would report it when he went to mass at Bryantown the next day."



NEW YORK CENTRAL 125 YEARS OLD

The New York Central's 125th anniversary is today. But there will be no speeches, no pageants, no unusual blowing of locomotive whistles. Months ago, the railroad decided this would be "an anniversary without a celebration"—because of the national emergency, and to permit full concentration on preparedness.

As a consequence, the Central is only quietly noting its century-and-a-quarter milestone—125 yrs. of growth inseparable from, and contributing greatly to, the progress of America. Briefly reviewing this eventful period, President Gustav Metzman philosophized in the company's magazine for employes:

"The history of the Central to this point might be called the story of a 125-year plan. The ingredients of the plan are simple: opportunity, incentive, work, reward. The results are accomplishments that serve both the public and the individual.

"Only time will tell whether the first 125 years are the hardest. For each generation, no doubt, its own problems seem the most vexing that ever have been. But this much we know: we have the right plan, and if we keep working with it to the best of our ability, we can make it work even better in the future than it has in the past."

The Central was born April 17, 1826, when the New York State Legislature granted a charter to the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad Co. to build a railroad between Albany and Schenectady. This 16-mile pioneer line was the first built in New York State, and is the oldest of approximately 560 predecessor companies combined into today's 11-state, 11,000-mile New York Central System.

The Mohawk and Hudson was the dream of George W. Featherstonaugh, wealthy landowner and scholar of Duanesburgh (Schenectady County), N. Y. He eloquently expressed his belief that a steam locomotive pulling cars on iron rails would prove the most efficient means of transportation. When he won the support of influential Stephen Van Rensselaer, last of the patroons and first president of the railroad, Featherstonaugh's vision became reality.

Construction of the roadbed and laying of the rails, which consisted of "strap iron" spiked to wooden stringers resting on granite blocks, began in 1830. A locomotive, called the DeWitt Clinton and weighing all of three tons, was being built at the West Point Foundry in New York City. Three stage coaches, carried on iron-flanged wheels and equipped with crude link and pin couplers, were being built in Albany.

At last, on August 9, 1831, an exhibition-excursion trip was made over the new track from Albany to Schenectady and return. The DeWitt Clinton behaved well; the dignitaries who had apprehensively embarked on the ride were outspoken in their enthusiasm. Regular passenger service was begun the next month.

At first, the trains operated only as connections between the steamboats on the Hudson River and the barges on the Erie Canal, completed in 1825. Trains did not run during the winter months. Nor did they run at night—until someone thought of lighting a bonfire on a flat car and pushing the car ahead of the locomotive. The engineman, a truly heroic figure, stood on a narrow uncovered platform behind the boiler. Horses pulled the trains when the locomotive broke down, or when traffic was too heavy for the number of locomotives available.

The success of the Mohawk and Hudson encouraged residents of other cities between Albany and Buffalo to collect money to construct a railroad between their city and the next. The Utica and Schenectady Railroad was thus built in 1837. Then followed eight more small roads, until, in 1842, a chain of them linked Albany to Buffalo.

Passengers changed from train to train of the various roads until agreement was reached in 1843 to operate two through trains daily in each direction. But the fastest service was 24 hours between Buffalo and Albany. Freight revenue was minor, because until 1851, railroads had to pay the state the same per-mile toll for freight carried as the Erie Canal would have earned for the same service.

The New York Central came by its name July 7, 1853, when the ten railroads between Albany and Buffalo were consolidated. Erastus Corning, who had headed the Utica and Schenectady for 20 years, was elected the Central's first president.

LITTLE NOW REMAINS OF WASSMAN MILL NEAR DECATUR WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1858; BURNED TO GROUND IN 1914

By: Della Mullinex

The days of the old country flour mill which flourished in the 19th century and in the early 1900's is a thing of the past. In those days it was a common sight to see the farmers with their summer crop of wheat and corn and even buckwheat on the road with horses and wagons, going to the little country mill to get their winter's supply ground into flour.

One such mill which has long since passed, and in the younger generation is almost unknown, was located about four miles northwest of Decatur in Hamilton Township. Only a few ruins remain of the old mill that was such a favorite of farmers for miles around.

Built in 1858

This mill was built by the late George Nesbitt in 1858. In 1862 the mill was put into operation and Chas. Wassman, a German by birth, and who learned the trade in Germany, was the first miller. He worked the mill for four years and then went to New York, returning in 1885 and worked in the same mill for four years more. About 1890 he bought the mill of Nesbitt.

In 1902 John Wassman bought the mill, which

was run by water power. It had turbine wheels and water was shot onto them through a spout. In the summer, as time went on, water power was getting light, as hot, dry summers caused a water shortage.

Cal Parker, a well known Decatur resident and a son-in-law of Wassman, worked for him for many years.

In 1914 the old mill burned to the ground. In 1907 Mr. Wassman had installed a midget Marvel Mill, or, as it is now called, an Anglo American roller process.

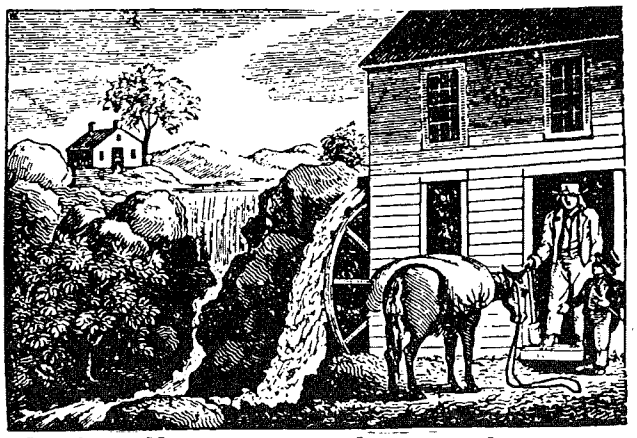
After the burning of the mill, Wassman, in the same year, moved to Lawrence, and bought a mill of Benedict and Cook. He increased the flour capacity and installed all new machinery. It is now run by 50% electricity.

During the years when Wassman was running the mill in Hamilton, the grinding was done by 2 — 4 Ft. mill stones. One was used for buckwheat and feed and the other for flour.

Trees have grown up where the old mill stood and only a few pieces of mill remains, a mute testimony of what had been. The dam is gone, and one can hardly recognize the place.

Since the burning of the mill, 14 other small country mills have gone out of business in the country.

1951



Nicholsville Once Showed Great Promise, Now Sinking Into Oblivion

By Fil Racette in Kal. Gazette.

A signboard is nailed carelessly on a tree at the crossroads. The scrawled letters, in faded blue paint, spell out "Nicholsville, Mich."

You've never seen those words on a postmark. In fact, it's practically an impossibility to find the place on a map. And yet this tiny settlement with its two dozen houses and half a hundred inhabitants started out in the middle of the last century with all the prospects of becoming another Grand Rapids or maybe even a Detroit.

But Nicholsville, lying northwest of here in the midst of a chain of resort lakes, never quite made the grade. It stands today like the talented child who stumbled on his first step down the road to greatness and never progressed any farther.

The little community is a castoff of time and progress. It was "a natural" early in the 1800s as the pioneers began settling the area. It was located at the juncture of two lakes, now called Bunker and Finch after two early settlers. Sources of water power were at the top of the shopping list for those land-seekers, and they found what they wanted at Nicholsville.

Although the first survey of the town wasn't made until 1851, an industrious pioneer, Alexander Copley, had constructed a dam on the site and erected a sawmill in 1835. The big over-shot water wheel also supplied power for a grist mill, built in 1851 by Harry George.

Naming of Town

George sold his infant enterprise to Jonathan Nichols, who gave his name to the little boomtown. Nichols, and a brother, whose first name has slipped by the historians, had set up a hotel in the village.

Nicholsville began to proper. J. M. Goodspeed opened a general store, and then came a drug store, blacksmith shop and wagon shop in quick succession.

Settlers came from miles around bringing their grain and logs to the mills. The stores and shops did a bargain-day business, week after week. It lookd like the makings of a metropolis.

Then the forces of progress pressed the stop watch. Other bigger and better sources of water power were developed closer to main trunklines. The railroads began to reach out through the area, and they shunned Nicholsville. The town died in infancy.

There isn't much left today to indicate what might have been. The last vestige of industrial promise was lost in the spring of 1917 when a washout carried away the idle dam. One small general store remains, but a sign in the window reads: "For Sale or Lease."

Nicholsville is a small resort center now—nothing more. Cottages, bearing the nameplates—"Welcome Inn," "Happy Hill" or "Journey's End"—have replaced the pioneer structures of the Copleys, Goodspeeds and Nichols.

Those names can still be found on markers in the small well-kept cemetery which overlooks the community from a hill to the south. The monuments, some new and some worn beyond recognition, hold the story of Nicholsville, what it is, what it was and what it might have been.

Present Messiah This Sunday

The third annual presentation of Handel's "Messiah" will be given by the Decatur Community Chorus on Sunday, December 7th at 3:30 in the Decatur high school auditorium.

Through the music of this massive oratorio is told the story of the Prophecies and the Nativity, the Passion, the Resurrection, and man's hope for his own salvation. Our small community is indeed fortunate to be able to produce an artistic accomplishment of this lofty nature.

Particularly in a well known work such as this are the merits of the director, the instrumentalists, soloists, and chorus apparent to us, for to avoid the hackneyed, the vapid effect and to give a fresh and living performance is the test of the true artist.

The difficult and exacting task of directing the "Messiah" will be performed by Marie Snyder Haefner. From her, we have come to expect a performance which is vigorous and authoritative, yet never lacking in the compassion and spirituality which are the essence of this work. Mrs. Haefner attended Olivet College where she appeared as soloist with the college choir, and studied directing with Pedro Paz, present conductor of the Battle Creek Symphony. She has studied privately with Alva A. Beecher of Chicago and Florence Otis of Kalamazoo, and has had lessons in choral work with Henry Overley of Kalamazoo College. During the past summer, she attended the Fred Waring Choral Workshop at East Lansing. Mrs. Haefner taught in the Decatur public schools and is the director of the choirs at the First Presbyterian Church.

Dr. William M. Govier will, for the fourth time, serve as pianist. A graduate of Kalamazoo College and Vanderbilt Medical School, he has studied music with Ola Krudener of Kalamazoo and Alexander Raab of Chicago. He is at present with the Upjohn company. Dr. Govier's outstanding musicianship has been invaluable in building the chorus.

Leading the artists from Kalamazoo who will appear in the string quartet will be Voldemars Rushevics, concert master of the Kalamazoo Symphony. Mr. Rushevics, who received the highest honors on graduating from the Academy of Music, Riga, Latvia, and studied with Enesco, was concert master of the Riga National Symphony and the Latvian Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra. In addition, he toured Europe as a solo violinist and as the leader of the Latvian String Quartet. On coming to the United States in 1949 he became professor of violin at Kalamazoo College.

Beverly Newell Govier, formerly of Decatur, is an accomplished violinist who has played in the Kalamazoo Symphony.

Karl Richkevics, violist, came to Kalamazoo from Liepaja, Latvia. In Latvia and Germany he was known for his extensive chamber music work.

Muriel Matthews, first 'cellist with the Kalamazoo Symphony, graduated from the Cincinnati College of Music and later studied with Orlando Cole at the New School of Music in Philadelphia, and with Luegi Silva at the Eastman School of Music. She has appeared as guest soloist with the Cincinnati Symphony and the WLW Concert Orchestra, and has given recitals throughout the east.

Dorrie Lou Knoll, soprano, was an original member of the Presbyterian Women's Choir and has done solo work in the church. She is a student of Mrs. Haefner.

Peyton Rannie, soprano, has done brilliant solo work in the last two performances. She has studied with Florence Otis and is a soloist at the First Congregational Church of Kalamazoo.

Marvel Kinney Sundin, soprano soloist, studied voice at Emmanuel Missionary College at Berrien Springs. She has acted as chorus director in Richmond, Virginia, and in Chicago. She has done solo work in both these cities as well as in Detroit. She is studying with Melvin Davis, voice instructor in Berrien Springs.

Gwen Vlick, soprano soloist, is a member of the Presbyterian Women's Choir and has done solo work in the church. She has studied with Florence Otis and is currently studying with Mrs. Haefner.

Martha Howlett, who also appeared as contralto soloist two years ago, has sung at the Grant Memorial M. E. Church and was a member of the Elsie Breeding Glee Club and the Imperial Opera Company of Chicago. She also traveled with the Deep River Jubilee Singers. Mrs. Howlett has studied with Clarence Cameran of the White College of Music, and Thelma Waide Brown of Roosevelt College. She is now studying with Mrs. Haefner.

Paul W. Bakeman, tenor soloist, studied under Harper C. Maybee of Kalamazoo, and was a scholarship student at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. He also studied under Karleton Hackett, Theodore Harrison, and Frank La Forge. Mr. Bakeman has done much concert and oratorio work in Florida as well as in the east and middle-west. At present, he owns Merrywell Farm near Dowagiac, and is choir director at the Federated Church.

Harold N. Davidson, whose virile baritone was heard last year, is a consultant engineer. He studied music with Carl Craven and Dorothy Mannering. He has been a prominent member of vocal ensembles in the annual Bach Festivals at Kalamazoo College. Mr. Davidson is soloist at the First Congregational Church of Kalamazoo.

The chorus of over eighty voices is composed of local people who love to sing fine music enough to devote at least one evening a week during the autumn to rehearsing for this performance. Their ef-

forts will come to fruition this Sunday when they are heard in the mighty choruses depicting the sorrows and joys of all humanity.

RALLY DAY AT DECATUR BIBLE CHURCH

The Decatur Bible Church will celebrate Rally Day, Sunday, October 5 at the ten o'clock hour with a program given by the children and young people. There will be a special feature, Gospel Magic, presented by Mr. John Pike, Jr., of Kalamazoo. Mr. Pike is a young man who at one time aspired to be a professional magician. After becoming a Christian he dedicated his talents to the work of the Lord. He is employed by the Gibson company, makers of musical instruments.

Rally Day also marks the opening of an International Sunday School Contest sponsored by Christian Life Magazine of Chicago. Sunday Schools from all denominations may enter and are classified according to size as in athletics. The Bible Church Sunday School is entered in Class E, schools of one hundred or less.

The complete program for Sunday morning follows. The public is invited:

Welcome Song — Pre-School, Kindergarten, First and Second Grades.

Recitation, My Sandwich Board —Jane Clendenin.

Recitation, My Verse—Mary Jo Madaras.

Recitation, Our Program—Vicki Gillette.

Exercise, Rally — Third Grade Boys.

Song, Rally Now — Mary and Margie Waterlander and chorus of Primary and Junior Boys and Girls.

Exercise, Which Flag Shall I Follow—Junior Boys.

Accordion Solo—Marvin Ives.

Exercise, Second Timothy 2:15 —Junior Girls.

Recitation, A Question — Clara Kay Shumway.

Prayer Chorus—My Desire.

Offertory Prayer—Jane Reits.

Offertory—Paul Dees.

Exercise, Thankful for the Bible —Jr. High Girls.

Chorus, Heavenly Sunshine — Entire Sunday School.

Gospel Magic—John Pike, Jr.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

The Republican of June 12 gave a brief account of pioneering in the Dakotas and other parts of the north central territory. It brought an interesting reply from Mrs. James A. Stegeman of South George street, in which she wrote as follows:

'My parents were married in 1885 and went to Grand View, South Dakota, on their honeymoon. (It was Dakota territory then. It became the state of South Dakota in 1889.) Mother used to talk about those early days,—the sod house and the lone prairie. Father was the treasurer of Douglas county and proprietor of the country store. Mother waited upon trade and became acquainted with the squaws from the reservation nearby. She learned many Indian words and could talk with them. The Indians were paid in gold dollars of which I have one as a keepsake. When the railroad came through it missed Grand View, and business became so slack that my parents moved away. I'll write you a story sometime if you would like it."

Shall be pleased to receive the story, and also stories from other Republican readers who were among the early pioneers of that rugged country.

Mrs. Stegeman also sent a book entitled, "In All Its Fury." This book is a history of the blizzard of January 12, 1888, with stories and reminiscences collected and compiled by W. H. O'Gara of Nebraska, president of the January 12, 1888, Blizzard Club. The book lists nearly 500 survivors of that fearful event.

The blizzard of 1888 stands out in the history of the north central states like the Johnstown flood in Pennsylvania or the great Chicago fire. In it 109 Dakota pioneers froze to death. Teachers and pupils were forced to remain all night in the frail school houses, and many examples of heroism by the young teachers were reported.

The book gives a graphic recital of experiences of some 300 survivors of the blizzard, and this one is from Mrs. Stegeman's mother, Mrs. Geo. W. Atwood:

"I was living in Grand View, South Dakota. It was a beautiful morning when my husband took the cattle to the well to drink. A neighbor came over to talk with him and he said, "This is a weather breeder." Then a strong wind began to blow and he got the last of the cattle into the barn and had trouble getting the door closed because the wind was so strong.

"Very soon the snow was whirling, and it even came through our keyhole so that we had a drift on the floor. We were lucky to have our hard coal next to the back steps, and we kept warm with a hard coal stove. We could not see out at all, the storm was so severe.

"One of our neighbors froze both of his legs trying to get to the schoolhouse. He had to have both of them amputated."

Mrs. Atwood lived the last years of her life with her daughter and son-in-law, Rev. James A. Stegeman of the First Reformed church, and she passed away last year at the age of 94. She was a bright and energetic woman, and kept up her interest in life to its close. In her later years she made it a practice to read a book a week. She chose good literature and her list would be a good one to follow.

Mrs. Stegeman has given the Republican some interesting accounts of the experiences of her parents in South Dakota and they will be published soon.

Through all the argument and excitement attendant upon the national conventions to be held in Chicago this month, citizens of Michigan should not lose sight of the fact that on the fifth of August we have a primary election at which the parties will nominate candidates for United States senator, members of congress, governor, lieutenant governor, members of the state senate and house of representatives, and county officers.

It is understood that the Democrats will nominate Governor Williams for a third term without opposition, unless in the meantime the national convention should nominate him for vice president. Governor Williams appointed Blair Moody of Detroit United States senator to succeed the late Arthur Vandenberg, and he too will be unopposed in the primary for the elective term.

Dear Arba Moulton,—

You asked me on the only occasion I have met you if I could at any time send any items for the Republican would I do so. I think the enclosed is very good and I hope you may find it useful.

The "Dean," dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Gt. Br., often called the "Gloomy Dean," is referred to at the bottom. He is now retired but quite frequently I read of him preaching. He is well over 80 years.

With kindest regards,

H. Holman.

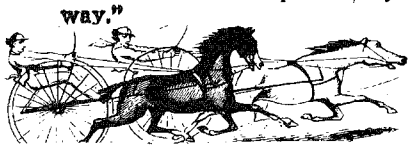
A little more tired at the close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less anxious to scold and blame
A little more care for a brother's name.
And so we are nearing the journey's end
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for gain or gold,
A little more zest for the days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind,
A little more love for all mankind.
And so we are faring down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little more zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the latest news.
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A litle more leisure to sit and dream
A little more real the things unseen,
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and dead.
And so we are going where all must go
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears
And we shall have told our increasing years,
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
"I live because he has passed my way."



The writer of the poem undoubtedly wrote from experience for the words ring true to life. It seems strange how many more people, strangers as well as friends, are now growing old than there were when we were in the glorious prime. Thanks to the sender, and we hope sooner or later to be able to recall the one visit with him which brought such pleasing return.

Over a period of many years in the time that is past the Republican made friends and contributors all over the United States, and it was one of the ways that we found pleasure in the work of editing the Decatur paper.

When Helen Hathaway of Ann Arbor sees an opportunity to do the Republican a good turn she embraces it. Time and again her fluent pen has been used to compose letters and items for the paper. Her early life was lived on the beautiful Hathaway farm of Little Prairie Ronde and Decatur was her home town. She graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1899 and for many years thereafter held responsible secretarial positions.

She was secretary to Charles Lawton, president of the Quincy copper mine in the Northern Peninsula and later was employed in the probate office of Washtenaw county until her retirement. She now has a pleasant home in the University City, attends the Swedenborg church in Detroit and leads a quiet peaceful life. Our mothers were both born on the third day of May, 1850 and died in 1939 at the age of 89. We have that much at least in common.

In one of her last letters Miss Hathaway referred to a comment in this column on books to read. She asked if I had read "Hempfield" by David Grayson, a story of the progress of a newspaper in a little country town. The book is on my list to borrow from the library as soon as it is available.

David Grayson is the nom de plume of Ray Stannard Baker, an American journalist and author born in Lansing, Michigan in 1870. Besides Hempfield he wrote Adventures in Contentment, Adventures in Friendship, Adventures in Understanding, and others. He was a brother of Charles Fuller Baker, born in Lansing in 1872 and equally prominent as an American zoologist. Both were graduates of the Michigan Agricultural College, men of whom Michigan may well be proud.

Also very glad to keep track of Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Webster of New York City. And there are many other early day citizens of this community who share with me this pleasure.

Mr. Webster was a graduate of the Decatur high school in the class of 1884. There were five in his class and he is the only survivor. He has never lost interest in the Decatur public school and never loses an opportunity to say a good word for it. The favorite superintendent of his time was Professor Henry Upton and he graduated under that unusually bright educator, Miss Abbie Pearce. Mr. Webster also has a friendly interest in the Decatur publ.. library of which we may be able to say more in the future.

He is well over the four score in years, but has lived a good and active life, as did his parents before him, and it is not too much to expect him to be with us another decade, at least.

A letter came from Paw Paw. It contained a four page folder entitled "Dwight Eisenhower—New Deal Stooge." Nothing to identify the sender. It was printed in ten point, would take about a page of the Republican, and contained the information that additional copies could be purchased by addressing, American Digest, Box 62, Englewood, Colorado.

It claims that Eisenhower is not a Republican, that when he registered he declined to state his politics, and it gave the following as an incomplete list of those who originated the Eisenhower for president boom: James Roosevelt, Eleanor Roosevelt, Claude Pepper, Drew Pearson, Americans for Democratic action, The Communist Party.

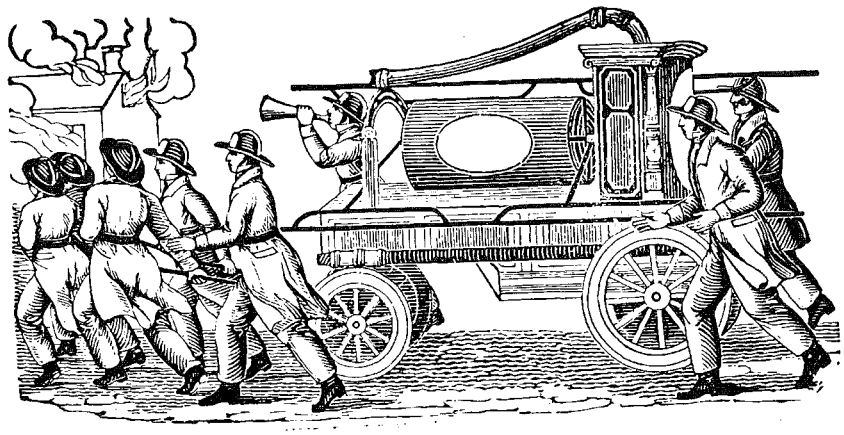
The article is startling in its tenacity of opposition. If the charges are true they cause one to wonder if there is anyone in public life who can be trusted. This writer is not for Eisenhower for president, but cannot go along with such bitter denunciation of his character.

Taft is putting up a forceful and aggressive campaign for the nomination, he is conducting a clean campaign and making no charges against other candidates. He looks through the charges and vituperations into the clear facts of an issue and knows the facts so well that he does not need to stoop to slander. He comes the nearest to the Lincoln type of campaigner of anyone in public life today. The

folks back home who derive no profit from politics and want only what is best for their country, can place confidence in Taft that he knows enough and is honest enough to give them, not a new deal but a square deal.

King George VI of England and the great American commoner, Abraham Lincoln, both died at the age of 56.

Saw this comment in Hedda Hopper's column in the Chicago Tribune a few days ago: "Edgar Bergen was met by 100 cars when he landed in Lubbock, Texas, and was given a 40 mile parade to the little town of Post, where he paused to give a benefit to help build a hospital. Every citizen of Post contributed something to Edgar's Santa Claus fight for GI's."



Our Fire Department

"This writer, as a citizen of the community, has observed with some alarm and no small amount of shame the growing dissension in our Village Fire Department.

The Fire Department is an important organizations of the community with serious obligations, responsibilities, and duties to the community, the same as the Board of Education, the Village Council, or the township officials.

Of course, it is true that the Fireman's job is a voluntary one. He is to be praised for the unselfish service, risks involved, and so forth. But, granted all that, he must remember that he was selected from among many candidates, not only because it was thought that he would meet all the qualifications above, but also that he could give to the organization unity, teamwork, efficiency, good fellowship.

The writer also observes that certain rules and regulations govern membership, organization, and activities of the Firemen. Here are a few questions the public might like to have answered by our Firemen.

How many active members do you have—men who attend the majority of fires? How many men show an eager interest in learning about new equipment, in practicing to become more efficient fire-fighters? How many men remain on as as members who have already served their time because of age or physical disability? How many are so-called "social members"—men interested only in a good card game or partaking of fod and refreshment?

Have you selected leaders with personality and leadership who has organized you into an efficient team with pride in proper care of the equipment, with activities to make you better firemen, with social activities in which every member can take part?

Are responsibilities equally assigned and accepted by all members? Do you have some members who "finished their education" a long time ago and refuse to be told anything?

Have you selected a Chief who can be present at all meetings, who will be available at all fires, who knows the equipment?

According to your regulations, how many meetings does a member miss to become dropped from the group?

These are vital questions. Upon the answers the Firemen can give depends the success or failure of their organization.

Now, the Firemen are legally under the control of the Village Council. The Council approves their selection of a Chief, directs a few regulations for the equipment, approves and purchases materials. The Fire Department has been given a great deal of freedom in the past, trusting in their intelligence and ability. The Council probably still wishes to keep it that way.

However, this writer believes there should be closer cooperation between the Council and Firemen. The Council is directly responsible to the community for providing adequate protection. That includes sufficient number of dependable fire-fighters and good equipment. The Council believes they have provided the latter. This writer believes the former is questionable. There are certainly many capable young men in the community who could meet the requirements of an active fireman.

The writer believes that at least half or more of our Firemen group are inactive members, or practically so, as far as actual fire-fighting goes. Yet those same members control elections, policies, and activities of the men who are doing the real duties of the organization.

Sure, most of these fellows gave years of active service. Perhaps they should not be dropped like a hot potato. But the writer sincerely believes those members should retire, perhaps as social or honorary members, with no voice in selection of officers, in formation of policies, in fundamental activities. That in itself will remove much dissension, make for more vigorous activity, and in turn produce a sufficient, dependable force.

The writer would like to suggest a committee of Council-men and a committee of Firemen to work in cooperation for giving our community that which they deserve, that which they have a right to expect of us.

This was not written with any idea of getting personal attention, nor to point fingers at any individual. It is about the only way of bringing one's feeling to the whole group without the distortion that follows telling it to a few in the hope that they will pass it on correctly. It is a situation in which the whole community has a right to be interested.

If the writer has made any false statements or appears in the eyes of the Firemen to be unjust or completely "off his nut," he will be glad to listen to constructive criticism and suggestion.

However, as stated before, the primary purpose of the Firemen is not social. It has a direct responsibility to the community to provide the best fire protection that they can. The Firemen are intelligent people capable of organization to meet that demand.

All of the above is only a personal opinion, and is not intended to reflect the thinking of the Council or anyone else.

M. Davis.

Decatur Grocery Clerk Finds Adventure in Lore

For a smiling red-headed grocery clerk, collecting arrowheads and other Indian relics is an exciting adventure.

"Almost every item has a story behind it," declared 20-year-old Jake Waterlander.

Jake, a former Decatur high school basketball player, has been collecting arrowheads for about 10 years.

He also has some Indian hoes, spears, flint spades and pottery.

On breezy Sunday afternoons you might find Jake scouting the shores of nearby lakes to add to his collection.

"Dad got me interested," Jake said. "He's been collecting for 20 years.

Waterlander is proud of his collection. He likes to interest others too.

He has placed some arrow heads in the First State bank of Decatur, Orr & Newell Insurance agency, and Dragon's barbershop.

Jake has read a great deal about Indian lore.

He can tell you the Indians who inhabited this territory were peaceful and friendly. Further south, the Indians were warlike in nature.

Their arrowheads were shaped differently. Unlike the hunting points found locally, the southern tips were designed to break off in a victim.

Jake has some 650 arrowheads and 75 stone pieces.

His dad has 700 Indian pieces, largely arrowheads.

IN APPRECIATION OF OUR FELLOW ALUMNUS ARBA N. MOULTON, '89

Not because he served this community for the greater part of fifty years as Justice of the Peace, not because he has represented the people of the village of Decatur on the school and library boards, not because he was publisher and editor of the Decatur Republican for fifty-four years and continues his column, THIS WEEK, not because he is an alumnus of Decatur high school and has been helpful to our Alumni Association in numberless ways, whether an officer, or not; but, because of the way he did these things, because of his loyalty to this community, his tireless devotion to duty, his uniform kindness to people, the expression of his personality in the columns of the Republican, because of the record he has made as one of the most unforgettable characters in the history of this community, it is entirely fitting that we, his friends of the Decatur high school Alumni Association, give recognition to the life-time of service to his fellow men rendered by Arba N. Moulton of the Class of '89.

Clean living, kindness to all, thoughtfulness of others, encouragement to the faltering, a deaf ear to scandal, civic consciousness, fine literary taste, high sense of duty and honor, abiding faith in God, these are the fibers of which his life-line is woven, these are the elements of his character.

No one who has lived any part of the past fifty years could separate The Decatur Republican from Arba Moulton, nor Arba Moulton from the Decatur Republican. Its pages reflected his personality. Many of the delightful gems of his broad reading were brought to his readers. The local news was featured, especially the good fortunes of people. We were kept in touch with residents of former years, and, though they journeyed far, they continued their subscriptions. No country weekly in the state circulated so far and wide. Arba's product was the envy of editors all over Michigan. The Decatur Republican was the institution for which Decatur was most famed.

We rejoice with Arba in the leisure he has attained. We congratulate him on the success he has achieved.

With sincere appreciation of his work and earnest wishes for several years of useful, happy living, we salute our friend and elder associate with the love and respect and honor that are his due.

Arba, in token of the nobility of purpose you have demonstrated, lo, these eighty years, I place in your hands this note of appreciation, and, figuratively, crown you king and invest you with a robe of royal purple, emblematic of the place you hold in our hearts.

Looking Backward

Decatur and Around It Away Back When

(From the news in the Republican of July 6, 1911. One would need to be close to 50 years old to know much about what was going on in Decatur then.

Let's take a look at the record, as the late Al Smith liked to say.)

Walter Jurgensen of Decatur, and Fannie Williams of Buchanan, were married June 27. They came here on a visit to his parents, but went right on to Dowagiac to establish a home there. Walter has a good job in the Heddon Bait factory.

Charlie Dine does considerable traveling. He now lives in Scranton, Penn., a beautiful city, third in population in the state and situated on both sides of the Lackawanna river. The International Corespondence School of Scranton is the best known school of the kind in the U.S.A. Charlie is visiting his parents on west St. Mary's street for a few days.

Cass Rosewarne, a former resident of Little Prairie Ronde, and Miss Mabel Ellen of Portland, Oregon, were married in Portland on June 28. (The sad news of the death of Mr. Rosewarne was received in Decatur a few weeks ago.)

Barton Park was packed with spectators to see the Fourth of July ball game between Decatur and Penn. The score was 6 to 4 in favor of Decatur, and Red Woolfe's great pitching was given the credit for winning. It was a warm Fourth of July, thermometer 90 in the shade.

Maxine Carney, 6-year-old daughter of Mrs. Maggie Carney, was shot in the head by a bullet from a revolver the evening of the Fourth. Her condition is serious but she seems to have about an even chance for recovery. The sad tragedy is a mystery, but Sheriff Byron Sowle and Prosecuting Attorney Glenn Warner are sparing no efforts to solve it.

A new Michigan law requires horse drivers to turn to the right to let an auto pass when signalled from behind, but some horse drivers do not like the menacing power-driven machines and are not good about obeying this law. One auto driver, who in getting around a horse and w'gon suffered the loss of a mud guard, fender, horn, windshield and lamps, sued the unobliging farmer and was given a judgment of $325.

Carl Downing Mosier (our present circuit judge) and Miss Ruth Hendryx were married at the home of the bride's parents, Attorney and Mrs. Coy W. Hendryx, in Dowagiac last week, Wednesday, June 28.

Frederick Minnis, a well-known former resident of Decatur, died in St. Joseph last week. He was born in Germany 76 years ago and came to the U. S. at the age of 15. He located first in Niles where he married. Then he came to Decatur. He enlisted in the Civil War in '62, and after the war worked a number of years in the Decatur stave factory which furnished employment in those days to nearly 100 men.

Loleta Dewey of Marion, is visiting her Decatur relatives.

Lawrence Fuller is playing trap drums at the Orpheum theatre in Kalamazoo.

Dr. Carl D. Moris of Pontiac, drove to Decatur in his Cadillac last Friday. Acompanying him were his niece, Miss Lottie Huyck, who teaches in the public schools of Saginaw, and Mrs. Hazel Hill Hunt of Detroit, who came to visit her parents.

June 30, Hamilton Grange celebrated the golden weding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Poor. 75 members of the Grange were present and the program included numbers by Grace Osborn, Florence Cockett, Howard Hall and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Haydon.

Ethel Parker of Goblesville, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Parker, the past few days.

The slides showing the coronation of King George of England wil be shown at the Vaudette on Friday and Saturday evenings. Admision 10 cents.

—A. N. M.

Historical Chain-Lake Baptist Church

1838-1952

This historical data submitted by C. C. Evans, an adherent of the Chain Lake Baptist Church since 1891.

During the year of 1890 and 91 my father became the 14th pastor of this organization whose birth dates back to 1838. Prior to that a home to home meeting was held and prospered until namely Turner Byrd, Harrison Ash and Irving James agreed to incorporate on January 4, 1848. Thus on the northwest corner of the present cemetery, a log structure was erected approximately in 1850. This created a community-wide incentive to worship which led to the erection of a frame structure in 1860.

Before 1860, on September the 9th, 1858, Turner Byrd was ordained. This was the first ordination service which 150 persons witnessed and was held out of doors because of the inadequate capacity of the church. So, in 1860 the present frame structure was built to meet their growing needs and changing times, at a cost of $1200.

Since that time, in recent years nearly six decades later Richard Evans constructed a vestibule to the front, topped by a belfry. A short time later cement steps with a hand rail was built by the late James H. Wilson. At that time the yard was leveled and landscaped by John Early, Green Allen and Will Allen, and pine trees in rows running from the front to the full width of the lawn to the highway to the west and south of the church. The yard is flanked by uniform maples, as your vision directs you to scan southwest, the retina of your eye focuses the placid water of Chain Lake, one of the series of 5 lakes that lies to the west location in Calvin Township Cass County, Michigan a very attractive panorama view.

FALL AND WINTER TIME

By C. C. Evans.

Autumn now is growing old,
And sear leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up cold,
And now he is dying,
And people begin sighing.

The year is now in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The nights have no cheer,
And the days have no charming,
Cold winter gives warning.

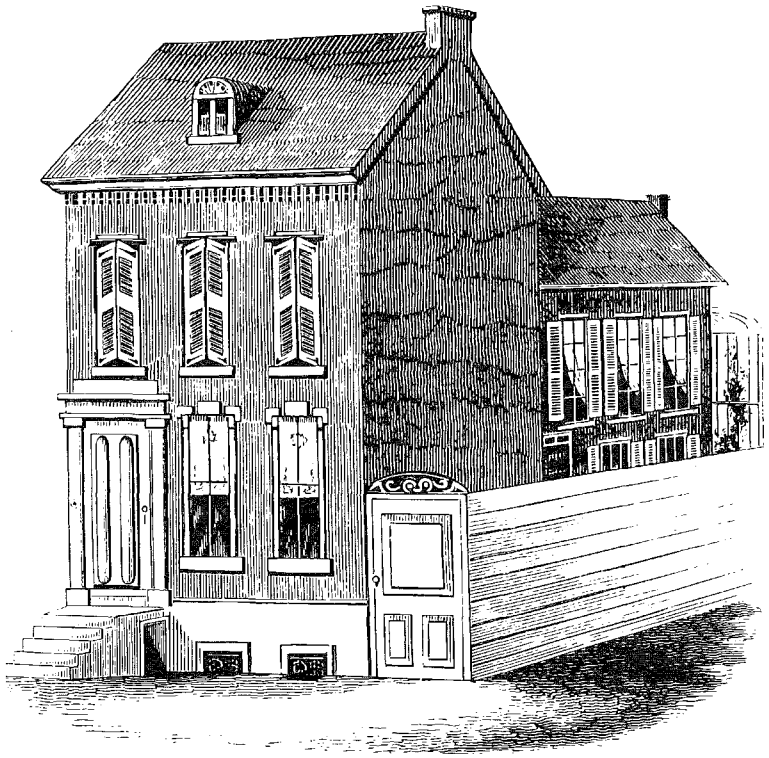
Soon no plumed throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering
Merry snow-birds twittering;
They fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter still we see
Many charms in the
Lone and chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiiercely beating
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

DRIED APPLE PIES

I loath, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried apple pies;
I like good bread, I like good meat
Or anything that's fit to eat.
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
Give me the toothache or sore eyes,
But don't give me dried apple pies.
The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
He leaves the hulls to make us cough,
And don't take half the peelings off.
Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung,
And in a garret window hung,
And there it serves as roost for flies,
Until it's made up into pies.
Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried apple pies.

—Nellie Truesdell.



THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

In my boyhood years every "feller" loved the circus. It was the greatest event that ever came to town. Back in the seventies and eighties circuses were smaller and there were more of them, and they made the smaller towns. They traveled by horse and wagon over the sandy highways, and one wondered when the men who did the moving ever slept. Nevertheless to belong to a circus was considered by the boys to be a great job and the only reason that more of them did not follow the circus was that at the fanciful age they were too young and later there were not enough jobs to go around.

In the early morning of a day when the circus was coming to town a crowd of boys would tramp out a mile or two to meet it and follow it to the show ground. Some of them would get odd jobs, the pay for which would be a free ticket to the performance. I carried water to the elephants of several shows.

In those early years the circuses were held on the railroad grounds on the south side of the track, and the water to quench the elephants was pumped and carried from the depot pump four or five rods away. The average country circus had two elephants to head its menagerie. Each elephant drank a large tub of water at the feeding time and it was no small job for a boy of ten to keep the tubs filled till the pachyderms were full. Among the circuses that came to Decatur in those pioneer days were Adam Forpaugh and Sells Brothers before they graduated into big town shows, John Robinson's and Burr Robbins'.

The Robbins show was the best known in this part of Michigan. The showman had married Nettie Webster of Lawrence who lived in a big red house on the main east and west road passing through that village. It was but a few doors from where father lived when a boy and he and the young lady were good friends. Once when the circus showed in Decatur father went and took me. Mrs. Robbins, who was selling the tickets, refused his money and said, "Walk right in, Arthur." That was to me such an important remark that I have never forgotten it, although have long since forgotten the features of the circus.

The Webster house in Lawrence is still painted dark red and may

ago when going under a bridge in his steam yacht. Have long since forgotten the details of the accident. Can any reader of the Republican add to this story of the Robbins and their circus?

Once upon a time in about the year 1880, when father was justice of the peace, a circus showed in Decatur on Saturday and remained there over Sunday. Two members of the troup engaged him to officiate at their wedding and on Sunday afternoon the whole company came to our house on Prospect street for the ceremony. The event furnished excitement for the whole neighborhood as well as for our family.

Those circus people carried a distinction all their own. The ladies were young and pretty and exquisitely gowned. The men possessed the same pleasing characteristics and also dressed in the height of fashion. Their quiet laughter and happy conversation brought cheerfulness into our little home that kept it brighter for many days after.

The first circus I ever saw was Barnum's in Kalamazoo when I was three years old, and an unforgettable incident connected with it was seeing Tom Thumb play billiards in the Burdick Hotel. He was surrounded by a crowd of spectators as he stood on a chair to shoot. Can also remember the glittering parade of the entire troupe around the hippodrome track at the beginning of the performance.

These notes were inspired by the reading of a book obtained from the Marblehead library named "The Big Top." It is the story of Fred Bradna and his accomplished wife Ella, and their forty years with The Greatest Show on Earth, a story everyone who loves the circus would enjoy reading.

The Dowagiac Daily News takes from one of its issues of 1912 a story of the famous old Buck and Geer orchestra, which for many years set the standard for dance music in this part of Michigan. As this orchestra was well known among the old time dancers of this community, many readers of the Republican will also be interested in the story.

B. F. Buck was nine years old when his family moved to Keeler in 1846. His father, John S. Buck, was Keeler's second postmaster, succeeding Judge Keeler in 1850 when the latter went on the stage route from Detroit to St. Joe.

B. F. Buck began playing the violin when he was ten and at 13 was playing for dances. When he went to high school in Paw Paw he took lessons of J. M. Hubbard who later became assistant postmaster of Chicago. While going to school in Paw Paw he played second violin with the village orchestra. He carried the mail for a few years and served a year in the Civil War.

His partner, Riland Gear of Hamilton township, was also a veteran of the Civil War where he nearly starved to death in Libby Prison.

It was as natural for him to play the violin as it was to eat. "He practically left the cradle and bowl for the fiddle and bow, and he was one of the best prompters that ever followed the calling.

After the war these two young veterans organized the Buck and Geer orchestra which for many years was known to every lover of those delightful old tunes and dances from Indiana's border to the River Grand. After the war Mr. Buck married and located in Dowagiac. He traveled with circuses and minstrel shows and gave music lessons when at home.

The Buck and Geer orchestra was first composed of five pieces: B. F. Buck, first violin; R. Geer, second; Bowse Reams, clarinet; Fred Blackmond, cornet; and Frank Powell, double bass. About the year 1885 the Beckwith Memorial theater orchestra was organized with ten pieces and the Buck and Geer orchestra became a part of it. Arthur Rudolphi, a pupil of Mr. Buck, became leader of the new orchestra and for a long time it was considered the leading orchestra in southwestern Michigan.

Others who played with the Buck and Geer orchestra were Homer Smith, Wally Greenman and Perry Young of Decatur, Dorrence Forsythe and Seth Fassett.

Mr. Fassett was also known far and wide as a musician and orchestra leader, and the Fassett orchestra played for many dances throughout this part of the state. They are a musical family who in the years past have given much pleasure to their friends by their

fine entertainment. The writer is still looking for the life story of Seth Fassett which Mrs. Fassett and her daughter, Mrs. Beulah Scott, have been preparing for the Republican.

March 12, 1953

Twenty-seven years ago this coming August Burnside Post No. 27, Grand Army of the Repiblic of Decatur, became reduced in size to two members, Gilbert E. Mead and Daniel Webster Brodhead. They met at the Post hall under Gale's farm store, disbanded and divided the furniture among friends of the organization. The fine portraits of Washington and Lincoln were presented to the writer.

Around the turn of the century Burnside Post had a membership of 100 and was the most active and influential organization in the village. G. A. R. members controlled the Republican politics of the county, state and nation, and Civil War veterans were generally given preference when political plums were to be distributed.

Some fifty to sixty years ago there was a strong rivalry between Alanson Roberts, a Civil War veteran, and Dr. Henry M. Broderick for the appointment of Decatur postmaster. The appointment was to be made by our Congressman at that time, Julius Burrows of Kalamazoo. The rivalry became so bitter that Burrows feared his selection of either would cost him his re-election, so he asked for a special election to decide the winning candidate.

That was the most exciting election ever held in Decatur. Friends of both candidates were out early and kept up their electioneering until the close of the polls. Farmer patrons of the office were as interested in the contest as were the village people and most of them spent the day in town.

Arguments were numerous, feeling ran high and an occasional wager was recorded. I saw one man from the country waving a five dollar bill above his head and offering to bet it that Broderick would be elected. A Grand Army man covered the bill and one of our prominent citizens volunteered to hold the stake.

Officer Henry H. Van Camp was on duty all day endeavoring to keep the peace and to see to it that the veterans, of whom he was one, had a square deal. The most exciting event of the day occurred when Fundy Shoudy, a Broderick man from the suburb of Fritzburg came to town and went to electioneering out in front of the old town hall where the election was held. Officer Van Camp, who was well over six feet tall, went up to Shoudy, who was less than five feet, and commanded him to cease from violating the law by campaigning within 100 feet of the polling place. At this the little man turned his ire on the officer and actually dared him out behind the hall to fight.

The veterans won the election and Alanson Roberts became the next postmaster.

Those were great days for the always lively little village of Decatur, and it had a citizenry of which we were all proud. Those who remember back to the seventies and eighties will recall that it was not uncommon to see the Civil War veterans wearing their uniforms of blue, and in my boyhood days in summer they drilled once a week on the village green where the Church of God and a number of residences have long since been located.

The North sent 2,128,149 men into the Civil War, the total casualties of which were 349,944. Of the total number that survived only one is still living; he is 106 years old and resides in New Jersey. The number of Confederate troops in the Civil War was estimated at 400,000, based on a white population of 5,000,000. Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People," placed the number at 900,000, and the loss in killed and wounded at 133,821.

The seceding states in the order of their secession were, South Carolina, December 20, 1860; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10, 1861; Alabama, January 11, 1861; Georgia, January 19, 1861; Louisiana, January 26, 1861; Texas, February 1, 1861; Virginia, April 17, 1861; Arkansas, May 6, 1861; North Carolina, May 20, 1861; Tennessee, June 8, 1861.

The slave states of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri refused to secede and the western counties of Virginia also repudiated the action of the Confederate Convention and June 20, 1863, were admitted to the Union as the state of West Virginia.

DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT PAPER

By Betty Lou Christensen

My father started bee keeping with his father in Decatur when he was ten years old, and has kept bees ever since. He once had over 300 hives, but now has about 200.

When the trees in the orchards begin to bloom he sends the bees out to them. He has to move the bees at night because most of them are out gathering honey in the day time. Once when he was going up a steep hill a hive of bees fell off the back of the truck. The hive broke open and the bees swarmed all over.

There are over 5,000 bees in one swarm. When the season of flowers does not yield enough honey for the bees during the winter the bee keeper has to feed them a mixture of sugar and water to keep them alive until spring.

When my father moves the bees he nails the two stacks of bodies together and nails a screen to the entrance of the hive. The bees sometimes fly as many as five or ten miles away to find flowers. They work very hard all during the spring when the flowers are in bloom.

You must have a smocker, hive tool and a hat with a screen around it to keep the bees out. My father sets the hives on bricks to keep them off the ground so insects cannot get in to them.

A colony of bees have a queen bee. All she has to do is to lay eggs. A few drones are raised to mate with the young queens, and the rest of the colony is made up of the workers. The workers gather nectar and pollen, make honey, care for the young, clean the hive and perform all the other work necessary for the maintenance of the colony.

Honey-bees have been domesticated since earliest times, and bee keeping was practiced by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks.

When the queen bee lays the eggs part of them are to be young queens and they are fed royal jelly. The queen is five and one half days a larva and eight and one half days a pupa. When the young queen hatches out, the old queen and the older workers of the hive leave the colony in a swarm.

The writer of the above article is the daughter of Roy Christensen. Roy and his father, Hans P. Christensen, have kept bees for many years. It is a most interesting work, but rather hazardous from the fact that the bees are generous stingers. That may account for few people being engaged in it.

A few years ago Roy showed for my benefit moving pictures of bees and how they work. They were most interesting, and he still may have the films.

Honey has the flavor of the blossom from which it is extracted. Flavors easily detected are apple, basswood, buckwheat and clover. Buyers of honey are cautioned to keep it in a dry warm place, never in cellar or refrigerator.

Occasionally a swarm of wild

bees will lodge high up in a large hollow tree in the woods. They make their honey there and when the tree is discovered it becomes known as a bee tree. Many years ago I took part in the cutting down of a bee tree on the Greenman farm. It was great fun and a boiler full of comb honey was secured. The combs were large, perhaps six by twelve inches in size. Some of them were borken and it was a sticky job to get them out. I wonder if any other readers of the Republican ever had this experience.

When returning to Marblehead we bought of Hans Christensen several packages of strained honey to take to friends we have made here, and they proved to be very acceptable gifts.

The following manuscript was sent to the Republican for the "This Week" column by Mrs. Jane B. Roach of Paw Paw.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

Recently, I came across a passage in Corinthians and as it is pertinant to my story, I quote — "Behold all things are new."

Not so long ago, I dined at a very elegant tearoom whose decor was in antiques, all mueum pieces. Framed on the wall was a bill of sale of merchandise, bought in 1881 — sixty years ago! It was headed in bold type by my father's name. My father at that time had a large department store. I jotted down a few of the articles with prices and here they are —

6 yds. print $1.00; 7 yds. sheeting .70; 10 yds. percale .70; 4 pr. hose .40; 2 yds. damask .75; 4 yds. Stevens crash .40; 1 hat .50; 3 yds. ribbon .30; 1 pr. pillowslips .30.

My father was a perfectionist and all articles were the finest quality.

I marvel at an ad I have saved through the years, dated 1886. It was in the local paper. An ad exploiting a restaurant — The Old Homested — a complete meal for 15c.

And complete it was — choice of three kinds of meat, two vegetables, home made pie and coffee. Often on Sundays, as a special treat, and as father was wont to say, to teach us the amenities of dining out, we went there for dinner — seven of us, including the hired girl.

Through the distance of years, I can see the family parading down the Main street, our destination The Old Homested. Papa, impeccably groomed, wearing striped trousers and cut away coat, on his head a derby. Our pretty young mother very dressy in green taffeta, an emerald paradise with bustle and a quaint little bonnet perched percariously on her head. I the oldest with ankle length dress, long black cotton hose, the underdrawers put on precariously making my legs look corrogated. With me, my oldest brother with long curls — how Mother loved them and how my brother loathed them. He wore a blue velvet Fauntleroy suit with starched ruffle collar. Next, my ladylike and proper sister dressed quite the same as I. The seams of her long black stockings were alwnys straight. She, indignantly dragging by the hand my pugnacious younger brother whose suit was a replica of his older brother's, but his stiff ruffled collar riding one ear.

About this time, a circus made its initial appearance from our town. The local wagon maker was busy building fabulous chariots and a bandwagon.

Father, duly impressed, had him construct a two wheel affair with back to back seat and painted red. He also had him make, a high one seated carriage with piano polish. It was called a Spider.

The smaller vehicle was drawn by a donkey — called a Mexican burro. It looked for all the world like an overgrown rabbit. We called her Bunny. In these days, she might be called Harvey.

The larger carriage was drawn by a Shetland pony. The boys drove the pony, the girls the donkey. Through the countryside we drove, creating much excitement and eye appeal for the farmers along the way. I remember one family rushing to the roadside to see what it was all about and I calling, "Got any gawk seeds to sell?"

Next day the irate farmer — it turned out he was one of father's best customers — barged into my father's store and told my father in no uncertain terms what he thought of us. Among other names he called us "Smart Alecs."

My memory does not fail me and I can still remember Father taking me to the woodshed and giving me a sound paddling and a lecture, the substance of which was that we were dependent on the people who shopped at his store for our affluent living and the luxuries we enjoyed.

The year of the first World's Fair in Chicago, Father took the whole family for a week, patiently showing us the sights and explaining them with meticulous care.

A painting that had created a furor in the Art section was called "The Bathers." Three very nude and undressed women. It had been censured by newspapers and women's clubs. Mother rushed us hurriedly by, but Father looked back over his shoulder. So did I.

In those days, the mere mention of pregnancy was taboo, where small children were concerned. There were three of us in 1881 and Mother had given us a package to be delivered to the home of one of the quilt makers where the committee was meeting. Curiosity triumphed over discretion and we opened the package to find four blocks, the fourth one with the name of Paul. Who was Paul, we wondered and wondered again when all the women laughed.

Very soon, we were no longer puzzled, when returning one Christmas Eve from a neighbor's, we found red and squirming Paul in Mother's bed.

My father was an intellectual who possessed a large library, many first editions, and insisted we at an early age read many of the classics. We were, however, allowed the children's books popular of that era. Among them, Lord Fauntleroy, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn and Grimm's Fairy Tales. A sentimental liking for the books of one's childhood is hard to overcome, but sometimes the difficulty is that some of the most sugary ones are remembered with the deepest affection. Little Lord Fauntleroy, for example. Even now I am filled with nostalgia for our childhood holidays of so long ago.

The Christmas tree hung with strings of pop corn, peppermint and paper angels. Our stockings hung by the fire place awaiting Santa Claus.

I remember most vividly how in winter of an evening we sat around the big wood stove whose izen glass windows cast an eerie glow. Mother would sing to us the dreary doleful songs of her childhood. One song in particular which seemed to be her favorite entitled "The Mistletoe Bough." Memory has erased most of it but it began — "The mistletoe hung on the castle wall." And at a large gathering a fair maiden calls —"Oh tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide, and hide she did in a trunk in the attic where they found her many years afterwards."

How we disliked it. We would beg mother when she started her evenings of song, saying "Oh, Mama, not the one about the Mistletoe Bough," but she usually sang it and we went up the dark stairway to bed clinging to one another and looking back over our shoulders. Poor little moppets.

Alas, I have not put all these happenings in their chronological order but I have tried to tell the story of my childhood in the year 1887. In closing I quote a verse I have remembered through the years:

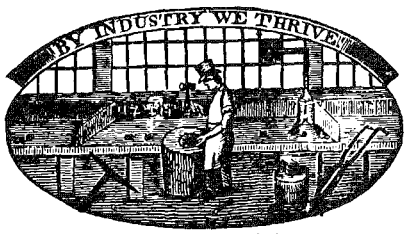
"Time was when Xmas was to me,
Some pop corn strung upon a tree.
A little table bowed with eats
A netting bag of nuts and sweets.
A pair of mittens warm and red,
A picture book, perhaps a sled.
So long ago, so long ago
How could an artless youngster know
That never in the years to be
Could time repeat the ecstasy
Of childish gifts that so beguiled
At Christmas times a little child.

Here is a story about our new town which I ran across in Reader's Digest a few days ago:

Driving along the shore at Marblehead, Mass., one spanking bright day last summer, I noticed a lone artist down on the sand. He was surrounded by all the rich possibilities for painting that an old seaport could offer: sea pounding the rocks, a wharf encrusted with barnacles, a boatyard crisscrossed with lines of riggng, masts and spars. Curious as to what he had selected, I stopped the car and made my way down to the beach.

There was a mirror affixed to the easel—and on the easel a self-portrait. After a few moments' casual talk I summoned the courage to ask, "How did you happen to come down here to paint your own portrait?"

The artist regarded me thoughtfully and then pointed to the painting. "Look at that face. Where else could I achieve that serenity of expression?"



The Bounty of Nature

How a Resourceful Person May Keep the Wolf from the Door When Times Are Hard.

By Lowell [illegible]
Decatur, Michigan

In these times when all man power is utilized in war effort, unemployment is almost unknown, but during depression nature offers revenue to man in many ways.

In the spring time about the first crop available is the water cress. Cold, wet work which however pays well at times. The cress is cut and bunched and packed in baskets to be shipped to commission houses.

Medicinal roots and herbs can be gathered at different times during the year and about the first is sassafras. Dig the root and wash it. Then strip the bark off with a knife. It can be tied in bunches and sold on the market or dried and shipped to firms that specialize in herbs. Tea made of the [illegible] is used as a blood remedy. Boil the whole root to a strong red solution and it can be used as an eye wash for pink eye.

Ginseng and golden seal have become scarce around here, although some people cultivate it. Blood root, dock, mullien, and the bark of the spice bush are all salable. For every ailment that mankind is heir to there is an herb, root, bark or berry as a cure if we but knew it. Mushrooms are sometimes salable. After a warm spring rain go to the woods or orchard. There you will find the morel or sponge mushroom. They are wholesome food although there are other kinds suitable for food, if you know the right variety. However, it is better to be safe than sorry.

Then there are the wild fruits—the huckleberry and blackberry. Most of these can be sold locally. After the first frost of autumn the paw paw can be picked and packed in grape baskets and shipped to commission houses.

I have known men who were professional turtle trappers. Turtle nets were set in creeks and lakes. When [illegible] which were trapped for a shipment they were sent to a dealer who specialized in turtles.

If you are located near a lake, the selling of bait is profitable, the lowly angle worm can be dug and even raised in the back yard. Grubs, frogs, crawfish, crickets, catalpa worms and sometimes clams are used.

There are many things that can be sold as Christmas decorations. The red berry, bittersweet, ground pine and ferns. Do not confuse the fern with the brake which grows in the swamp for which there is no market as far as I know.

Rustic chairs and stands can be made by anyone handy with tools. Sometimes in your rambling in the woods you may chance upon a small black ash tree that is hollow. Cut into sections, rustic bird houses can be made of it.

One who is handy with axe and knife may work up a tidy trade in axe and hammer handles, if you are fortunate enough to have access to a plentiful supply of hickory.

As nearly all the things I have mentioned are subject to game or trespass laws, it might be well to acquaint yourself with the laws pertaining to that trade you may wish to take up.

Decatur

Yes, Decatur will have a new industry. After seven weeks of contacts, phone calls, trips, meetings, working with executives, engineers, making surveys, etc., the American Colortype Company of Chicago has selected Decatur as a location for one of their plants.

Their plant here will be a part of the Paper Specialties Division of this company. Other plants are located in New Jersey, Ohio, and three in Chicago.

R. J. Geimer, vice-president and treasurer; W. R. Rogers, general manager of the Paper Specialties Division, and J. J.Magner, their attorney, were met at Niles Tuesday, where they had arrived on New York Central's Mercury from Chicago and brought to Decatur to meet with the township board.

Final arrangements were made to draft a lease for the renting of the Decatur township hall for their main operations, an additional building for storage purposes may be rented later. Their plant here will assemble and package Christmas seals, tags, etc., and string tags, also they will package Valentines. These products are for the nation's largest 5c and 10c chain stores, plus thousands of independent stores. The 60 feet or longer assembling machines and stringing machines will use under the present plans about 115 or 120 persons covering two shifts. With the exception of about a dozen men, all employees will be women.

Work will start as quickly as possible in getting the hall in shape and remodeled inside, after the lease has been properly executed. Information will be given as soon as possible as to the actual date of accepting employment applications and starting production.

The American Colortype Company was established back in 1903, they operated under a different name prior to that. When you have looked through a Sears, a Montgomery Ward, Alden, etc., catalogue you have been looking at some of their work, especially the color printing. If you have noticed the big Coca Cola calendars, done in many colors, they were made by them, or the beautiful colored boxes that hold Pillsbury's pie crust mix, etc., in the stores, they too came from American Colortype.

I also saw the newest fall copy of "Popular Home," a publication put out by U. S. Gypsum Co., and still coming off the presses, describing the newest in colorful modern home improvements. It is

beautiful. Many of Life Magazine's color pages are done by them. This is only mentioning a few. In the near future a window display will be made up of some of their products and color printing. At present there are over 1,200 employees in their Chicago plants alone.

I do not want to forget to mention that a superintendent of one of the departments of the Paper Specialties Division, Earnest Scheetz, has owned a farm up over Fifield Hill for the past few years, and comes home on week-ends to be with his family living there. "Earnie" has been very cooperative, as also have members of the township board and the village council, who have come through with everything requested of them in connection with getting this new industry in Decatur.

Decatur can well be proud of having been selected as a location for this company's newest plant in their expansion program, so — "WELCOME TO DECATUR, American Colortype Company; we hope your plant will be operating in the near future, that you will find all of us willing to cooperate, and that you will be with us for many, many successful years." — FEP.

DEATH OF DR. GEO. MAHONEY

Dr. George W. Mahoney was born in Lawton, Michigan, Dec. 31, 1860, and died June 11, 1953, in a convalescent home in Glenview, Illinois. He was the son of the late Michael and Hanora Mahoney.

His early education had its beginning in a private school in Decatur which was taught by Mrs. Lewis Roberts. He was graduated from Decatur high school in 1878, and, for many years, has been the oldest living alumnus of the school.

He worked as a clerk two years at Robert's and Stewart's Grocery Store prior to his going to the University of Michigan for a two-year period. Because advanced medical courses were not offered in Ann Arbor at that time, he transferred to Bellevue, New York, to complete his course.

He practiced eight years in Decatur with his cherished friend, Dr. G. L. Rose, whose broad philosophy of life and deep unselfish love of fellow men etched the pattern of his future medical career.

He had an office in Dowagiac for eight months before going to Chicago in 1892 where he specialized in eye, ear, nose and throat. Later he devoted all of his time to the eye. He pioneered in cataract removal, and in perfecting the method by which artificial eyes became movable.

Later he went abroad where he studied in Vienna, then rated as having the best surgeons and hospitals in Europe. He also spent some time in London.

He was married Oct. 21, 1908, to Miss Julia A. Garvy of Chicago, who died June 25, 1946.

He was a diplomate of Ophthalmology, a member of the College of Surgeons, and was on the staff of Loyola University, Henrotin and Mercy Hospitals, and St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus and also belonged to the Ancient Order of Hiberniana

During the Spanish American War he was Captain [illegible] in the 7th Illinois Regiment which was the famous [illegible] of Chicago. The last [illegible] his life was spent at a [illegible] Hospital, Illinois.

One of the outstanding characteristics of his long and useful career was the self-sacrificing charitable work which he did in connection with his profession.

Irrespective of the pressing demands made upon his talents, his love of Decatur, where his boyhood days were spent, deepened with the passing years, and no one was more familiar with its early history than he.

His loss is mourned by his two children, Mrs. Miriam McDevitt, III. of Philadelphia and George J. of Wilmette, Illinois; also a sister, Anna G. Mahoney and a brother, Dr. Richard Mahoney, both of Detroit. He also leaves five grandchildren.

The funeral was held June 15, at 10:00 a. m. in St. Francis Xavier Church, [illegible] as in Calvary Cemetery.

CONCERNING THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. EVA SOUTHWORTH

By Bessie Fuhrman

Since there may be friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Eva Southworth who could not attend her funeral, it occurred to me that I might write a few lines for the paper about it, and incidentally add something about her life.

As many or perhaps all of her old friends know she was the granddaughter of the first white settler in Van Buren county—Dolphin Morris, and niece of Henry Morris whose murder occurred when she was a little girl. One of her most treasured possessions was a marble-top bureau that belonged to the murdered Morris couple.

In her long life of over eighty-one years Mrs. Southworth had somewhat more than the usual ups and downs, some of which may be mentioned here. One of her most pleasant memories of her young womanhood was her experience as a student at Valparaiso University when Pres. Brown held office there. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morris were well to do farmers in Volinia township of Cass county, who raised a good "old fashion sized family," all of whom have passed away now but one daughter, Mrs. Clinnie Morton. Thus having been a member of a large family, Mrs. Southworth had many memories of joy as well as of sorrow, particularly the latter as she lived to grieve the passing of all but her sister Clinnie. But besides her joys and sorrows of her parents' family, she had those of her own family. One of her sorest trials was her fear of losing her little boy Maynard when he had an illness that required a long and difficult trial of patience and perseverence in doctoring and nursing—the latter done by herself.

Later when her two sons, Leo and Maynard were established in life with their own families, she lost her husband Judson Southworth by the terrible disease of cancer. Then as if that were not enough she had a stroke which paralyzed her. Then a broken hip and also a hernia, all of which were taken care of and even though her doctor told her she could never walk again, her determination was such that she did learn to walk again first by the aid of a mechanical walker and later quite independently, but sometimes with her cane.

Besides having the love and devotion of her two sons and their families she had the good fortune of having two very kind and help-

ful daughters-in-law, Alice and Gertrude Southworth. The former, the wife of Maynard Southworth, nursed her through a very bad case of diphtheria and later on cared for her during other illnesses. Gertrude, the wife of Leo Southworth, also cared for her when she was laid up with her broken hip. Thus both of her daughters-in-law did their duties by her as lovingly as if they had been her own daughters.

Her latest sorrows were those of her grandson, Carl Southworth, who died in World War II, and the death of her nephew, Herschell Morris and her brother, Elmer Morris.

Mrs. Southworth was more contented keeping her own home than staying anywhere else, and still kept house until her last illness which attacked her suddenly. After that she was taken to the hospital where she had good nursing for over a month until her death.

Considering her age and the fact that the greatest number of her friends and old neighbors had already passed on, there was a large attendance at her funeral at Newell's funeral home. The beautiful floral tributes were many. Mrs. Cressy Brigham sang softly and sweetly "Face to Face." Rev. Smith of the Bible church which she attended, spoke of her life and preached a sermon that could hardly be surpassed by even ministers of greater experience in the ministry for he stressed the importance of preparing for eternal life. Merely saying that one has no fear of death when the commands of Jesus have not been obeyed is bragging or boasting. To prepare for the higher life beyond the grave one must live the life of faith and understanding of God's word. God sends no one to hell. The individual who refuses to comply with the teachings of Jesus as he taught the word of God is responsible for eternal death. The pall bearers were her grandsons and grandsons-in-law. Mrs. Southworth was buried in Lakeside cemetery Friday, January 18, 1952.

The Presbyterian Church that was destroyed by fire in 1918.

Presbyterians Mark One-Hundredth Anniversary

Services marking the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the local Presbyterian Church will occupy the attention of the congregation and friends next Sunday, Feb. 3.

The services will commemorate the day, one hundred years ago, Feb. 1, 1852, when the Rev. Marcus Harrison, a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, met with three laymen to establish a church which would follow the Reformed faith.

The people who joined in the founding of the church were Mrs. Lydia Harrison, Mrs. Eli Rich, and Joseph McClintock. At the same time, Mr. McClintock was elected and ordained a ruling elder.

Later, on Jan. 4, 1853, the church was received as a member of the old Presbytery of Kalamazoo, which later became the Presbytery of Western Michigan because of a merger with another presbytery.

An interesting sidelight to the part played by Mr. Harrison in local history is the fact that the cemetery on the southeast edge of Decatur bears his name, and contains his remains and those of his family. Mr. Harrison served the local congregation and one at Lawrence for three years before ill health caused him to resign.

The First Presbyterian Church has grown from the original three members to its present membership of 180. Many hundreds of people have served the church and been served by it in the past one hundred years.

The celebration of next Sunday will begin at 11 a. m. with a service of Holy Communion led by the present pastor, the Rev. Harold W. Davis. At that time, the pastor will briefly review some of the history of the past hundred years, the heritage which the present congregation has, and the challenge of the future. Then the congregation will join in a service of rededication to the tasks of the future.

In the evening at 7:30 p. m., a "Community Night" celebration will be held to which all friends of the congregation are invited.

Representatives from various civic groups of the community will be present to bring greetings to the church. The village will be represented by Robert J. Fox, president of the village council, the churches by the Rev. William R. Short, Methodist pastor, the public schools by Superintendent Willis C. Bates, the service and commercial interests by Fred E. Pennell, president of the Lions Club, and Van Buren county by Judge Carl Mosier, judge of circuit court.

Following the greetings from community representatives, Dr. Russell H. Seibert, chairman of the department of history of Western Michigan College of Education, will address the group. Dr. Seibert is well-known here for his forceful speeches.

The day of commemoration will close with a reception for all who will attend. The newly decorated basement of the Presbyterian Church will be the scene for this social time at which refreshments will be served.

Those who attend the reception will have opportunity to see an interesting exhibit of items which have played a part in the history of the church. This exhibit, which includes communion ware, records, and other things, has been prepared by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brigham. Mr. Brigham and his brother Frank have served the church faithfully as elders since Jan. 12, 1908, and are the elders with longest service records who are still members of the church.

The committee in charge of the community night has selected two women of the congregation for the honor of presiding at the refreshment tables. One is Miss Katherine McLeese who has the longest membership in the congregation, dating back to July 1, 1888. The

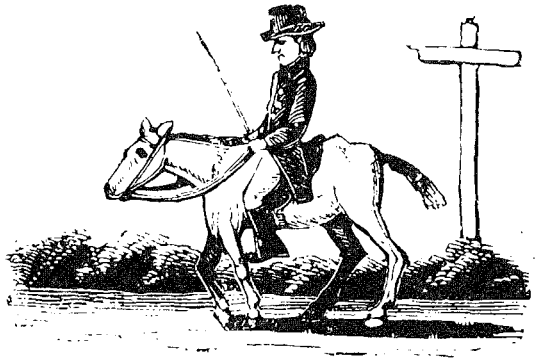
other is Mrs. Louis F Cooper whose husband served the church with the longest pastorate of any minister to date.

Both the senior and junior choirs will appear and sing at both services next Sunday. Because Mrs. A. W. Stepnitz, the organist, has been called away by the death of her sister, Mrs. Ward Knoll will preside at the organ. Mrs. Cressy L. Brigham and Mrs. Robert Calbetzor will direct the choir music, in the absence of Mrs. R. T. Haefner. The congregation is grateful for the willingness of these three members to carry on with the musical aspect of the services.

The central committee is charge of the centennial years services is composed of Frank Brigham, chairman, Rolland Haefner, and Mrs. A. W. Stepnitz. The committee in charge of the community night service is composed of Mrs. Harold Narregan, chairman, Mrs. Robert McLeese, Mrs. Fred McWilliams, and Patrick Redmond.

The committees are inviting all people in the community to join with the church as it seeks to commemorate one hundred years of service to God and the community.

(A history of the First Presbyterian Church will appear in a later edition of the Republican.)



TO RECEIVE DEGREE IN MEDICINE JUNE 13, 1953

George N. Greenman, son of Mrs. N.H. Greenman and the late Dr. Greenman will be among those who will receive their degree in medicine at the commencement exercises of the University of Michigan on Saturday, June 13.

Dr. Greenman will interne at a clinic at Danville, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. N.H. Greenman and Mrs. Rial Greenman will attend the exercises at Ann Arbor.

1953

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

This is the substance of a letter received from Congressman Hoffman a few months ago. It was found in a collection of notes saved for comment and is offered here as something still worth thinking about.

The United States, up to the present time, has sent over one hundred and nineteen billion dollars to the Eastern nations, but it has not been enough to purchase their friendship. France, which has nearly five billion dollars. will not follow the recommendations of our secretary of state, and Britain declares she will not back our administration policy with military support. We must in some way get along with Russia or fight her alone. It is well to remember that today, as always in the past, self-interest guides the activities of all other nations.

We should discontinue robbing ourselves in this fruitless effort to curry favor with foreign nations and turn to a policy of efficiently and economically building our own national defense, and to make our own country secure.

George Washington was the Father of our country. He was "First in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He led the colonies through the Revolutionary War, which won for them their independence from England. He served the first two terms as president, 1789 to 1797, and when the young states would have him serve a third term, because he was unselfish as well as [illegible] a great statesman, he refused.

His Fairwell Address stands out in literature as one of the masterpieces of the English language.

A call from Charlie Frye brought our pleasant memories of the years of long ago. He. is a pioneer of the first class, meaning that he has been a resident of the village of Decatur for over fifty years. A pioneer of the second class is one who has been a resident [illegible] er twenty-five years. Our call [illegible] was born in Decatur, but he k[illegible]ers not to reveal how long it was over fifty years ago. As he entered the front door he remarked, "This is the first time I have been in this house for over sixty years".

Charles was quite a boy when his father, the late John Frye, built this house at 108 East St. Mary's street and the Gwilt house next door. John himself rented this one and his son-in-law, Jack Johnson, the other. They were small houses in an imposing neighborhood.

W. F. Harlow, who lived in the large square house across the road, now occupied by George Sikkema and family, did not like the new improvements and called them dog houses. Of late years, however, as the cost of living and keeping up a home have gone up the desire for large houses with big rooms and high ceilings has gone down, and these small homes are in ready demand.

John Frye was a soldier of the Civil War. He fought valiently for his country, was captured and served six months in Andersonville prison. He weighed 145 pounds pounds when taken prisoner and 65 pounds when released. That hardly seems possible but it is according to the records handed down from that terrible time.

Andersonville prison was one of the worst blots on the South in their conduct of the Civil War. It was established at Andersonville, Georgia, in November, 1863, and consisted of an unsheltered enclosure of 27 acres. The superintendent was Henry Wirz, a Swiss. After the war an investigation was made of his conduct of the prison. He was convicted of injuring the health and destroying the lives of prisoners and hanged.

From February, 1804 to April, 1805, there were received at the prison 49,485 prisoners of whom 12,800 died there.

J. J. Sherman, another early citizen of Decatur, was also a prisoner in Andersonville prison and never recovered from the hardships he suffered there.

After the Civil War John Frye lived for awhile in Volinia township, where he married, and later he located in Decatur to follow his trade of carpenter.

His hard experience in the war did not destroy his good humor and he was ready for a joke whenever he found an antagonist capable of matching his sharp tongue.

The grocery store of Roberts and Stewart was a favorite gathering place for congenial old timers to loaf and trade. Nothing pleased John Frye more than to get a joke on a friend, and when the joke was on him he took it gamely and bided his time.

Once he had a verbal tilt with Charles Dennis, another practical joker who declared that during his service in the Civil War he rode up and down Hampton Roads many times on horseback in pursuit of the enemy.

John opened the conversation by telling of a field of cabbage he had raised. The cabbage grew so large that he had to harvest them with a canthook. Charlie Dennis followed by declaring that he was helping Jake Byers, the foundryman, make an iron kettle that covered a half acre of ground. John, incredulous, inquired, "What on earth could you do with a kettle as big as that?" And Dennis replied, "Cook one of your cabbages in it."

To clear up this mystery about Hampton Roads and to disseminate a little practical geographical and historical information this column offers one dollar as a prize for the best description of Hampton Roads.

It seems good and appropriate that present day citizens of Decatur should become acquainted through this column with Decatur citizens of the past who are now located elsewhere. Our home town was once their home town, the streets we travel they once traveled, the school our children attend they once attended, the land marks of the village are familiar also to them, and we all have friends in common.

This letter from a Decatur friend of many years ago will be read with pleasure by others who remember the writer. Her father was superintendent of the Decatur school from 1876 to 1883.

I first heard of John B. Upton when he was a resident of Lawrence. He was one of the early supervisors of that township, probably soon after the Civil War. He is recorded in the Van Buren County Gazetteer of 1869 as residing in Decatur, on the west side of School street opposite the school house. That is the big square house where his brother, Supt. Henry Upton, lived, where

Elias Morris lived in later years and where members of the Van't Zelde family now reside.

In the same Gazetteer John B. Upton and William H. Tucker are advertised as attorneys and counselors at law, office corner of Phelps and Delaware streets, over Trowbridge and Hill's grocery store. At that time Decatur had six practicing attorneys and seemed to be on the road to becoming a city.

A number of the leading citizens of Lawrence, thinking they had missed the center of wealth and prosperity, moved to Decatur to continue their activities in the town they deemed marked for a brighter future. They did fare a little better, but not much. Some of them remained here and some moved on again, still seeking a better place. But two nicer country towns than Decatur and Lawrence are not to be found. John B. Upton, if I remember correctly, moved from Decatur to Traverse City in the early seventies, and there enoyed a successful law practice for the remainder of his life.

The following reminiscences were contained in a recent letter from Miss Lucy Upton:

241 Loma Avenue,
Long Beach 3, California,
June 23, 1954.

"This Week" often seems like a personal letter to me, as it undoubtedly does to others.

Dr. Baker was credited with saving the life of our baby brother Emory, and with giving five more years of life to Father. We entertained him and Mrs. Baker one time in Pasadena where Mrs. Baker's sister and family were well known. By now their family ranch is probably subdivided.

Your trip east was very interesting to us, especially the visit to Oberlin College. Father and his brothers did not graduate there, but John B. Upton, who was listed as one of the graduates, was years later awarded an M. A. degree for his proficiency in Greek. He once told me that "if any one started him on a page of the Iliad, he could finish it. He was my father's brother and formerly an attorney in Decatur.

I well remember Mrs. Osborn as Mattie Morehouse. Remember me to her when you see her again. I also have her picture and her sister's picture in the album their class gave to Father at graduation. They were a cute couple as they sang for the school at chapel hour.

The Ruggles home was near ours. I only remember Myrtle's name now.

Alice Hill, now Mrs. Gordon, was my Sunday School teacher about the time she was voted Decatur's most beautiful girl. Seemed natural and fitting that she should be a minister's wife. We have her photo too.

Our lives have been crowded with business and family affairs, and we anticipate two weddings in August, one, Kate's grandson, the other, Belle's granddaughter who lives in El Centro and plays the big pipe organ in the "Church Down Under," where the ceremony will no doubt be held. The other granddaughter's husband, Dr. J. W. Gilbert, has just returned from France where he had charge of a military hospital.

Your contributions to the Republican are bringing pleasure to many readers. I'm glad you can continue.

Your friend, Lucy Upton.

EVERYTHING IS FOR THE BEST

Things happen mostly for the best.
So narrow is our vision here
That we are blinded by a tear
And stunned by every hurt and blow
Which comes today to strike us low.
And yet, someday we turn and find
That what once seemed cruel, was kind.
Most things, I hold, are wisely planned
If we could only understand.

—W. G. Riffmayer, Leadville Colo.

Columns such as this one can bring out a wealth of local history which will increase in value as time goes on. One has but to interest himself in the subject of genealogy, in the settlement of a community, or a larger division of the country, to learn how many others are interested in the same thing. Nothing can be more beneficial to any of us than to keep a busy mind. That is especially true of persons who have reached the age of retirement and find that time can become a drag upon them.

One of my present regrets is that during my active years on the Republican I did not give more time and space to the accomplishments and reminiscences of our progressive and successful citizens.

When I began publishing the Decatur paper it was only 68 years before the coming of the first white settler to Van Buren county. People were living then who could remember that eventful period, and many more could recall the pioneering experiences of parents and grandparents. Today it is impossible to obtain such information first hand, and not easy to obtain it at all. That is why I am doing what I can in this line, and soliciting help from others.

Would suggest that readers make scrapbooks of local history and other items that attract them, and before they realize it they will have something of value to hand down to their posterity. This is being done in many homes.

In a recent letter from Norman E. Webster, C. P. A., of New York City, he puts the proposition this way:

"Why not try to get students, of course with the help of their history teachers, to write biographical stories of early residents, school teachers and trustees, doctors, lawyers, bankers and business people — the Hills, Copleys, Rogers, Trowbridges, Chadwicks, Brownings, Potts, Thomas, etc., to digging into old village council records, early volumes of the Republican, and school records. The State Historical Society will know where such papers are preserved.

"Their stories will be interesting to readers, but the work involved will be of greater value to the students. Of course this is my hobby. My book on accountancy of over 400 pages will come out in a few weeks."

Some readers of the Republican will recall that this is just what was done some six or eight years ago. Miss Catherine Howland was the teacher in charge of the work and it was highly successful, as the files of the paper will show.

The above paragraphs were intended to be a few lines of appreciation to Mrs. Eva Lawrence for her letter following. She not only clears up the identity of members of the Baker family, but brings out other local history which makes her letter of value to be preserved:

To This Week and Arba:

When I read your May 13 column my mind was flooded with memories, because Dr. Baker, whom it mentions, represents a distinctive period of Decatur history. Of course conditions kept changing year by year after the 1820's when people began coming west, but the same primitive customs existed until 1890, — no electricity, phones, plumbing or good roads. To those of us who are 70, 80, 90 years old, half of that time was familiar, and half becomes more or less familiar from the stories of parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts.

So it almost seems we lived years before we were born. I have that feeling very strongly

because I was with Helen Nutting Burke so many years. She was a sister of Mrs. Baker and told me in dramatic fashion the things that had happened to the Bakers, the Nuttings and other people of Decatur since she came there in 1857. She told me how they lived and worked and played. Of course I know how simply my own family lived. Dr. Baker's domain of almost half a block looked like a castle and unapproachable during the seventies.

Well, the day came when my husband built a house on the lot east of Dr. Baker's house, where his perfectly kept garden had been for about 45 years. That was in 1903.

In 1908, when our son decided to enter the University of Michigan, the doctor came right over to tell us, so exuberantly, that it was 54 years ago that he graduated with the first U. of M. medical school class. He was retired and feeble, but triumphant with that memory of accomplishment. To us it looked like such a long time. Another added half century does not seem as long, looking back.

In retrospect I can see Charles, the younger, living at Dr. Baker's while going to high school, taking care of the doctor's viscious horses and doing work about the home. The doctor did have high school boys to do just that during his strenuous practice years. I remember Aunt Nell telling some incident about young Charles that I have forgotten, and also about Lou Nutting, an attractive sister of Mrs. Baker who lived with them awhile, probably in the sixties.

The Alumni Association was not organized for several years after the first class graduated. By that time the graduates had attained the titles given them in the Alumni book.

The mental pictures are unlimited and personalities become glorified, or picturesque, or funny, or queer, or sad — anything one is capable of seeing understandingly.

This is just one little story of early Decatur days to be added to those published in the Republican in the past. I hope there will be added every week something form the many who have stories to tell.

Eva Lawrence

This being the week of the meeting of the Decatur Alumni Association would like to add this letter just received from N. E. Webster of New York City, a member of the Decatur high school class of 1884:

Thanks for your letter of May 19 and for your interesting stories in This Week.

I shall not attend the Alumni Dinner, June 5. Though I go to office each day I come home early on the doctors' orders. And my wife is not yet able to leave our house so I should stay here with her. I am sending my dues and hope to be kept on the roll.

I send my greetings to my seniors Mrs. Alice Hill, Gordon '79, Miss Flora Buell '81 and Mrs. Mattie Morehouse Osborn '82 and I accept the salutes of all you juniors.

This Week brings up memories. I think the Concklin Foundry was in the old Tannery building. I used to go there to get sand which I used for the molding of Jackstraws of lead.

Dr. Charles T. Baker was important in my life. He introduced me to it.

My wife and I were interested in the items about Mrs. Eva Olcott Lawrence whom we remember well.

I am sorry to read that Harley Squier is very ill. When he went in the Bank to replace Dana Hill who had gone to Mulvane, Kansas, he left a hole at the Hinkley Stave Company office in which I rattled around until Emory Squier was ready to take the job.

Though I am not sure that I ever saw the old school bell I remember it well and not merely for its sound. The bell rope came through the ceiling of the High School room and boys rang it to call pupils back from recess. Girls sat below it and one afternoon I took the rope as far as I could before I let go and the girls dodged. Prof. Hitchcock said: "Ed Webster stop that rope." I did exactly what he told me to do. When I stopped the rope it did not quiver but the scholars grinned. Professor said, "Leave the room." I did as he told me but as I never heard anything more about the incident, I guessed that wise Miss Pearce told the Principal that it might be better to forget the matter. I could go on indefinitely but must stop.

Cordially,
Norman E. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Minneapolis called on the writer one day last week. They had driven here from Lawrence, were seeking information about their relatives, and were told at the Republican office that this is headquarters for local history.

The name Chadwick was prominent in the early life of Decatur and Van Buren county, and the wonder is that not more is known about them today. It may take the patient searching of our genealogist friends, Mrs. Corliss of South Haven and Mrs. Longcore of Lawrence, to bring out the interesting Chadwick story.

Our caller was the son of Will Chadwick, and a nephew of Belle Chadwick, who was indeed one of the belles of Decatur. She had a beautiful soprano voice, and in both her voice and appearance reminded one of Lillian Russell.

Frederick M. Chadwick was the father of Will and Belle and the grandfather of our caller. The Van Buren Gazetteer of 1869 records him as a clerk in the drygoods store of his brothers, Evard E. and John L. Chadwick, and his home was on the south side of Sherwood street, third house west of Williams. He moved his family to Minneapolis in the eighties and his daughter passed away there soon after.

The Chadwick brothers moved their business and their families from Lawrence to Decatur over ninety years ago. They built the three story brick building, now owned and occupied by G. R. Gale, in 1863. Our next door neighbor for many years, the late Charles M. Rawson, once said that he remembered as a small boy seeing the big pile of brick in the road in front of the lot ready for the masons to commence the building.

In this same year, 1863, Decatur's first brick school house was erected. According to a card attached to a picture of the building, presented by Mrs. Marietta Taylor, this building was destroyed by fire the Night of February 12, 1919. This was so published in this column a few weeks ago and brought out statements that the date of the fire is incorrect. We have no other record to go by except the files of the Republican which verify it

A number of pioneer families who first settled in Lawrence moved over to Decatur in its formative years. It was predicted that this village was destined to become a city, perhaps a rival of Kalamazoo. It failed to that extent, but to become a city, perhaps a rthis line isno god and so

haps a rival of Kalamazoo. It failed to that extent, but Decatur will always be a good hometown and attract good people for residents.

There are no Chadwicks now residing in Decatur. The last was Marion E. Chadwick who passed away in the early part of the century.

Mrs. Eva Lawrence of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes that some of the items in this column bring back remembrances of her early Decatur days. She has been one of its welcomed contributors, and is receiving a cordial invitation to continue the pleasant work.

Mrs. Lawrence can furnish the date of the flag of 36 stars presented by Miss Ione Haydon. The answer to that question printed several months ago has not yet been received, and she is here informed that the newspaper rule is that news is always news until it is printed. In her hesitancy to write for publication she quotes these lines:

"If your ears would save from jeers,
These things keep mildly hid:
Myself and I, and mine and my,
And how I do and did."

But she is told not to fear such criticism. It is far from her nature to be boastful. Quoting further: "The letters that come to "This Week" are so greatly enjoyed, I always want to tell the writers how much happiness they give me." She mentions especially Miss Lucy Upton of Long Beach, California, and N. E. Webster of New York City.

"Lucy Upton always says things I feel like saying. They lived such a short time in Decatur (six or seven years), I wonder why she remembers it so affectionately. I remember them very well. If they left in 1882 (It might have been in 1883). I was eleven years old. Professor Upton looked as remote as even God to me and I thought he was almost as important. Mrs. Upton was often on the speakers' platform as a W.C.T.U. worker. She may have been one of the saloon haters and gone on raids with Carrie Nutting and others. Aunt Nell has told me vivid tales about them.

"I just haven't the courage to tell about Aunt Nell's Boys' Club, it turned out so funny but tragic. I don't believe there is anybody in Decatur now who was in that club. I have to laugh every time I think of it, Aunt Nell was such a big hearted person.

"We were so glad to read your letter from Frank Thomas about Lake of the Woods, it was so true as I remember it. Myra and Harold drove to Des Moines to see "The King and I" last week. They were delighted with it — beautiful scenery and subject matter."

Aunt Nell was Mrs. Thomas Burke, daughter of Lucius Nutting, sister of Mrs. Dr. Baker and cousin of Mrs. Carrie Nutting Carr. Mrs. Lawrence resided in the home of Mrs. Burke for a number of years after the death of her mother. The house was at the east end of Delaware street, on the north side, some distance back from the road.

Frank Steele of Devil's Lake, North Dakota called on the writer at the Republican office one day last week. He was a son of Solomon and Jennie and sisters were Grace, Fred, Ida, Harry and Beulah, none left in this community. Frank attended the old Red School, which later became known as the Barber School and a few years ago was destroyed by fire: He attended the Decatur school for a year or two and said his particular school friend here was Harry Babcock.

Frank left home when he was 17 and never returned. He was 80 the 10th of last August. He learned the trade of plasterer and brick layer and has worked all over the United States and Canada and never married but was a contented wanderer until he struck Devil's Lake some 30 years ago. This city is located near the shore of the lake of the same name and is noted for its exceptional goose and duck hunting. It has a population of about 7,000. There our caller found his ideal location and settled down.

TO THE LINE: The Oscar Romig company, local (Marcellue, Mich.) furniture and undertaking establishment, advertises:

USE OUR CONVENIENT LAY AWAY PLAN

We would like to know which department is trying to drum up business.

Leon H. Moses in Chicago Tribune.

The curious Mr. Moses should know without asking which is an optional and which a required purchase.

Will Carleton was a Michigan poet, born in Hudson in our neighboring county of Hillsdale in 1845. He graduated from Hillsdale college and devoted his time to writing and lecturing, traveling thru the United States, Great Britain and Canada. He once lectured" in Decatur, the town hall was packed to hear him and his coming stood out for many years as one of the conspicuous events of the village. If we had any word of criticism to offer here of his appearance that night it would be silenced by these lines from one of his poems:

"Boys flying kites haul in their winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire" is good advice we know,
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

Of his numerous books "Farm Ballads" is our favorite. To get acquainted with Carleton it might be well to read this one first. Patronize the Decatur library, it is maintained for the benefit of the public and you will find the librarian obliging and helpful.

This is the week of the opening of school. We asked a small boy if he was glad. He said, "No."

A magazine article by a teacher of New York City advocated the doing away with long vacations for the reason that the pupils get out of touch with school work and it takes them several weeks to get keyed up to it agian. Much valuable time is thereby lost, both to the pupils and the teachers.

The Decatur public school has made valuable progress since the organization of the district in 1863. The first class was graduated in 1867. It contained three graduates. This year's class contained 53 graduates.

We have a catalogue of the "Decatur Union School of 1873-4" a gift of the late Dora M. Christie Forbes Anderson, who was in the fifth grade that year. It was published 80 years ago the seventh of July by the board of trustees which consisted of six members, one more than at the present time. They were H. B. Clapp, director; Newton Foster, moderator; John G. Haynes, treasurers; Lyman T. Rawson, Myron Hinkley, Thomas Browning.

The teachers were S. G. Burked, Prin.; Emma Rice, high school; Ellen Lyman, grammar; May Duffin, Viola Childs and Mrs. M. H. M. Combs, different terms of 2nd. Intermediate; Fannie Trowbridge (Stewart), 1st. Intermed-

iate; Jennie Ridlon, 2nd. primary; Fannie Beattie (Collins), 1st primary.

Mrs. Stewart was the mother of Mrs. Ethel Lewis of Decatur and Bay View, and Mrs. Collins was the mother of Mrs. Fannie Rogers of Kalamazoo.

The report of the director paints in glowing words the high standing of the school. Following is a paragraph of his three page statement:

Punctuality and regular attendance deserve particular mention. In banishing the two great evils, tardiness and irregularity, we have been remarkably successful. Our per cent of attendance has been increased from 75 to 95. Truancy, runn' ig away from school, especially from examinations, formerly very common, is now almost, if not quite unknown. Examinations are hailed with delight, and enthusiasm, and excellent deportment of pupils characterizes the school."

Principal S. G. Buked also gives an elaborate report including a financial statement of receipts and expenses for monthly entertainments given by the pupils and faculty. In it he states, "I have also placed in the school my cabinet of specimens, including a choice collection of shells, minerals, birds, mammals, reptiles, insects, etc. And allow me to say here that the collection has afforded our school a great deal of interest and profit."

During our years in school this collection occupied a conspicuous part of the office of the superintendent, then known as the principal. The pupils were attracted to it principally by the many varieties of mounted birds displayed in a large case next to the wall. This fine collection was destroyed by the fire that took the schoolhouse the night of February 12, 1919.

In 1874 there were 570 pupils in the school and their names are all recorded by grades in the catalogue.

Webb's reader was used in the first grade, and Sanders' in the other grades.

Here are two of the four verses of a poem by N. P. Willis in Sanders' Fourth Reader:

Youthful Amusements

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.
Play on! play on' I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

Allen Chesebro is a congenial friend gained through occasional correspondence during my many years with the Republican. He was also a faithful subscriber to the paper and wrote for it true stories of Lake Michigan adventures and tragedies. Those old newspaper days were most interesting days. One is liable to forget, when life is going on like a song, that there will ever come a change, but come there will. It was so with my life on the Republican and it will be so with all of us. "We shall all be changed," and it may come "in the twinkling of an eye."

Most of Allen Chesebro's life has been spent on this shore of Lake Michigan a few miles south of South Haven. He went to school nearby with members of the Hoppin family, relatives of Mrs. Carries Hill of Decatur, and they were all friends. He built his Evergreen Lodge there and it has prospered these many years.

The property consists of an acre or more of ground partly grown up to trees, on which is displayed antiques and curios of various kinds which he buys and sells. He also has six substantial log cabins located on the lake bluff which he has rented at a profit sufficient to give himself and wife a comfortable living.

Mr. Chesebro has had an optimistic outlook on life and a sense of humor. Signs posted about the grounds to announce his wares or tell a joke will cause a smile and ofttimes may bring a sale. Here is a sample:

"In June of 1907 from this point the great sea serpent was seen at sundown, when this monster crossed the path of the setting sun, going south one-half mile out. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Gruber and myself estimated the part above water to be 70 feet long. It was during the famous local option days.

Allen Chesebro."

This spring the water has risen so high in the lake that it has undermined the bluff and broken it down to within a rod or less of the cottages. An effort has been made to keep it from washing out further by fastening one end of heavy wire cables or chains to trees well back from the shore, and the other end to planks pressed against the bluff. This has been expensive, and it is to be hoped it will be effective.

We called at Evergreen Bluff April 26. Mr. Chesebro was out dynamiting. His wife answered the call. She told of the havoc the water had wrought and said they were near to discouragement. It was a cruel blow. What the future has in store for them they can only guess. Lake Michigan is a good servant but a very bad master. They may even yet find a way to outwit it.

In looking over some discarded possessions in a store room I came across my first spectacles, pince nez (pronounced pans na), purchased just 30 years ago. My nose isn't shaped right for this style of spectacles and they frequently slid off onto the floor. This reminded me of a Sunday morning some three quarters of a century ago when I attended the Presbyterian church and disgraced myself by laughing out loud in the meeting.

The pastor, Reverend Mr. Noerr was an earnest man and an eloquent preacher. He sometimes became so absorbed in his subject that he would walk away from the pulpit and gesticulate with fervor. On this particular morning in one of his most eloquent passages his hand struck the side of his prince nez spectacles with such force that they shot across the platform and onto the curch floor, where they remained until after the service.

It is strange how such an inconsequential incident should have so affected a small boy, but did you ever get into a predicament where you just had to laugh and just couldn't? There is nothing more painful.

Another unusual thing is that these glasses, replaced by a stronger pair some 20 years ago, should again fit my eyes and would be put into service if only they would stay where they belong.

We took an hour's ride about the country with Roy and Grace Hinkley and drove past some of the oil wells near Lawton. I had no idea the wells over there were producing so abundantly. Roy says that some of them are pumping at the rate of 100 barrels a day, and there must be 15 or 20, maybe 40 of them. New ones are

being drilled every few days, and big tanks are at the wells from which to truck the oil away. There is still some drilling in the vicinity of Decatur and lessors are living in hopes.

I learned that Myron and Ruby Hinkley of Fresno, Calif., were called to Plainwell, 12 miles north of Kalamazoo, a few weeks ago by the death of a relative of the latter. They flew to Chicago (a six hour trip), took a train to Kalamazoo, where they were met by their sister, Ceclia Hinkley Pearce, and drove the latter's car to their destination. They remained in Michigan less than three days, leaving Chicago for their home by train the following Sunday. The atmosphere of California is thoroughly mixed in their blood and they say they will not return to Michigan except to visit.

We learned on this trip that Frank Drury, who went west from Lawton many years ago and settled in Clovis where Myron edits the Independent, died a year or two ago, soon after his 100th birthday. He was a remarkable citizen and we won't stamp him as being old. He never claimed that distinction. He was an active man, fond of horseback riding and led the parade in the Clovis annual celebration when he was well along in the nineties.

A few weeks ago the letter following was sent to Postmaster Creagan and he sent it on to the writer at Marblehead, Mass. Instead of answering it at once the letter was brought back to Decatur to be answered here:

Dear Sir:

The object of this letter is to make contact with some member of the family of Dr. C. T. Baker (I think first name Charles) who was a physician in Decatur many years. He was born in 1829, and of course is now not living, but I hope that some of his descendants are. I shall greatly appreciate the fav r if you will send me names and addresses of any Bakers who now reside in Decatur, or refer me to someone who might be able to give them to me.

He is kinfolk through his brother Hiram and I hope that some descendants of his may be able to give me information of early Baker family data.

Sincerely,
Addie Loucks Lehman
8705 Garfield street
Bethesda, Maryland

Dr. C. T. Baker is indeed an old time Decatur physician. He was born in Steuben county, New York in 1829. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1854 (just 100 years ago,) and located in Decatur the same year, where he practiced until his death. Time out was when he served as a contract surgeon during the Civil War. He was on duty at City Point, Va., General Grant's headquarters, when General Lee surrendered his army to General Grant on the memorable 14th day of April, 1865—the day of President Lincoln's assassination.

Dr. Baker gave up his practice in the early part of the present century. I write from memory. Perhaps some reader can set the date more accurately.

Older residents of Decatur are familiar, with his spacious well kept home on the northeast corner of Delaware and George streets. A filling station is now in front of the house and there is little evidence that it was one of the prettiest corners in town.

We know of no members of the Baker family in the village, but the address of Miss Ione Haydon, a granddaughter of Hiram Baker, is Decatur, Mich., RFD. 2. One of the granddaughters of John Baker is Mrs. Lucile Osborn, Hartford, Mich. She has taught school in Keeler for many years and must be close to her retirement year. John and Hiram Baker settled in Keeler township.

Here is a little unexplained local history which we should like to see cleared up: The Decatur high school Alumni book states that the first class was graduated in 1867 and that the three members were Morris Foster, Charles Baker, M. D. and Sarah Rogers Andrews.

According to the Van Buren county history and the letter from his relative in Maryland Dr. Baker in 1867 was 38 years old, a little old for a high school graduate, especially as he graduated from the University of Michigan in 1854. Would like very much to get the explanation from anyone who knows the facts. There may be another M. D. of the same name who graduated and located elsewhere.

Walter Squier of Battle Creek and his mother, Mrs. Harley Squier of Buchanan called last Saturday. They reported that Harley, who was 92 September 20

What has become of the old school house bell? If any reader can furnish information or reminiscences concerning it the same will be welcome. The bell was probably fastened into its place in the belfry when the building was completed in 1864, and it did faithful service there until that fateful night of February 11, 1919, when the school house was destroyed by fire.

In the days of long ago it called the children to school and in from recess every morning and afternoon of the school week. It was rung five minutes at 8:30, one minute at 8:50, and tolled five minutes at 9:00 o'clock. Promptly on the second of nine the janitor who had the complete mastery of the ringing of the bell, gave three sharp sounds of the gong, and woe to the pupil, big or little, who was not then in his room. If a pupil was tardy he was compelled to bring an excuse from one of his parents. It did not often happen.

For the afternoon session the bell was rung at 1:00 o'clock, 1:20 and 1:30.

Clayton Howe and family drove over to Evergreen Bluff, South Haven, one day last summer, and became interested in the proprietor, Allen Chesbro's collection of bells. He had all kinds, big and little, church bells, school bells, dinner bells, car bells, cow bells and general purpose bells. Clayton discovered one on which were cast the words, "Concklin, Decatur, Mich.," and bought it. The bell was 12 inches in height and 20 inches in diameter at the base — a typical school bell. The Evergreen Bluff proprietor said he found it in a South Haven junk yard and knew nothing about its previous history.

J. T. Concklin once owned and operated the Decatur foundry which was located just west of George street near the South Side store, and the family lived in the house opposite the store on the corner. He had a wife and two children, Johnnie and Flora. I was about Johnnie's age, and we were all in the grades in school. His father bought crackers by the barrel, which was quite wonderful to me, and we had unlimited access to them. There was a large trough kept filled wi'h water in the foundry, and we boys went swimming in it in the summer time.

In the gay nineties the Knights of Pythias Lodge was organized in Decatur. It was a secret society for men based on the friendship of Damon and Pythias.

The lodge was founded in Washington, D. C., by Justus H. Rathbone and six companions in 1864. It forged rapidly to the front among the secret organizations of the country, and for many years was popular in our village. The First World War took most of our young men away from home, and gave those left something else besides the friendly contacts of lodges to think of. Older organizations held up better, but all for a while had a struggle to keep going. The K. of P. Lodge of Decatur finally gave up its charter and disbanded. The Supreme Knights of Pythias of the World continues to be an active organization and is well represented in Michigan.

The early years of the present century were glorious years. The world was at peace. The people were fairly prosperous and contented. The young Pythian lodge in Decatur flourished and many social events grew out of its activities.

The Grand Lodge sent its best young members out as visitors to the suborbinate lodges. Their work was to create local enthusiasm and to give instruction in the work when needed. Will E. Hampton of Ann Arbor was most frequently assigned to this section of Michigan. He was Grand Keeper of Records and Seals while I occupied the same office in the Decatur lodge.

A friendship grew up between us in those early years which will last as long as life itself. For over fifty years we have kept in touch with each other, and at each Christmas he has brightened the day for me with one of his clever Christmas poems. Have shared them in the past with readers of the Republican, and this year, through the kindness of my successor, Editor Eleanor Kinney am giving it the space of my column, THIS WEEK.

My dear old friend this year announces that he has passed his ninetieth birthday, and that he is leaving the pretty city of Ann Arbor for a new location. The passing of Mrs. Hampton, his faithful companion of many years necessitated this change.

May the years continue to lay lightly upon him, and if he is permitted to write his Grand Christmas poem ten years hence that will round out his century of birthdays, I hope still to be here to receive it and to give it its accustomed place in the Republican.

HOW DOES IT SEEM TO BE NINETY?

How does it seem to be four score and ten??
An age attained by very few men?
That was a matter I had wondered about
When a friend of mine found that, his lot.
And now that I am in that class,
I can hardly believe it has come to pass!
When I was young, years went so slow
I was happy to have them come, and go.
When my fiftieth birthday came along,
Life was still, to me, "One Grand Sweet Song."
At seventy it was still the same—
I was happily playing Life's daily game.
Then along came eighty, and I "retired" —
Though able to do all that Life required
Of a man still in his early prime—
Thumbing his nose at Old Man Time!

And now I am ninety — 'most ninety-one,
With a start for a hundred just begun!
And should you ask me — "How does it seem?"
I can truly say — "It's like a dream!"
I don't take stairs two steps at a time
As I always did when in my prime,
And at golf no more play eighteen holes —
In some aspects Age takes its tolls.

A year ago I was living alone,
And the lonesomeness had steadily grown,
So I've decided to live with a son
'Till my stay on earth is finally done.
How long that will be, only God can know,
But when the day comes I'll be ready to go —
Though as long as my heart continues to beat,
Life for me will still be very sweet;
And that sweetness very largely depends
On the many guys I call my friends.
So "Merry Christmas" I wish for all—
May the good God see that nothing befall
To you and yours throughout the year,
With naught to cause a single tear. Will E. Hampton

5 Madison Road,
Marblehead, Mass.

Old time residents like to read stories of the Decatur of yesteryear and their welcome contributions aid in increasing interest in this column. An effort is being made to induce the young people to become better acquainted with the history of our country and the reminiscences printed here may properly be classified as local history.

Mrs. Roy (Grace) Hinkley, daughter of Orris and Harriet Garwood Roberts, writes, "I am sending you a certificate which my mother received in 1877. Henry Upton was principal and Allie Ward her teacher. My mother was very fond of Miss Ward and spoke of her as being one of the best teachers she ever had. I wonder if anyone else can remember her. George McDol was in mother's drawing class at that time. Also I enclose the contract which mother signed when she taught the Code school in 1880."

This is a copy of the certificate of advancement:

"Wise Men Lay Up Knowledge"
Decatur Graded School

This certifies that Hattie Garwood has passed a satisfactory examination in bookkeeping and that her standing was 98 per cent.

Decatur, Mich., April 28, 1877.

Allie Ward, teacher
H. Upton, principal

Perfection is 100%, Necessary to pass 85%.

Mrs. Hinkley also sent a teacher's third grade certificate issued to her mother March 28, 1881, and signed by Henry Upton, Township Superintendent of Schools. Some of her standings were, Reading 98, Penmanship 95, Grammar 90, Arithmetic 98, Geography 85.

But the prize relic of these old records is the following:—

Teacher's Contract.

It is hereby contracted and agreed between S. H. Mallory, director of School District No. 6, Township of Hamilton, etc., and H. E. Garwood that the said H. E. Garwood, shall teach in the Sawyer School of said District, for the term of FOUR months commencing the 30th day of November, 1880; and the said H. E. Garwood agrees faithfully to keep a correct list of the pupils and the age of each attending school of said district, agrees to keep the schoolhouse in good repair, to provide the necessary fuel and pay said H. E. Garwood for said services as teacher the sum of EIGHTY-EIGHT dollars before

the first day of May, 1881.

Provided, that in case said H. E. Garwood shall be dismissed from school by said board for gross immorality, or violation of this contract, or have her certificate annulled by the town superintendent she shall not be entitled to compensation after said annulment or dismissal.

It is also agreed that said H. E. Garwood shall board herself and build the fires and sweep the schoolhouse.

November 22, 1880.

S. H. Mallory, Director; Hattie E. Garwood, teacher. Approved by H. A. Bradley, Moderator; Orin P. Maxon, Assessor. This is a standard form.

It will be noted that the present Code district was formerly the Sawyer district.

President's Day: The day the President of the United States is inaugurated. It occurs every year next after a year divisible by four. It occurred on March four previous to 1934. Congress changed the day to January 20 and Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inauguration was on that day. Thus Herbert Hoover served the shortest time of any President serving a full term,—44 days less than four years.

Now that March 4 is no longer Inauguration Day a movement has been started by a Congressman from California to make it a holiday and call it President's Day. It would be a day devoted to the study of United States history and especially the Presidents from George Washington to the present, in the schools and elsewhere. The promoter suggested that pupils be assigned to write essays on the Presidents, and submitted some that had been written. Here are three of them:

George Washington, 1789: "I was a general, first President of the United States and Founding Father. I saw 13 colonies become a free nation. I am remembered as 'First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of my Countrymen.' I married Martha Custis, a widow with two children."

Abraham Lincoln, 1861: "I was known as 'Honest Abe.' I was a lawyer. I went to Congress. Debated against Stephen A. Douglas against slavery. I won the hand of Mary Todd, but lost the debate with Douglas. Four years of Civil War lay ahead. My Cabinet was against me, but I struggled on, freed the slaves and declared at Gettysburg that 'government of the People, by the People and for the People must not perish from the earth.'"

Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1933: "I am a New Dealer and a friend of the poor. I told the people the only thing to fear was fear. I ushered in old people's retirement money. I proclaimed four freedoms — freedom of speech, worship, want and fear. I married Teddy Roosevelt's niece, Eleanor, who became famous going everywhere to see how people lived. I contracted polio, but I had the will not to be an invalid. I was elected President four times."

BOSS AND BOSSED

As manager, then president
For many years I managed men,
But when I came back home at night
I failed as boss in my own den;
For wife e'er told me what to do—
My well laid plans were often crossed,
But finally I learned one thing—
To make the best of being bossed.

— Alonzo N. Benn, 5000 East End Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Three quarters of a century ago Decatur was a lively village and nearly as large in population and wealth as it is today.

Decatur's population in the early years has, however, been the subject of some discussion by persons interested in local history. In its formative years great things were expected of this village. There was no limit to which the enthusiastic early settlers expected it to go in population and wealth.

The Van Buren County Gazetteer published in the office of the Decatur Republican in 1869, contains this paragraph:

"The village was first incorporated by the legislature by an act approved March 16, 1861. The first president was E. P. Hill, the first recorder, Orrin T. Welch.

"Since its incorporation the village has grown rapidly, and more especially since the close of the late war. Village lots have been laid out and put on the market. It is safe to say that no town on the line of the Michigan Central enjoys a greater degree of material prosperity. It now contains a population of two thousand five hundred." This last statement that did the mischief was published right here in Decatur in 1869.

The census reports for Decatur village and for Decatur township are as follows:

Year	Village	Twp. including village
1860	564	1,216
1870	1,420	2,512
1880	1,267	2,248
1894	1,336	2,158
1910	1,286	2,100
1920	1,270	2,253
1930	1,582	2,618
1940	1,599	2,565
1950	1,664	2,756

It is plain that in giving the population of Decatur as 2,500 the combined population of both the village and the township was meant, but it was not so stated. A few years later a patriotic citizen in praising Decatur claimed for it the larger population, and this further spread the mistaken belief that we are in part a "deserted village."

A few weeks ago mention was made of a call from a member of the Chadwick family, prominent residents of Van Buren county. He was the grandson of Frederick M. Chadwick and son of Will Chadwick. They resided in Decatur about twenty years following War, then moved to

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Minneapolis. The man, accompanied by his wife, was trying to locate the place of business and homes of his relatives here, but they were in such a hurry that we failed to get their first name and address.

The story of the Chadwicks interested Decatur old timers. Several asked for further information about them. One desired to send them a piece of silverware with the name "Chadwick" engraved upon it, which had been in his family for many years.

Another wrote: "Will you please send me the address of Mr. Chadwick, if you have it, as I would like to write to him. I am much interested in the family but did not know that I could ever contact any of the descendents."

Would like to bring the family back to acquaintance with Decatur people, if possible.

For many years they occupied a prominent place in its social and business life. Will the readers help?

Grace Chadwick was once an efficient clerk in the Decatur post office. She married John O'Leary and they moved to Cassopolis. Both are now dead, but we think they left two sons who may be in touch with readers of the Republican.

Have enjoyed getting in touch again with the Ruggles family. Eli Ruggles came into this county before the Civil War and acquired a farm in Hamilton township. Money came in slowly from the farm, too slow to meet the needs of a growing family, and the desires of an ambitious hard working man like Mr. Ruggles.

Then came the Decatur boom and the Ruggles family sold the farm and came in on the boom. In his story of a busy life he says: "I have stated that we moved to Decatur to speculate and make money easier. We didn't do it, but lost all we had. Soon after going to Decatur other railroads were built which shut off its trade in all directions and Decatur was left with but little territory to support it. Property went down. Houses and lots could be bought for a song, and the Ruggles family finally moved to the growing town of Oak Park, near Chicago.

In Chicago, Harry Ruggles became one of five men to found the Rotary Club. Now he is the oldest living member of the club, he has been invited to be the guest of honor at its Golden Anniversary to be held in Chicago on May 29 to June 2, 1955. He resides in Los Angeles, California, and was 83 years old the 16th of last September; but his health to date is good and he expects to be there. We hope he can come and will come to Decatur to visit the scenes of his boyhood.

The Ruggles home is the pretty house among the trees at the south east corner of George and Wheeler streets, now the home of Asa Root and family. Eli Ruggls set out those trees.

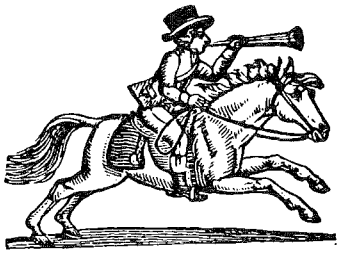
Noises in the night. I was awakened in the night by a rumbling noise that might have been caused by the beating of rain on the roof, the gas giving off heat from the furnace, or an engine under steam on the track. These three noises are much alike. It is also difficult to judge the distance of a sound in the silent night.

Our former townsman, Charles H. Mahoney, American representative of the United Nations, has drawn the fire of the Chicago Tribune for a speech he made before that organization last week.

Mr. Mahoney argued that the member nations aid countries that are victims of future wars by providing arms for any troops willing to help defend them but unable to arm themselves.

The Tribune's editorial was the first one in the issue of Sunday November 7. The Tribune is quite liable to be on the losing side of an argument and Mr. Mahoney will undoubtedly be able to defend his side should he care to. He has the backing of President Eisenhower.

A little poetry for the close:
I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed, unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.
Odgen Nash.



When former residents write to me and their letters are noted in this column other old timers also receive the benefit of their friendly comments. The writers increase the pleasure they give and I hope they do not object to being quoted. Whenever they do object their request, "for you only" or "not for publication," is always respected.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dewey Rice of Lodi, California, a resident of Decatur in the last two decades of the century past, wrote sometime ago of her pleasure in hearing from old friends. She takes the Republican just to hear about them, and gives this column credit for keeping up her interest in the paper. She mentioned receiving holiday letters from Maude Lyle, Charlotte Huyck, Luella Sprague, Eva Hamlin, Alice Hampton, Clara Harris, Bessie Wassman, Harriet Tinkham Hill and Belle Lyle, all well known young people of her early Decatur years. She adds, "How I enjoyed them. The trouble is that of late years they have gotten to be only annuals."

Her brother, Fred Dewey, who once owned a half interest in the Decatur paper, suffered a stroke of paralysis last year which made him an invalid and unable to talk. When this letter was written he seemed to be a little better. His address is — Lilly's Rest Home, 1217 Grand River, Lansing, Mich.

Last fall Mrs. Rice and husband visited her sister, Vedah Rouse at her home in Los Angeles. From there they went to Catalina Island and saw Ray Dodge and family who live there. Ray was once a Decatur boy. His sisters live in Southern California and one of them is the wife of Otto Van Hise.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keller of Birmingham and the latter's sister, Mrs. Lucille Rudzinski drove to California and from there sailed on the Lurline for Honolulu. An airmail card was received from Lucille April 5. She wrote that they were staying at the beautiful Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and from the picture sent it is both beautiful and spacious.

On the boat going over they met Maurice Brooks, a former Decatur citizen. He and Charles Propp conducted a general store on the northwest corner of Phelps and Delaware streets where now is the gas station run by Merton High. Maurice is in business in Tucson, Arizona.

Our travelers flew to the island of Hawaii but could not go to the volcano because there had been an eruption that morning. The temperature at Honolulu was 82 degrees.

Lucile Carney Rudzinski has been a resident of Decatur all of her life. She graduated from the high school in 1905, and her college work was taken at the M. A. C. She was married to the late Robert Rudzinski, whom she met at East Lansing, and returned to Decatur to spend many years in the drug store of her father and husband. Then, when their days on earth were finished she went through the trying years of managing the estates of both. It now seems possible for her to have a few years, more or less, of carefree enjoyment. She fully deserves them and has the sincere good wishes of this department. (Editor Eleanor checks this paragraph and says to let it go for the entire paper).

Birthday congratulations. Mrs. Alice Hill Gordon 95, March 10, 1954. Mrs. Gordon is the oldest living graduate of the Decatur high school. She finished under Professor Upton in 1879. There were 16 in the class and it was not until 1895 that the school turned out another class as large.

The members were Clyde Tucker, Alvin Hathaway, Jennie Buell, Lincoln E. Buell, Mary Shookman Wells, Anna Jordan, Emma Priest Waters, Mary Shaad Hanks, Alice Durkee Rosevelt, Anna Creagan, Rose Northrup Miller, Addie Haydon Williams, Alice Hill Gordon, Minnie Coleman Kern, Blanch Smith McWilliams, Lillian Rosewarne Goddard.

Ten years later, on the last day of school, 1889 members of this class met in the high school and reorganized the Decatur Alumni Association which had been inactive for several years. Since that time the Alumni has not ceased to function as an important part of the program marking the close of the school year.

Mrs. Gordon was married to the late James A Gordon who came to Decatur during the nineties as pastor of the First Presbyterian church. From here he was given

a larger assignment, serving in Van Wert, Ohio, for a number of years. Mrs. Gordon now resides at Winona Lake, Indiana.

Seventy-two years ago this coming summer the Henry Upton family left Decatur to establish a home in the then sparsely settled state of Nebrasko. Mr. Upton served Decatur six years as superintendent of schools. The Upton home was situated on School street across from the high school building. It has been kept in good repair and is changed but little from the time they occupied it. It is now known as the Van't Zelfde home.

Henry Upton served his country well in the Civil War and carried a wound he received in action to the close of his life. After a few years residence in western Nebraska the family moved on to the western coast where Miss Lucy and Mrs. Belle Van Atten, the surviving members, now reside in Long Beach, California.

In the early part of November Miss Lucy wrote a letter to this editor and directed it to Decatur. It was received at Marblehead. In it she wrote that she had sent a copy of the "Christian Advocate" of October 8 containing of complimentary mention of her neice, Mrs. Beth Van Etten Waterman. The paper was not forwarded.

After waiting a week and the paper not having arrived an effort was made to see a copy at this and the Salem libraries. It was not on file at either of them. Next I enclosed a dime in a letter and asked the publishers at Chicago for a copy. The letter was not acknowledged and it was later learned that the enclosure should have been 15 cents. Finally the paper was found on the editorial desk of the Republican office where, true to tradition, many things given up for lost may be found, and it was received in Marblehead last week.

The interesting story was written by Amy Fox and its subject was "The Church Down Under." It is the story of the building of the new Methodist church at El Centro, California, a half page picture of the edifice is shown and the enterprise of the members is well set forth.

Concerning the granddaughter of our well remembered Professor Upton the nationally prominent writer, Amy Fox, says:

"It is a singing church. Twenty years ago Mrs. Eugene Waterman, because of her husband's work, came to the valley to live. At that time she was one of the topflight soloists in Los Angeles. Now she is an outstanding example of the command, 'Put down your net where you are.'

"She has seven choirs and four directors working out an amazing music program: a chancel choir of 70 voices; the Methodist Choral, a group of 20 young people; a male chorus of 28 men; the Melodeers, a male quartet that is in much demand up and down the valley; the Caroleers, a choir of 27 girls from 10 to 15; the Crusaders, a boys' choir of 28 voices; and the Angelets, some 40 little girls.

"Every so often this amazing minister of music fills the chancel and the steps of the chancel and the balcony with her singers, and seven choirs sing together. This is the plan for the 11 o'clock service on Mother's Day morning. This service is usually broadcast."

El Centro is situated in the center of the Imperial Valley in Southern California and has a population of 12,590. It is 45 feet below sea level and the climate is extremely warm. This valley, once a barren desert, has been changed by irrigation into one of the most fertile agricultural sections of the United States. It produces a great abundance of lettuce, cantaloupes, watermelons, peas, sugar, beets, tomatoes and carrots.

The All-American canal, built at a cost of $38,000,000, near the city limits of Calexico, furnishes water for the Imperial Valley. It is the largest irrigation canal in the world.

Encouraging report comes from Mrs. Beulah Hemenway who is under treatment at the Battle Creek Sanitarium this winter.

Double congratulations to Mrs. James A. Osborn. She was 91 years old the 19th of January.

Alice, one of the three polly Brown sisters of Decatur 50 to 80 years ago, has for some time been a patient in the Michigan State Sanitorium, and in her helplessness her thoughts often dwell on those happy days of childhood. A few of her Decatur friends have clubbed together each year and sent her the Republican. They have given her added pleasure by repeating the act this year.

A favorite pastime of this columnist is to wander back in thought over the century past and write a word picture of Decatur as it was when our grandparents were the active citizens of the community. An appeal for help to Frank Thomas of Chicago, a friend of those early years, brought from him these interesting reminiscences:

"Do you remember way back or were you born to late to enjoy that wonderful piece of woods opposite Lakeside cemetery? It extended from the Brownbridge farm south to the first street north of Pine Street, which at that time was nothing but a sand road leading toward the lake. It reached from the cemetery to the lake and was covered with a great many large red oaks, some hickory, and near the lake many sycamores, and much underbrush everywhere. About half way to the lake was a natural picnic ground containing many large oaks where picnics held. I was always there when it came time for the three layer cakes and big dishes of home made ice cream. I never missed a meal nor paid a cent.

"Then toward the lake was a large opening which was a part of a brick yard, and there were several large holes filled with water where the clay has been taken out, and then farther on was a point out in the lake where there were a few large elms and the grandest swimming hole you ever saw.

"This land contained much game partridge, quail, squirrel, rabbit, and a couple of dens of that highly scented pet which you had better let alone if you wish to remain healthy.

"As near as I can remember this was in 1874 or '75. I spent much time in these woods when I was not playing 'One Old Cat,' with a ball my good mother made for me of store string stitched all over to hold it in place.

"Then comes man with his ax, and those grand trees went into railroad ties and firewood. What a beautiful park it would have made for everybody had it been preserved, and large enough for all the athletics of today."

Yes, I can remember the Lake of the Woods in those primitive years, and the wonderful woods from which it was named. One of the curios of the Republican Office for over a half century was a large bill advertising the Fourth of July celebration of 1876 held in the grove. I was there with parents and grandparents and ate my full share of the big picnic dinner and the ice cream and cake.

I can also remember the immense crowd there and the famous Constantine band that vied with the speaker for the star attraction of the day.

Have forgotten the speaker but not the band. Have a vision in memory of those gaily uniformed players led by the drum major wearing his tall fur piece. The

Constatine band in that early day was rated one of the best in the state.

No one would recognize Lake of the Woods today as the same lake where we played so freely some seventy years ago. Almost or quite 100 pretty residences around it now, and the Lake of The Woods area is a city by itself.

J. G. Hirst and Dalton Kinney have been leaders in developing the Lake of the Woods project.

Thanks to Postmaster H. H. Creagan for a list of the members of Company G. 35th Michigan Infantry, who left Decatur for the front on that memorable Fourth of July, 1898. They were Richard Abrams, Will Labadie, Will Fox, Henry Mahoney, Robert Oaks, Will McIntire, Will Pike, James Hall.

The captain of the Company was Nathan F. Simpson of Hartford, who later served as representative in the state legislature and as warden of the state prison at Jackson. The first lieutenant was a stranger locally, and the second lieutenant was Bret H. Cocket of Decatur. Lt Cockett was a natural born soldier and popular with the men under him. He married Florence Palmiter of Hamilton township and practiced law in Decatur for several years. He received an appointment in the state tax department which he held until his death when residing in the township of Keeler.

Information concerning Michigan's part in the Spanish-American's part in the Spanish - American War is hard to find, but there is much to read about the participation of the United States in that war.

The war had been brewing for almost a century. Cuba was held by Spain and her rule was somewhat despotic. The United States, controlled as it was in the first half century by the slave states of the South, desired to annex the island, after the Civil War the South had no interest in the slaves of Cuba. But by 1895 the government was ready to do something for the island through sympathy.

When President Cleveland stepped out of office on the fourth of March 1897, he said to his successor, William McKinley, "Mr. President, I am about to turn over to you a War which has long been in the making." It came in the following year. The "Maine" was sunk and the sinking was laid to the Spaniards, although it was determined later that the sinking was due to natural causes. The war followed, and it was mainly naval.

The Americans under Admiral Dewey opened fire on the Spanish squadron. His order to his captain was, "Fire when you are ready". Gridley was ready at once and the result of that firing foretold the loss of the war to Spain. It was a victory that went round th[illegible] and made Dewey one of the greatest naval heroes of all time.

This reporter's lines were published in the Topeka Capital Daily on May 3, 1898:

"O Dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral
Down in Manila Bay
And Dewey was the Regent's eyes,
"Them" orbs of royal blue!
And Dewey feel discouraged?
I Dew not feel we Dew."

Help Wanted — Don't hold back. Help the writer of this column to bring out the interesting stories history of our community. They will look good in print to our citizens 25 and 50 years hence. Many readers have expressed their liking for this column! It can be made much better with your help. Will act as censor for all that is printed, have had plenty of experience so there is no chance that anything will be printed that should not be printed. No money is involved in this request for help. It is a labor of love all around. Do it for the pleasure you may give to others, and the fun you may get for yourself. Contact the writer in person or by mail wherever he is. The liberality of Uncle Sam is such that he will charge no more to carry your letter a thousand miles than he will to carry it across the street.

A Lincoln story now and then is relished by the most of men. Have been reading an autobiography of Shelby M. Cullom entitled, "Fifty Years of Public Service." Cullom was a citizen of Illinois. He was born in 1829 and his public service began in 1855. The book was written in 1911 at the close of an eventful career in the public offices of city attorney of Springfield, in the state legislature as governor, member of the national house of representatives and the United States senate. He knew well the history and public men of his time and was a fluent writer.

In connection with the comment above concerning the Spanish-American War will quote from the early part of the book: "In 1854 the country seemed on the verge of a war with Spain over Cuba which was happily averted." And the Ostend Manifesto which was as follows: "If Spain, actuated by stubborn pride and false sense of honor, should refuse to sell Cuba to the United States, then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power." The Ostend Manifesto was repudiated, but it is certain that war with Spain would have followed then had not the Civil War clouds been so threatening.

But here is the Lincoln story we set out to tell: "A man wished to employ Lincoln in a law suit and told him the facts which did not satisfy Lincoln of its merit. He said to the man"I can gain your case; I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and six fatherless children, and thereby get you six hundred dollars, which it appears to me as rightfully belongs to them as to you. I will not take your case, but I will give you a little advise for nothing. You seem to be a sprightly young man, and I advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

This is the substance of a letter received from Congressman Hoffman a few months ago. It was found in a collection of notes saved for comment and is offered here as something still worth thinking about.

The United States, up to the present time, has sent over one hundred and nineteen billion dollars to the Eastern nations, but it has not been enough to purchase their friendship. France, which has nearly five billion dollars. will not follow the recommendations of our secretary of state, and Britain declares she will not back our administration policy with military support. We must in some way get along with Russia or fight her alone. It is well to remember that today, as always in the past, self-interest guides the activities of all other nations.

We should discontinue robbing ourselves in this fruitless effort to curry favor with foreign nations and turn to a policy of efficiently and economically building our own national defense, and to make our own country secure.

George Washington was the Father of our country. He was "First in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He led the colonies through the Revolutionary War, which won for them their independence from England. He served the first two terms as president, 1789 to 1797, and when the young states would have him serve a third term, because he was unselfish as well as a great statesman, he declined.

His Fairwell Address stands out in literature as one of the masterpieces of the English language. From it is quoted this paragraph, as good advise today as it was when it was given 158 years ago:

"Why quit our own to stand on foreign ground? Why, by weaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?"

A call from Charlie Frye brought our pleasant memories of the years of long ago. He. is a pioneer of the first class, meaning that he has been a resident of the village of Decatur for over fifty years. A pioneer of the second class is one who has been a resident over twenty-five years. Our caller was born in Decatur, but he prefers not to reveal how long it was over fifty years ago. As he entered the front door he remarked, "This is the first time I have been in this house for over sixty years".

Charles was quite a boy when his father, the late John Frye, built this house at 108 East St. Mary's street and the Gwilt house next door. John himself rented this one and his son-in-law, Jack Johnson, the other. They were small houses in an imposing neighborhood.

W. F. Harlow, who lived in the large square house across the road, now occupied by George Sikkema and family, did not like the new improvements and called them dog houses. Of late years, however, as the cost of living and keeping up a home have gone up the desire for large houses with big rooms and high ceilings has gone down, and these small homes are in ready demand.

John Frye was a soldier of the Civil War. He fought valiently for his country, was captured and served six months in Andersonville prison. He weighed 145 pounds pounds when taken prisoner and 65 pounds when released. That hardly seems possible but it is according to the records handed down from that terrible time.

Andersonville prison was one of the worst blots on the South in their conduct of the Civil War. It was established at Andersonville, Georgia, in November, 1863, and consisted of an unsheltered enclosure of 27 acres. The superintendent was Henry Wirz, a Swiss. After the war an investigation was made of his conduct of the prison. He was convicted of injuring the health and destroying the lives of prisoners and hanged.

The evidence showed that conditions which prevalled at the prison were due to mismanagement and cruelty. Into the enclosure as many as 33,000 were at times crowded, for the most part completely without shelter, and insufficient food.

From February, 1864 to April, 1865, there were received at the prison 49,485 prisoners of whom 12,800 died there.

J. J. Sherman, another early citizen of Decatur, was also a prisoner in Andersonville prison and never recovered from the hardships he suffered there.

A SONG WITHOUT A NAME

As stated last week in the Vanderhoof story of their hard winter in Dakota Territory, they were sometimes compelled to go to bed to keep from freezing. While the storm raged without, the parents sang songs to keep up the spirits of those within.

The mother's favorite was "Rock of Ages." The father's was a comic song which caused them not only to forget the fear and discomfort they were in, but to actually laugh and be gay.

Most all of us are familiar with the beautiful gospel hymn. But what was the song that raised the rafters and made the little folks thing they were having a circus instead of a blizzard? Amos could repeat only a line or two of it, and would not attempt the tune. His sister could do no more, but she did suggest that her son Louis of Adrian might remember it. A letter to him brought this answer, which is too good to keep. Am sure he will not object to its being printed here as he wrote it:

Adrian, Michigan
June 27, 1954

Arba N. Moulton
Decatur, Michigan

Mother Hall has asked that I try to reconstruct from memory one of Grandfather William's old songs. I never saw it in print; the words are spelled as they sounded to a small boy. The tune I never heard either before or since. I could never sing, so that will be lost forever; Grandfather could. But now to the words, if I may:

(Title Unknown)

VERSE I

There was an old frog lived in a spring!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
It was so cold he could not sing!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
I pulled him out and laid him on the ground!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
He rolled and tumbled all around!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!

(Chorus)

Ki-Mo-Key-Mo-Dare-a-Ware!
Me-Hi-Me-Ho-Me-Nib-Sty-Fuma-Diddle!
Suit-back-Penny-Winckle — Leather-Hat-Hame-Me-Nim-Sty-Fuma-Diddle!
P-O-O-D-L-E!

(Grandfather William Vanderhoof would load the note on that last word "Poodle" to what seemed like 15 seconds to a small boy. The song was emphatically executed by him.)

VERSE II

Way down south on Cedar Street!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
There the darkies grow ten feet!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
To go to bed would be no use!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
Feet stick out for the chickens to roost!
Nip-Cat-Polly — Won't you Ki-Me-Oh!
(Repeat chorus.)

There were at least two more verses which can not now be reconstructed from memory — you see, it has been just 50 years since Grandfather and I sang the song as a duet on cold winter evenings.

There was the hard coal fire burning. Grandmother Ann Elizabeth had prepared a treat of popcorn or home made candy; and there were always apples. After lessons there was a chapter read in a good book by Ann.

Boys who did not know of a grandfather of those days, or a grandmother, or the life at the turn of the century have missed a great deal.

It has been said that the present century did not begin until World War I. There will never be such a good life as I experienced prior to that period; and it has never been the same since that period began. I'm glad that I am 60; had I been younger I would have missed it.

Father and Mother were away except during the 12 weeks in the summer, so many people had an

influence in my early life, in addition to the grandparents. There was the good Uncle Amos, who has a terrific philosophy of life. He is just about everyone's friend, even today. His has been a useful life, as I see him.

And then there was the man who worked the farm for us in Hamilton. — Will Parish. He had a very good influence on the youth. He had seen everything, it seemed, and hoped to point out the many pitfalls in life to the youngster who was always inquisitive. He was a good man.

And then, I met "Ted". Yes, a lasting friendship with the Roosevelt family, where I spent more time in that house than any other save my own. To [illegible] the [illegible] notice of the "Colonel" for [illegible] things for me. There were [illegible] trys on [illegible] boys and [illegible] on Magic, [illegible] and [illegible] To know that I belonged and was accepted meant much to me.

So you see, your inquiry for material for a western story of the 1880 period has brought out these recollections of the influences shaping the character of a boy from 1894 to 1914, when I left Decatur for Michigan State.

It is good that some of these things are written and recorded for future generations to read and appreciate. I could only encourage you to continue.

I am quite sure that my successes I may have had as a County Agricultural Agent have been greatly influenced by many of those early experiences. In football they call it fundamentals.

Louis G. Hall.

Some Decatur people of the present generation have expressed a desire to know something about their fellow townsmen of the past. The character of the citizens of 25 to 100 years ago was in part what attracted the residents of today, and has kept the village as it has been from the beginning, an ideal home community.

And as to those who once lived here and have moved away, it makes little difference where they now reside or how pleasantly they are situated, the place where they lived in childhood and youth will always be home to the most of them — the Old Home Town.

In looking back over the early years Henry Upton, superintendent of the public school from 1876 to 1883, and his interesting family have come often to my mind. There are some still living who went to school to him and more who remember him.

A request for a biographical sketch of Professor Upton brought two tributes to him and several anecdotes remembered by members of his family. Following are one of the tributes and the anecdotes:

HENRY UPTON

A tribute paid by the Reverend Moses Noerr, former pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Decatur, Michigan:

"Henry Upton, son of Daniel and Electa Upton, was born in Batavia, New York, June 20, 1835. He studied at Lima Seminary, New York, and at Oberlin, Ohio. With this preparation he entered Yale College in 1856. While at this institution, because of his natural fondness for mathematics he so mastered that branch that he was far in advance of the usual college course. For this reason, soon after leaving Yale he was elected professor of mathematics in an Illinois college, a position which, however, he declined. He was also at this time engaged in writing a methematical work in calculus, a book that he did not finish because he found one that completely satisfied him.

"As a man, Henry Upton was physically and intellectually richly endowed. With a fine physique, he was able to make use of mental faculties which were of highest order. His memory was remarkable because of its quickness, grasp, and tenacity. His reasoning faculty was strong and true. He went into everything, when he concluded to take hold of it, with force — with all his mind and heart — it was seen in business, in farming, in teaching, in church work, and in any public reform he espoused. Hence, he readily gained the attention of men, and impressed them with his sincerity and earnestness, generally meeting with success in his efforts.

Mr. Upton was a noble, decided Christian. He sought always to live as a Christian not in name only, but in service. He was a true, practical, growing Christian. His religion was in his mind, in his heart, and in his conscience, and he endeavored to make its excellencies appear more and more in his life. In business, he was strictly honest. In his general intercourse with his fellows he was kind and forbearing; in his defense of the truth of the right, he was courteous but decided and strong."

Anecdotes Remembered
By The Family

When Father was teaching a country school, he had a pupil named Tommy Cute, who was true to his name. When the little boy was asked why he persistently refused to know the letter A, he responded, "Because if I say "A" I'll have to say "B."

Later, to teach him the word hay, Father prompted him by asking, "What is it that your father feeds the cow?" With shining eyes Tommy replied, "Oh, karn starks, sir!"

When quicksand was found in a well being dug in the Decatur high school grounds, all of the pupils were warned to keep away from the well. Toward evening Father went over to see if everything was all right.

A small boy lying flat on the ground, looking down the well, seeing Father coming, jumped up, saying, "Professor, when you told us not to go near the well, I was so busy studying I didn't hear what you said."

When Father took an examination for a teacher's certificate in Illinois, the examiner was so impressed that he stopped the examination and gave Father 100 in everything.

One pupil said that she had been perfectly content to be at the foot of the class until Father came as teacher. Under his inspiration she took hold, and later was graduated from Oberlin, married a minister, and became the head of a girl's college.

Another of Father's pupils wrote that he had kept her from discouragement in arithmetic by telling her how good she was in history. She said, "I think that Professor Upton would have felt rewarded had he known that for seven years I kept the government accounts of Indian affairs, said to be the most difficult in the country."

At the homecoming celebration at Andalusia, Illinois, the paper reported that the highlight of the day was the trek to the old school house, where men with tears rolling down their cheeks told of Father's mental arithmetic classes, fifty year before.

The mayor of Pierce, Nebraska, where Father lived, said to my brother Dan, "If it weren't for your father's principles, we would make him governor of the state."

My Father's parents were deeply religious. As Father was leaving for a new home in Illinois, his father said to him, "Henry, when

the Sabbath Day comes, I hope that it will find you in church."

The next spring Father thought to hunt up a cow that had been missing for many months, presumably lost in the nearby woods. When he realized it was Sunday, he remembered his father's request — put on his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and started for church. As he opened the door — there was the cow!

When Neal Dow was a candidate for president on the Prohibition ticket, a man, with whom Father was discussing politics, asked, "What party do you vote with?" Father replied, "I belong to the Neal Dow party." The man looked puzzled and then replied, "You are right my friend, there would be better politics if we would all kneel down more."

As an evidence of appreciation Father received four handsomely bound volumes of Shakespeare's works, which are still in our library. The books were sent by four boys, including Merritt Starr, who had been his pupils in the Rock Island high scool. After studying in universities in the United States and Europe, they agreed among themselves that they had never studied with a teacher of mathematics who compared with him.

SEEKING A SIGNER

In the olden days when wages were low, profits small and money was scarce, certain Decatur people were occasionally cramped for ready cash and found it difficult to obtain.

When the credit of an individual was questionable the bank required a note with a responsible signer before releasing its currency, and the would-be borrower went out to seek a friend to sign with him. It was not easy to turn down such a request, and a reluctant signature was usually obtained.

Over the desk of one of Decatur's leading merchants was a note of this kind for $70, which had been paid by the signer. The note was framed and under glass, and it hung in such a conspicuous place that the owner could readily point to it as his answer to others who might call upon him for a like service.

Will Moulton, out in Seattle, Washington, is one of the Republican's interested readers of the Decatur days of long ago. He likes to look over the times of his youth, and recall the fun he had when the farmers drove to town on Saturdays in a cloud of dust, and the merchants closed their stores when the Decatur champions played ball on the home grounds.

Will posed a baseball question a few weeks ago, about who was the Dowagiac player who shot off firecrackers in center field and entertained the crowd with his antics. It was a Fourth of July game here about the year 1886.

No one could answer the question, and so it just naturally died. Stape remembered the occurrence, but could not identify the player. Now Will comes back with the name, which was "Neff." But that is all he remembers about him,— that and the big firecrackers he exploded.

This is quoting from his letter: "To an old timer your newspaper skits in 'This Week' are the high lights of the paper.

"I remember well the night the old tannery burned, and I was right there to see it. Have often wondered about the history of that old land mark, — why it was built, by whom, and when, and why so big. I never dared go through it and all I ever knew about it was that Grant Mabry once lived in it, and I feared for his safety."

The old tannery was one of Decatur's ancient evidences of wealth and prosperity, but its wealth faded away and its end, as related above, was disastrous.

Today the tannery exists only in the memories of our oldest inhabitants and, with their help, I may be able to get more definite information concerning it.

The writer of this column will be away for the next month or two, but letters directed to him here will be forwarded. Address 5 Madison Road, Marblehead, Mass. Letters from old friends are gladly received, especially when they help to keep up this column.

It has been pleasant pastime to follow the fortunes of the Vanderhoof family in their pioneering into the land of the Dakotas. Mrs. Hall has the thanks of all of us interested people for furnishing the information.

After that first winter, 1880-81, their post office was changed from Herman to Madison. This was because the railroad company would not build a station at both places. This decision started a feud between the towns, each wanting it and neither willing to give up to the other.

One night the people of Lake Madison moved their stores to a site about half way between the two towns, and so Herman people moved to the same site. The combination town was given the name of Madison, which now has a population of about 5,000. Lake Herman is now included in a state park and is a beautiful place. Lake Madison is two miles east of the town of Madison and is also very pretty.

A few years later Grove Hall obtained 160 acres near the Vanderhoofs and a friendship was started between the two families which lasted throughout the years. Mrs. Hall says the first time she saw the son Howard he was on the roof of the Hall shanty watching a prairie fire; the next time he was driving a pair of black and white oxen hitched to a stone boat, hauling stones for the wall of a new claim shanty his father was building. They both attended the normal, now called the Teachers' College, at Madison, and they were married in 1888. The families returned to Michigan in 1891, after eleven years of farming in Dakota. They prospered fairly well there and were able to buy the farm home in Hamilton township, which was their home for the remainder of their lives.

I hope to complete this account of the Vanderhoofs' pioneering in Dakota with a sketch of the life of Howard Hall, who achieved success as an actor and passed away in 1920 at the height of his notable career. Howard Hall still lives in the hearts and minds of the older residents of Decatur and Hamilton. He spent the summers on the farm and was almost a daily visitor to the village. He was bright and buoyant, hail fellow well met, and to know him and to meet him was a pleasant event in a day's experience.

Miss Helen Hathaway of Ann Arbor wishes through this column of the Republican to send her love and best wishes for all that is worthwhile in 1954 to all of her Decatur friends. Miss Hathaway counts many friends in Decatur and the home of her youth on Little Prairie Ronde was one of the show places of Southwestern Michigan. During the past few months she has taken on some church activities, attended several WCTU gatherings and become a substitute teacher in her adult Sunday School Outlook class. She also attended the 100th birthday party of a gentleman who still gets up at six a.m. and tends the furnace. "Your residence in Marblehead furnishes material for 'This Week' which we like. The east coast of Massachusetts has an atmosphere all its own."

A pleasant line from George and Nancy Greenman says that George is over halfway through his internship. It is hard work but he is learning much that will be of value to him later on. The work is at Danville, Penn.

Would like to thank the Sinclair Publications for their holiday greeting,—a card 8x11 inches in size showing two young men reading a copy of the Hartford Day Spring. Our guess is that they are eight and ten years old and are the sons of Editor and Mrs. Jack Sinclair. If correct another guess is that in another ten years they will be valuable assistance in the publication of Hartford's enterprising newspaper.

Mrs. Will J. Nower has continued to reside in Decatur since the death of her husband which occurred on November 30. She is selling the home farm in Paw Paw township and hopes to make her permanent home in Decatur.

An interesting discovery we have made in Marblehead is the charming family of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Graham and their two sons, 14 and 17 years of age. They reside in a house overlooking the ocean and within a block of our own home. Mr. Graham has been with the General Electric plant in Lynn for the past 18 years. He resigned Dec. 1 and will devote the next two years to the study of writing. Lynn is about five miles from Marblehead which is becoming the residence city for many of the General Electric employes, numbering 15,000 at this plant.

Mrs. Graham is the former Harriet Hunt, daughter of the late Hazen Hill Hunt and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Danna Hill. The Hill family were residents of Decatur almost from its beginning. Harriet Graham's great grandfather, Hon. E. P. Hill, was the first president of the village after its incorporation in 1859.

The Village of Decatur came into existence with the coming of the Michigan Central Railroad in 1848, and in 1854 Trowbridge and Hill (E. P.) were established there in the wholesale and retail grocery business, on the Northeast corner of Phelps and Delaware streets. DeLos Hill and Charles Leavans published the first Van Buren County Directory in 1869.

Most of the houses out here have blinds painted all colors — green, red, yellow, black, etc., and when the residents go South for the winter the blinds are closed tight. It is easy to tell in driving along the streets when they are gone. Many of them go. One old fellow I met in a barber shop and his wife were leaving the next day. Going by train. The lady, who may be something of a character, had never traveled in an air plane and never intended to. She was not going to trust her life to one of those dangerous air ships. New England people cover nearly all parts of Florida in their attempts to escape the rigid winters of the North but this winter they are disappointed in their excuse to travel, the winter lacks considerable of being rigid as it is expected to be.

The Heaps, Thomas and Iryl, have a new home in Maryland. The address is California, Maryland. Town Creek Manor: "Tamarack." Iryl writes that it isn't necessary to put the whole address on the envelope when you write to them. But it is just as well to know it all in case you may be driving that way when summer vacation time comes around. It is within easy driving distance of Tom's job in the Navy. The pictures of it show it to be a pretty and commodious bungalow, located in the timberland, and the Patuxent River lies just over a ravine to the rear.

This is the story as it came to me:

"A 'possum sat in an old pine tree.
As he looked around he said to me,
'The Lord be praised — the Heaps have lit,
For 25 years they did nothing but flit,
All over the country without a home.
And the more they roamed and the more they flit,
The madder they got. So this is it.
So said the 'possum.

Mrs. Heap is a daughter of Ellen Goble and her early life was lived in Decatur. That establishes her right to be classed as a Decaturite. She also, in her 25 years of flitting lived for a short time in Marblehead. That accounts for her interest in the short description of the city in this column.

Galley Bits

by ella nore

this column is being written friday, march 5. . . talked with the sundins at decatur last night, thus find that the snows of winter have again found that area. . . we don't have any snow of course down here, but it is cold. . . the sun is shining brightly but the air is chilly. . . however it is supposed to be warmer today. . . we had a high of 68 and a low of 40 yesterday. . . we at last took three days out and this week drove down to key west. . . enjoyed the drive very much along the gulf and atlantic waters and over the many bridges that connect the keys. . . we arrived in key west tuesday afternoon, and it was that morning that the six men were killed in the helicopter. . . we saw one of them flying around and it was a queer looking thing. . . was sorry to have missed the decatur picnic on wednesday. . . however ray bowers and "doc" watson were just here and reported there were 21 there. . .

g b

the republican came through and was delivered on saturday so were really surprised. . . it was of course read from front to back. . . however not being much of a politician, did not understand how one party had a second candidate to present for the election (that has now taken place) and the other party also had a new candidate, but was referred to as a "sticker candidate?" . . was glad to see that one citizen could stand on his feet and express his opinion concerning the situation. . .

g b

the civilian payroll of the federal government dropped in january for the 18th consecutive month . . the official count of employees now totals, 2,348,457 and is said to be 8,837 less than on the payroll in december. . .

g b

the republicans may have a "margaret truman" in their midst. . . it seems secretary of agriculture ezra benson has a daughter barbara who is a lyric soprano and who is making a spring tour with a group of singers from the university of utah. . . they will make appearances in washington, new york and philadelphia. . .

g b

in a recent article appearing in the london paper, it suggested that american evangelist billy graham take his religious crusade to the u s airbase at burtonwood where they said "you can preach to some of the men who have helped to land (meaning to saddle) britain with many hundreds of illegitimate babies; and to some of the audiences concerned in the recent scandal over shows given by nude dancing girls; and to some of the high-spirited gi car drivers who can't get english insurance policies any more. . . "no lack of raw material there . . and for good measure take in the chicken-witted teen-age british girls who hang 'round the place." . . they advised

him to take care of his own folks first in his three-month campaign —that london could wait. . .

g b

in a bar in san francisco is found this sign, "your wife can only get so mad, so why not stay a little longer?" . .

g b

the wallpaper manufacturers are planning an extensive campaign this spring to try and out-do the paint peole. . . they have more than a half million dollars to be used for sales promotion. . . they have a plastic-treated paper that they say can be scrubbed many times, and therefore last much longer. . . they have new designs built around television antennas on roofs, roosters sipping at a bar and antique cars. . . paint manufacturers aren't too much disturbed as their sales since the war have increased eight times the volume of paper. . . both industries can thank their great increases to the postwar housing boom. . . both of them also are pushing the ideas of do-it-yourself in their selling campaign.

g b

christine jorgensen is making an appearance in a miami beach night club and there is much controversy and study on the part of the police chief to determine whether or not jorgensen's appearance violates the city's law concerning female impersonators. . . "christine's birth certificate shows him to be a male, and he served in the armed forces of this country as a male," said the chief. . .

g b

britain has given notice that it is and that it plans to remain one of the big three atomic powers. . . british made atomic weapons and bombs are being delivered to the british forces and the royal air force is building a fleet of strategic bombers, "capable of using the atomic weapon to the fullest extent." . . this prepared they are for a global war and will, if necessary, strike back with atom bombs.

g b

nicknames given the whitehouse by various presidents are indeed interesting. . . lincoln referred to it as "this damned old house," f d r called it the "goldfish bowl," truman named it "the finest prison in the world" and ike calls it "the old salt mine." . .

g b

had congress taken the advice of the professional security officers, the recent gun shots at the house of representatives would have never been fired. . . this group recommended the installation of bulletproof glass in front of the senate and house galleries. . they also suggested the revamping of the capitol police force. . . weeding out the many inexperienced older men and young college students who hold patronage jobs as guards. . . these changes were thought necessary in 1947 after some one took a shot at senator bricker. . . however, in the interest of economy, the lawmakers rejected the idea of the bullet proof glass. . .

g b

charles a lindbergh's spectacular flight from new york to paris is to be filmed and will reach the movie screens late this year. . . many studios bid for the rights to film the picture from the book which lindbergh published last year — "the spirit of st. louis" . . however, he turned down all offers of the great named producers and has given permission to a broadway showman who has never before produced a movie. . . an actor is now being sought to play the role — one that is not well known. . . another problem is just where the filming will take place as it is hard to find any place that looks like roosevelt field in 1927 and it is almost impossible to reproduce the eastern coast he flew over as nearly every town on a large body of water has tv aerials on the houses. . .

g b

a grand rapids manufacturer is conducting a "look for the silver lining" contest among his employees. . . this is being carried on as a means to take away some of the eerie feeling harbored by so many at this time. . . prizes totaling $350 will be given to those who make the best scrapbook containing items clipped from various sources during the month that contain cheerful and optimistic news.

AMERICAN COLORTYPE BEGINS OPERATIONS

As of Monday the American Colortype company under the supervision of Fred E. Pennell began production with 16 employees operating one assembly line that packages an 80 piece Christmas assortment. On Wednesday additional workers were hired and a second assembly line was put in operation that packages a 72 piece Christmas assortment.

New machines are still to be installed and it is thought that within 30 days the two shifts will be working at full capacity. Next week the tag stringing machines will be in operation and in 10 days the two partial shifts will be working.

The first two orders received by the Decatur branch of the American Colortype was one for 900,000 package assortments and one for 350,000. As soon as the company is in full swing, the personnel will be announced.

Letter Revealed After 49 Years

FRANK BISSENGER, while remodeling his farm home on CR 215 back on October 12, 1920, nailed a letter to a stud in the wall, addressed to "Whom it may concern." The letter came to light just one day short of 49 years later when Jim Postello, present owner of the farm, was removing the wall in the process of renovating the farm home. Jim Postello and his wife Barbara (Conway) are relatives of F. M. Bissenger, and bought the farm from other members of the family in Oct. 1968. Pictured holding the framed letter is Jim Postello and Art Creagan, his neighbor, whose farm is referred to in the letter. Mr. Bissenger's message to posterity appears below. -

F.M. BISSENGER
(Personally written)

MAPLE COURT FARM
DECATUR, Mich.
10/12/20

To Him or Her who finds this paper!

Greeting!

This part of the house was nearly 50 years old if not more. The back part, the kitchen, and what is now the enclosed back porch, had fallen down 1½ In. Everything was out of whack and joint. Mrs. C.M. Knoll, widow — decided to raise the roof of old part 3½ Ft. up to the eve of the larger part of the building. That has been done by N. Nelson of Decatur, carpenter who is one. To speak with Armour & Co.: "The Ham That Am." He did and does a splendid job.

Little Tommy Conway, 4 years old, plays around. His aunt Elsie, the golden-haired, very good wife, just came back from picking grapes at Creagan's, neighbors. Grapes, this year, are abundant and bring from $80.00 to $100.00 or more a ton. We have had no frost to speak of this fall. It's too dry to plow. Pra tors around the house here and up to the road promises well. Real estate will be booming next spring. The great idealist, President Wilson, will — I hope — be defeated next month and normal times will prevail again. Just now, things are in bad shape. Factories are shutting down and thousands of men lose their employment. — How will things be when you read this? Once more: Greeting.

F.M. Bissenger

Frank Thomas, Fanny Rawson Thomas (His Wife), Genevieve (Baby), and Ruth Thomas.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

"It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight."

I thought of these lines, by Margaret Sangster, when reading in the Republican last week of the death of Frank W. Thomas. For many years we were occasional correspondents. Whenever I wanted to know something in particular about the early history of Decatur I would write to him and receive an interesting reply. No other person living could go back in memory of people and events of the village as far as he and he enjoyed recalling those early years of his active life.

I do not know his exact age, but it was not far from ninety. He was born in Decatur, and the county Gazetteer of 1869 gives this information about his father: "Sela N. Thomas, hardware dealer, east side Phelps street 4 south Delaware. Home corner Phelps and St. Mary's." It was not long afterward that he built the brick building at the northeast corner of Phelps and Delaware, which was the Thomas hardware for nearly fifty years, and is now the Decatur Plumbing and Heating.

In the early seventies S. N. Thomas moved farther north on Phelps street, and in his time Frank built the spacious residence just beyond it on the corner of Phelps and Pine streets, one of the finest in the village.

In the late eighties S. N. Thomas gave his son a half interest in the business and it became known as S. N. Thomas and Son. It was at the time when modern improvements in living were beginning to take the place of the old. The floor of the Thomas hardware was filled with Round Oak heaters and kitchen ranges, but furnaces were slowing up their sale and it was plain that they would ultimately go the way of the horse and buggy.

Frank was young and ambitious and took up the new method of heating. He soon had more work than he could handle, and in his desire to please his customers, he worked early and late, responding to their calls, day or night. This undoubtedly was what caused him to sell the business and to leave Decatur. He was worked out.

Frank Thomas was the pitcher of Decatur's famous ball team of the eighties, and Frank Stapleton was the catcher. These two young men were known far and wide as the bantam battery, and they won

many a hard fought ball game for their home town. They were without doubt the equal of any amateur battery in Michigan. Thomas practiced pitching on the second floor of the hardware store, and in the years the team was at its best he put in every available minute at mastering his curves and control. For ten years or more Thomas and Stapleton were the survivors of that famous Decatur ball team, and now our fine citizen, F. C. Stapleton has outlived all of the others. He will be 91 years old next May, is in good health for his years, and may he continue to be with us and to represent those golden years of the eighties for a long time to come.

The last letter I received from Frank Thomas was written about a year ago. It was about some early Decatur history which I had asked him, and it can be found in the files of the Republican. Have been intending ever since to answer it, and today it is too late. It's "The letter I did not write."

The names of those Decatur champion ball players of the eighties, were F. C. Stapleton, catcher; F. W. Thomas, pitcher; John Hughes, first base; Claud Haydon, second base; Harvey Taylor, third base; Dan Carney, short stop and captain; George Kruse, right field; E. J. Rawson, center field; M. E. Chadwick, left field; John O'Leary, Ralph Slater, Stanley Briggs and Howard Smith, extras.

THE OLD GREENMAN INN

By Leland Sherburn

From D.H.S. Local History Stories

The old Greenman Inn was build on the Valley Road near Decatur in 1834, 121 years ago. It was one of the historical buildings of Southwestern Michigan, and although in 1953 it was entirely destroyed by fire, it is still an interesting subject for comment in the minds of our early settlers, and its location should be marked for the benefit of future generations.

It was a two story building, the first contained the kitchen and bedrooms, the dining and living rooms. On the second floor were the ball room and two more bedrooms.

The outside of the Inn was yellow with white trim around the windows. A balcony ran almost the entire length of the second floor, and below it a porch extended the same length. There were large stone steps leading up to the porch, and there were also two back porches.

The ballroom on the second floor was 35 feet long. It had a spring floor which caused the Inn to literally jump with joy when a merry crowd of young people assembled there for a dance. It was built with double joists so that the floor had "give." Everyone joined in the fun, even though some did not respond to the rhythm of the waltz and quadrille.

Sound boxes 14 inches square were installed in the ceiling, an early attempt to control acoustics.

The Lewis Sherburn family moved in to the Greenman Inn in 1909, and since 1917 had used the ball room as a storage room. Lewis Sherburn well remembered the dances his father held there in his early years.

Some people think that Jacob Charles built the Inn, selecting a place by a flowing spring for it. The spring still bubbles and my Grandpa Graham remembers that when he went from his home near Newton Woods to Paw Paw the horses would start stepping off when they got to within a mile or two of the spring. They knew that they would get a good drink of water out of the old wooden trough there. The Inn was best known when Boston Greenman operated a tavern.

The old trail, which was the old stage coach road from Dowagiac to Paw Paw is still fairly discernable. A traveler down the Valley road could be carried away in imagination at the sight of the old Inn. On that spacious balcony while the dance was in the swing, stole the gay couples of pioneers for a breath of air or a gaze at the moon. Below on the veranda early settlers of the region paused for news and refreshments.

Those were the days when Ezra Stuyvesxant came home from the Civil War and earned his living playing the fiddle for dances. And it was said that he had a genuine Stradivarious violin . It was in the front yard of the Inn that Dan Gant dropped dead of a heart attack. There was much mystery surrounding his death, but no one in the neighborhood is left who can tell the story of it.

Charles Wickett, who is past 82 years of age, remembers the Inn from the time he was a little boy.

The Sherburns had been planning for some time to tear the old Inn down and build in its place a new home. They had decided that an old spring dance floor is no match for a modern kitchen. But before they could tear it down the Inn caught fire and burned to the ground. This was in the fall of 1953. No one knows how the fire started, but the accepted theory is that a little bird carried a lighted cigarette to its nest and started the blaze.

A fine new modern house will occupy the same spot on which the famous Greenman Inn stood for over a century, and the old building will henceforth exist only in the memories of our oldest citizens.

THE THOMAS FAMILY

FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AMONG THE MOST ENTERPRISING AND PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF DECATUR—THEY ARE NOW ALL GONE.

With the sale of his home here and the removal of Frank W. Thomas and family to Kalamazoo, disappears the last vestige of one of our oldest and most respected families from Decatur.

Nelson Thomas, the grandfather of Frank, came originally from near Chautauqua lake in New York state. Sometime about 1856, the family moved to Iowa, and the son Sela N. Thomas bought and lived on a farm there until he moved to Decatur in 1864. Miss Libbie Thomas, the daughter, came to Decatur about the year 1858, and opened a millinery store in the little building next to the old photograph gallery, on the corner of Delaware and St. Mary's streets, lately occupied by Frank Baker. She carried on this store for a number of years.

Some time in the opening years of the war her father removed to Decatur and bought and lived in the house at the north end of Delaware street lately owned by Alden Knights, and his wife died there in 1865.

In 1864 Sela N. Thomas came to Decatur from Iowa, with his wife and son Arthur, and bought a partnership in a hardware store owned by E. L. Hawks, situated about where the doctor's offices are now. S. N. Thomas soon bought out Mr. Hawks, and afterwards conducted the business alone for over forty years, finally retiring about ten years ago and turning the business over to his son Frank.

When S. N. Thomas first came to Decatur he lived in the little building next to the old photograph gallery where his sister kept the millinery store, and Frank Thomas was born there. The older son, Arthur died in 1884, and his mother died in 1886, and Sela and his sister, Miss Libbie, continued to live in the old homestead until their death less than two years ago.

Frank's wife died some six or seven years ago, and last summer he had the misfortune to lose his daughter, Miss Ruth, by typhoid fever. He has only one child left, a little boy, and naturally the town has very few attractions remaining for him.

So Decatur has lost one of its best and most reliable families but we hope that wherever Frank may go good fortune will follow him, and that he may have a long and prosperous life; and we can safely say that this is the wish of all his friends.

ICE CREAM

A few weeks ago this column contained a story about Decatur's great Fourth of July celebration of 1876 in what was then a beautiful grove on the easterly side of Lake of the Woods. Grandmother made ice cream for the family picnic dinner and it was the first I ever ate. The story brought out these reminiscences of early Decatur days which I am privileged to share with other friends of many years.

To "This Week:"

The printed page seems to me like holy ground, a place to find something helpful and interesting. It is only the friendliness engendered in your column, and your appeal for help in writing it, that impels some of us to write our personal views and happenings.

Our own events seem unimportant, but the things others tell about are intensely interesting, no matter how trivial, when written by people whom one remembers.

And so, your story about ice cream in '76! It was not bought at a store, but laboriously cooked, cooled, packed in a hand freezer, after crushing ice to surround it in a heavy wooden tub. The ice was stamped down securely, and then a strong arm was needed to turn the crank for a half hour to break up the mixture of eggs, milk, cream and vanilla into the right consistency.

I think it took three hours to make a freezer full of ice cream. I wonder who discovered this delectable concoction? I went to the Encyclopedia Britanica to find out, but not much was said about its discovery, only a few words were given about that. The rest was about modern ways of manufacture.

Your grandmother must have been among the first to make ice cream, because I remember it was a rare treat in 1886, when Mrs. John Chadwick served ice cream at a party and half the guests were deathly ill that night and the next day of ptomaine poisoning which had developed in the metal can of the freezer. People had not then learned the necessity of perfect sterilization.

The last time I made ice cream was in 1910. There's nothing like it—just the plain ice cream. Your column about Lake of the Woods, the old and the new, almost takes one's breath away. What wonders can take place in 84 years!

I have just read that Thomas Jefferson introduced ice cream to Washington, probably when he was president, from 1801-1809. I know it was a rare treat when I was young, and still would like to know who invented it.

Thomas Jefferson published a cook book and filled up the blank pages with his own favorite recipes, some of which he made up himself. Maybe your grandmother had Jefferson's cook book. Am sure my grandmother didn't make ice cream, being interested more in strawberries.—Benj Hathaway

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I am interested in what Helen Hathaway writes because she belonged to that Little Prairie Ronde Group of people I shall never forget. Her father loved to propagate new plants. When he died they said he had 700 tiny seedlings developing in his cellar, of hopeful improved types. He said if only he were given time he could develop strawberries as big as apples. I think he propagated a kind of corn. One is reminded of corn every day in Iowa, and it always makes me think of Benjamin Hathaway. His brother Judson loved to hunt, —no poetical trends there.

Benjamin wrote "My Creed", a wonderful religious point of view. I wrote music for a quartet to those words. There were phases in the poem that seemed appropriate for a short solo for each part of the quartet and these were disposed through the composition. We sang it several times at services in the country where we lived not far from Helen's home. Writing this song was an experience only, it was not for publication. We learn something from every effort we make.

I wish Helen would send a copy of 'My Creed" to you, I would like to see it again. E. O. L.

In these days of retirement on pension, in order to take advantage of the law granting the pension, a person is required to furnish the government a birth certificate. This certificate must show that the applicant is an American citizen, the time and place of birth, name of parents, and one or two other facts to indicate one's eligibility to receive a pension.

If the birth is recorded at the time in the county clerk's office the clerk will make a copy of it and the requirement is met.

If not, the applicant must 'go before the Probate Judge and furnish the affidavits of two witnesses that the party is known by them, that he or she was born at the time and place, stated, and give sufficient reasons why the facts are known to them, the witnesses.

F. C. Stapleton, whose residence in Decatur dates back to 1885, and the writer, whose residence in Decatur dates back to 1872, are often appealed to to sign birth certificates, in fact they have signed three during the past six weeks. The age of retirement is 65, and there are not many who can make affidavit to the birth and parentage of a person that far back.

Here is an applicant whom I am unable to assist and pass the information along to readers of the Republican in the hope that some one among them can come to the lady's aid. If so please call, phone or write to me. Judge Williams turned the letters over to Officer Frank Hazzard who turned them over to me.

Los Angeles, Calif., May 4, 1955.
Probate Court, Van Buren County, Michigan.

I am in need of a birth certificate and have been unable to get it through the regular channels. Will you be good enough to provide this registration as per Act No. 35, P.A. of 1931, and bill me for the expense?

Name, Alice Smith, Born January 31, 1897, at Decatur, Mich.

Mother, Sarah Ann Smith (Nee) McGrew.

Father, William Henry Smith.

Race, Negro, both parents.

Second Letter.

Dear Sir:

I am sure you can appreciate how impossible it will be fore me to locate any neighbors in Decatur, Michigan, after 58 years who know the circumstances of my birth. I was taken to California when eight years old by a white family named Crockett. I was worked and treated like a slave until I was 14. At that time I ran away, hoping to get back to Michigan. Instead went to school for the first time and eventually worked my way through the University of Washington.

Now I have a fine position with the county of Los Angeles, and an opportunity to go abroad with a group of fellow workers this summer in the event that I can secure a birth certificate.

This is all the information I have. Please try to help me. I have no relatives.

With appreciation,

Alice Smith.

WHAT LINCOLN SAID

1. I happen temporarily to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness that any of your children may look to come here as my father's child has.

2. I am not afraid to die and would be more than willing. But I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the

world is a little better for my having been in it.

3. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.

4. Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

5. I want it said of me that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where a flower would grow.

6. Let us do one thing at a time and the big things first.

7. The Lord must love the common people, he made so many of them.

8. Yes, I have changed my mind and I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.

Simeon Huff was a veteran of the Civil War. He was born in Pennsylvania, January 1,1844, and came with his parents to Volinia township soon after. His father was Isaac Huff.

Simeon enlisted in the Fourth Michigan Cavalry at the age of 18. He was captured by the rebels in December, 1863, and confined six months in Libby prison. Then he escaped and came home. He re-enlisted and took part in over 200 engagements.

At the close of the war, with other members of his regiment, he helped to capture Jefferson Davis. He took a scarf worn by Davis from the saddle on his horse and kept it as long as he lived.

For good service he was promoted to rank of sergeant, and received $400 of the $100,000 reward given by the government for the capture of the president of the Confederacy. He spent his declining years in Decatur.

We had some delay in getting the telephone re-established in our home at 108 East St Mary's St. But now we are prepared to receive calls and the number is 4271.

A very good old time friend writes: "I do like everything you write about Marblehead and its environments. In telling recently about Waltham, Mass., you did not mention the watches that are made there. I received a Waltham watch for a wedding present. It looked very small then, 1889, but in a few years it became too big and had to be laid away. Later my generous son-in-law gave me a handsome wrist watch."

A TRIBUTE TO WALDO PHILLIPS

Read before the Decatur Alumni Association meeting, Saturday evening, June 4, 1955.

Waldo Philips, who seldom misses one of these annual Alumni Banquets, is unable to be with us tonight, and so let us, instead, be with him in our thoughts, and extend to him our warmest greetings and heartfelt wishes for his speedy recovery from the severe injuries sustained in an automobile accident two months ago. His wife, Edith Osborne Phillips, only slightly injured in the accident, looks forward to the day when her husband can come home from the hospital, and we add our prayers to hers that that time may be soon, and that all will be well with them again.

Mr. Phillips received an award from Michigan State College Farmers' Week this year for distinguished service to agriculture, and he also received the congratulations of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson, who made the keynote address in honor of the centennial anniversary of the college. Mr. Benson took the time personally to thank our townsman for his accomplishments in Michigan agriculture.

We of the Decatur Alumni Association know Waldo Phillips best as a good neighbor and friend. We have known of his frequent trips to the capital on business of state importance, and of his many calls to speak at farmers' meetings.

We know that his life has been devoted to the promotion of Michigan agriculture, and that he has made these demands on his time first in the course of a busy life, but the most of us have not known the extent to which his work has become known, accepted and valued in his home state, and even throughout the nation.

Realizing that leading agriculturists throughout the state, who have worked with our townsman, would know best what he has accomplished in his chosen field, I wrote to James R. Bliss, General Manager of the Michigan Elevator Exchange, for further information about him, and received this much appreciated reply:

Michigan Elevator Exchange
Lansing, Michigan

May 24, 1955.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

I am very happy to acknowledge your letter of May 20 and to supply you with some biographical material on Waldo Phillips.

I am attaching some notes which Mr. Phillips supplied us for use by Michigan State College on the occasion of the presentation to him of the "Distinguished Service to Agriculture" award last spring. This material covers his history pretty well.

The citation accompaning his distinguished service award from Michigan State College reads as follows:

"For his farm leadership—for his help in organizing the Michigan Elevator Exchange and the Michigan Farm Bureau—for his years of service to the Grange—for his total of 151 years of service on boards of directors or in offices of trust."

I have known Mr. Phillips for a great many years and I can supply an observation that his biographical notes do not cover. I have known him to work untiringly for what he thought was best for Michigan agriculture without a thought of personal recognition or gain. He has given of his time and his energy down through the years in the various positions and offices he has held in farm organizations and government agencies at considerable personal sacrifice. He has been a natural leader by always retaining the humility which has made him a host of friends throughout the State.

If one were to pick five of the people who have done most for Michigan agriculture in the last 50 years, certainly Waldo Phillips would be among those five.

We are delighted to know that the Decatur High School Alumni Association is going to pay tribute to Mr. Phillips on the occasion of the annual reunion on June 4. Knowledge of this fact I am sure will do a great deal to cheer him in his present ordeal.

I had the opportunity to visit briefly with Mr. Phillips at the hospital Sunday, May 22, and was exceedingly pleased to know that he is continuing to show improvement.

If there is anything else we can do to be of service to you, please feel free to call on us.

Michigan Elevator Exchange
James R. Bliss,
General Manager.

WALDO E. PHILLIPS

Mr. Phillips was born November 2, 1883, on a farm near Dowagiac, Cass County. His father died when he was 11 years old. Graduated from Decatur High School in 1900. Attended University of Mich 1900-1901, majoring in science and mathematics.

Returned to the farm in 1902, working for an uncle.

Married December 9, 1903, to Edith Osborne, Decatur.

Started farming on his own in 1904 on rented farm, giving note for 3 horses, 3 cows. 3 heifers, 2

gilts, and very limited farm equipment.

Took correspondence course in accounting in 1907 and quit farming the following year to accept a job with the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

Resigned this job after a year and resumed farming near Decatur in 1909. Purchased 20 acres in 1915, 100 acres in 1917, and 80 acres in 1937.

Followed general farming, some dairy cattle and hogs, some wheat and potatoes for cash crops.

Sold 120 acres of farm in 1953, and rents out the 80 acres on which he and Mrs. Phillips still maintain their home. Although retired now from actual farm operation, farming and farm organizations are still the main interests and investment of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips.

Mr. Philips was a township clerk 1905-06, treasurer, 1907, and supervisor, 1910-17.

He served as master of his local grange for 7 years and master of the county grange for 6 years.

He helped organize the Van Buren County Farm Bureau in 1917 and served as its president for 20 years—from 1919 to 1939.

He helped organize the Michigan Farm Bureau in 1919 and served 20 years in all in various terms on its board of directors, including 3 terms as president.

He also served 10 years as a director of Farm Bureau Services.

Mr. Phillips helped organize the Michigan Elevator Exchange in 1920 and was a member of the original board of directors and has continued as a director since then —34 years. He is the present president of the Exchange.

He has been chairman of the Michigan Association of Farmer Cooperatives since its organization about 9 years ago.

He also served on the board of directors of the Lawrence Cooperative for many years.

In all of Mr. Phillips' efforts for the advancement of agriculture in Michigan his wife, Edith Osborne Phillips, has been his loyal supporter and has accompanied him on most of the trips that have called him to Lansing and to other places about the state and nation.

In his answer to my letter last spring, congratulating him upon receiving the splendid award from the state, Waldo included this paragraph:

"In presenting the award, Dean Coroden recognized Edith in the audience, asked her to rise, and said some very nice things about her and her cooperation with me. This pleased me very much, for it was her due as much as anything he said about me."

Edith Osborne Phillips was a graduate of the Decatur High School in the Class of 1902, and shares in this tribute to her husband. We all regret that they cannot be with us tonight, but shall look forward to greeting them both at the Decatur Alumni reunion of 1956.

WHAT LINCOLN SAID

1. I happen temporarily to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness that any of your children may look to come here as my father's child has.

2. I am not afraid to die and would be more than willing. But I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having been in it.

3. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor, leave it shining on.

4. Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

5. I want it said of me that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where a flower would grow.

6. Let us do one thing at a time and the big things first.

7. The Lord must love the common people, he made so many of them.

8. Yes, I have changed my mind and I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.

Lincoln was never a coward, and he may have been just a little ashamed of himself in permitting the Pinkerton detectives to take him into Washington by stealth when he entered the city for his first inauguration. After that, throughout his administration, he went where duty called him, more or less independent of body guards. He once remarked that if marked for assassination nothing he could do would prevent it.

One of the most intense books I have ever read was one entitled "Mr. Secretary," by Ben Ames Williams. It comes near to directly charging Mr. Stanton with implication in the plot to murder the President. I have often wondered how he dared to publish such a book. But it is surely interesting reading.

Have just received a gift of the last Lincoln book published. It is entitled "The Day Lincoln Was Shot," by Jim Bishop. The author gives for the first time the dramatic hour-by-hour story of a tragic day in history. The book is highly praised by reviewers for its interest and accuracy, and if there is anything that can be added to the facts already stated as to Lincoln's death, Jim Bishop has it.

Lincoln's son Robert was burning a trunk full of the private papers of his father at his home in Manchester, Vermont, when his friend, Nicholas Murray Butler called and induced him to turn them over to the Congressional Library at Washington. He agreed to do so provided they would not be given to the public until ten years after his, Robert Lincoln's death. Prominent writers and Lincoln lovers looked for startling information to be released at that time, but they were disappointed. If any papers of unusual importance had been preserved there from the President's time, Robert Lincoln destroyed them before Dr. Butler reached him.

We were seeing and hearing Ed. Sullivan's program on television when the canny announcer announced that, "The Rotary International Club will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its organization in Chicago in May, and we have with us tonight the club's oldest living member, Mr. Harry Ruggles of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Ruggles, will you rise and take a bow?" And there was our boyhood friend from away out on the west coast standing in that big New York audience which included the husband of the late Gertrude Lawrence, movie stars and people prominent in other walks of life. The program was to honor Gertrude Lawrence. Harry stood and received a generous applause. He is a fine appearing man and carries well his 84 years.

It was in the summer of 1883, the World Fair year in Chicago that I last saw Harry Ruggles. He was getting established in the printing business there, was young and ambitious and the future was bright to him. The Ruggles family had been residents of Decatur for some twenty years, and before that they had resided in the country nearby. Their home was at the corner of George and Wheeler streets. It was a spacious residence set well back among the trees. The father, Eli Ruggles, a master carpenter, built it, and to my young mind it was one of the most attractive homes in the village.

The early nineties were dark days in Decatur, as well as elsewhere. Hard times were upon us, and Mr. Ruggles decided that he would seek a location where he could better provide for his growing family. He built a home in

Oak Park, a suburb about ten miles west of Chicago, and it proved to be a wise move for him. In the year 1893 I also went to Chicago to work, and the Ruggles family were very nice to me on several occasions.

I had not heard from any of them that year until last, when a letter came from the daughter Lena, Mrs. Quenby, of Minneapolis. She wrote about her brother Harry and his work, and a little later I was pleased to receive a letter from him. He wrote about his activity in Rotary and that he hoped to attend its fiftieth anniversary in May.

Paul Harris founded the Rotary service club in Chicago in 1905, and Harry Ruggles was one of the first four friends he invited to join it. Mr. Harris and the other three friends have passed away, leaving Harry the oldest surviving member. He was the club's treasurer for a number of years.

Back in those early years of the seventies and eighties when the Ruggles family, the Olcotts, the Fosters, the Carneys, the Moultons, the Codmans and others were all neighbors in Decatur, we were a happy care-free crowd of children, and the friendships of those early years have lasted throughout our lives. A pleasant letter came from Mrs. Eva Olcott Lawrence of Ottumwa, Iowa a few days ago in which she wrote: "My eyes ache and keep me from writing much, but I am bursting with thoughts. I was fortunate to see the February edition of the Rotarian Magazine. Do get one somewhere because Harry Ruggles is portrayed in it wth much praise and so is the Rotary Club. Myra's husband receives the magazine and so does Lawrence, her son. They are both members. If you do not find it I will send you one of these."

Last Monday when driving in Salem we stopped at a news store to buy a copy and were informed that it is not a newsstand publication. Then we went to the Salem public library and found a copy on file. I could not take it out so stayed there until I had read the fine tribute to Harry and the story of the Rotary club.

In those last three decades of the last century there was a large hollow that extended along the west side of East street almost from St. Mary's to Wheeler. It was known as the Big Hill, and when the snow was on the ground in the winter it was the most popular place in town for the young people and children. There were three separate hills. One was short and steep, one was shallow and used only occasionally, and the other was the longest and best, and most of the fun was had there. Some great stunts were played on this hill. The boys would build bumps on it so high that it would almost shake a fellow's anatomy apart to go over them. Sometimes a half dozen or it would tax one's strength to stay on.

The Ruggles children had the sled that was the favorite of the crowds and all were welcome to use it. It was the frame of a cutter, so stoutly built and would carry as many as could pile on to it. There was plenty of fun for all of us when the Ruggleses came to the hill. The old hill is still there, but buildings have been erected near it, and cultivating for crops have leveled it to some extent. Then also what the children and young people considered fun 75 years ago and what they do today may have undergone a change. This seems to be the explanation. In the time of the pioneers children made their own sports and found their own play grounds,— the lakes for skating, fishing and swimming; the hills for sliding, some vacant field for baseball. They played other exciting games, like pull-away prisoners' goal, polo, etc., but all on their own initiative. A sports director or coach, was a person unknown, at least in small town schools, up to the turn of the century.

We got along fairly well in the early years, were contented and undoubtedly have been as successful as we would have been under modern conditions, but while this writer enjoys the pasttime of reminiscing, he is by no means advocating going back to the self-reliant kerosene—horse and buggy—stove wood days.

I am looking eagerly forward to the time when Mrs. Lawrence's eye sight will improve so that she can write more of those rare old Decatur stories.

OUR GENEALOGY HOBBY

February 17, 1955
Venice, Florida.

Dear Mr. Moulton,

I received your letter and thank you for the information, it was just what I needed. I had heard only rumors about a Decatur Jake Byers and was not sure there was such a person. I have written to my sister who lives in Dowagiac to see if she can find his tombstone in the Decatur cemetery to give me his dates. I know all about his father and mother but have not been able to trace any of their children.

The others you wrote about were my uncles. My father was the youngest brother, Frank Byers, who was always interested in machinery. He moved to Dowagiac and had the first automobile garage there.

I am coming fine with my book. I visited the old homestead in Livingstone county, New York on my way down to Florida, but it turned so cold I did not get pictures of the tombstones I wanted. I also went to the court house in Lancaster county, Penn., then to the Library of Congress, looking for the immigrant ancestors. I have 550 descendants of my great great grandfather and think that by summer I will have found everyone of them. I gave up trying to trace only the Byers name as it ran out to girls, so I am tracing them all. I certainly appreciate the help you have given me.

Yours truly,
Bertha Byers Broadhurst
Venice Bay Trailer Park
Venice, Florida

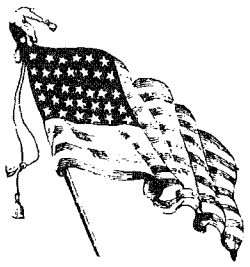
Mrs. Broadhurst first wrote from her home in Lansing inquiring about her ancestors, and her letter was printed in this column.

Simeon Huff was a veteran of the Civil War. He was born in Pennsylvania January 1, 1844, and came with his parents to Vollnia township soon after. His father was Isaac Huff.

Simeon enlisted in the Fourth Michigan Cavalry at the age of 18. He was captured by the rebels in December, 1863, and confined six months in Libby prison. Then he escaped and came home. He re-enlisted and took part in over 200 engagements.

At the close of the war, with other members of his regiment, he helped to capture Jefferson Davis. He took a scarf worn by Davis from the saddle on his horse and kept it as long as he lived.

For good service he was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and received $400 of the $100,000 reward given by the government for the capture of the president of the Confederacy. He spent his declining years in Decatur.



We had some delay in getting the telephone re-established in our home at 108 East St. Marys Street. But now we are prepared to receive calls and the number is 4271.

A very good old time friend writes: "I do like everything you write about Marblehead and its environments. In telling recently about Waltham Massachusets, you did not mention the watches that are made there. I received a Waltham watch for a wedding present. It looked very small then, 1889, but in a few years it became too big and had to be laid away. Later my generous son-in-law gave me a handsome wrist watch."

Here is a litle more about Waltham. If you want to go there you will find it ten miles west of Boston. It has become famous around the world for its two watch factories. At the American Waltham Watch Works the first successful attempt was made to manufacture watch movements, on a large scale, by machinery. Up to a few years ago it was the largest watch factory of its kind in the world.

And Waltham has other important industries which combine to make it one of the most important industrial centers of New England.

W. L. Congdon has sold his herd of 15 Guernsey cattle and retired from the dairy business. He began with Guernseys over fifty years ago, for many years he has kept up the milking of 15 head. It has been a long time and the work has been hard, but he has enjoyed it, and it is only because of ill health and the advancing years that he has given it up.

There comes a time with all of us that the ways of life must change, but the change can be for the better, and Mr. Congdon's many friends believe it will be thus with him. The best wishes of this column and the Republican are with him.

LYLE'S TURKEY FARM

(From Local History Sketches by Pupils of the Decatur High School)

By Mary Lyle

Kenneth Lyle got his start at raising turkeys when, in 1932, the day before Thanksgiving, he won a turkey gobbler. Having their Thanksgiving dinner all planned, the Lyles didn't eat the turkey. They then planned to eat him Christmas Day, but again fate stepped in and saved the turkey. The Lyles had been invited away for Christmas dinner.

Having raised ducks, geese, and rabbits, he decided to try raising turkeys. Upon purchasing two turkey hens, he began a new enterprise, which has grown into a business of almost two thousand turkeys today.

Turkeys are a hard bird to raise. They are apt to suffocate when they are small. They become frightened and pile up, the ones on the bottom suffocating. Turkeys are also susceptible to worms and Blackhead. Blackhead is the worst of the turkey diseases. The turkeys are constantly kept under observation. They have to be kept off wet ground for fear of getting it. They are treated with a medicine called Iodine Vermicide. This is given to them when they are twelve weeks old, and off and on from that time.

The Lyle turkeys eat up to three and one half tons of feed a week. This feed is made up of corn, oats, wheat, and barley. To this is added meat scrap, soy bean meal, alfalfa meal, and several other materials. Oats or cracked corn are fed as supplements.

In late February, Kenneth Lyle starts taking turkey eggs to Holland, Michigan. There the eggs are hatched by Brummer and Frederickson. The young turkeys then are either sold or brought home. These weekly trips continue often into early April.

The young turkeys upon their arrival home are put into battery brooders, which are in the dressing room. When they are ten days to two weeks old, they are moved out to the brooder houses. These houses will hold from three hundred to three hundred and fifty birds. In the early summer, sun porches are attached to the houses, Then the turkeys can get out of doors. When the pasture has grown up, the turkeys are turned loose. Large sun flowers are grown and are fed to the turkeys as an extra treat, which is also good for them.

Turkeys grow very fast. By Thanksgiving, it is possible for them to weigh thirty pounds live, twenty three pounds dressed. Many are sold for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years. The rest are sold to weekly customers.

The turkeys are dressed about four days before Thanksgiving. This process requires about six men. These men are used in the dressing part of the operation, which consists of killing the birds and taking their feathers off. A group of women draw the turkeys.

The building in which this is done is called the dressing room. It contains the scalder, the picker, the water tanks, the eviscerating table, and the freezer. In here also the turkeys are wrapped for freezing and for sale.

For the last four years, Kenneth Lyle and his wife, Dorothy have been going to the Turkey Conventions. They have been to Long Beach, California; St. Louis, Missouri; Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Dallas, Texas. The convention is in the middle of January. These conventions are very interesting and have many things to offer. There are lectures, special trips, and an annual contest to judge the largest turkey from all over the United States. The largest turkey last year weighed forty-two pounds alive, thirty eight pounds dressed.

STRAWBERRIES

Jack Frost threw a chill into the hearts of the fruit growers of this section on that fateful Monday night, the ninth of May. Peaches, pears, cherries, apples and grapes suffered, but the damage we heard the most about was to the strawberries. What the rose is to a garden of flowers, so is the strawberry to the fruits of the North. The comments are that strawberries will be scarce this year and the price will be high. Those delicious strawberry shortcakes will not be so plentiful, and some pickers will miss their annual job.

But a drive through the country last Saturday showed clearly that all is not lost, and it proved to be one of the most delightful drives we have ever taken. It took us from Decatur to the five mile corners and on past Magician Lake, Dewey Lake, Sister Lakes, to Keeler Center and the Decatur-Keeler road home.

We passed many orchards, the trees of which were still rich with blossoms. But the grandest sight was the vast fields of strawberries well tended and white with blossoms. There was no indication from the highway that the crops had been damaged by frost, although it is quite probable there was some damage.

At any rate we are going to keep our appetite attuned to strawberry shortcake, and expect to have more than one feast of the delicious dessert.

A line came last week from Alonzo Newton Benn, a friend of many years. He sent a copy of "Masonic Temple Topics" published at Rochelle, Illinois, of which he is one of the editors. It was the Illinois Masonic Hospital number published this month. The short Timely Topics by which Mr. Benn has become nationally known run through the entire magazine and I counted 26 of them altogether. They are all good and this is a sample.

CHOOSING

Don't blame a man for relatives
For such he cannot lose;
But blame him for the friends he keeps
When he could better choose.

Presented this week is another of the local history stories prepared for the Raider Review, which is edited and published twice a year by the pupils of the Decatur high school. This one was written by Jane Reits, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Reits, and it received an "A" mark from her teacher. It is a story of the development of the land located on the easterly side of Lake of the Woods and of the shore. To those who remember this area as it was 70 to 80 years ago when it was a part of the great natural forest of Michigan the extent of this development is almost unbelievable.

My first remembrance of Lake of the Woods was on the Fourth of July, 1876, when a great celebration was held in the grove by the shore. It was there that I first ate ice cream, at the picnic dinner served by Grandmother Moulton. The appetite for it created there has never been lost.

It was a favorite place for the boys in school, as well as for the older fellows who did not attend school. — skating in the winter, swimming in summer, fishing all of the time. When the ice was on the water the boys would take their skates to school, and as soon as school was out at four o'clock they would take the nearest route to the lake. It was a short walk for the boys of those years. A favorite skating place was in the cove at the west side of the lake. It was sheltered from the wind and the ice was generally smooth there.

L. D. Roberts was the first owner I remember of the land east on the lake. He may have cleared it of its timber. He did set out a grape vineyard there which was in bearing for a number of years. Dalton Kinney, who bought the land of J. G. Hirst and is developing it, is the joint owner with Mrs. Kinney of the Decatur Republican. It is principally through his enterprise and developing ability that Decatur has this fine addition to the village, and the end is not yet in sight.

DOUGLAS LEE ADDITION AND LAKE OF THE WOODS

By Jane Reits

Seventy-five years ago the land where the new school is now located, was all woods. There was just a sandy vacant lot where the Douglas Lee Addition is now.

At this time no one owned the lots in front of the lake. Anyone could build a boat-house anywhere without permission. The boat houses were small, and had a door in each end of them. They dug a channel underneath where the boats were kept. The boats were hand-made of wood and had to be kept in water all the time so they wouldn't warp.

The people of Decatur never thought of Lake of the Woods as having a good beach, nor as a site for cottages, much less as a location for year around homes. They all thought the lake had no possibilities whatsoever.

In later years Mr. Hirst bought some of the lake frontage. He and one or two others were about the only owners.

If some people had bought land when it was "dirt cheap" they might have been "near wealthy" today.

The present improved Pine Street road leads down to what was known as "Welchers Cove."

The old swimming hole where the boys went swimming (girls didn't go swimming very often in those days) was off the point to the right of Welchers Cove.

There were two sand bars in the lake near the old swimming hole. One has disappeared as the lake has receded.

There is a sunken island in the lake somewhere near the present "Lake of the Woods Camp." The cove by this camp is called "Long Cove."

Around to the left of the present Pine Street road there was another indentation called "Coply Cove."

Before the days of the electric refrigerator, Decatur depended on Lake of the Woods to fill its ice-boxes.

Mr. Lewis Roberts had charge of an ice house on the East end of the lake. In later years Mr. Charles Youells (Mrs. Raymond Gale's father) had charge of it. Marlin Haney stored ice in it in more recent times.

The ice was cut with a gasoline engine cutter. They would cut a skidway of ice up to the ice house, and by using an inclined plane, the men skidded it up with pike poles and placed the blocks side by side on the floor, using sawdust to separate the layers.

Where the Douglas Lee Addition is located now, there used to be a few old farms. The cement posts, which were used to mark the driveways, are still scattered around in that area.

A few years ago there was a girl scout camp where the Dalton Kinneys now live. It was dark green and was used for quite a few years.

Next to Bob Athey's house there was an old barn used for dances in the late twenties. There is a new house being built in that area now. They had to bulldoze the foundation of the old barn out before they could start building the new house.

Ten years ago the Kinneys first came to Decatur. Mr. Kinney is known as a contractor, and builds new additions in various towns. He bought fifty-five acres of land from Mr. Hirst. He chose that spot for the addition as that was the only place where he could buy enough land to lay out in streets.

Before Mr. Kinney started building in this area, the land was used as a landing place for airplanes. Edgar Bergen once landed there on a visit to Decatur.

There are four streets in the addition. They are: Memory Lane; Douglas Drive; Lee Avenue; and Kinney Road. They are named in the memory of Douglas Lee Kinney, the late son of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Kinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Athey's house was the first house built in the addition in 1945. This house is located on Douglas Drive.

Mr. Kinney plans to make a canal, coming from the lake, this winter, which will pass by Austin Boulevard. He also plans to build more houses in this location.

This section has been an added attraction to our town. It is the most modern part of the village of Decatur.

DEATH OF MRS. ALICE HILL GORDON

Mrs. Alice Hill Gordon passed away at Winona Lake, Indiana last Friday, July 15. She was the daughter of E. Parker and Harriet Hatch Hill and was born in Decatur, Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1861. She would have been 94 years old her next birthday.

Mrs. Gordon was one of three children, all natives of Decatur and among its earliest residents, Delos L., the oldest was one of the publishers of the Van Buren County Gazetteer, published in Decatur in 1869. He went South, located in Atlanta, Ga., and died there many years ago. L. Dana Hill was cashier of the First State Bank for many years and is well remembered by older residents. Their father was the first president of the Village of Decatur.

Alice Hill and Rev. James A. Gordon were united in marriage in the early nineties. He came here as pastor of the Presbyterian church and she was the church organist. From here Mr. Gordon was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Van Wert, Ohio, where he remained 22 years. They then went to Winona Lake where he helped to build the Presbyterian church of that city. They built a nice home there, and there spent the remainder of their lives. Misses Therza Hunt and Ethel Ward, cousins of Mrs. Gordon, resided with them in Winona Lake.

Mrs. Gordon graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1879 and was the school's oldest living graduate.

Funeral services were held in Presbyterian church Monday afternoon and burial was beside her husband in the Winona Lake cemetery.

BOOK WANTED

Miss Hathaway's father was Benjamin Hathaway of Volinia township, an unusual man in various ways. George R. Fox, in his factual history of Cass county published in 1941, refers to him as follows:

"Hathaway Plantation. A grove in which the former owner, Benjamin Hathaway, a farmer and Cass county poet, planted in rows every kind of tree found in Michigan. The trees are now mature and of maximum height. Located on northwest side of Bunker lake, 1½ miles north of C-324, five miles west of Marcellus."

Many of these beautiful trees were destroyed by a windstorm which swept through this section since the above was written.

Mr. Hathaway was also known as Michigan's farmer poet and his poems published in several volumes. Miss Hathaway is desirous of obtaining one of them entitled "The Finished Creation" and authorizes the writer to pay one dollar for a copy.

If any reader has a copy to spare and will notify or bring it to me at 108 East St Mary's street I will send it on to her.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY

Elijah Parish Lovejoy was born in 1802 at Albion, Maine. Graduated from Waterville college, Maine in 1826. Emigrated to St. Louis, Mo., taught school and in 1828 published the Times which supported Henry Clay for the presidency.

In 1832 he embraced Christianity and entered Princeton Theological Seminary to study for the ministry. Graduated in 1833 with license to preach the Gospel.

In the fall of 1833 he edited the Observer in St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis being the center of a large slave-holding aristocracy, his writings denouncing slavery brought about him malignant and unsparing enemies.

They soon organized a mob who passed resolutions that the discussion of slavery was obnoxious and he must discontinue it. Lovejoy did not heed the warning.

The mob demolished the office of the Observer. He removed across the river to Alton, Illinois. The mob followed and destroyed his press there. A new press was purchased and on September first the Observer came out with a double circulation, and with arguments no less powerful and eloquent against slavery.

On the 21st of August, 1837, a mob from St. Louis, some 20 in number, again utterly destroyed his press and wounded two of his employees.

Another press was obtained and on November 7, 1837, near midnight, while defending his property in the warehouse at Alton, he was shot. A short time before his death, at about 11 o'clock at night, while going to the drug store, a mile from his home, Lovejoy was arrested by a mob of 10 or 12 men, who told him they were going to tar and feather him. With perfect composure and calmness he replied to them: "Gentlemen, I have but a single request to make of you. My wife is dangerously ill, and it is necessary she should have this prescription immediately, and which I was on my way to town to procure. Will one of you take it and see that it is delivered at my house, but without intimating what is about to befall me? I am in the hands of God and am ready to go with you."

For a few moments entire silence reigned. It was broken by a medical man, one of the disguised party, exclaiming: "Boys, I can't lay my hands upon a brave a man as this is," and turning away followed by the rest.

Thus Lovejoy was spared the degradation they were about to impose upon him. A few weeks later, as has been stated, he suffered the death of a martyr in defense of the liberty of the press and of speech. As the historian says, "A nobler and braver man never engaged in reform, or made tongue and pen more effective in the cause of human freedom. Elijah P. Lovejoy was the Arnold of Winkelried, who by his heroic death, made way for universal liberty throughout the land."

GREELEY CRITICIZES LINCOLN

Horace Greeley, in Lincoln's time, was the best known editor in the United States. He felt the responsibility of saving the government was upon his shoulders, and took it very seriously. He attended the national convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency, but did not support Lincoln. During the Civil War he was one of the President's severest critics.

On the all-important question of freeing the slaves, which Lincoln had under constant consideration, Greeley lashed out at him in an editorial in which he said, "The Prayer of twenty millions" of loyal voters demanded that he strike out boldly at slavery.

Lincoln replied in one of his famous statements in which he said: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union would do it, and if I could save the Union by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast

as they shall appear to be true views. And I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere should be free." The Emancipation Proclamation went into effect the first day of January, 1863.

GREELEY'S ADVICE

One thing Greeley did that met with popular favor was to advise young men to go west and grow up with the country. Many thousands of young men and their families followed this advice and found it to be good.

Every New England state has furnished a governor for Michigan. Maine gave us Alpheus Felch who also served as auditor general and justice of the supreme court. New Hampshire sent Lewis Cass; Vermont, John S. Barry; Massachusetts sent General Hull, although he was born in Connecticut. Being not quite satisfied with his record Massachusetts also furnished Epaphroditus Ranson and H. H. Crapo; Connecticut, William Woodbridge. Even little Rhode Island was not to be left out and sent H. P. Baldwin. Michigan has been governed by men of New England 38 years or more, and with the exception of General Hull, all of them have been a credit to the state. Our Civil War governor, Austin Blair, is of New England parentage, as also is J. J. Bagley.

The above information is taken from an address by Rev. Wolcott B. Williams, entitled "New England Influence in Michigan."

INDIAN LORE IN AND AROUND DECATUR

A Decatur School History Story by Larry Macek

Some of the history concerning the Indians of Decatur and vicinity is based upon legend, the battle of Lake of the Woods, perhaps, being the most romantic. However several of our pioneers have authentic proof of their relatives of an early day having lived and played with Indian children.

Among them were two from Little Prairie Ronde, south of the village. John Eckenberger, who lived near Charleston when the country was a wilderness, knew the Indian language and could speak it as well as his own. He spent much of his younger years with them, and from the Indians he learned to be a hunter and trapper, and to dig the herbs which afterwards became so valuable.

John Eckenberger and Chief Pokagon were good friends and the former visited with the tribe whenever he had the opportunity. Eckenberger was fond of his Indian friends and never forgot his childhood association with them.

One time the early settlers of this section became alarmed over a rumor being circulated that the Pottawattomies were planning an attack on the white settlers, and Eckenberger made a special trip to Niles on the pretense of making a friendly visit to the Chief. During their visit the old Chief mistrusted his errand and hastened to assure him that the whites had nothing to fear from his tribe.

Mrs. Caroline Wilcox Sherburn was a resident of Van Buren county in 1835. Her playmates were Indian children, and Indian Chiefs came to her home and stayed weeks at a time. They hunted and trapped there and she learned to talk their language.

In that early time bear and wolves roamed the forests and wolves came up to the door to get in. At one time the children were playing in the woods close by the house when the mother went to the spring and was gone about a half hour. She saw a wild bear gazing at her from across the stream. She ran to the house, got the children in and bolted the door, and the father killed the bear when he came home.

Mrs. Edna Carney Green of this village relates that her grandmother, when a little girl, lived among the Indians. She was always afraid of them and on one occasion when she was alone in the house, her brothers having gone to the woods to cut trees, she heard a rap on the door and opened it. It was an Indian who tried to make her understand in his broken English that he wanted to borrow some salt. She took all the articles of food out of the cupboard and placed them on the table, then ran out of the house and hid behind the woodpile. After a while her brother came, and the Indian, who was still there, remarked that he had scared the little squaw.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Before the white man took over this country the Indians held undisputed possession of it and roamed at will over its vast area of mountains and streams, its lakes and forests and prairies. Now they are gone, crowded off the earth by the more aggressive civilization.

Judge Joseph Story, one of the greatest judges in the United States, well depicts the sad fate of the American Indian when he says 'There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission but of hard necessity which stifles both, which chokes all utterance, which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them. No never! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one removed further, not distant, nor unseen. It is the general burying ground of the race."

This beautiful peninsula of Michigan was a favorite place for Indians. Many tribes made it their home, and this southwest section was the hunting and camping ground of the Pottawattamies. A hobby of Aorney Carl Benton of Lawton is to discover and trace the Indian trails of Van Buren and nearby counties, and to locate the mounds which were their burying grounds. In this way he has learned much of the habits and customs of the Indians and also some of the trials and hardships of our first white setlers. Mr. Benton is one of the county's best local historians.

The following article written by a pupil of the Decatur high school is about the Indians. It is not signed, so the name of the writer cannot be given, but if furnished it will be printed next week. The title is, —

THE LONG INDIAN TRAIL

Indian trails crossed this country from the Northeast to Southwest. They crossed the Paw Paw river and through what is known as the Pe Pe Yah farm This trail was deeply worn in many places. The Red men walked along silently and

were followed by squaws, papooses, dogs and camp equipment.

The land in places was covered with fine timber, and the Indians had ample sugar camps, making pails out of bark to catch the sap. The pails would hold about four quarts and were hung in the middle of the wigwam A fire of white ash wood was used to evaporate the sap.

The squaws did the entire work of maple sugar making, while the men hunted or slept under the trees.

Indian families were fond of hulled corn. They sat in a circle and passed a pot of it around until everyone had his fill.

Pe Pe Yah was the chief of his tribe. He died at Pokagon in the spring of 1836, and was buried beneath the altar of the Silver Creek Catholic church. Old Shavehead was there too. He claimed to be 100 years old and was a great warrior. He claimed to have killed 100 men in his life time. He died in 1837.

During the sugar season of 1836 two men in a canoe saw two bald eagles making a nest in a tree by the lake so they called the lake Eagle Lakes, which it has been ever since.

Indian mounds and garden beds were plentiful here in early days. There were many mounds between Three Mile and Four Mile lakes. They averaged four feet high, and oak trees two feet in diameter grew about them. Bones, arrowheads, and trinkets have been found in the mounds.

Jesse and Hazel Kelsey have a Buick automobile which they bought in 1927. For many years it has taken them to the cherry picking country as far north as Traverse City, and it is still in good running condition, and Jesse says he would not hessitate to start out on a trip to California or Boston with it.

For their present driving it has been succeeded by a car with more up to date gadgets, which is parked out of doors, but they keep the Buick housed in Calvin Millard's two car garage. Hazel's brother Calvin has been in poor health the past year or two and they are caring for him in his pleasant home north of Decatur.

Questioner. What is the population of Decatur?

Answer. Village of Decatur is 1664. Township of Decatur including village 2,758.

Ernest Edward Cook, bachelor grandson of Thomas Cook, travel agency pioneer, died in March at the age of 89. He lived in an elegant 17 room mansion at Bath, England and left a fortunre of $2,376,000.

His vast collection of paintings, silver, and other art works will be distributed to public galleries, libraries and museums. He ordered that none of the pictures should be sent out of England.

This item will be of interest to some Republican readers because our former fellow townsman, the late John Cook, sr., was closely related to the Cooks who originated the world famous Cook's tours and excursions.

John Cook, sr., was a well known character. He was active in Decatur, Lawton and Paw Paw for some 30 years around the turn of the century. He lived on his farm near the Porter town line. He walked the five miles to Decatur and in the sumer time went bare footed. He loved his farm, loved the soil and the sandy road and the walking was a pleasure to him.

I remember him best at elections in the old town hall. The polls opened at seven in the morning and he was always there at the opening. He never held an official postition on the board but constituted himself the official challenger of the Democratic party and no one challenged his right to the honor. We all liked him and an election day would have been dull in those days were he not on the board.

He was short and fat and bald, and his hair, where he had any, was curley and gray. He had a soft pleasant voice and some of his words rolled out of his mouth in a way that it was music to hear.

His public school education was limited, but he knew nature and was an interesting talker. He knew no political party but the Democratic. He gloried it his loyalty to Andy Jackson and his followers and to the principal he established that to the victor belongs the spoils. That may be why he never held an office in Van Buren county. But he liked the Republicans with whom he associated on the election board, and I do not recall that he ever tried to exercise his office as challenger.

He had received cordial invitations to visit his relatives in England, and I think he was considering the trip when death put an end to human planning.

The Raider Review is a magazine to be published twice a year by the Communications class of the Decatur High School. The first number was issued about the first of February and I was greatly pleased to receive a copy. The magazine is printed on a choice stock of heavy white paper and is immaculate in appearance. It reminds one of the first issues of the new magazine, American Heritage, except for the heavy covers of the latter. It is made up of contributions of its staff, among which were several interesting stories of local history similar to those the Republican ran some ten years ago.

One of the stories is entitled:

OLD STAGE COACH

by Barbara Leighton

The old stage routes that used to run from Lawton to St. Joseph and from Decatur to South Haven are slowly but surely being forgotten, bu to some of the old timers around Decatur they bring back many memories.

Southeast of Decatur there was once a stop for the workers. The old taverns were the scene of many gay dances, and the subject of many a legend. Probably some of the old timers around town could tell you some hair raising stories of what they used to do out there. They had good times as well as brawls and quarrels, but it all makes up the history of the old stage routes. These old routes are still traveled even though they are curvy and winding. The only difference is that the roads are now paved, and in those days they were just dirt packed hard from much travel.

The stages they used were old Concords, drawn by four or six horses which they exchanged at the stops. The stages were not very comfortable, and if a person was going on a long trip he would be exhausted before arriving at his destination. The dust sifted in through the drawn drapes or curtains, got in their throats and made it very hard to sleep. Mail was also transported over the stage lines, making an additional source of revenue to the owners of the routes.

Finally the railroads took over and the stages gradually disappeared.

In 1869 Decatur was an important stop for stage coaches. The South Haven line was operated by W. Graves whose advertisement read: "This old reliable line having been reorganized and restocked presents to the traveling public as good facilities for getting to and from the Lake Shore, and intermediate points as can be found in

the state. Express matter carried at reasonable rates. Each village on the route has a gentlemanly agent who attends to the welfare of the passengers and express matters."

Another ad. of the sixties: "Duncombe House, corner Phelps and St. Mary's streets. H. Galloway, Proprietor. Conveniently located to the business center of the town, spacious sample rooms and well ventilated sleeping apartments. A free hack to and from the cars, and baggage carried free. Stages will leave this house daily for South Haven, Lawrence, Breedsville, Bangor and Hartford. Tri-weekly for Keeler, Millburgh, Benton Harbor and St. Joe."

The magazine section of a Sunday paper contained a sensational story entitled "Who Really Killed Abraham Lincoln?" It pointed the finger of suspicion by implication to friends and associates of the murdered president, even to his much maligned and despairing widow. My friend who sent the story wrote across the top, "Do you believe this?" and I can positively answer that I do not.

There are, however, a number of things connected with Lincoln's death toward which a clever writer can turn one's thought to misgivings, and this has been done many times in the past, as in the article referred to.

Mary Lincoln was the wife of the President of the Union, and she had two brothers and a brother-in-law in the Confederate Army, one or more of them being killed in action. Yet throughout her troubled life her loyalty to her husband and the cause for which he stood was never questioned.

Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's pompous Secretary of War, felt himself above the President in ability and discipline, and Lincoln was always fighting with him to save the life of some poor soldier whom Stanton had ordered shot for infraction of the rules of warfare.

Also it was well known that Lincoln's plans for ending the war and bringing the South back into the Union were much too liberal to please the Northern politicians, and the political road ahead of him looked anything but bright. Had he lived, Lincoln's second term undoubtedly would have been marked with discord and strife, and he might have been persecuted to the point of desperation. But the South will never know the extent of its loss by his death. John Wilkes Booth was the planner and leader and brains of the terrible crime, and nothing else he could possibly do would have given greater injury to his beloved Confederacy.

Mrs. Bessie Hamilton Lawrence of 420 South Main Street, Coolidge, Arizona writes that since the death of her husband she has been managing the store he left. Her son Hiram and two girls are helping her. It is a good jewelry business and she expects to continue it as long as her health will permit. Mrs. Lawrence spent the Christmas holiday with Hiram and his family. Her son Louis teaches navigation at the air field near Austin, Texas.

We are glad to keep in touch with Bessie Lawrence. She was a member of the Lewis Hamiton family, who for many years were active citizens of Decatur. She graduated from the Decatur high school, went west to teach and married there. Later she returned to her home town and endeared herself to its people by her good work as the Decatur librarian.

A recent issue of the South Bend Tribune magazine contains a story about business secretaries, called by the writer "girl Fridays", and Monica Howland of Decatur is featured in the illustrations.

The secretaries have a well developed organization of their own, and through it their secretarial jobs are increasing each year in importance. The branch of the organization in South Bend is named River Bend Chapter. One nice thing that it does is to make available an annual scholarship to nearby high school graduates who need help in financing their training.

To raise their working standards the Association has established the rating, "Certified Professional Secretary", for members who are able to pass a hard two day examination, and their ambition is to make the letters "C.P.S." have as much value to a secretary as the letters "C.P.A." have to an accountant.

Miss Howland is shown in the illustrations as she is taking dictation from the Boss, George S. Harrison.

The November 30 issue of the South Bend Tribune tells of the passing of its veteran president-editor, F. A. Miller, November 29, as he was nearing his 87th birthday. He had served as the Tribune's editor for over 63 years.

Richard H. Lyon, who began his newspaper career on the Decatur Republican when it was established in 1867, was working under Mr. Miller on the Tribune when he became editor of the Republican 30 years later. Mr. Lyon was a frequent visitor here, and through those bright men of the Tribune we learned much about how to edit a good newspaper.

Perhaps you would like to hear more of this aged and proud city of Marblehead and of our experiences here. In 325 years it has grown from a settlement of a few houses to a city of 14,500 inhabitants. It has one industry, which makes potato chips, and there are several places where boats are built. It claims to be the birthplace of the American Navy and the yachting center of the world.

Last August yachtmen from long distances came here to take part in a week of racing. It was estimated that a thousand yachts participated. The hurricane which came on a month or so later destroyed over a hundred of the yachts and damaged many more.

Old Marblehead is as odd as it is ancient. It consists of a cluster of stores and houses near the harbor. There are three or four shopping centers and the houses are built on or close to the narrow streets. It is all up and down steep hills.

New Marblehead surrounds the old part. Most of the houses are new and some of them are very pretty, but it too is mostly rocks and hills, and of course the ocean which makes the landscape beautiful. The General Electric Company employs 25,000 men in its factory at Lynn only five miles away and many of them have built homes here.

Marblehead is 16 miles from Boston, but is not a suburb of Boston. In fact it is not a suburb of any place. Boston may be the Hub of the Universe, but that does not include Old Marblehead which has a glory all its own.

It is said that on the pavement where Swampscott and Marblehead join some wag had posted this sign:

"You are now entering Marblehead, the streets of which are narrow and crooked. The people of Marblehead are not crooked." If the story is true the sign has been removed.

A few months ago we wanted over night accommodations for a guest. A local friend recommended Fish Cabin, a fashionable inn overlooking the harbor. He said the widow of President Coolidge stops there when she is in the city, and Margaret Truman stayed there the week she took part in the summer theatre here last August. The recommendation appeared to be quite sufficient and I went there to ask for the accommodation.

This was the result, and it was something new in my experience:

I was asked if I were an old settler of Marblehead, or any of my ancestors ever lived here. I did not try to qualify to this form of questioning and so sought and found good accomodations elsewhere.

I could have replied that one of my ancestors was John Low, master of the ship "Ambrose" and vice-admiral of the fleet that brought Governor Winthrop's colony from England to Salem in 1630, five years before the settlement of Marblehead was named and 19 years before it was incorporated as a town. But why take the trouble to explain to a snob. I have my genealogical friend, Mrs. Corliss of South Haven, to thank for this tracing of my ancestry.

I knew but little about Marblehead before coming here, but have since learned that many Decatur people are fairly well acquainted with it. They know, also, Whittier's poem, "Skipper Ireson's Ride" and his clash with the women of Marblehead.

The poem is too long to print in this column, but here is a part of it:

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story of sung in rhyme, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again'"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride!
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless shame that lives within?
Waking or sleeping I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the Skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! — why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn,half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a coat to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

The incident which the poet related took place many years ago when Marblehead was more of a fishing center than it is today. The explanation is that the fisherman who could fill his boat and get to the market first would get the highest price for his catch. Floyd Ireson's excuse for not stopping was that he could not control his men who had a share in the catch. A good price meant more to them than the lives of their neighbors and they would not obey his command to stop and aid them.

Whittier was a Quaker poet, and a man highly esteemed in New England where he lived. It is not believed that he would knowingly do any man an injustice, but we do not know that he ever offered any apology for writing the poem. Descendants of Ireson still live in Marblehead.

Sometime ago the families who at different times occupied the big square house opposite the high school building on School street were listed in this column. In the listing the family of George Nesbitt was omitted and attention was called to the mistake by our old friend and critic Norman Webster of New York. He graduated from the Decatur high school in 1884 and is well informed on early Decatur history.

His letter follows:

"Some time ago I bantered you about your recital of the successive occupants of the house across from the school on School Street. You had mentioned the two Upton families and more recent residents but not the George Nesbitt family.

Perhaps the item in The Republican of December 9 may have reminded you of that family and the three girls.

Maude, widow of John Hughes, was the oldest. The item told of her death in Chicago, December 6.

Kate, who was about my age, died long ago. I think she never married. But of her I remember that when, at a party at the Nesbitt home, I spilled a cup of coffee on her she insisted that she had never liked her dress and was glad it was ruined. The perfect hostess!

Gay, the youngest, married a Kalamazoo boy, Clyde McGibeny don't know whether he is still living but the news item says that she is.

I knew their father at his store but my most vivid memories are of the girls.. And why not?

Don't you every travel via New York?

Cordially,
Norman Webster

The death of Maude Nesbitt Hughes did remind us that the George Nesbitt family occupied for a number of years the big square house on School street.

George Nesbitt was a son of Robert Nesbitt, one of the outstanding early citizens of Hamilton township, and George himself was a farmer there in his early years. He moved to Decatur in the early eighties.

Kate, the second of the three Nesbitt daughters, died when a young lady. She was a beautiful girl, — generous, kind and intelligent, and a favorite with the young people. She taught me to dance and her untiring patience with an awkward boy was never forgotten.

Note a Webster mistake. The name is Clarence McGibony. He was the Silver Tongued Coach of the Kalamazoo Blues, a well known ball team of the eighties that frequently played Decatur's invincible champions. He died many years ago.

As in the years of the past many greetings have come to gladden our holiday season. Some have contained news items of interest to residents of the community. This one concerning a former well known lady of Little Prairie Ronde was sent by Miss Helen Hathaway of Ann Arbor:

Flora Buell has moved bag and baggage at 89 from her home in Ann Arbor up to the home of her nephew, Bruce Buell, RFD1, Oneda, Wisconsin. There in that lovely home, where she can enjoy the trees, the birds and the wild flowers she expects to spend the remaining years of her life.

Her thoughtful tenants, the Hunters, had a remembrance book made up for her for Christmas.

A card from Jesse and Hazel Kelsey contains a picture of their yard with the ground all covered with snow comment: "Eight inches of snow in our yard October 31, 1954."

This new item from the Paw Paw Courier-Northerner is of interest to Decatur people as well as those of the county seat:

'Judge Glenn E. Warner who has been receiving treatment in Borgess hospital, Kalamazoo, for the past three weeks was brought to his home here Monday afternoon and is somewhat improved but still requires constant attention by a nurse."

The item was published in the issue of December 31, and we trust that by this time Judge Warner is much better.

In renewing his subscription to the Republican Dean Foster of Keeler expresses appreciation for this column and gives a brief account of his fine progressive family. Ruth, Mrs. Foster, is teaching the Byers school in her final farewell year, and Dean likewise, in addition to his other activities, is completing his eighth pedagogical year, they, making a combined teaching experience of 75 years. He has been instructor of the Dowagiac Veterans' Institute for the past eight years.

Bill and Bob did the heavy work in managing the strawberry harvest last season, with their parents coaching from the sidelines. The nimble pickers are expected from the South again in May and of the 50 families some of them have been coming for the past 19 years. Bob is in his Sophomore year in the MSC and will major in agricultural subjects.

It is the common report that this Foster family raises 100 acres of strawberries and that Dean is the strawberry king of Michigan.

THE OLD TOWN OF CHARLESTON

By Jack C. Rutty

(This is another of the local history sketches writen by pupils of the Decatur high school.)

On June 25, 1836, Jacob Morlan, Jacob Charles, Elijah Goble, Alexander Fulton and his brother, David, laid out Charleston, Michigan. The location was on Little Prairie Ronde in sections three and ten, Cass County, and about 4 miles south of Decatur. One reason why the town was laid out there was because of its rich soil. But the most important reason was because it was a stage coach route from Detroit to Kalamazoo, and on to Niles and Chicago. It stopped daily in Charleston at the Tittle Hotel.

Elijah Goble opened a tavern there in 1837 and named it the "Brown Eagle." It was one of the town's biggest buildings. The tavern had a good-sized dining room and sitting room which was cleared for dancing. Dinners were from two dollars and a half to three dollars. That was in 1865 and 1866.

The first house in Charleston was built by James Huff.

Before Charleston was a town the land was Elijah Goble's farm. There were one hundred and sixty acres which later became Charleston, then the land was divided into thirty-two lots.

Among the buildings in the town were four taverns, two blacksmith shops, one general store, a boot and shoe store, and a schoolhouse.

The taverns were the "Brown Eagle" owned by Elijah Goble, the "Tittle Hotel" owned by James Tittle, the "Draper House" owned by Mr. Draper and his son. Austin Charles and Doc Curry, a mischievous pair, had a special sign made for Hallowe'en to hang on the Draper House. It said, "Hot Hellity Bum, Kept by Draper and Son." The Charleston House was built by Elijah Goble. One of the blacksmith shops was owned by Ezra Lawrence. He wasn't paid for his work in money because not many people had much money so instead of money he was paid in meat, butter and wheat.

The Charleston schoolhouse was made of brick, the seats and tables were made by hand, and the boards in the floor were very wide. A big stove stood in the middle of the floor. The teacher who taught the children stayed at each pupil's home for about three weeks or more.

People came to town in wagons and sleighs drawn by horses and oxen. Some of the things they got were clothing, black molasses, brown sugar, but not much flour—maybe a gallon or two of whiskey.

Charleston wasn't a dead town in its day. They had horse races from Main street to Morlan's corner. Fifty to one hundred people gathered to watch them. There wasn't a farmer who didn't have a horse in the race. Also they had sugar parties, spelling schools, sleigh ride parties, and dancing at Elijah Goble's tavern.

Some of the old timers say that there was a big circus once shown there.

Before the Civil War it was

thought that Charleston would someday be a very prosperous town. In the early forties and fifties railroads were pushing their way all over the United States and the people of Charleston thought a railroad was going to be laid through their town. They were disappointed in this and gradually the town began to vanish.

Elijah Goble kept his tavern over twenty-five years, but in 1869 not a building remained. Now it is only an historical reord. It has only a cemetery and a foundation of a house next to the cemetery which used to be the old Charles farm.

Charleston is a ghost town today. There is nothing to mark its location but a cemetery and an historical plaque.

I have been asked to write a tribute to Mother for Mother's Day. I never was much impressed by the setting aside of one day in the year to remember Mother. To me it should be a matter of every day. But the special day may not be amiss for those who are inclined to forget on other days.

Moses also remembered Father, but modern invention has set aside another special day in the year for remembering him. It would be well if the Fifth Commandment could be so conspicuously displayed in every home that everyone would be familiar with it:

"Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The Bible also says, you will find it in Proverbs, "Despise not thy mother when she is old."

In proportion as we prize this life we should honor the giver of it, our mother, and in so far as we are able we should keep her in comfort and peace so long as she remains upon this earth.

Some great man, and I think it was Lincoln, once said, "All that I am I owe to my sainted mother." And one of my good friends has made everlasting the memory of her mother in these glowing lines:

Is it the beauty of the rose
Unfolding to my view,
That stirs again this heart of mine
To gentle thoughts of you?
Or is it that the thought of you,
Which sweetly in me glows
Can make me see each time anew
The beauty of the rose?

Alice Brown, oldest of the three sisters, Alice, Pearl and Dorothy (Dot) has been a patient for several years in the State Sanitorium at Howell. She writes that she has been returned to her home with Dorothy in Ann Arbor and would like the Republican sent to her there. She thanks the good Lord for his wonderful care of her. She can't walk yet but is hopeful. Dorothy keeps going but is far from well. Her address is 516 Detroit Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Brown sisters were born in Decatur and lived here until after their father died, when they moved to Ann Arbor. Their father was hostler for the late Dr. G. L. Rose. Alice worked in the home of Dr. Hooper. Pearl died in Ann Arbor. Decatur has always been the dearest spot on earth to these girls. their best friends and the Decatur paper gives them their news from home.

Thomas Bass sent word by his son Harley that he will be 96 the first of May, but the word did not come in time to give the advance notice. Tom gets about the house but does not wander far from home. He expects to be the first Decatur person to celebrate his 100th birthday. Harley Bass will be 66 the tenth of May.

Decatur's most active citizen for his years is Frank Stapleton. He will be 90 the 13th of May and still takes short drives in his car.

Mrs. Ell Keyes, who lives with her daughter in Kalamazoo, celebrated her 90th birthday in March and is in good health for one of her years.

In Hamilton township, Mrs. Capitola Fassett will be 93 the 12th of May, James Osborn was 87 the tenth of April and Mrs. Osborn was 92 in January. These are fine examples of a healthy community, and may peace and enjoyment be their lot each succeeding day.

Clara Sutton Newman was born in Decatur, August 18, 1891, at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rawson. The Rawson home was on George St. near Prospect. She has lived and worked for many years in Duluth and is now nearing the age of retirement. Certificate of birth is required and I was asked to be one of her vouchers. Her husband works for the railroad that carries iron ore from the mines on the iron range to the docks at Duluth and Two Harbors.

Clara writes, "I get lonesome to see Decatur and wish it were possible to fly there, if just for a few hours. I miss the old home and my Aunt Mary so much. I would like to see the condition of the lots in Lakeside cemetery, not that it makes much difference as my folks are not there, we know. I wonder who are in Decatur that know me. Are the Newells still there, and Frances Squier, and the Upfield family? Yes I am hungry for news of Decatur, as it was my second home, as you know."

Clara's grandfather was Judson R. Rawson, who is listed in the Gazetteer of 1869 as a stone mason living on the east side of George Street, second house north of Prospect. It is now the home of Lyle Howe and family. Her Aunt Mary was Mrs. W. H. White, wife of Decatur's postmaster at the turn of the century. Both Judson Rawson and brother Silas were soldiers of the Civil War and well known citizens of Decatur in their day. Silas was the father of Charles who ran a restaurant here for many years.

Clara Sutton Newman's address is 105 W. Oxford Street, Duluth 3, Minn.

I have two pamphlets on the Spanish-American War lent me by some friend. Have forgotten the lender, but if he or she will make known his identification, shall be glad to return them, if desired.

Am pleased to state here that the story about Seth Fasset, well remembered musician of Hamilton township, was writen by Marilyn LaBarge. It was one of the school papers published in this column a few weeks ago.

15-CENT DIVORCE

A wife in the Ait Haddidu tribe in the High Atlas mountains of Morocco can legally divorce an unwanted husband for 15 cents. Some of the tribeswomen have had more than 20 husbands.

The following article is one of a group of stories written by high school pupils about the history of Decatur:

HISTORY OF THE DECATUR REPUBLICAN

(By Mildred Howe)

The first attempt for a newspaper for our village was made by Rufus C. Nash in 1859. It was printed in Paw Paw and circulated in Decatur. The publication closed down and no name was left on record. At the same time, in 1860, C. P. Sweet published the "Decatur Clarion" in 1865. After six months, he sold out to A. W. Briggs who discontinued the publication after another six months had passed.

In 1867, the newspaper from which the "Decatur Republican" was adopted, was founded by Prof. C. F. R. Bellows and E. A. Blackman. Bellows, who was the superintendent of schools at that time, soon turned all responsibilities for "The Van Buren County Republican" over to Blackman. A copy of the first publication of the "Van Buren County Republican" is among the treasured possessions of Arba N. Moulton.

In 1872, the newspaper became the "Democrat" going along with Horace Greeley, the defated candidate for United States president.

In 1876, H. C. Buffington bought the paper and returned it to Republicanism.

The paper changed hands quite a few times during the next few years. In the late seventies, it was owned by a brilliant young man by the name of Mac Wooster, who met a tragic death on a freight train going to Dowagiac. Sometimes, in those days, men were allowed to ride in the caboose. A tramp, riding on the same train, was not hurt.

For a short time, Robert L. Warren was editor of the paper. At the time he was editing it, he was elected to represent Van Buren County in the State Legislature of 1883-1884. His son later became the American Ambassador to Japan and to Mexico.

In 1890, it became the possession of O. W. and M. O. Rowland, father and son. These men, experts in the newspaper field, moved the paper to Paw Paw in about 1893.

Almost a year passed before William E. Secord and Fred H. Dewey began publishing the "Decatur Independent". The paper was printed on the second floor of the Stewart Building (where Gale's Farm Store is now located).

After about two years, the paper was put up for sale. It was bought by Arba N. Moulton on January first, 1897. It was then changed back to the "Decatur Republican". Secord was hired as foreman and he worked for dollar-a-day wages for quite a few months.

At that time, Fay Beach was a "printer's devil" to learn the trade and he continued to work for the paper for quite a few years.

The building which is now used to publish the paper was built by Dan Carney and Harvey Taylor, masons, and Sidney Sweetland, carpenter. Mr. Moulton stated that Sweetland worked for $2½ wages for a ten hour day. The construction work was carried on all summer of 1900. The paper was moved into its new home during Thanksgiving time of that year. The office force had a great celebration on that occasion.

In 1904, Myron Hinkley began his apprenticeship. He acted as manager during Mr. Moulton's absence from 1917 to spring of 1926. He then left to establish a newspaper of his own in California. Clayton Howe worked as an apprentice from 1911 to 1917, but he was then called to serve in the First World War. Other men who served on the staff of the newspaper were Bruce Bassett, Lucius Hubbard, Carl Athey, Rex Stroh, and Otis Howe.

Arthur Howe was employed by Mr. Moulton for over thirty years. The late Charles Danner worked at the publishing office from World War I to the time of his passing in 1945. Clayton Howe was again hired.

Mr. Moulton owned the newspaper from 1897 to 1951, when it was sold to Dalton and Eleanor Kinney. He was responsible for the progress and success of the paper during this time.

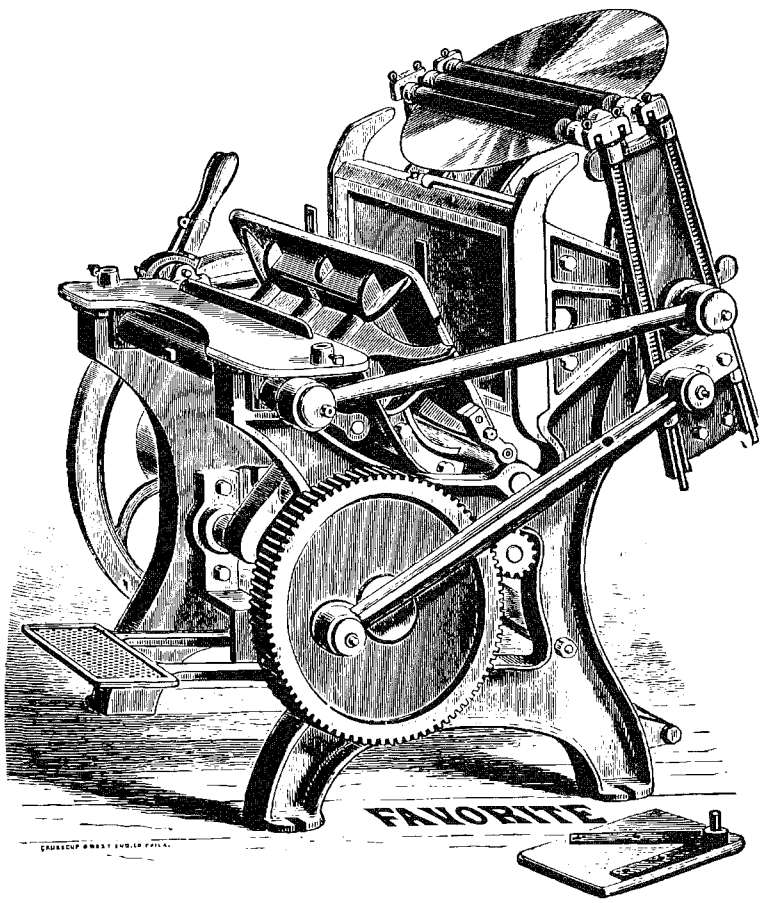
Mr. Moulton rendered a great service to our community during this fifty-four years as editor of our local paper. The geniune love that he has for his home town is matched only by the love and devotion which he shows for his country. Mr. Moulton's life should inspire the younger generation to lead a good and useful life.

Here are a few appropriate lines from a poem by Will Carleton:

THE EDITOR'S GUESTS

And 'tis thus with our noble profession,
and thus it shall ever be still;

There are some who appreciate its labors,
And some who perhaps never will.



But in the great time that is coming
when loudly the trumpt shall sound,
And they who have labored and rested
come out of the quivering ground;
When they who have striven and suffered
to teach and ennoble the race,
Shall march at the front of the column,
each one in his God-given place,
As they pass through the gates of the City,
with proud and victorious tread,
The editor, printer, and "devil,"
will travel not far from the head.

Dear Editor:

We have been subscribers to your paper most of the time for over fifty years, and tho we have not lived in or near Decatur since 1904, we still read occasionally of people we used to know in the first years of the century, and before then.

The former Editor, Arba Moulton was a schoolmate of mine, and I have written many letters to him in the past that he printed in the paper. We were sorry when he had to retire and turn the business over to younger people, but it was the best thing that he could do, and we hope he is enjoying his retirement years, he certainly earned them. His column is the first thing we look for when we tear the wrapper off the paper, so many of his items are about people we used to know. We hope he can continue to keep it up for many years to come.

Respectfully yours,

Louis D. Dwight

Just a small mistake of a single letter in the issue of January 27 caused me to make a misstatement which some of the older readers may wonder about.

The line said in effect that Richard H. Lyon was working on the South Bend Tribune when "he" became editor of the Republican. It should have said when "we" became editor of the Republican. It is quite likely to have been a slip of the typewriter.

Mr. Lyon was never editor of the Republican, but he did get his first newspaper experience under Blackman and Bellows who established the Republican in 1867. He is listed in the Gazetteer of 1869 as a musical genius and he was all of that. He boarded with his father, Eli Lyon. The Lyon house does not now exist in its original form. It was located on East Sherwood street, was rebuilt by Hueston Elliott and is his home.

In the early days Decatur was a great town for amateur theatricals. It has talent and the shows put on by its clever young people were almost professional in quality. In fact several professionals did begin their careers in Decatur. As a musical genius Dr. Broderick was the equal of Dick Lyon and the two were close friends. The Broderick family moved to Buchanan early in the present century and the son Will has been a druggist there for many years. I have not heard from him for some time and he may still be in business there.

I was a young boy when the local talent began to disperse and the shows ceased to exist. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the most popular of the local talent shows and excitement ran high in the town on the nights it was to be staged in the old town hall. Can remember but a few of the players. Hiram Slocum was Uncle Tom, Mrs. Hiram Slocum was Topsy, Mrs. Hooper was Miss Ophelia. Cannot remember definitely about others in the cast. Here is an opportunity, for other old timers to come to the relief of this recorder with what they can remember of those early times. Who took the parts of Little Eva, Sinclair, George Shelby, the Lawyer Marks, The Quaker who helped the slaves to escape, and others.

From these amateur plays Frank Tucker became a professional, organized a company here and for years was known across the country for his clever acting. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hall joined the company here and Mr. Hall began his bright career that ended only with his death in the early twenties.

That very interesting Gazeteer of 1869 lists the Decatur Dramatic Association which "gives select entertainments once every four weeks during the winter season". The officers were E. D. Hitchcock, Pres.; Dick Lyon, Vice Pres.; Hames F. Crandall, Sec'y.; and Charles H. Crandall, Treas.

The Decatur Cornet Band also flourished at this time. Its members were John M. Steele, C. H. Crandall, E. D. Hitchcock, Wm. Mead, Stewart Davis, Dick Lyon, Dan Knight, Henry Seymour Fred Seymour and Wm. Beals.

Ten or twelve years later this band was succeeded by another band, the most of those members are remembered by our oldest residents. A large picture of this band has been lost, but we have

a post card copy of it with names of players written on the back. It was taken in front of the hardware store of S. N. Thomas in the time of the wide board sidewalks. The boys were in full uniform, gray swallow-tailed coats, black trousers and gray helmets. All members are gone but Harley Squier who is over 90 and resides in Buchanan.

The members of this band were Harry Hughes, Millard Russell, John Struble, Charles Rawson, Nick Huff, Frank Clark, Homer Hinkley, Harley Squier, Will Carney, Chas. Pritchard, Will Sutton, Harry Russell.

On Lincoln's birthday, February 12, the Michigan State College will be 100 years old and will begin a year long celebration of the event. In these 100 years it has grown to become the eighth largest university in the nation.

Decatur and Van Buren County have taken an active part in the development of the M.S.C. and we may have more to say about it later.

Once a year we hear from Frances Rosewarne Hicks, and the receipt of her letter is one of the pleasant events of our still eventful life. Frances married Vernon Hicks, a forester and their early married life was spent in the government service in Northern Michigan. They were transferred to Darrington in northern Washington and their next transfer was to Portland, Oregon where they are now located. They have two children, Katherine and Tommy, and they live busy and happy lives. Frances is a daughter of Vivian Rosewarne of Little Prairie Ronde; and she is a graduate of the Decatur high school and has many friends here.

They have a home and two acres of ground and raise 300 chickens a year. They sell chickens, both dressed and alive, and eggs. They have no trouble to sell all they produce. May their lives continue to be joy and progress, and all the work they want.

Have received such a friendly

letter from Edna Clark Brown, Mrs. Guy Brown, that I cannot refrain from printing a part of it here. Mrs. Brown is a daughter of the late Frank Clark, who was associated with his brother, William H. Clark, in operating a large tract of muck land on the New Swamp road south of Decatur. Edna graduated from the Decatur High School, married Guy Brown, a progressive young man of Decatur, and they have lived in and near Detroit since leaving the home town. Guy has stayed with the Chrysler Corporation and done very well, so if they decide to build a home on a hill overlooking the ocean they can do so.

This is what Edna writes: "Ever since you moved to Marblehead I have wanted to wish you happiness in your new home and to tell you I know and love every inch of that wonderful country. We lived in Boston and Beverly for a long time before moving to Decatur, and Papa loved to travel in those days. I have seen every place of interest or beauty in New England. Some day I want a home on a hill overlooking my beloved ocean. Please keep writing for the Republican for a long time."

Marblehead can furnish an ideal hill and view of the ocean. A contractor who lives a block from our No. 5 Madison Road has built 72 houses in this neighborhood all within the past three years, some of them within sight of the ocean and all of them within a few blocks of it.

A house may be ideally located with respect to the ocean today and tomorrow some one may commence the building of a house that will shut off all or a part of the view of it. This contractor is breaking ground now for a house that will hurt the view of our neighbor to the west. We say breaking ground, but it is really blasting rock. The workmen were three days dynamiting to make a place for the basement. The only way to be sure that the ocean view will be permanent is to build on a bluff by the ocean side. Some of the prettiest homes in Marblehead are thus located. But even here all that glitters is not gold. Those hurricanes were no respecters of quality. They spent their fury on the little and the great. The best of the ocean side palaces suffered grievously.

But don't let anyone be discouraged by what is written here. There is no such thing as perfection on this earth, and it is always commendable to follow our ideals, even if they are never quite attained.

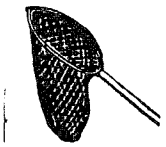
A few weeks ago the Republican announced the death of Albert Gantz at the age of 85. He was born in Decatur, September 25, 1869 and died in Decatur, January 13, 1955. All of his long life was lived here.

He graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1889. That is why I feel impelled to write about him, he was one of my classmates. There were five of them— six in the class altogether and all of these years I have had this special interest in each one of them. They have stood out in my mind because I took the march with them down the long aisle of the old Presbyterian Church to the platform, and received with them the certificate of graduation which is still preserved among my treasures. The certificates may have meant much or little to other graduates, but mine has meant much to me.

There were three boys and three girls in that all important class of '89, and now only four of them are living. Jennie Simpson, later Mrs. Will Lyle, was the youngest and the first to go. She was a good student and a fine woman. After her graduation she taught school until her marriage. Bessie Howland never married but took up the profession of nursing, and made a record for herself in the First World War of which we are all proud. Her address is Women's Cottage, Veterans' Administration Board, Los Angeles, Calif. Hubert O'Dell is also in Southern California. I have not heard from him for some time and would like his address.

The classmate who remained the nearest to the home town is Fern Hawks Smiley. Her home has been for many years in Galesburg, Michigan, the station just east of Kalamazoo, where her husband, the late Joseph Bert Smiley, was editor of the Galesburg newspaper. What I remember about Minnie Hawks, as we knew her then is that she was one of the best spellers in the school. Down in the grades, on Friday afternoons, the teacher appointed two captains to choose sides. These captains stood together against the wall in the rear of the room, and the pupils as chosen lined up on either side of them. The teacher then gave the words and the contest was on. I was proud of my ability to spell and more than once thought I to myself, if it were not for Minnie Hawks I could spell down all of the school. I surely hope the year 1955 will be kind to her.

The motto of the class of '89 was, "Not wise but lovers of wisdom." I do not know who pinned it on us, but if fit me all right.



Our superintendent was D. C. Pierce and our preceptress, Mrs. Jennie K. Hill, both of revered memory.

I trod the grades with Albert Gantz, and the only school that either of us ever attended was the good old Decatur public school. The probate notice now running in the Republican gives his name as Anthony Gantz, but he was known in school and in the town only as Albert. A change also in the spelling of his surname probably took place somewhere down the years. The Gazeteer of 1869, published in Decatur, lists "Frederick Gontz, carpenter, n East Decatur road 2 e George." The name "Gantz" is not listed, so this must be the family of my classmate.

The father, as I remember him, was a little man who kept much to himself. It is said that he even lived by himself in the barn. Besides the mother there were four children in the family, of whom Albert was the youngest. The others were Fred, Matilda and Charles. Albert was the only one who made any progress in school. There was no law in those years compelling parents to send their children to school. The older brothers spent much of the time fishing, — spearing in winter, hook and line in summer. Everything went well with them until the state began making laws to curb their liberties, and wardens kept bobbing up when not expected to see that they were obeyed. Like many others in those unhappy years for the fishermen, when licenses and regulations first began to take away their rights and privileges, the Gantz brothers soon learned to beware of, if not respect the wardens. A half century and more ago it was no uncommon sight to see Fred and Charlie coming up from Lake of the Woods with a prize pickeral, bass and perch and bluegills.

Charlie Gantz was strong as an ox. He and Ellis (Hoss) Wheeler and George Mahoney carried all of the heavy machinery of the Republican down from the second floor of Gale's hardware, then Stewart's grocery store, and across the street to the new building, and helped to set it up. This was all done on Thanksgiving Day, in 1900.

The sister Matilda, known as 'Tilda, did the marketing for the

family. She carried a round bottom, closely woven basket about the size of a market basket, which would now be prized as an antique. I met her often on the street, as we both traversed the same street to town. She was always friendly but not talkative. The only words I recall ever hearing her say were the short salutation, "'Do, Arb."

The elder Gantzes came from Germany and one or two of the children might have been born there. I have a recollection, but no proof, that they came here from Berrien County. As none of the children married the family is now extinct.

A new Lincoln book is on the market. Its title is "The Day Lincoln Was Shot." The author is Jim Bishop, the publisher Harper and Brothers, New York. A reviewer says it has all the suspense of a high grade thriller.

On his last day, April 14, 1865, "The President moved placidly along his appointed course of appointments, cabinet meetings, an afternoon carriage drive, conversation with old cronies and an evening trip to the theater. If he anticipated danger, he did not show it, for Lincoln had long ago become a fatalist about assassination. "I know no one could do it and escape alive", he said. "But if it is to be done it is impossible to prevent it."

It is a Book of the Month Club book and the writer has been notified that he will receive a copy to add to his Lincoln bibliography. It should be available at the library soon and it might be well for persons desiring to read it to enter their names on a waiting list. I entered as number 13 on a waiting list for a new history of Marblehead about a month ago. Sometime I will receive a notification that it is at the library for me.

A letter from Mrs. Iryl Heap of California, Maryland gives the information that her mother, Mrs. Ellen Goble, is going through the winter nicely. Mrs. Goble broke her hip when she fell on the floor of her home on Wheeler last summer and is being well cared for at the Dunkleburger Convalescent Home in Bangor. She will be 90 years old in April.

The Republican has two sets of subscribers, those at home who know first hand almost everything that is going on in and around Decatur, and those who have gone to distant places and must depend on letters and the Republican to keep them in touch with the home town. The paper cannot get all the news, although one paper, I think it is the New York Times, advertises, "All the news that's fit to print."

From one interesting letter is gleaned this item: "Mrs. Anna Mahoney is caring for Judge Glenn E. Warner at his home in Paw Paw this winter." Judge Warner suffered a stroke last fall and spent some time in a hospital. He praises his nurse which is the best sign that he is improving.

He served 24 years as Judge of the 36th Judicial Circuit comprising the counties of Cass and Van Buren, and through his never failing courtesy and his fair and upright decisions he became universally respected and beloved in both counties.

Judge Warner began his political career as Prosecuting Attorney of Van Buren county, and only last summer he reminded me that he tried his first case before me as Justice of the Peace. After the law suit we had dinner at my home, and then we all attended Hamilton fair. If the wishes of his many friends prevail he wil soon be in good health again.

GINSENG — AN EXPERIMENT IN DECATUR

By Betty Rutty,
Pupil of Decatur High School.

Ginseng is a fleshy rooted herbaceous plant of which the two best known varieties are the Chinese and North American. They resemble each other so closely that the discovery of the latter near Montreal in 1716 was based upon a description of the former.

American ginseng grows naturally on the side of ravines and in shady, well-drained hardwood forests. In its wild state it grows from eight to twenty inches high, bearing three or more compound leaves, each consisting of five thin leaflets. A cluster of from six to twenty small greenish yellow flowers is produced in midsummer, to be followed later by as many bright crimson berries, each containing from one to three seeds the size of a small pea.

The root is thick, shaped like a spindle, two to four inches long and one half to one inch in thickness. Ginseng seeds, as a rule, do not germinate until a year from the spring following their ripening. It usually takes at least six years for the roots to reach marketable size.

Ginseng is considered very valuable by the Chinese as a cure for all illnesses. As ginseng originated in China, the Chinese have a superstition about the plant. They believe the root must have a shape similar to man because ginseng is a Chinese word meaning "The likeness of man."

Ginseng has long been cultivated in China and Korea, and since 1885 it has been cultivated in North America. When placed under cultivation, ginseng should be shielded from direct sunlight by the shade of trees or by lath sheds. The soil should be fairly light and well fertilized. Ginseng needs little cultivation, but the beds should at all times be kept free of weeds and grass. A winter mulch over the crowns is usually necessary.

The destruction of suitable forest has resulted in greatly diminishing the output of wild or native ginseng. Practically all ginseng that is grown in the United States is exported to China, where it is used for many different purposes. The Chinese prefer the wild roots, and prices therefore are several times as much as the prices for cultivated roots. The maximum price recorded in the United States Department of Agriculture for wild ginseng roots is $23 a pound.

The late Dexter E. Brigham raised ginseng in Decatur before the twenties. He raised it along the railroad tracks back of his house on the corner of Sherwood and Williams streets, in a lath shed fifty or sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. The lath shed provided the shade for the plants. **It was an interesting, but costly experiment which did not materialize into a prosperous business.**

We have a family of neighbors whose spacious residence overlooks the ocean. It is so near the ocean that they have no cause to fear that anyone will ever build in front of them. The hurricane of last year, however, lashed the wind and water against the building with such fury that it cost several thousand dollars to repair the damage, and caused the owner to remark that the location was hardly worth the hazard.

These same good neighbors own a farm in New Hampshire and enjoy spending a part of their time there. It is about fifty miles from their home here. They have harvested a bountiful apple crop and we were presented with a basket of the McIntosh variety. Yes, they have a bountiful crop, but the market here for apples is below the profit line. These friends are indeed fortunate that they are not dependent on the farm for a living. They do not get it from this New Hampshire farm, although it is a high class one.

One of the great problems facing the country is what is best to do for Agriculture. The Democrats and some Republicans are ready to give the farmers a definite bonus in exchange for their votes. The Republican administration says that is not the answer. Presi-

dent Eisenhower is backing Secretary of Agriculture Benson in promoting the flexible farm price support policy adopted in 1954.

I once worked for the Sanford Manufacturing Company of Chicago, makers of ink, and one of the first things I learned there was that the Company could easily make four times as much ink as it was making, but it would make only what it could make and sell at a profit, only so much and no more. Other companies making ink did the same thing, and all of them sold the same amount of ink for the same amount of money. There was no over-production, no cutting of prices and all of the companies made a profit and prospered, provided they were sufficiently competent advertisers and salesmen.

It is not so easy for farmers to control production. The American people demand that they shall be well fed, whether the season be favorable or unfavorable for crops. But no one can tell in the beginning if the harvest time will produce too much or too little.

Until man is able to fulfill his God-given dominion over the earth, until he can tell the rain when to fall, the sun when to shine, the frost when to keep away, and just what shall the harvest be, I can see no satisfactory solution to the farm problem.

In the paying of money for subsidies it must be clear that it is the people's money the politicians vote to pay, not their own. It is added to the tax burden, already high, and the government itself can suffer by overdoing it. The government is endeavoring to solve the problem by limiting production and guaranteeing fair prices, but the plan does not work out any too well, and the farmers are indeed facing an unpleasant situation. The President and his Secretary are working together harmoniously and are giving the matter much thought. They think they can find the right solution, and it is to be greatly hoped that they can.

STONEMASONRY

By Patsy Woods, a pupil of the Decatur Public Schools.

Stonemasonry is an art and trade that is disappearing as rapidly and as surely as the horse and buggy. One reason for its disappearance is the work and skill it requires. This art had been handed down from father to son for generations, but the modern young man refuses to become as skilled as needed. The accomplished mason, in addition to manual skill, must have an intimate knowledge of geometry.

I have been told that there are only two stonemasons left in Michigan. One is Merle Rowe of Dowagiac, who does much of the masonry in this area, and the other is Lou Morlan, originally of Decatur. Lou Morlan's father, Ed. Morlan, was one of the best stonemasons in the state. He built his little stone house on the road to Lake of The Woods, Pine street. It has a finely cut, geometric design on one side, a circle made of perfectly chisled stone slabs.

Two of Decatur's early stonemasons were Daniel Carney and Arthur Carpenter. Mr. Carney helped to put in Decatur's first sidewalks. They were black—made of tar and gravel. Before these sidewalks were built only the swankiest parts of town had sidewalks. These were made of boards and were considered in those days to be very modern.

The stones used in masonry must be of the finest quality. Weathered stones, laying on top of the soil, are too hard for chipping. Only an experienced mason is capable of selecting the best stones to be used. "Green" stones are used because they are more easily chipped. "Green" stones are stones that have been buried under gravel.

Granite is the stone most widely used in masonry. Others are flint, chert and conglomerate, plum pudding stone. A good mason gets the most colorful stones he can find. You cannot tell from the outside whether or not a stone is beautiful inside.

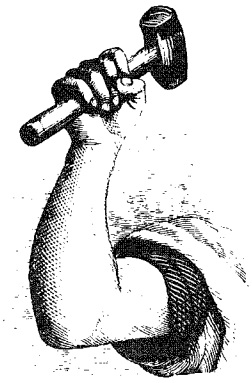
A mason uses in his work various hammers, chisels and gauges. These tools cannot be purchased in a store, they are made by blacksmiths in forges. The disappearance of the blacksmith makes the tools hard to get. Some of Merle Rowe's tools are one hundred years old.

There are three major kinds of stonemasonry: range, rubble and polygonal. Range consists of evenly squared stones, irregularly placed and composed of four sided blocks. Polygonal consists of blocks with various numbers of sides.

For thirty years of the last century Daniel Carney, sr., built tar and cement sidewalks and did all kinds of masonry in Decatur. During the earlier part of the period his sons, Will, Henry and Dan, jr. worked with him, but as they grew older they stepped out for themselves and continued their trade in the cities. Will went to Chicago, Henry to San Francisco and Dan, jr. to Seattle.

In 1900 Dan Carney sr. and Harvey Taylor did the mason work on the Republican office. They took great pains with their work and did a fine job. George Kruse furnished the white brick from his brick yard south of town, and the pressed brick for the front came from the Porter Pressed Brick Company of Porter, Indiana. Carney and Taylor were so desirous of doing a good job for me that they sent to the city for an expert to lay the pressed brick front and entrance, although they could have done it fairly well themselves. The Republican office was built by good friends who were as anxious as was I that the building should be a credit to the paper and the village.

Sidney D. Sweetland did the carpenter work. I had plans and specifications drawn by an architect from South Bend, and asked Mr. Sweetland if he would like to take them and figure the cost of doing the carpenter work He took them and kept them a week, and on returning them, said: "I just don't know how to figure the cost from those plans, but if you will give me the work I will put in ten hours a day at $2.50 a day and do you a good job."



PAPERS BY PUPILS

HAITI

By Carl Keyes

Haiti is the western third of the island Hispaniola. The Dominican Republic makes up the rest.

The island was discovered in 1492 on the first voyage of Columbus. Some years later it was divided between Spain and France. Haiti is an Indian word meaning "High land."

The island is located in the tropical zone southeast of Florida. It has a dry winter and a rainy summer and autumn. It has forests of cedar, mahogany, satinwood and a few others. The island yields minerals of iron, silver, gold, copper, platinum, tin, coal, sulphur, nickel and gypsum.

Haiti is ruled by a president named Paul Eugene Maglous. He

is married and has five children.

The capitol city is Port au Prince. In this small country where donkeys are the main means of travel the language spoken is French, but most of the natives use a French dialect called Creole.

Haiti is a "Black Republic" of 3,500 inhabitants. They think of themselves as colored French. Their main religion is Roman Catholic. The principal products of Haiti are coffee, sugar, cotton, pineapple and bananas. The towns and cities are small but growing every year.

Sometime ago we had a visitor, a former pupil of Miss Howland. Her name was Miss Wilma Ludlow and she had been a missionary in Haiti. During her four years there she learned much about the people and their way of life. An interesting part of her talk to the school was about the Mardi Gras they had, the same as the celebration in New Orleans. There was a drunken man driving a truck with several others riding with him at the time a parade was in progress on the same street. The man did not have any brakes on his truck and he ran into and killed seven people. The Mardi Gras lasts for several days and nights, but this year they are trying to do away with that kind of a celebration.

Haiti's new president is a good one, and is trying in every way he can to improve the country.

DESERTS

By Lynda Conway

If someone were to ask you to give a description of a desert, what would your answer be? Perhaps yours like millions of others, would be inaccurate. Would your answer be similar to the following? "A hot, bleak, billowing sea of uninhabited sand dunes reaching off to a flat horizon?"

The boys who trained in the American desert for service in North Africa learned that deserts can be pretty cold on winter nights. Also that deserts are more likely to be rocky than sandy and that they are hilly and mountainous as well as flat.

Observing the different deserts, they are all alike in one respect. They are all extremely dry. A desert has been defined as a region that gets on the average less than ten inches of rain a year, but this is false, as the rainfall on deserts is highly irregular.

The main reason for a desert is lack of rain, and bordering many desert are mountain ranges, which are the cause of this. The mountains cause the winds to drop all moisture and they continue on to the desert as dry winds. These same winds blow the sand into hills, or dunes, a few hundred feet high. Traveling dunes move across the desert as they gain sand and lose it. Another cause for a desert is, the air becomes dry when it flows over a warm region. A desert may be hot like the Sahhara, or cold, like the tundras of Siberia.

Temperatures on the desert may reach as high as 130 degrees Fahrenheit in the day time to freezing point at night. It hardly ever snows in the lower regions of the subtropical deserts, but it is not an unusual sight to stand on a blazing desert and look at a snow covered mountain peak in the near distance.

The animals and plants that live in the desert are made so they can survive under the circumstances. The camel can store water in his stomach and has wide feet for walking in the sand. The cactus plant stores water in its thick stem. Lizards and other small animals have skin coloring like the sand to protect them from their enemies. Horned toads and desert mice bury themselves when their enemy approaches. Many animals sleep during the day and are able to close their eyes and nostrils when sand starts blowing. Aninals on the desert are known to consume less food.

The cactus plant and sagebrush store water in their thick stems and are able to survive the extreme heat and dryness.

A spot in the desert where a natural spring bubbles up is called, an oasis. In there localities farming is carried on. These are like green islands in a sea of sand. Some oasis are only large enough to support one or two people, others support over a million. Irrigation supplies enough water for fruit, vegetables, dates and other crops.

The largest desert in the world is the Sahara. It is a little larger than the United States, and it stretches across North Africa from the Atlantic Ocean to the Nile. Southward it stretches to the Niger River and Lake Ichad. Only a few people live in the Sahara. Some of them raise crops on irrigated land in an oasis. Others make a living by tending flocks, goats, sheep or camels. These people live in tents so they can move easily as soon as the grass is eaten in one place.

The United States has small deserts in Neveda, Utah, California, Arizona and New Mexico.

Death Valley, a desert in Southern California, is noted for its hot temperatures. Until just recently it held the record temperature ever recorded, 134 degrees Fahrenheit, during one of its warm summer days. In 1849, eighteen members of a band of 30 adventurers, died on their way to California gold fields because of thirst. The twelve survivors who made their way out named the place "Death Valley."

This Death Valley desert is now a National Monument.

HOWARD G. HALL

Famous Actor from Decatur.

(From the Local History Sketches written by pupils of Decatur High School.)

By Janice Redmond

Howard Girard Hall was born in Evanston, Illinois, May 30, 1867.

When a young boy he went west in a covered wagon, and made his home in North Dakota, where he went to school and college.

When Mr. Hall was in school recitation was very important and he was one of the best in his school.

Mr. Hall was married on June 26, 1888, to Carrie Viola Vanderhoof, who was born in Decatur Township. They were the parents of two children, Marie Hall, who passed away, and Louis Hall.

At an early age he learned the

printer's trade at which he worked until he was about twenty years old.

He then met a group of players and joined Horace Lewis who was organizing a company to play "Monte Cristo."

After that time Mr. Hall appeared with some of the best actors and actresses of his generation; among them Robert Mantell and David Warfield.

He wrote many successful plays and books. One of his books was "Soldier of the Empire" in which he was the leading character in the dramatic version.

He advanced in his acting and appeared in such plays as "Within the Law," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "The Man Who Dared," and many others.

But the play which was his most famous and won world wide acclaim was, "A Man of the People" in which he portrayed Abraham Lincoln. Howard Hall was Abraham Lincoln, not only in makeup, but in picture and voice. He was Abraham Lincoln come to life.

Headlines in newspapers read: "Lincoln, by Howard Hall Declared Marvelous."

The critics praised him, saying, "Howard Hall breathes human breath into Dixon's work with his splendid interpretation of the leading character, Abraham Lincoln." Others said, "Howard Hall's Lincoln is the most beautiful, enduring, and truthful, with an almost haunting materalization of the president as we like to remember him."

He went down in history as one of the most famous portrayers of Lincoln in acting history.

Although the most of his career was spent in active stage work, Mr. Hall found time for other work in this line, and served as a director and producer.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Hall came to Michigan to reside and purchased a farm in Hamilton. He had a great many friends in this vicinity. Mrs. Hall now resides at 104 Pine Street in Decatur.

Mr. Hall passed away July 25, 1921, at Long Beach California at the height of his brilliant career.

He died a great actor, one of the best portrayers of Lincoln America has ever known.

The following verses are taken from "The Prophet's Paradise," a book written by Mr. Hall in 1903.

"Thou canst not err if thou but use thy wits,
Thy safest guide by day, thy lamp by night.
Give ear to every thought. Thy conscience sits,
A wary censor to discern the right.
With earnest zeal tread thou the wisdom-way;
Solve every riddle and each tangle trace;
Make this thy creed, and, if thou needs must pray,
Seek thou of Nature's God a throne of grace.
So live that thou canst proudly say —'The World
Is better for my having lived,' nor sigh
Because thy name may never be unfurled
On scroll of fame to fill the envious eye."

Ross Hudson, President.

The newly organized First National Bank of East Lansing held open house last Thursday afternoon and evening in its new building on Grand River Avenue. Ross I. Hudson, who began his banking career in Decatur, is its president.

The new bank opens under bright promise of a prosperous future. It is the third bank in a city of 20,325 population, the seat of the Michigan State College, and it closely adjoins the Michigan State Capital.

The new bank was organized in March, 1954, by a group of leading citizens of East Lansing, with a total capitalization of $350,000. There is $200,000 in common stock, $100,000 surplus and $50,000 in undivided profits. The new building, owned by the vice president, Irving H. Hill, is valued at $115,000. It has a frontage of 90 feet along Grand River avenue and extends along Division Street 135 feet. It contains the modern banking equipment and provides drive-in teller windows on one side. Ample parking is provided at the side and rear.

Following his banking experience in Decatur, Ross served about 25 years as state banking examiner, and left that work to take his present position. In his long service for the state he has gained the confidence and respect of banking men throughout his territory, and his simple, honest and friendly manner has endeared him to those with whom he has come in contact. His many Decatur friends are greatly pleased over his success.

Mrs. R. V. Swihart and daughter, Mrs. Warren Hudson, attended the bank opening last Thursday evening. Warren is a lieutenant in the Air Force stationed on the Island of Newfoundland.

Two more birthdays of old friends for the month of May are Mrs. Lulu Bowers, 83, May 30, (her present address is 321 Jones Street, South Haven, Michigan) and Henry Howland, 87, May 15.

VAN'T ZELFDE FARMS

(From Local History Sketches by Pupils of Decatur High School)

By Stella Van't Zelfde

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis VantZelfde came from the Netherlands to America on the twelfth of May, 1913 and located in Kalamazoo. The next spring they came to Decatur to live on a farm near Fifield Hill. They lived there three years when they moved to a place south of town by the railroad tracks.

In 1917 the brothers Jake, Dan, John, Pete and Gerrit bought a farm on the Duell road to work with their father. They all liked farming.

As the years went by they bought a number of farms. My father bought an 80 acre farm in 1947.

In 1931 old Mr. Dennis VantZelfde died. The brothers have since worked together on the farms raising corn, carrots, onions, celery wheat, rye, peppermint and spearmint. They have worked together all of these years, have learned a lot about farming and like it.

As the years went by their work increased until they were compelled to hire outside help for weeding, and they found good help in the school children. The weeders kept clean the carrots, onions, spearmint, and potatoes we had grown for our own use. Anna Rohl was the boss of the weeders. Pete VantZelfde's daughters, Anna and Pauline, and sons Dennis, Neal and Leonard, also helped when needed.

In their years of farming they bought new machinery and tools, and they got along with some of the old.

When my father, Dan VantZelfde, was farming with his brothers he was also thinking of farming alone, and in 1954 he realized his ambition. My brothers Ben and Dan also liked it because they could learn more about the work and how to handle the tools and machinery.

My father's farm is 80 acres and is located on the New Swamp road. He raises pickles for us kids to pick, and also corn, onions, carrots, spearment and rye.

We all like to live in America better than in the Netherlands because there is more freedom here, and more modern machinery, and they have to work harder there for their living.

THE FLORY GRAPE AND BERRY HOE

In December, 1944, Willis Flory opened a welding shop in Decatur. He repaired farm equipment of all kinds, and an implement that seemed to need repairing often was the grape hoe. One man came in with a certain make of hoe. It was all twisted and bent, and he asked to have one made like it, only heavier. Flory made what he wanted.

Before long other grape growers were coming in to have him make hoes like it. The man who made the original hoe heard about it and ordered him to stop making them. It was hard for him to tell customers he couldn't make the hoes any more, for he knew the farmers really needed a hoe that was heavier and stronger than those on the market.

He remembered the old story about building a better mouse trap than your neighbor, and he decided to build a better grape hoe. He spent many evenings making drawings and finally he made a model hoe and took it out to see if it would work. He made many changes in it and took it apart and put it together again many times, but at last he had a good working model.

Some of the new hoes were put to work in nearby vineyards and proved their worth.

The grape hoe is a farm tool used to cultivate the soil in the row between the plants. It is attached to the right side of the tractor from between the front and rear wheels. The driver of the tractor operates the hoe in and out between the plants with one hand by means of a long handle or by an hydraulic lever.

In 1950 Mr. Flory applied for a patent on his hoe to the Commissioner of Patents at Washington, D.C. He applied through Attorneys Clarence A. O'Brien and Harvey B. Jacobson. Nearly two years later, on June 24, 1952 he was granted patent No. 2,601,380, and since then he has made a number of improvements on the hoe.

He now has two models on the market, a Manual and an Hydraulic, and it is being built heavier and stronger than before.

All parts of the hoe are made here at Flory's Welding Shop. He has sold over 500 hoes and has 12 dealers in Michigan. He also has customers in Indiana and Ohio.

Sometime in the near future he hopes to expand his business, and with the help of his two sons, introduce the hoe into other localities where grapes, blueberries and raspberries are grown.

I read this poem a few days ago. It was in a magazine and I liked the sentiment. Still I could not go all the way with it, for even the man who is hired to wreck has his place in the world. He is several notches in the scale of usefulness above the man who can work and needs work and won't work.

The man who cuts the weeds by the road side, when they are cut, or carries the brick to the sixteenth floor where "the man up there does the work," has his place in the world. He is doing according to his ability and is entitled to credit. The lazy, shiftless man who sits and eats and drinks and breathes, and "lets the women do the work," is the man who earns only contempt.

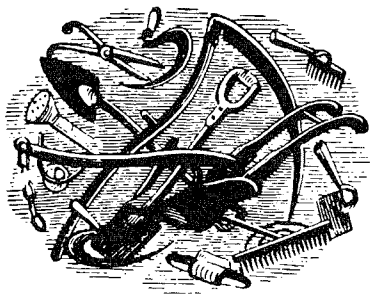
Let us praise the builder, but despise not the man who prepares the ground for him.

And now for the poem:

"I watched them tearing a building down,
a gang of men in a busy town;
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell,
they swung a beam and the sidewall fell.
"I asked the foreman: "Are these men skilled,
the men you'd hire if you had to build?"
He gave a laugh and said: "No indeed!
just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
what builders have taken a year to do."
And I thought to myself as I went my way,
which of these roles have I tried to play?
Am I a builder who works with care,
measuring my life by the rule and square?
Am I shaping my deeds to a well laid plan,
patiently doing the best I can?
Or am I a wrecker, who walks the town,
content with the labor of tearing down?"

Unknown

Axe.



AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

THE WORLD IS MINE

By Dr. Tennyson Guyers.

Given at the fortieth anniversary of the Kiwanis Club and copied from The Mendon Globe-Leader.

Today upon a bus I saw a girl
with golden hair.
she seemed so gay, I envied her,
and wished that I were half so fair.
I watched her as she rose to leave, and saw her hobble down the aisle.
She had one leg and wore a crutch,
but as she passed — a smile.
Oh, God forgive me when I whine;
I have two legs — and the world is mine.

Later on I bought some sweets.
The boy who sold them had such charm
I'd thought I'd stop and talk awhile
If I were late 'twould do no harm.
And as we talked he said, "Thank you, sir. You've really been so kind.
It's nice to talk to folks like you
because, you see, I'm blind."
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes — and the world is mine.

Later, walking down the street, I met a boy with eyes so blue;
But he stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.
I paused, and then I said, "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
But he looked straight ahead without a word, and then I knew he couldn't hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears — and the world is mine.

Two legs to take me where I go,
Two eyes to see the sunset's glow,
Two ears to hear all that I should know.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I'm blest indeed, for this world is mine.

INDIANS AND HOW THEY LIVED

By Elsie Hoekstra, Tenth Grade
Decatur High School.

Indians were the first people in

America. They lived in wigwams and hunted deer and buffalo, and used the skins for clothing. The skins were tanned to make better clothing. Indian farmers were the first to grow corn, potatoes and many other foods we use today.

The Indians played games of chance whereby a man might lose his horses, buffaloes and everything he owned. Indian dances were held for religious or magical reasons in order to honor their spirits or gods. Singing went along with every public ceremony.

Most tribes made pottery jars in which to cook and store food. Boxes and dishes were fashioned from bark and wood. Indian women made rough storage baskets of twigs in which to store food to keep the animals from eating what they had saved for the coming year. The homes of Indians were made of coarse grass, mats, or fringes which were used to cover the roofs.

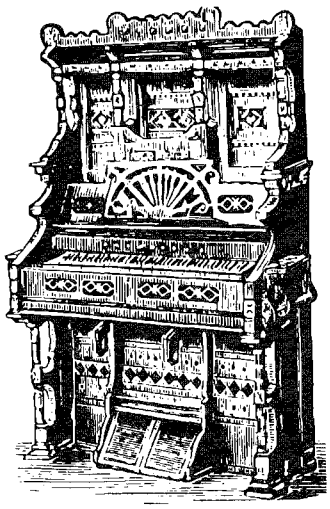
In hot climate Indians found little need for clothing. Children wore none at all. Men wore breechcloths of deer skin or rabbit fur. The women wore double aprons made from fibers of sage brush bark. Both men and women tattooed designs on their skin. Designs were tattooed on a girl's skin as a part of the ceremony celebrating her "coming of age."

The religion of the Indians was quite different from ours. When an Indian faced a critical problem or decision he sought help from the spirits. To make himself worthy of help he cleansed himself, prayed and sometimes underwent severe tortures. Their methods of disposing of the dead varied among the different tribes. Burial in the ground was most commonly practiced. Among certain prehistoric Indian people mounds were constructed for burial.

Government was generally extremely simple and Democratic among the tribes. The Chief was chosen for his ability and wisdom, though in some tribes the office was heredity.

One of the earliest Indian quarrels broke out in 1637 between Connecticut Colonists and a group of Piquots. The last victory won by the Indians in their many clashes with the white man was June 25, 1876. The Indian Reorganization Act, passed by Congress, June 18, 1934, stopped the alottment and sale of land outside the tribe. It also provided for their regaining some surplus and authorized land.

There are today some 250,000 Indians in the United States. They have the use of tax free land on which to earn their living. This freedom from land tax was part of the price allowed them when they sold out to the government.



The writer has received from the teacher, Miss Catherine Mahoney, another packet of local history stories prepared for the Raider Review, edited and published by the pupils of the high school. The name of the writer of the story is not given and will be published later if furnished.

I am selecting this one first from the sizable number of excellent contributions for the reason that Mr. Fassett himself had promised to write the story of his life for the Republican but he was taken by death before the work was accomplished. The composition received the highest mark — A — by the teacher.

AN OLD MUSICIAN

Seth Fassitt was born in Lawrence, Michigan on January 8, 1856. Being a very patriotic man, the Civil War had a great influence on his music.

His business, which was the land and stock, took him many places. He took his violin everywhere he went.

He taught violin in all parts of the country. The pieces and exercises for the students he wrote himself. He refused to write for many music houses.

Although being almost self-taught, he had a perfect violin position.

Even though he had not heard Ole Bull, a Norwegian composer and violinist, play, he admired him greatly.

Ole Bull was born in 1810. His violin had a flat finger board and bridge that he made himself.

Chopin and Ernst introduced him in Paris in 1832 which brought him recognition as a virtuoso. He gave concerts all over Europe and came to the United States five times.

His favorite composers were Mozart and Paganini. The public liked best his own compositions which are seldom played today.

He died in 1880, the greatest violinist of his time.

Seth Fassitt started his career by playing between acts in theaters. At one time he was so moved by a scene that when it came time for him to play, instead of playing the scheduled song he played one fitted to the scene. When he was asked to repeat his performance he was not able to do so. The song had just come to him and he was never able to play it again.

He married Capitala Briggs in Keeler, Michigan. All four of their children were musically inclined.

On warm evenings friends and neighbors would often gather in the front yard to hear the Fassitt family play.

His granddaughter, Larida Scott, who has a special aptitude for music, graduated from Olivet College and later became a member of the faculty in the department of music.

Seth Fassitt died on May 2, 1937 at the age of 81. His family and friends will remember his as an unusual and talented musician.

THE OLD VIOLINIST

Years have come and passed away
Silver threads have turned to grey.
Time has changed to silver hair.
Bring my violin to me again,
Let me feel its gentle strain.
Let me feel those chords once more
E're I pass to yon bright shore.
Now my back is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam.
I can see where angels roam,
Dear violin, I'm going home.

Greetings to Decatur, My native home. It is good to see its majestic trees, its pretty homes and verdant lawns, its pleasant reminders of many active years in the past.

Eleanor and I left our home in Marblehead, Mass., for our home here Monday morning, April 18, and arrived in Decatur at three o'clock Thursday afternoon. The distance covered was 1,075 miles. The weather was perfect for driving, save a few hours of rain storm on Wednesday afternoon, which was not severe enough to delay the trip.

An automobile trip from Massachusetts to Michigan is not a nov-

elty anymore, but a few comments on our trip may interest Republican readers. Our route lay southwest through the Bay State, Connecticut and New York, bypassing Hartford, New Haven and New York City. We paid five tolls of ten cents each over the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut and a 50 cent toll to cross the Washington bridge. Entered the New Jersey turnpike at Palisades Park and left it at Hightstown, toll $1.25. Stayed over night at the Hightstown Motel. Rooms, AAA recommended, $6.00 each. Took U. S. 1 through Trenton and entered Pennsylvania turnpike near Philadelphia. Drove all day on this turnpike and left it at New Stanton, Penn., for the night. Found splendid accommodations here at the same price.

Returned to Turnpike Wednesday morning and continued on it to Ohio border. Total distance 360 miles, total toll $3.70. This included seven tunnels totaling 6.7 miles through seven mountains of the Appalachian range, and three bridges spanning the Susquehanna, Beaver and Allegheny rivers. Along this turnpike are 21 restaurants under the management of Howard Johnson.

The Turnpike System is covered by a modern radio communication system for the safety and convenience of the motoring public. Patrol vehicles are constantly cruising over the Turnpike and any distress is given prompt assistance.

The Ohio Turnpike follows the Pennsylvania and we drove over it for the 22 miles that are completed. When completed it will be 243 miles long. The Indiana Turnpike is also started, and in time the entire United States may be spanned in this way.

The Turnpikes are wonderful highways for travelers who are desirous of covering the territory in the shortest possible time. The speed limit varies from 60 to 70 miles per hour for cars, and 50 to 60 miles per hour for trucks. Cross roads are over or under the Turnpike so nothing but an accident or lack of gas need interfere with the steady speed of the vehicle. But the driving becomes too monotonous for pleasure. We both have decided to by-pass the Turnpikes on the next trip. And that is a reminder that the question of M-40 by-passing Decatur has not yet been publicly decided. Well, most cities and villages, both big and little, are giving way to the demands of through traffic and are meeting trade competition in other ways. City stores are establishing community shopping centers and branch stores are being set up along the new pavements in many places.

Our third and last night out was spent at Perrysburg, Ohio. It is across the Maumee River from Maumee. At the place where we went first, the only AAA motel had no vacancies, but the obliging proprietor helped us by phone to a good location in Perrysburg, so we went back to it. Here we saw the hard side to the motel business. It seems to be a fascinating business, but some take naturally to it and some do not. The standard requirements are higher than they have been in past years. The average run of travelers have more money, demand more conveniences and are willing to pay more. Somewhere I have read that a good up-to-date motel costs up to $7,000 a room and is a source of worry to some who have borrowed their limit to build and equip it. Most of the travelers are one nighters and the proprietors start without a customer in the morning. The lady who served us at Perrysburg brightened perceptably when we signed for the rooms. She had but one or two rooms taken when we stopped at 3:30 and we heard her say to a man who called later and said he might come back, that she would be very happy if he would. We got friendly with her and pulled for her to be able to put the "No vacancy" sign out, and were pleased when at about eight o'clock she could do it.

Among the places on the route, passed or by-passed, were Worcester, Mass., a city of colleges and industry, population 293,486; Hartford, capital of Connecticut, important manufacturing city and greatest insurance city in the United States, population 177,397; New Haven, seat of Yale University, and from 1701 to 1875 joint capital with Hartford, of Conn., population 164,443; New York City, largest city in the world, population 7,891,957; Trenton, capital of New Jersey; Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pittsburg in Pennsylvania; Youngstown which ranks fourth in the United States in the production of iron; Akron, the rubber empire; Fremont, home of President Rutherford B. Hayes, etc.

We stopped at Sturgis and called at the home of Miss Grace Osborn to inquire about the condition of Mrs. and Mrs. Waldo Phillips who who had suffered a serious automobile accident; the news was not favorable and Miss Osborn had been called to the Dowagiac Hospital where they were patients. Since then we are greatly pleased to state that they are improving.

A few weeks ago, while waiting for service in a barber shop in Marblehead, I met a fellow resident who said he was a pilot on the American Airlines. I replied that I had a friend in Michigan, Al DeWit, who was connected with the American Airlines. He said he knew Mr. DeWitt, that he was a chief pilot, but that Mr. DeWitt might not know him for he was one of 200 or more. In reply to my inquiry he said he was Jerry Phillips. It was another indication that the world is smaller than one sometimes may think.

Another incident of interest to me was that we had a caller at the Marblehead home that gave us all pleasure. He was Allen Hoban of Chicago and Decatur who was in the vicinity on professional business for a Chicago client. He was the first from Decatur who had paid us the honor of a call, and I was sorry to miss him. Last Saturday I met him in Decatur.

Our Great Donnybrook Fair
(Hamilton Township)

From Local History Sketches written by Pupils of the Decatur High School.

By Lynn Etter

This is the story an old timer told about the Donnybrook Fair.

In the spring of 1876 there was a sheep shearing festival at the home of one of the neighbors. The farmers from miles around arose early in the morning to get an early start for the festivities. The day was perfect. Cherry, peach and apple trees were in blossom, and their fragrance scented the air. Laughter and gaiety were enjoyed by young and old.

The affair was so successful that about a month after the Grangers held a business meeting in the Hamilton Grange hall and decided to have a similar festival every year. They called it the "Hamilton Fair." The name Donnybrook was attached to it later, probably by the Irish people of Decatur who still retained fond memories of the Donnybrook Fair

It was not an uncommon sight of Ireland.
on the big day of the fair to see a group of barefooted boys treading along the road on the way to Donnybrook. They were up with the cows, had done their other chores and had announced that they were off to the fair. They were tired boys when they returned home at night, but satisfied, as only boys can be, after a day of sight seeing, baseball and horse races.

Because of rainy weather the

first two years of the fair were unsuccessful. The first really successful fair was held in 1878. Everyone came, by foot, buggy or wagon, and everyone brought some of farm produce to display. In the morning prizes were given for the best exhibits of livestock, handicraft, canned fruit and vegetables. Baseball, horse racing and public speaking were the features of the afternoon. The old race tract is still to be seen in the wood lot adjacent to Grange Hall. Booths where home made candy, taffy and popcorn were sold were popular with the young folks. In the evening anyone who could play a fiddle or banjo was invited to play for a dance which was always well attended.

Hamilton Fair was popular for many years, but gradually the modern living edged the idea of a local fair out of the minds of the people.

The plan for a fair was first conceived by the Grangers, who called a meeting to select a site for the ground. The suggestion was heartily endorsed by Captain Josiah Hendryx, Arthur Haydon, Gideon Osborn, Henry Smith, Daniel Lee, A. S. Wise, James M. Weeks and others, with the result that the present site of the Grange Hall was selected.

Two years ago the adjoining land, forty acres, which was used for the fair grounds, was bought of the state and is now the property of the township.

The first officers of the fair were A. H. Williams, president; Royal Abbott, vice president; Erastus Osborn, treasurer; R. T. Riddle, secretary.

In 1896 the attendance was the largest in its history, a conservative estimate being 5,000. Today the Donnybrook Fair is a thing of the past, but the old Grange Hall stands as a silent testimonial to the good times had there in those early days, and it is by no means inactive in the present time.

THE NARROW GAUGE

One bright summer Sunday in the late seventies or early eighties our family drove over to Lawrence to spend the day with my Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor. The narrow gauge railroad was then under construction and the rails had been laid through Lawrence to within two miles of Hartford. I fell in with some young men who took me down to the place where the depot was to be built. There they found a handcar and took possession of it for a ride of about four miles to the end of the road. It was one of the hardest rides I ever took. To hold on to the handle bars, as the young men forced them up and down in propelling the car, taxed my strength to the limit, but I did my small share and hung on for dear life.'

The roadbed for the most part was cut through the native forest, and the track was laid as fast as the way for it was prepared. We spent a little time exploring the surrounding woods, and returned to Lawrence the way we came.

The building of the Toledo and South Haven narrow gauge railroad through Van Buren county to the city of South Haven makes an interesting story. It is well told by Thomas D. Brock in the June number of "Michigan History," published quarterly by the Michigan Historical Collection, Lewis Benson, Editor, Lansing, Michigan.

About the year 1885 the city of South Haven held a Fourth of July celebration. The Narrow Gauge had just been completed, and advertised excursion rates for the occasion. The people responded far beyond the ability of the road to accommodate them. I was one of a crowd of young people who went from Decatur. The train was scheduled to leave Lake Cora at 10:00 a.m., but the crowds waiting at Lawton and Paw Paw were so large that the superintendent was compelled to attach its other car, and was nearly an hour late.

When leaving Lake Cora standing room was at a premium. At the up-grade just east of Lawrence the train was completely stuck and nothing short of ordering all of the passengers out to push would help matters. Instead the train was backed down to the station, divided and sent on in two sections. I was with the second section, and as the road owned only one available engine we had to wait until that engine could deposit its load and return. Our section got to the celebration at about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon and it was in the wee small hours of the morning that we arrived home again.

According to Mr. Brock's article the railroad enthusiasts were many years in bringing the railroad situation up to the completion of the Narrow Gauge. The talk and plans began in 1837 when Michigan was admitted into the Union of states. By 1846 the Michigan Central had been constructed from Detroit to Kalamazoo. It was losing money and the state sold it to private owners, who at first thought to extend it through Paw Paw to St. Joseph. Later it was decided that it must connect with Chicago, and that sent it four miles south of Paw Paw through Lawton which was at first called Paw Paw station.

That was bad for the county seat town, and its citizens in 1857 organized the Paw Paw Railroad Company. The commissioners of it were T. A. Granger, Alonzo Sherman, O. H. Newcomb, Sylvester Murch and John Lyle. The Civil War slowed up interest in the project, but by 1868 other companies were formed including the Lawton, Paw Paw and South Haven Railroad Company. In August, 1875, a meeting was held to discuss extending the Paw Paw road to Lawrence with a narrow gauge. This is the first notice that the narrow gauge fever had spread to the Paw Paw area. The True Northerner reports the Detroit News as saying: "When the engine of the Paw Paw narrow gauge railroad jumps from the track the engineer calls one of the firemen to his aid and a moment later they have the little thing back on the track before the passengers find out what is the matter."

The narrow gauge was the butt of many a joke. It was said that when an engineer got a cinder in his eye he stopped the train at a brook to get it out, with the passengers helping. When a train ran out of wood it stopped and the crew pulled down neighboring fences to use for fuel. On the long grade just west of Lake Cora the engine had trouble getting over it with a load of three cars. The engine was put to its highest speed of four and one half miles per hour but could not make it, so the engineer pulled up the passenger car alone, uncoupled and went back for the other cars.

Once a block of wood fell from the tender to the track and derailed the coach, the passengers rode into town on the engine. A train coming out of Lawton dropped a connecting rod, disabling one cylinder, the train ran in all right with the other one. A flat car ran over a child's leg while he was playing under it. No bones were broken.

The True Northerner noted in 1893 that the narrow gauge railroad had been practically closed to traffic for several days because of snow and two broken down engines. "This has caused considerable delay, nuisance and expense. With a standard gauge railroad no such delays would be experienced Let's have a full sized railway right away. Are there not sufficient able-bodied, live, energetic business men in Paw Paw and its vicinity to get about the work of securing this desirable and needed change?"

Finally, in 1899 the railroad became standard gauge throughout its entire length, its name was

changed to the South Haven and Eastern, G. H. Patterson was made general manager and business began to pick up.

On April 1, 1903, the Pere Marquette purchased the South Haven and Eastern, but neglected it, let it run down and finally leased it and it became the Fruit Belt line. In 1923 the Pere Marquette resumed operations of the road. Although the date is not known passenger service was probably abandoned sometime in the early thirties.

Freight continued to move over the road from Lawton, through Paw Paw to Hartford but traffic was reduced to a little or nothing and the line from Paw Paw to Lawton was abandoned. In 1942 the tracks on this stretch were taken up to provide steel scrap for the war.

The Pere Marquette, which is now owned by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company continues to operate the line west from Paw Paw, with three freight trains running a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Mr. Brock concludes his article with the remark that in its early years the railroad was an indispensable aid to the commerce of Paw Paw, but now with good motor trucks on the highways, and with good highways everywhere, railroad service is not as vital to a small town in Michigan as it was from the 1850's to the 1920's.

Credit must be given to the business men of Paw Paw and vicinity who suffered financial loses to build and operate the road so that they (Paw Paw) could be provided with rail transportation.

DECATUR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT PAPER

By Betty Lou Christensen

My father started bee keeping with his father in Decatur when he was ten years old, and has kept bees ever since. He once had over 300 hives, but now has about 200.

When the trees in the orchards begin to bloom he sends the bees out to them. He has to move the bees at night because most of them are out gathering honey in the day time. Once when he was going up a steep hill a hive of bees fell off the back of the truck. The hive broke open and the bees swarmed all over.

There are over 5,000 bees in one swarm. When the season of flowers does not yield enough honey for the bees during the winter the bee keeper has to feed them a mixture of sugar and water to keep them alive until spring.

When my father moves the bees he nails the two stacks of bodies together and nails a screen to the entrance of the hive. The bees sometimes fly as many as five or ten miles away to find flowers. They work very hard all during the spring when the flowers are in bloom.

You must have a smocker, hive tool and a hat with a screen around it to keep the bees out. My father sets the hives on bricks to keep them off the ground so insects cannot get in to them.

A colony of bees have a queen bee. All she has to do is to lay eggs. A few drones are raised to mate with the young queens, and the rest of the colony is made up of the workers. The workers gather nectar and pollen, make honey, care for the young, clean the hive and perform all the other work necessary for the maintenance of the colony.

Honey-bees have been domesticated since earliest times, and bee keeping was practiced by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks.

When the queen bee lays the eggs part of them are to be young queens and they are fed royal jelly. The queen is five and one half days a larva and eight and one half days a pupa. When the young queen hatches out, the old queen and the older workers of the hive leave the colony in a swarm.

The writer of the above article is the daughter of Roy Christensen. Roy and his father, Hans P. Christensen, have kept bees for many years. It is a most interesting work, but rather hazardous from the fact that the bees are generous stingers. That may account for few people being engaged in it.

A few years ago Roy showed for my benefit moving pictures of bees and how they work. They were most interesting, and he still may have the films.

Honey has the flavor of the blossom from which it is extracted. Flavors easily detected are apple, basswood, buckwheat and clover. Buyers of honey are cautioned to keep it in a dry warm place, never in cellar or refrigerator.

Occasionally a swarm of wild bees will lodge high up in a large hollow tree in the woods. They make their honey there and when the tree is discovered it becomes known as a bee tree. Many years ago I took part in the cutting down of a bee tree on the Greenman farm. It was great fun and a boiler full of comb honey was secured. The combs were large, perhaps six by twelve inches in size. Some of them were borken and it was a sticky job to get them out. I wonder if any other readers of the Republican ever had this experience.

When returning to Marblehead we bought of Hans Christensen several packages of strained honey to take to friends we have made here, and they proved to be very acceptable gifts.

We drove to Rockport for dinner Sunday. It is being done, more and more, this going out to Sunday dinner. It is nearly impossible nowadays to hold to the old fashion habit of thrift in which I was brought up. Families do not try to save as they once did. The new way of life is to spend as you go and let the government support you when you are old. The new way is not confined to New England; it is the same all throughout the great and prosperous United States.

Nearly every village and city along the New England coast has its popular restaurant and all of them are liberally patronized. The restaurant where we ate this Sunday was Hedlund's on Bearskin Neck. It is built on a bluff at the water's edge, and from our seats we looked out onto the harbor containing many yachts and sail boats and an occasional excursion boat.

Bearskin Neck is a narrow street several blocks long extending to a mass of rocks overlooking the ocean. It is lined on both sides with small buildings where artists live and paint and sell their pictures, if they can. We saw some fine exhibits and some that would scare the dogs away. Peo-

ple in other cottages had all kinds of curios for sale. Almost anything that could be attached to one's clothing as an ornament would sell. Pebbles picked up on the beach are made into earrings. Other occupiers of the little cottages sold hot dogs, ice cream, candy, and fruit. Crowds of curiosity seekers ambled up and down the street and sunned themselves on the rocks by the ocean.

Rockport is on Cape Ann five miles north of Gloucester, a city of 25,000, and 26 miles from Marblehead. We passed through Salem, Beverly, Manchester and Magnolia. At Gloucester is the Fishermen's Memorial dedicated to more than 10,000 fishermen who have lost their lives at sea since the beginning of the fishing industry from that port.

Houseman Has Varied Career

(The article is reprinted from the Grand Rapids Press and was sent to the office by Mrs. Anthony De Young.)

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief . . . go down the old rhyme with Henry Houseman and he'll pick out three occupations for himself—teacher, preacher and farmer.

To give him one of his titles, Rev. Houseman is supply minister of the Methodist Harmony chapel Edwards Corners.

Farmer Houseman raises muck crops as a part time occupation on his plot of land near Decatur.

Between times the 58-year-old Houseman is continuing his studies as a candidate for full ordination as a Methodist minister.

Houseman started his working career at only one job—in the Citizens State Bank at Decatur. But he soon took up studies to become a teacher at Western.

Before he got his degree, he started teaching in Augusta High School. He returned to Decatur High, from which he had graduated, and has been there for 30 years—28 of them as principal.

Houseman's interest in the ministry began with part time preaching appearances at churches in the area. He won a full-time appointment in the late 1930's as pastor of the Volinia Baptist church.

He helped reorganize the church which had been about to close, and then was given a post at the Plainwell Presbyterian church. In 1941 he was invited to preach as a guest minister at the Morris Methodist Chapel in Niles and stayed eight and a half years.

He has held the pulpit at Harmony chapel for nearly five years. He is taking graduate work at Winona Lake, Indiana, School of Theology.

A fourth job might be added to Houseman's list—he's also the father of four children. His wife is also a teacher and is employed in the Lawton elementary schools.

A Decatur High School Local History Story by Esther Ruff.

THE HAYDONS OF HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

Ione Haydon was born in 1879 and has lived on the Haydon homestead in Hamilton township all of her life. The homestead had been owned by her grandfather, Philotus Haydon, her father Arthur Haydon and herself 112 years. Her grandfather was one of the all time outstanding citizens of Van Buren county. Her father, who is well remembered by our older residents, was also for many years a leading citizen of our county.

No man who ever lived in Van Buren county was more universally honored and esteemed while living, and more sincerely and generally mourned when dead than Philotus Haydon. There are many now in easy circumstances living in this vicinity, where Mr. Haydon lived from the year 1863 to the time of his death who refer with emotion to the timely assistance he rendered members of their family when struggling for existence in the early settlement of the country. He was never known to take advantage of a man's necessities, never taking more than simple interest for loans, and often none at all, on even a note.

No honest man, no matter how poor he might be, was ever turned away empty handed when applying to him for assistance. If by misfortune a neighbor had lost a horse or an ox out of his team, he knew where to go to get it replaced.

Philotus Haydon never professed or talked religion, but would every day do more Chirstianly acts than many who do profess it. He let his works speak for his christianity. In politics he was a Republican, when that party was organized, and an able advocate of the party's principles on the stump. He served in the Michigan state senate from 1844 to 1851, and was elected supervisor of Hamilton township as long as he could be induced to serve.

The following poem was attached to one of the Civil War diaries of his son, Charles Haydon, a rising young lawyer of Kalamazoo, who joined the Union Army in April, 1861, as a private and was mustered out as a Lieutenant Colonel. He died from wounds received while in action, in 1863. Written on the margin of the poem was this notation, now dim and almost illegible:

"While visiting the picket post I found this lying beside the path in a place very similar to the one described. For that reason I put it in my pocket. November 27, 1861."

THE PICKET GUARD

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
say,
"Except, now and then, a picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
" 'Tis nothing, a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-

night
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the Mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle in memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — May heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree;
The foot-step is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . Ha! Mary, good-by!
The red life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet on the Potomac tonight;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket's off duty forever.

—Ethel Lynn Beers, (1829-1879)

MRS. NORMAN E. WEBSTER

Rose Rezeau Webster died May 25, 1955 at her home, 39 West End Avenue, New York City.

She was of the tenth generation of John Webster, a founder of

Hartford in 1636 and governor of the colony of Connecticut in 1656. Her lineage is on page 630 of the History and Genealogy of the Gov. John Webster Family of Connecticut, 1915.

Her parents were Edward Rezeau 1842-1883—perhaps of the Rezeaus of New Rochelle and Staten Island, and Jeannette Price Rezeau 1853-1903. She was the oldest of four children, three born in Avalon, Missouri, the last in Denver, viz—

Ella Rosabell, August 27, 1871-May 25, 1955; Mary Ethel (Mrs. Fred Hall) June 18, 1875-Sept. 28, 1901; Charles Edward, (Breining) July 19, 1877-February 1940; John Price, May 1882-1887.

After the death of her father October 27, 1883 she lived in the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Kinnea gradaunt, sister of her grandfather- for a short time in Homer, Michigan, and several years in Decatur where she was erroneously known as Rose Kinne.

From Decatur in the late 1880's she went to Elgin, Illinois and was employed in the Elgin National Watch Works until about 1894, after which she spent a year or more with her mother and stepfather, George A. Zimmerman, manager of Christina Lake Mining Company at Atlantic City, Wyoming, where as a diversion she worked a small quantity of ore to gold.

On December 17, 1895 in Denver she was married by the Reverend John N. Freeman, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, to Norman Edward Webster, born March 26, 1869 in Decatur.

They lived in Washington, D.C. to November 15, 1909 and thereafter in New York City except for six years 1914-1920 when they resided in Dobbs Ferry in a house which they built under her supervision because her husband, a public accountant, was traveling most of the time.

She was educated in the Decatur School and in a collegiate institute in Avalon. She had only a little training in music but her ear for it was such that when a circus band or other such organization visited Decatur, she would play the new marches as the pupils assembled in school. For a considerable period she was the organist at Universalist Church in Decatur and for a longer period at Grace M. E. Church in Elgin.

Subsequently, she was a member of that Church in Elgin, of the Church of the Covenant (Presbyterian) and of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York. On November 7, 1919 she became a member of the Mother Church in Boston.

In Washington she was active in a women's organization and after much research prepared and read papers on Italian artists. In New York she was a member of the Town Hall Club for many years and later of the English Speaking Union, of the Woman's Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association and of the Woman's National Republican Club. And with her husband's membership she was usually at his country clubs, Coldstream, Rockwood Hall and Sleepy Hollow in New York suburbs, and Higby Big Moose Club in the Adirondacks where they spent each summer from 1923 except 1929 when they had eleven weeks in Europe.

Her health was excellent until about 1949 when she began to lose weight. She became ill in December 1952. Though better at times she gradually grew worse, sometimes rapidly.

A service was held in their home which she had furnished and greatly enjoyed. Cremation followed at Ferncliff near Ardsley in Westchester County.

June 22, 1955

Dear Arba;

I thank you for your friendship which I think was meant as your tribute to the memory of my wife and also I hope and believe as a solace to me, which it is.

Of course I miss her - I missed her in the too frequent periods when she could not speak although we knew that she heard and understood - and I expect to miss her hereafter when I wish to tell her of things which would be of interest to her.

But I try not to dwell in thoughts

of the future or of the recent past, but of the remote past - of the June day in 1844 when I first met her at a garden party and we were of the mature ages of twelve and fifteen. And I not only smile, I laugh at more of the incidents of the over eleven years that followed to December 17, 1895 when she accepted my name and said "Yes" to the preacher's question.

But the fifty-nine plus years that I had her were so full of incidents that I can't think of all at any one time, and that's a blessing for I have new memories come up so often. My memory is a file cabinet with numberless folders.

Very sincerely yours,
Norman E. Webster

The column this week records the passing of two of my boyhood friends, and the visit to his old home town of another. All three were my fellow residents of Decatur seventy and more years ago, but in later years had established homes in the widely separated cities of New York City, Seattle and Los Angeles.

But they had always remained my friends, and this column is written in sorrow for those who are gone and in greeting to the one who survives.

MRS. BASIL EWALD

Mrs. Nellie Arnold Ewald died at her home in Seattle, Washington Tuesday, June 14. Funeral services and burial were June 18.

Mrs. Ewald was a member of one of Decatur's oldest families. She was born here 86 or 87 years ago, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arnold, and is survived by her daughter Irma, her husband, Basil Ewald, and her sister, Mrs. Eva Hamlin Engle of Kalamazoo. A brother, Frank Arnold, died here some 20 years ago.

Mrs. Ewald was first married to Daniel J. Carney of this village many years ago and he died after they moved to Seattle.

Her grandfather and father were in business together in Decatur and are listed in the Gazetteer of 1869 as H. Arnold and Son, dealers in drygoods, groceries, hats and caps boots, shoes, clothing, etc. They occupied a two story building on the lot where the Republican office is now located.

Mrs. Ewald was the last survivor of the class of 1886 of the Decatur high school. Mrs. Maude Nesbitt Hughes died in Chicago last year and her ashes were then brought to the family lot in Lakeside cemetery for burial. The other members of the class of 1886 were Ward Copley, Minnie Warner Jessup and Nellie Murphy.

Nellie Ewald had a pleasant home in Seattle and she liked the west. But her thoughts were often on Decatur and her old friends still living here. Two years ago when visiting our brother Will and wife, we called on her and gave her an up to date account of the village, which greatly pleased her.

Alice Moulton, in writing of her death, said: "A few days before she died, Nellie called me over the phone and said she did not feel too good, but the doctor told her she would be all right. We talked a long time and the next I heard of her she was dead. One thing about her which stood out was that she was full of kindness. I liked her very much, and on my way home from her funeral I had the feeling that I had lost a very dear friend."

Mrs. Eva Arnold Engle of Kalamazoo had planned for a log time to visit her sister, Mrs. Ewald, in Seattle. They left a few weeks ago, making a leisurely trip by auto and enjoying the scenery along the way. They arrived on Friday, only to find that her sister had passed away on Tuesday. The funeral was held until Saturday so that they could be present.

HARRY L. RUGGLES

I was greatly disappointed to miss a call from Harry L. Ruggles of Los Angeles, California, a few weeks ago. He was born in Decatur 84 years ago and the family moved to Chicago or Oak Park when he was a young boy.

He and Mrs. Ruggles drove here with friends from Chicago following the Rotary International golden anniversary convention held there the first of the month. Harry is one of five whom Paul P. Harris invited to help organize the Rotary club. He is now the sole survivor and an honorary member. His attendance was given special mention in the Chicago papers.

Delegates attended the convention from 65 countries in the Americas, Europe, Asia and Africa. They were business and professional men and statesmen, and the number was estimated to be about 20,000. Vice President Nixon was among the speakers.

Harry left me a souvenir of the convention. It is a medal about the size of a silver dollar. On one side is a bas relief likeness and the name, "Harry L. Ruggles, Originator of Club Singing. Number one Rotarian." On the reverse side is the following: "Golden anniversary. Harry L. Ruggles, Honorary member. 1905 Rotary Club 1955, of Southwest Los Angeles, California Rotary International."

A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

In the issue of June 30 was published an account of the life and death of Mrs. Norman E. Webster of New York City, whom Decatur people of the 1880's knew as Rose Kinne. Her correct name was Rose Rezeau. Mr. Webster, in referring later to her death, said: "Perhaps no one will remember her except Eva Olcott, whose letters you have printed. But others may recall that at one time the corners of Delaware and George Streets were the locations of the homes of Dr. C. T. Baker, A. N. Chamberlin, William E. Trowbridge and Dr. A. J. Kinne. I am pleased to note that pupils of the Decatur public schools are writing papers on local history, and that you are publishing them in your column."

It is probable that even Mr. Webster did not know his wife, in the years of her girlhood, as well as did Mrs. Lawrence, whom he refers to as Eva Olcott. This beautiful tribute from her to Mrs. Webster was received last week and I take pleasure in passing it on to readers of the Republican: To This Week:-

Norman E. Webster's sketch of the life of Rose Kinne is adequate, but I wonder how many persons are living who knew her as well or as lovingly as I did. I mean in Decatur, of course. She has lived a long and useful life. When I read of her death in the Republican of June 30, my mind went back to the little neighborhood where Rose and I were neighbors in the eighties.

Dr. Kinne and family moved to the present site of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brigham, two or three years after my family moved to the westerly corner of George and Sherwood streets.

Dr. and Mrs. Kinne were characters in no small way. They had keen minds and a sense of humor. They were different! Their home seemed to reverberate with a sort of mental energy that influenced all of us. Mrs. Kinne had a penetrating mind and was an unswerving disciplinarian. Rose and I were many times under the spell of her disapproval. We were 12 to 15, "When nobody sympathizes or understands." That was true in the eighties, and it is true today to my great grandchildren, 13 and 15.

It doesn't seem possible that Rose and I were neighbors only three years. So many things happened to us in that short time. I was glad Mr. Webster gave the story of her life, for Rose was such a memorable person. I have often wondered if others also attributed to her the supreme qual-

ities I gave her. I was too young then to name those qualities, I just felt them, and she didn't even know she had depth and poise and confidence within herself. I analyzed these qualities in her after seventy years.

In the summer time the Kinne corner became a bevy of lovely girls, when the Kinne granddaughters always came. They were all musical and added distinction to our neighborhood.

I love to remember that Rose and I were both organists in the little Universalist church on Delaware street. I never became a Christian Scientist as did Rose, but I played the piano for their services for six years, mostly in the Universalist church, which the Christian Scientists rented. It was a delightful experience, for I liked the people very much, and the spirit there.

I was glad to read that Rose was a church organist so much of her life. There is something satisfying about playing for church services. Once upon a time Rose and I met in Mrs. John Chadwick's parlor to rehearse a song duet. As far back as I could remember Mrs. Chadwick had lived in the first house east of the Presbyterian church. She was a sophisticated lady, and her house was a center for musical activities. Her grand piano always faced a corner opposite the audience. On that certain day, the corner was ideal, the grand piano was ideal, the performers were happy, and our devoted listener, Mrs. Chadwick, alone, a perfect audience!

These thoughts were prompted by Mr. Webster's letter. We are sorry he has lost Rose, but it is a rewarding experience to have known such people, for they give one so much to think about. There is a sadness when one does not see them or hear about them for years and years, and then learns that they are gone from the earth.

—E. O. L.

LACHMAN'S MILK PARLOR

By Mary Nemeth, 10th grade Pupil

Four miles north of Decatur on M-40 and not far from Eagle lake is the Lachman farm with its wonderful "Dairy Parlor," the only one of its kind in this vicinity.

Myron Lachman was interested in a career for himself and family. He was not satisfied with what he was doing in Chicago, so decided to come out in the country and establish a dairy farm. He began in the spring of 1951. There were no improvements whatever on the land he bought, and it took the carpenters from six to eight months to complete the building of the barns. They are built in a pen type loafing style, the cows are never tied. He maintains a herd of fifty head and milks an average of twenty-two, all of which are registered Holsteins.

In one of the barns he has a maternity pen, and if a cow freshens during the night he can hear her over his communication radio in the house. This eliminates walking back and forth several times between the house and the barn.

When it is time for the cows to be milked they are led up on a ramp and into individual stalls where they are fed grain and washed. They are then milked two at a time. The milk goes into the way pails and hence directly into the cooler. This saves the handling of heavy milk cans and it is more sanitary. The cows are strictly on a "self fed" feeding program. In other words they eat when they are hungry.

The Lachman milk parlor contains the most modern and convenient utilities. It has an eight can milk cooler, utility tubs, communication radio, and hot water heater.

The walls of the barns are of glazed tile, the ceilings are of knotty pine and the floors are of cement. The barns are treated with carboleneus preserver, which guards against disease. It also protects the wood in all kinds of weather. Once a month all pipes are sterilized against bacteria. Every night all pipes are flushed with P-K powder, which is a bacteria killer.

Few towns can boast of a better equipped milk parlor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Curtis celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at the Volinia town hall Sunday, July 24, and relatives and friends came from far and near to do them honor on the happy occasion.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are among the pioneer families of Cass and Van Buren counties, and Mrs. Curtis was a granddaughter of William N. Pardee, one of Decatur's very first citizens. He came here with the Michigan Central,

Here . . . There . . . and Yonder

A HEAVY toll of traffic accident deaths, drownings and miscellaneous accidents, — 599 in all, were recorded by American motorists during the three-day Labor Day week end. It exceeded earlier predictions and the toll of 430 for last year's holiday. The record year for deaths was 1951, when a total of 658 was reported. Safety council statistics show that 32 other persons are injured for every traffic death. Also for every three persons killed a fourth dies later of injuries. MANY LOCAL

people stayed close to home Monday and enjoyed a peaceful day. The Slacks called in a few friends and all enjoyed a picnic in the backyard with grilled hamburgers and all that goes with a picnic lunch. It was also a good day for working on new lawns as was the case at the Don Weises' with the help of Clarence Reits, and Bob Sandberg had a bit of extra help at his home raking and leveling the yard in preparation for sowing grass seed. These sunny days are wonderful for cleaning the weeds out of the flower gardens, those, that persist to grow along with the perennials and annuals. Mrs. Marion Fisher was taking advantage of the late sun, Monday as she worked in her flowers. The Fishers have a very attractive home and the nice lawn and flowers show they have had a lot of good grooming. There are any number of attractive homes in the village and many spend hours tending their lawns, shrubs and flowers. A SHORT time ago an ordinance was passed to protect all homes against undesirable situations. Right now there is a problem of a house trailer that has been moved into the village. This was one thing property owners were supposed to have been protected against. The trailer is very lovely and its cost can be compared to many homes, yet if it is allowed to come in, won't there be others who will do the same. The council has yet to decide the issue and its decision will be known early next week. THE GRANDMOTHER, on the $64,000 question, again showed that the old gals could still keep up with the younger generation, when it comes to answering questions for the big money. The following years of 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1946, correctly answered the $8,000 question put to her by Hal March. SEE GINO, the shoemaker who was a winner, was pictured greeting his father in a Tuesday evening daily. However the caption below Gino's pictures dealt with the three men who have just been released by the communists and the three column caption telling of his reunion with his 92 year old father was found beneath the cut of the three men. Even dailies make mistakes. WE HAVE a new puppy at our house — a six-weeks old Saint Bernard and we have named him "Rasco" the same name given to the other one we had last summer. He's now in dog heaven, since he was ill with a disease from which he could not recover. Dr. Davis, the veterinarian at Benton Harbor put him to rest. This "baby" has a part white face and four white feet. Most of his body is brown. We bought him through a classified advertisement in the South Bend Tribune from a family at Berrien Springs. If he reaches the height of his father, he will really be a beautiful dog and one that all the children in the neighborhood will love to pet. Jade, our great dane thought he should follow Gregory to school Tuesday. However, she was called back, and with a dejected look, went slowly into the house.

Decatur's Newest Subdivision

Decatur's newest sub-division—Lakeview Park, consists of 17 lots designed and plotted by Raymond Gale on land owned by Mr. Gale just across the road north of the new school. Being near the school it was designed for safety of families with youngsters. There are no four corners. There is a circular drive Shady Lane, an angular drive Rosewood Avenue. Also a west drive, Oak Lane and an Elmwood Road.

Many hard maples, some silver maple, red maple, sycamore and mountain ash and over 200 shrubs have been set. The lots are of various shapes and are large enough to take the new modern ranch type homes. Michigan Gas has run electric lines, and the village will put in water mains this spring. Streets will be graded and gravelled.

Donald Drenth has a home started on Shady Lane facing Oak Lane Drive and Randolph Gale has the frame up for a three bedroom house with full basement. All lots are in the village limits.

Pvt. Alba Mallory

COMPLETED BASIC INFANTRY TRAINING

Pvt. Alba Mallory, son of Mrs. Nille Mallory Box 265 Beer Street Decatur, has completed his basic infantry training at Fort Leonard Wood with a unit of the 6th Armored Division.

After induction into the Army at his home station, Pvt. Mallory processed through the 5045th ASU Reception Station at Fort Leonard Wood, where he received his initial Army clothing, and took the tests to determine his assignment in the Army after completion of basic training.

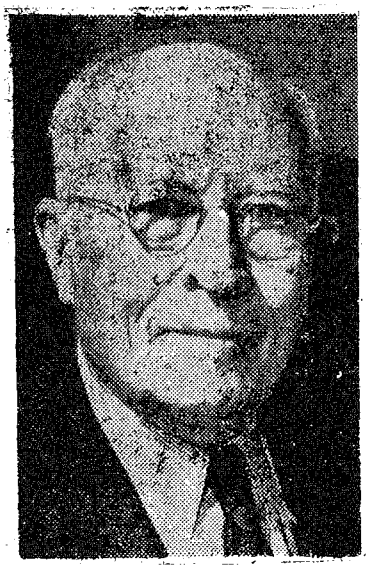
In the first eight weeks, he is being taught the basic elements of military life, how to defend himself individually and with a unit, how to live with other soldiers, basic infantry techniques, and other fundamental facts important to his success in the military service.

Upon completion of the eight-week infantry training cycle here with the famed "Super Sixth" he will receive a leave before beginning eight weeks of advance basic training, either at Fort Leonard Wood or another training installation.

"The guy who brags that he has a head on his shoulders, sometimes has a point there!"—Betty Jane Balch.

The sunflower starfish may reach a diameter of two feet.

Former Republican Publisher Dies



Arba N. Moulton

COURTESY KALAMAZOO GAZETTE

Arba N. Moulton, 84, well-known in this community, died Sunday [illegible] the Harmon Nursing Home in Kalamazoo, where he had been a patient for one week. Mr. Moulton [illegible] a short time.

Mr. Moulton was the editor and publisher of the Decatur Republican for more than 50 years. He retired August 13, 1951 at which time the paper was sold to the Dalton Kinneys. However, Mr. Moulton continued as a member of the staff and his column "This Week" appeared as a front page feature until a few weeks ago, when he became unable to carry it on.

For the past few years he had been in Marblehead, Mass., with his wife and daughter and spending a few weeks each summer at their home on St. Mary's Street.

Mr. Moulton was a member of the Library Board, active in Republican circles, member of the Lions club and former postmaster from April 18, 1909, until June 17, 1913.

Mr. Moulton was born in Decatur May 6, 1872, the son of Mr. Arthur L. and Ella Taylor Moulton. He was married to Marion (Mollie) Willison, June 19, 1901.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Eleanor, and a brother, William of Seattle, Washington.

Funeral services were conducted Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the Methodist Church with Eber C. Chase, first reader of the Dowagiac First Church of Christ Scientist officiating. Burial followed in Lakeside Cemetery.

Pall bearers were Otis Howe, Earl Copely, Clayton Howe, Lyle Parker, Arthur Howe and Elmer Adams.

Honorary pall bearers were Mr. Whiteley of Dowagiac, Mr. Lewis of Lawton, Donald Cochrane and Mr. Jack Sinclair of Hartford, and Mr. Spicer of Paw Paw.

Mr. Moulton attended the local schools and graduated from the Decatur high school in 1889. Following his graduation, he went to Chicago to work and in January of 1897 began his career as editor and publisher of the Republican.

The following is taken from the Centennial Souvenir Book printed in 1948, written and compiled by Rolland Haefner.

"The Decatur Republican stands as a vital monument to the niche that Arba N. Moulton has carved in Decatur's history and in the hearts of a multitude of people.

. . . The character of Mr. Moulton is personified in his newspaper and radiates most of all the spirit of genuine friendliness and neighborly good will. Never a word enters the print to debase the character of a person nor to achieve an end that would trample the dignity of a fellowman."

ARBA MOULTON'S FAMILY

Charles H. Mahoney

Born in Decatur, Charles Henry Mahoney has grown into a man more than six feet tall and weighing 210 pounds.

Charles Mahoney was the first resident of Detroit, and the first North American Negro to be appointed a full delegate of the U. S. to the ninth session of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Since 1917, when he first became active in the affairs of his city, Mr. Mahoney has been marking up "firsts" for his race. In 1918 he was appointed by Mayor J. Couzens to Detroit's City Planning Commission. He was "first" of his race to serve on a city commission. He served on this commission for four years and then was chosen for ten consecutive

years as a member of the Wayne County Board of Supervisors.

In 1939 the State government beckoned to Mr. Mahoney again, as Governor Frank Fitzgerald appointed him to the State Department of Labor and Industry, an important post in such an industrial state. Once again it was a Michigan "first" for his race. He served in this capacity for seven years.

Mr. Mahoney says that he has never been interested in being "first." "I want to do the best job I can for my Country, and I want to leave the door open for those who will come after me."

Graduating from the local high school, he entered Olivet College, the sole Negro student in the college. Finishing three years at Olivet, he went to Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, where he taught in the University's elementary school while completing work on his degree. Then he entered the University of Michigan where he received his law degree in 1911, the same year he was admitted to the bar. With $12 in his pocket, he went to Detroit to build his law practice.

In 1928 Mr. Mahoney and a small group of businessmen organized an Insurance Company, which was reorganized in 1944 as the Great Lakes Mutual Life Insurance Co. It now has about $50 million worth of life insurance in force and assets of more than $5 million. Mr. Mahoney is President of the Company. He is also President of the Great Lakes Land and Investment Company and of the Great Lakes Agency Company.

Mr. Mahoney has tried unsuccessfully three times for public office "Nothing I ever tried for did I get," he mused recently, "and nothing I ever got did I try for."

Five colleges have conferred Doctor of Law degrees upon him. In 1955 he was advised by the Department of State at Washington D. C., of his appointment as a member of the Panel for Inquiry and Conciliation which has been created for the purpose of assisting the United Nations in settlement of disputes. The appointment will run for five years.

Mr. Mahoney and his wife maintain a home at Holly, Michigan. They also have an apartment in Detroit. They have no children.

The walls of his home are lined with books and Mr. Mahoney says, "I've read two or three books a week as long as I can remember." "I also like to fish. Not to catch fish. Don't like to eat them particularly, but to relax, to get myself together after a hard day. I like to hunt, too. Not to shoot the animals. Some days I will just go up the hill and sit hours and watch what's happening."

Lincoln Believed In People . . .

Abraham Lincoln could have told modern dictators a thing or two. He could have told them that you should never sell the common sense of the common people short in any country under the sun. And that while you may mislead the people for a time, time eventually runs in THEIR favor, never yours. He said: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." A very common sense truth that Hitler, Mussolini and Peron found out too late.

Dr. Dalton K. Rose

Outstanding Physician and Surgeon.

Dr. Dalton Rose, a former Decatur boy, has for many years resided in Clayton, Missouri, a St. Louis surburb, where he is engaged in private practice and was also professor of Urology at Washington University Medical School in St. Louis.

Five years ago when the doctor reached 65, he became 'Emeritus' professor "and with this partial release from responsibilities," he writes, "together with approaching retirement from medical practice, he and his wife (the former Cora Lee King of Olivet, Michigan) began taking longer and longer vacations.

Last year they purchased a house on Belleair Beach which is situated on a key in the Gulf of Mexico, directly west of Clearwater and their postoffice address is Indian Rocks Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. Rose plan to spend six or eight months a year in Florida and the remaining months in Clayton, Missouri.

For their retirement project they have chosen an "improved" black walnut orchard. Previous to this, they raised cattle for many years. However, they sold the herd seven years ago and became interested in the unique orchard.

The walnut trees are planted 50 feet apart on the square plan and cover 80 or 90 acres of the old pasture. The doctor explains the orchard as follows.

"Improved black walnuts refer to varieties accidentally discovered somewhat like the original "Delicious" apple was found. They have quite a thin shell, large kernel, and crack out a very high percent of halves and quarters. This inproved variety must be budded or grafted upon seedlings grown from 'wild' or forest black walnuts. We trim the trees to at least a 16 foot bole-log. This means continued interest. It is well known that older people enjoy planting trees. Mrs. Rose is the chief 'budder' and 'grafter,' and warmly advocates this as interesting work "for the ladies."

Dr. and Mrs. Rose have a duaghter, Anne Lee Stewart and two grandchildren, Mike, age seven, and Molly, four. Molly was named after the doctor's mother Mary Kelly, called Molly as a child. They live in New Canaan, Connecticut, 45 minutes from New York City. Mr. Stewart is connected with McKinsey and Company, Capital Management Consultants in New York City.

Dr. Rose and his wife drive east to visit their daughter and family and also his brother Max, who lives in New York City. We also have a brief account of his life in this special issue.

Dr. Rose visits his boyhood home every year and adds that he is antiscipating a visit to Decatur in the near future.

N. E. Webster Dies in New York

Norman E. Webster, a former resident of Decatur, passed away at his home in New York City, on July 15th, at the age of 87. Crematory services were held on July 17th. He left only distant relatives, his wife having passed away in May, 1955.

Mr. Webster was born in Decatur on March 26, 1869, and graduated from the local school in 1886. He was married to Rose Rezeau about 1887 and then left Decatur to follow his accounting work in broader fields. In 1893 he was Division Superintendent at the World's Fair and was admitted to the bar and continued his work with the Treasury Department at Washington, D.C.

He formed the partnership of Webster, Horne and Elsdon of Broadway, N.Y. and continued active until the past few years.

Mr. Webster always took a great deal of interest in the progress of Decatur, and made many visits here to keep contact with its growth and betterment. Among his close friends was Arba N. Moulton with whom he worked to preserve the history and background of Decatur, and future development.

Dale E. Hathaway

Agricultural Economist on the staff of C. E. A. for President Eisenhower since Sept. 1955.

Last September, Dr. Hathaway was appointed to the staff of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors in Washington.

Dr. Dale E. Hathaway, a native of Decatur is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hathaway of route 2, and was a member of the 1941 graduating class of the local high school.

He was given a leave of absence of one year from the Michigan State University where he served as an Agricultural Economist.

He is the only agricultural economist on the staff of the CEA.

After graduating from high school, Dale received a bachelor's degree from MSU, a master's degree in 1948 from Harvard and in 1952, his doctor's degree was granted from the same University.

While serving on the faculty of MSU, Dr. Hathaway was an extension specialist in public affairs. During this time he did much research on agricultural prices in farm policy.

The former Decatur man has written several articles and bulletins in the agricultural economics field. He was awarded the prize in the Journal of Farm Economics last year.

Dr. Hathaway married the former Helen Jean Pollock, granddaughter of Fred Pollock, in 1941. They have three children, Ann Lee, Linda and Roy Randall.

ARGUMENTS STILL CONTINUE

Paw Paw's 'Ride' on Railroad Boom Full of Bumps, Rebels, Bankruptcy

(Editor's Note: This article was written for the Gazette by Thomas Brock, vice president of the Kalamazoo Historical Society. It is a condensation of a research report he authored for the "Michigan History" magazine, journal of the Michigan Historical Society.)

By THOMAS BROCK

PAW PAW, Mich., Jan 28 — "Paw Paw might have been as big as Kalamazoo—or bigger—if the railroad had gone through here as originally planned."

You can still hear that argument in this village of 2,500 persons. And there may be some truth in it.

As it was, when the State of Michigan sold the Michigan Central Railroad to private owners in 1846 these owners changed the route. Instead of going west from Kalamazoo through Paw Paw to St. Joseph, it headed southwest from Kalamazoo to Niles and New Buffalo. This was done so to to get to Chicago by the most direct route from Kalamazoo.

SOUTH OF TOWN

The Michigan Central missed Paw Paw by four miles. It established a station four miles south of Paw Paw and called it Paw Paw Station. This name was later changed to Lawton.

Paw Paw was the largest village in Van Buren County at that time and the county-seat. To get a railroad outlet the business men of Paw Paw got together and sponsored a four-mile connection to the Michigan Central. Although this railroad was started in 1857 it was not actually built until after the Civil War in 1867.

Named the Paw Paw Railroad, its tracks were the shortest railroad in the state. It had one old engine named the "Vulcan" and one caboose which served as passenger and baggage car. All of its rolling stock came from the Michigan Central.

The railroad never made any money and in 1875 the Paw Paw Township Board, which had loaned it $36,000, investigated its financial affairs and found some shady dealings. A group of Paw Paw and Lawton business men got together and bought the road out. The leader of this group was John Ihling, who was the road's superintendent.

Since the road hadn't made any money, Ihling and his friends decided to extend it farther with the hope that it would then be a paying proposition. Since a "Fruit Belt Line," never found enough money to convert its line to electricity and so it ran steam engines. In 1911 it leased its property to the Michigan Electric Railways (interurban) but this company never succeeded in electrifying the line, either.

In 1914 the "Fruit Belt" was returned to its original owners. In 1923 it went bankrupt and the South Haven and Eastern section went back to the Pere Marquette. The section from Lawton to Paw

mazoo was abandoned. Part of this abandoned line is used by American Telephone and Telegraph for cables and also is used as a bridal path.

CLOSED SECTION

The Pere Marquette continued to run the line from Lawton to South Haven. In 1942, it closed the section from Paw Paw to Lawton and sold the iron to a war scrap drive. Thus, Paw Paw's connection with the Michigan Central was finally gone for good. After all, trucks could now handle Paw Paw's kind of freight better than trains.

The Pere Marquette, which is now controlled by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, still runs the line west of Paw Paw. Three times a week a freight comes in from Hartford, where the Pere Marquette mainline crosses the old South Haven and Eastern.

Where would Paw Paw be today if the Michigan Central had built through it in 1848? Without a mainline railroad, Paw Paw remained small in spite of its efforts to build its own line.

LINE EXTENDED

As the years went by, this narrow-gauge line from Lawton through Paw Paw to Lawrence was extended. In 1883 it was opened to Hartford. Finally in 1887 the road was completed to South Haven and Paw Paw had a connection to Lake Michigan and the lake freighters.

The road did not show a profit even then. It went bankrupt in 1890 and new owners acquired it in 1894 and changed the name to South Haven and Eastern Railroad. The road was still in bad shape physically and a lot of it was due to the fact that the road was narrow gauge. At a large expense the new owners made the line standard gauge in 1899. For a few years after this the road made money.

In 1903 the Pere Marquette purchased the South Haven and Eastern with the hope that it might use it as a line to Kalamazoo. This would have fulfilled a Paw Paw dream of being on a through railroad.

However, the Pere Marquette had financial troubles and in 1907 leased the South Haven and Eastern to an interurban line. This was the Kalamazoo, Lake Shore and Chicago which hoped to build an electric line from Kalamazoo to South Haven, with boat connections to Chicago.

It built a line from Kalamazoo to Lawton and used the South Haven and Eastern for the rest of the trip to South Haven. The K., L.S. and C., known as the

Here . . . There . . . and Yonder

HERE THERE YONDER

WE SPENT the weekend in Indiana with my mother, brother and sister and their families. was a special occasion in that th Home Builders of Anderson wer displaying a "Show of Homes" an my brother, who has been in the building game for 20 years, showec a tri-level home, in Nor-Wood Hills, a restricted sub-division. There was a continual stream of people entering and leaving the house and in the two days, the total number who visited the house almost equaled ¾'s of the population of our fair village. . . . . EARLY MONDAY morning we were saddened by the news of Mr. Moulton's death. He was indeed a grand person and his passing is greatly mourned by his family, our local community, by those who once lived here and by his friends he made in and around Marblehead. When we first bought the Republican office in August of 1951, he came regularly for a few months to the office and enjoyed doing a bit here and there to help out. He was also eager to read the galley proofs, check the paper and always brought down the copy for his column "This Week" which has filled a prominent place on the first page. We are sorry it is no more — We shall miss it. Mr. Moulton was editor and publisher of the Republican for more than 54 years. He delighted in his work and kept long hours. He was known to all and all knew and respected him. If there was any one who wanted to know about the long ago — they were always referred to Mr. Moulton. He possessed a keen memory and knew of the development of the town and the history of its people. Mr. Moulton was a familiar figure about the village and in speaking to those on the street, he was always able to draw out an item for the paper. For these jottings, he usually carried the back of an envelope and a short, stubby pencil. He liked to visit with those who called at the office and in the past five years, we have had many callers who stopped by just to say hello to Mr. Moulton or to inquire how he was. Many were disappointed if they found he was not in Marblehead. Even though Mr. Moulton liked Decatur and lived here the greater share of his life, these last few years he spent in Marbelhead were truly interesting and he enjoyed being with his family, he lovingly referred to "as the girls," and enjoyed the drives through the country and his visits to places of interest. He also enjoyed those Sunday dinners at the quaint old Inns. He liked watching the sail boats that were anchored just beyond their home. Coming back to Decatur each summer was a highlight in his life as it was for us, who also looked forward for the house on St Mary's to be re-opened. We always enjoyed a dinner together during these summer visits. Mr. Moulton could liven up any dinner conversation by recalling some interesting incident in connection with the Republican office. I am truly happy that I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Moulton and as I write this column, my heart is heavy and my eyes well up in tears, realizing that I have lost a fine friend. Getting the Republican to press today is really a chore and am not much interested in doing it.

THIS WEEK

By ARBA N. MOULTON, *Editor*

ALONZO NEWTON BENN

A letter from a friend in Chicago contained a notice of the death of Alonzo Newton Benn. It occurred Tuesday, February 14, at the age of 89, in his home, 5000 East End Avenue.

Only a few weeks ago there was printed in this column a short sketch of his life taken from the Chicago Tribune. Our last letter from him was written to express his appreciation for the writeup and to say that he had ordered a dozen extra copies. He wrote a cordial letter, giving no intimation that he was not in the best of health, so we conclude that his passing was sudden. He said that his wife, who had been seriously

ill for the past three and one half years, was slowly improving, for which he was very grateful.

When he retired as vice president and general manager of the G. H. Hammond Company, meat packers, his active mind rebelled against idleness, and he decided to make a name for himself as a writer. Mrs. Benn's remark that he couldn't mix pigs with poetry led him to the attempt to convince her that he could. In a little time he succeeded. He gave the Republican credit for helping him to get started, and he was a loyal and generous friend. We printed his autobiography in weekly installments which ran for over a year.

Alonzo was a consistent and persistent advertiser and gained his national audience in this way. When the Republican had published enough of his Timely Reflections to cover a sheet of paper the size of a letterhead, he would make up a sheet of them in the order he desired and send us an order for 1,000 copies. He would send these out to newspapers, magazines and house organs everywhere with the notice that the recipients were welcome to publish them. He wrote not long ago that his Timely Reflections had a circulation of over a million copies. This was Alonzo's hobby. He did not try to make money from his writing. It satisfied him to be able to command a sizable reading public, he enjoyed the business activity the hobby furnished him, and he was generous in paying for the work required of others.

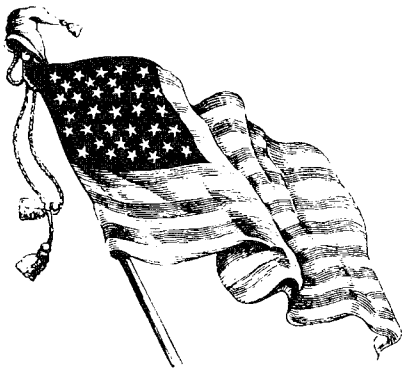
Mr. Benn owned patents on methods of curing and smoking meats, and devised a system of receiving and copying telegrams by typewriter rather than by hand.

He was twice president of the Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He also was a former secretary of the South Shore Country Club, a member of the Chicago Athletic Association, the Union League Club, and the Executives Clubs.

Here are samples of his Timely Reflections:

OLD GLORY

I love each shining star because
It tells a wondrous story;
I love each stripe no whit the less
And shall as I grow hoary!
I love its field of azure blue
Wherein each star does twinkle;
I love its red and snowy white
And every fold and wrinkle!
I love to see it float on high
Above each tower and steeple;
I love to doff my hat to it,
The flag of a free people.
I love Old Glory more each day,
The banner of our nation;
The grandest country in the world,
The best of God's creation!



OPPORTUNITY

Each golden sunrise ushers in new opportunities for those who retain faith in themselves and keep their chins up. No one ever saw a cock crow with its head down, but always high in the air; nor can one gain the right outlook on life with his head held low. Courage to start and willingness to keep everlastingly at it are the requisites for success. Meet the sunrise with confidence and fill every golden minute of the day with right thinking and worthwhile endeavor and there will be joy for you in each golden sunset.

Alonzo Newton Benn.

A school paper by Vernon Davis:

PROGRESS OF FARM MACHINERY

In ancient Egypt the plow was for many years just a forked stick with which the slaves worked the ground. Next the Egyptians used a larger forked stick which oxen drew and slaves guided. Later, people found that if a board was nailed to a post and drawn by horses they could plow quite well.

Still they were not satisfied and always were looking for improvements. In 1837 John Deere invented the first steel plow which was one of the greatest improvements in the farming profession. Today farmers have steel plows which range in size from one to six bottoms.

The Tractor

In the early days of farming the people used slaves, oxen, horses and the tractor. The early tractors were run by steam and were large and powerful. They did much to speed up the progress of farming.

One drawback was that they had to have water for steam which meant that early farmers who owned tractors needed a horse drawn water wagon. Then with the coming of gas engines they were able to do away with the water wagon. Also the tractors were made smaller which meant that they could do much finer work. There were many more jobs which the tractor was able to do. Still they had steel wheels.

Today tractors are as highly mechanized as our cars, and can do many more jobs on the farm than the early tractors. There are many attachments which do the jobs, such as plowing, cultivating, combining, planting grain and picking corn. These are only a few of the many jobs that tractors can do.

Threshers and Combines

In early times the farmers used a flail to beat the grain out of the shock and on to a large sheet of metal. Next they sifted the grain on the sheet of metal very slowly so that chaff might blow away and the grain land in a large bucket.

The tread mill was the next step in the threshing of grain. The tread mill was a box about eight feet long and four feet wide. A horse was placed inside it and made to walk in it causing a belt to work another machine behind it. The grain which men were placing in the mill to be harvested was shaken out along the box.

They used horses next to run the thresher. They were fastened to a post by means of a spoke running from the post. As the horses walked around in a circle they turned the post.

A belt was fastened to the post and the thresher, and when the horses walked around they provided the power for the thresher. The thresher was a machine that took the grain out of the hull and placed it in bags held by the men. After the grain was taken out of the hull the straw was blown into a pile.

Today, farmers harvest their grain with a combine. This machine cuts the grain, takes it out of the hull, cleans it and makes it ready for sale or use as feed.

Since Decatur was founded in '48, one hundred and eight years ago, about twenty thousand people have come here to establish homes. Some of them have remained until taken by death, some are still here, and some have moved on to seek greener pastures. Twenty thousand is but a rough guess and may be far from correct. There is nothing definite to go by, but anyone can make a guess.

The names of many of the early settlers are familiar to readers of the Republican, some can be recalled by a few, and others are completely lost to the present generation.

Mrs. George Corliss of South Haven has done and is doing more than anyone else in establishing a

link between the present and past generations of our citizens. She has put years into the study of genealogy, and has copied the census records of Van Buren county back to the beginning. She has helped many an interested person to trace his or her ancestry for eligibility to membership in the Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution, and in this work she has been ably assisted by Mrs. Louis Longcore of Lawrence.

A recent letter from Mrs. Corliss tells of her search for data on the Nash families of Cass and Van Buren counties, and asks for assistance. The name was once in prominence in Decatur, but seems to be extinct at the present time. She has learned from the Decatur census of 1870, that Ira Nash, then 64, was born in Connecticut, and from other sources that he died in Kalamazoo in 1880 or 1881. The Van Buren County Gazetteer of 1869 gives Ira Nash as head of the firm of Nash, Keables and Nicholson, dealers in drygoods, groceries, etc., Poor block on Phelps street. His home was on the east side of George street near the south village limits.

Polly Nash, 61, probably his wife, was born in New York, and we have no further record of her. Was she living when Ira died, and did she continue to live in Decatur? Two daughters were Frances who married Jacob Hoog in 1864 and Flora A. who married George L. Linder in 1869. Linder is recorded in the Gazeteer as a Decatur farmer, but the interest centers in Polly Nash, whose maiden name was Crandall.

The Crandall families in 1869 were among the most prominent in Decatur, but they have apparently dropped out of the records completely. The Gazetteer contains a large adv. of "Crandall Brothers, Chas. H. and James F., Resident Dentists, office over Chadwick's store, Decatur, Mich. Dentistry in all its branches performed with neatness and dispatch. Teeth extracted without pain. All work warranted and satisfaction guaranteed in every particular or no pay required. Special attention given to preserving and filling decayed and ulcerated teeth. Examination free of charge. We take pleasure in referring those who wish our services to the following gentlemen: Dr. Chas. T. Baker, Dr. G. W. Rogers, Dr. J. T. Keables, Dr. Wm. Ross and S. G. Toof, Surgeon Dentist.

James F. Crandall was secretary and Chas. H. treasurer of the Decatur Dramatic Association, C. H. was vice president and played second E-flat in the Decatur Cornet Band. Rev. Nelson Crandon was pastor of the Baptist Church and lived at the corner of Delaware and Boughton streets, and C. H., J. F. and Samuel N. Crandall lived with him. Now is there anyone living who knows anything about the Crandalls?

Mrs. Corliss also asks if we ever knew a family in Decatur by the name of Barden or Borden, and the answer has to be no. The nearest we can come to it is the well remembered Milo D. Barton who farmed for many years on the west side of Lake of the Woods and retired to a home on the northeast corner of St. Mary's and Williams streets.

What has become of these families once prominent in Decatur?

DOUGLAS LEE ADDITION

High School Essay

Writer not named.

Seventy-five years ago, where the Douglas Lee Addition to the Village of Decatur is now located, there was nothing but a pasture and scrub oak land. Seventy-five years ago you could build a boat house on any part of Lake of the Woods by scooping out a channel for it so the boards would not warp.

People in Decatur never thought of building houses on Lake of the Woods. No one bought any of the lake frontage until later years. If some one had bought land around the lake fifty or more years ago and held it until now it would have made him wealthy. Before summer resorts became popular the land could have been bought dirt cheap.

The present improved Pine street road leads down to what was known as Welcher Cove. The old swimming hole was off to the right of Welcher's Cove. In the early days only boys were allowed to swim there. There were at one time two sandbars off the old swimming hole. One of them has disappeared because the lake has receded. There is a sunken island in the lake somewhere near the camp, Lake of the Woods. There was another cove called Long Cove around to the left of the Pine street road, and another indentation called the Copley Cove.

Before the days of electric refrigerators Decatur depended upon Lake of the Woods for ice to fill its ice boxes. An ice house was built on the east end of the lake and Lewis D. Roberts was the first man in charge of it. Later Churchill Youells, father of Mrs. Raymond Gale, had charge of the ice house. Next Marlin Haney stored ice in it. They cut ice by a saw run by a gas engine. By the use of an inclined plane the ice was then skidded up into the ice house. Men stood on the sides with pike poles to push the ice blocks up the grade. In storing the ice they would put down a layer of sawdust, then a layer of ice, then a layer of sawdust and so on until the ice house was full.

In 1947 Dalton Kinney bought the land where the new addition is now built, naming it the Douglas Lee Addition in remembrance of his son. He built the streets too, in memory of his son. They are Memory Lane, Douglas Drive, Lee Avenue and Kinney Street.

The first house built in the new addition was in 1947 by Bob Athey. This new addition is the most modern part of Decatur. The Douglas Lee Addition now contains thirty-two houses.

How it happened I do not know, and Will says that he doesn't know. But this is the fact, as he says himself, that Will E. Hampton, a Knights of Pythias friend of many years, sent his usual holiday poem in rhyme at the usual time, "was mailed with a three cent stamp and my address for return if undelivered," but it was never received by me and never returned to him. So now he has been notified of the loss and another copy has arrived in the mail today.

Mr. Hampton was a newspaper editor at Charlevoix and at Niles before he settled down to a life time job as Grand Keeper of Records and Seals of the Knights of Pythias Lodge of Michigan. He has now settled down from that job to a pleasant life of retirement at the home of his son in Dearborn.

Year after year for many years his holiday poem has had its prominent place in this column of the Republican. It has always been original, cheerful, hopeful and inspiring, and this year is no exception. Because it possesses all of these fine qualities and reveals the surest remedy for keeping young, and because it will be an inspiration to many who read it, although late for the period intended, his greeting of the season of 1955-6 is printed here. The writer will be 92 years old in May.

MY CREED

To live my life as best I may,
Through storm or sunshine, day by day,—
Doing my best here while I stay—
This is my creed.

Speaking no ill of any man—
Seeing the good where'er I can—
Trying to live as God would plan—
This is my creed.

If Christ be Son of God, or man,
Enters not in my life plan—
To live as He'd wish near as we can—
This is my creed.

No Priest or Preacher can save my soul—

The blood of Jesus can't "make me whole."
If I sin I must surely pay the toll.
This is my creed.
That God hears prayers though not spoken aloud—
With the head not even in reverence bowed—
To believe as I must, not follow the crowd—
This is my creed.
To squarely play in Life's great game,
Seeking for neither wealth or fame
To leave my sons an honest name—
This is my creed.

* * *

May your Christmases all be merry ones—
Your New Years all be happy ones
And all your days be healthy ones;
This, too, is my "creed."
—W. E. H.

445 S. Waverly, Dearborn, Mich.

PEACOCKS

By Josephine Watson, Decatur Public Schools.

Peacocks belong to the pheasant family. There are two or three species of peacocks, two of which are found in Indo China, neighboring islands and Southern Asia. These other species have become extensively domesticated as ornamental birds in America and Europe.

Peacocks are about the size of turkeys. The male peacock has a long train of greenish feathers marked with eye spots growing from the middle of his back. His under parts are a purplish blue, and the neck and breast are metallic green. The female peacock is slightly smaller than the male and not so vividly colored. The females do not have the beautiful tails of the males.

The plumes of the male peacocks are not tail quils but tail coverlets. The female peacocks are often called peahens, and the male peacocks peafowl. The wooded hill country of India and Ceylon are the native home of the peacocks.

When courting, the male spreads his plumes and struts slowly in front of the females. He usually secures three or four hens. They then live in small flocks. Wild peacocks lay from six to eight eggs, and raise only one brood a year. The nest is rudely constructed and placed on the ground. Rarely they will build them on low branches or ruined buildings. The eggs are incubated from 25 to 30 days.

In Bengal, Java and Sumatra they shoot peacocks for sport. In India they are held sacred to certain casts and superstitions. Birds brought high prices in Greece in the time of Pericles. Peacocks eat worms, insects, small snakes, frogs, snails, juicy grasses and seeds.

The Romans' greatest dishes were peacock tongues and brains. Peacocks were also served roasted in their own feathers. Solemn oaths were also taken on the peacock. To a well known myth the strange eyelike markings of the coverlet plumes were the hundred eyes of the giant Argus, set there by the god Juno.

Under the Chinese Empire peacock feathers were given as a reward to mandarins for public service. The peacock throne of the Mongul emperors at Dulhi had for its background the figure of a peacock with expanded tail wrought in gold and precious stones.

The peacock is a well known bird, known mostly for his beautiful feathers.

This letter from Mr. Hampton was printed in a recent issue of the Saturday Post. Readers of the Post will know to what it refers:

"Dear Sirs:

" . . . Beverly Smith . . . says Alben Barkley fathered the story of the preacher who prayed for help in his need, but 'Please, Lord, no more pepper.' I heard that story under a different dress when I was a boy of twelve, eighty years ago! It originated in Emmet County, Michigan, during early days when homesteaders were needing aid from 'outside' to get through the severe winter of 1876, and was credited to a parson praying for help, and in his enthusiasm asked for a 'bar'l of pork, and a bar'l of flour, and a bar'l of sugar, and a bar'l of pepper—no, Lord, not so much pepper.'

Will E. Hampton, Sr.,
Dearborn, Mich.

Among the prized possessions of the young people of the century past was an autograph album. My autograph album was given me as a Christmas present when I was ten years old. It cost 15 cents, but that was a fairly good price then, and I had a good time getting relatives and friends to write in it. Am sure I have it stored away among the keepsakes in the Decatur home.

This story is about the autograph album of Norman E. Webster of New York City, N. Y., a Decatur school boy during the seventies and eighties; and older readers of the Republican will recognize some of the names written in it. He writes: "Recently I found a small autograph album which my teacher in the Second Intermediate, Celeste Roben, gave me in March, 1879 when I was ten years old and my parents moved to Sturgis. Time has faded most of the pen writen contributions, but besides Sturgis names there are these of Decatur friends:

"Freddie Chamberlin, Ward Copley, Will P. Harlow, Carl Nicholson, Ralph A. Slocum, Charlie Warren, Frank Thomas. The last named wrote, 'I only ask a little spot--' You know the rest.

"Others who wrote were Frances Allen and Sylvia Maxham, sisters of my father; Mary A. Northrup and Carrie G. Northrup, sister and niece of my mother.

"The greetings and advice in the little book are too long to be copied here, and I ought not to include some and omit others. But one was a prophecy as follows:

"May your album be a treasure
Full of autographs of friends.
May it always be a pleasure
To read all pages to the end."

"That friend's wish was realized, and still is."

Freddie Chamberlin was a son of A. N. Chamberlin, a Decatur wheat buyer who sat in the Thompson barber shop, later White's, on the lookout for the farmers coming in with their loads. Then he would go out, climb on the load, end up a sack and run the wheat through his fingers to determine its quality and make his bid. There were generally several bidders. If he bought it he would order it delivered at the freight depot. If some other buyer bid higher he would get back to the barber shop to wait for the next load to come in.

The Chamberlin home was a small house on the northwest corner of Delaware and George streets, now the site of the Harvey home. After attaining the age of sixty years and working steadily, Newton Chamberlin saved enough money to build a better house on the corner. He moved the old house to the next lot north and the family occupied it till the new one was finished. It was a good house well built, a credit to the good location and to the village. The family was proud of it and looked with great expectation to the day not far distant when they could occupy it. But, alas, that day was not to come in its completeness. On the very day that they had set for the moving, Mr. Chamberlin suddenly died. The widow and children moved in later and it was their home until the mother passed away.

There were four children in this family and all are long since dead. George, the oldest, was a druggist in Hartford for many years. Fred, also became a druggist and we think located in Carson City, Montcalm county. Allie, the youngest son, became a doctor, located in

the west and died while yet a young man.

Cora, the only daughter, graduated from the Decatur high school and taught for several years in the grades. I went to school to her in the fourth grade and remember her as one of my best teachers. She was engaged to be married to James Jennings, one of the bright young men of the Christie Lake community north of town. His death while a student in the University of Michigan, was one of the sad events of the time. Miss Chamberlin later married Dr. Whalen, a student friend of Jennings, but she died while still a young woman.

Ward Copley was a son of Hon. A. B. Copley, who organized the First State Bank of Decatur. He graduated from the high school in 1886 and from the law department of the U. of M. He practiced law in Detroit and from there was sent to the state legislature. From there he decided to go west, and established himself in Los Angeles, California, where success followed his efforts for the remainder of his life.

Will Harlow was a son of W. F. Harlow, a traveling salesman for Reid, Murdock and Company, wholesale grocers of Chicago. His territory was the Northern Peninsula and he was away on his route most of the time The family located here in the late seventies, practically among strangers. They lived first on Phelps street and later bought the big square house on the northeast corner of St. Mary's and School streets which was their home for many years. Mrs. Harlow was one of the organizers of the Every Tuesday Club.

The Harlows had two children. Leila, the younger, graduated from the Decatur high school in 1890, and from the University of Michigan. She married one of the University doctors and lived out her life in Ann Arbor.

It is my remembrance that Will went to Colorado with Stillman Slocum, but when the hard times of 1893-4 came on he lost his job and was forced to return home. Several of Decatur's ambitious young men were in a similar plight among them being myself. Finally Will was able to finance the course in medicine at the U. of M. and from that time on his condition improved. He graduated from the University and in time became Dean of the Medical Department of the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he remained until his death some time ago.

Charles Beecher Warren was born in 1870. Place unknown. The family moved to Decatur from Lawrence when the father, Robert L. Warren, became Editor of the Republican. In 1884 they moved to Albion.

Charles attended Albion College two years and while there won an oratorical contest. He followed at Ann Arbor completing the course in law in two years. Here he secured funds to build a house for his fraternity. He was invited to study law in the office of Don M. Dickinson, attorney general under Cleveland, and later became a partner in his Detroit office. He was with Dickinson and Robert Lansing, secretary of state under President Wilson, as U. S. Counsel in the Bering Seal Arbitration, and became head of the Michigan Beet Sugar Corporation. He was nominated by President Coolidge to be his attorney general, but through the enmity of Senator Couzens he was rejected by the senate. He served the government as Ambassador to Japan and later to Mexico. He married a daughter of Senator McMillen of Detroit and died about the year 1935.

In 1933 Mr. Warren paid a visit to Decatur and Paw Paw. He saw the site of his old home on the southwest corner of Sherwood and Williams streets and the familiar scenes of his boyhood, and a big meeting was held in his honor at Paw Paw in the evening.

Ralph Slocum was a son of Hiram Slocum who came to Decatur in the flourishing days of the hosiery factory. His brother Stillman and his father also came and the three families made a fine addition to the social life of the village. Miss Bertha Slocum graduated from the Decatur high school in the class of 1887.

The name Nicholson was once prominent in Decatur but it has been many years since it has been listed among our residents. Mr. Webster can remember little about Carl Nicholson except that he was a school boy of about his age. The Gazetteer of 1869 records the firm of Nash, Keebles and Nicholson as drygoods and grocery merchants, located in the Poor Block on Phelps street. The Poor Block was the three-story building just south of the Potts house and the buildings in front of it, which was destroyed by fire about 20 years ago. The last time the name was identified with Decatur was when Miss May Nicholson was postmaster sometime in the eighties or nineties.

The Pardee family were French Huguenots. Nearly all of them came from the cities of France where they were skilled workmen, merchants and scholars. The historian says of them, "They brought to the new world their habits of industry, their keen intelligence and their upright character, and they have furnished a large number of leaders in every department of life in America."

Miss Helen Hathaway's request for a copy of her father's poems entitled "The Finished Creation" was answered by H. P. Christensen who received it as a birthday present from Mrs. Hathaway over fifty years ago. Monday John Jurgensen of Dowagiac brought another copy. He said he and Hans worked on the Hathaway farm at the same time, and he also received one of the books. Both were pleased to do this favor to Miss Helen and neither would accept payment for the book.

The holiday season brought letters from friends who were once a part of the life of Decatur and the temptation is great to pass along some of the news in them to others who read the Republican.

Marietta McDole Taylor was once a Decatur school-girl and a graduate of its high school. She served for several years in the local telephone office in the time when we had a central office, and she was a courteous and competent operator, and we recall with pleasure, a time when she worked in the printing office. She married Clarence Taylor and in a few years they established a permanent home in East Lansing.

In her holiday letter Marietta wrote about Ross Hudson who had been compelled by ill health to give up his position as president of a new bank in East Lansing which he had helped to establish, and we do not recall seeing an item about it in the Republican. He and Flora, Mrs. Hudson, have disposed of their home there and gone to Florida. His many friends in Decatur and elsewhere sincerely hope he will soon recover. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were in Boston over the Thanksgiving holiday to visit their daughter Phyllis, and on the following Sunday drove out to Marblehead to call on the Moulton family. It was a great disappointment to us that we were out at the time. Would like here to record our tele-

phone number, which is Neptune 2-1310, Marblehead.

Marietta also wrote that Mrs. S. H. Dwight (Cleo Flagg) and Mrs. Malcolm Denise (Margaret Pierson) underwent operations at the city hospital last month and [illegible]

Last May Mr. and Mrs. Dayton took for their vacation trip a visit to their son Bob and family in Phoenix, Arizona. Bob has a good job there, it pays well and he likes it. It is an engineering job. His oldest daughter is a ninth grader in the Phoenix high school. The youngest, twins, are over two.

HENRY GEERLINGS

Some fifty to sixty years ago, when the writer was young in the Republican office, there was called to the Presbyterian church as pastor, a young man by the name of Henry Geerlings. He had just been ordained as a minister and this was his first charge.

He was an eloquent speaker, — earnest, sincere and friendly. We soon became good friends and spent some pleasant hours together. He once said that he found it difficult to decide whether to fit himself for the ministry or the law. He knew that he had a natural gift for public speaking, and for a while was undecided as to which profession would afford him the better opportunity for success. He finally decided upon the ministry and it brought him to Decatur. But the choice did not turn out as satisfactory to him as he thought it would, and we believe the short time he spent in Decatur was all that he ever served as a pastor.

He returned to his home city of Holland and the next we heard of him he was established in a bank there. He served many years as mayor of Holland and represented his home district in the state legislature. One of Mr. Geerlings' numerous activities is that of writing for The Holland Evening Sentinel and we occasionally see extracts from his articles in that paper. This one appeared in the Christian Science Sentinel under "Signs of the Times:"

"The Christian religion is a power that may bring warmth in the hearts of the people. Through it the love of God is realized....The warmth of Christ's love is like the warmth of the sun as it rises in the morning sky. The forces of hatred have been loosed....and the only thing that can cure the lonely and aching hearts of the world is the gospel of God's love. It can draw people of all races and beliefs into one fellowship, and there is no other power that can do it."

AN OLD FIREPLACE

Miss Helen Hathaway sent a picture of the fireplace in the home of [illegible] Hathaway [illegible] township, [illegible] owned and occupied by Mrs. Kittie Hathaway in about the year 1906, and the fine old home was destroyed by fire some years later.

In the picture were a deerhead, from a deer shot and the head mounted by Benjamin's brother Judson; a crane and trammel hook relics of old days; a kettle. Kettle kept filled by Aunt Kittie with ferns from the Judson Hathaway woods; rocking chair, was once on rollers and Grandma Hathaway rolled herself around the house in it; Grandma Hathaway's spinning wheel, went to Cousin Lillian Eddy; powder horn, sickle and mortar and pestle, relics of early days; tray that was in Aunt Kittie's family, used at weddings of girls in the family.

It is a pleasant pastime to compare the Republican with the newspapers of other towns of similar size. Mrs. Thomas Heap has sent the writer a copy of the Saint Mary's Beacon published in Leonardtown, Saint Mary's County, Maryland, her home town, or near it. We are not going to say it is a better paper than the Republican, although it claims to have the largest circulation in Saint Mary's County and it has been published since 1839. The Beacon is worried about the tobacco situation in Maryland. The quality of "free burning" tobacco has been common only to Maryland and it gives the leaf extra value. Now some other states are claiming that they can produce the same results with a chemical treatment, and Maryland is intimating that such treatment may have an unhealthy effect on the user.

It is amusing how the argument goes on over the ill effects of tobacco on the user, when it could be so easily settled simply by refraining from using the weed. Financial experts, however, claim that the cigarette industry has turned the corner, and investment in the leading companies offers attractive yields. Clever and persistent advertising has overcome in large part the fear of cancer from smoking, and a market statement says that "A recent report about cigarettes and heart disease made no significant market impact."

But Mrs. Heap did not send the Maryland newspaper for the information it contained about the state's tobacco troubles. It was for what the paper told of an antique doll display in Leonardtown in which she was a valued contributor. She has long been a collector of dolls as has been her mother, Mrs. Ellen Goble, who is now in Mrs. Dunkleburger's Convalescent Home in Bangor. Mrs. Heap resides in the town of California, Maryland, and is a regular summer visitor to Decatur.

"Poor man! He was ruined by untold wealth."

"Un-told wealth?"

"Yes, he didn't tell about it in his income tax return."

—Mueller Record.

Mrs. James Osborn is 93 years old today, January 19, and is receiving the congratulations of many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborn have sold their beautiful farm home (located about half way between Decatur and Dowagiac) and will reside in their Decatur house.

Mrs. Osborn, who was formerly Mattie Morehouse, has resided on the farm nearly 80 years, her father having bought it in March, 1872. With the exception of five years spent in Chicago, it has been her home since that time.

A card from Mr. and Mrs. Ben Weinman of Coral Gables, Florida, says that they read the articles on Marblehead and nearby historical points in the Republican. They are well remembered in Decatur where Mr. Weinman was manager of the big muckland farms of Becker and Company.

A sketch of Jacqueline Cochran appeared in Time Magazine of January 9. It is especially interesting to Decatur because she is the wife of Floyd Odlum, once a Decatur school boy and now a multi-millionaire and one of the best known financiers in the United States, or the world.

Jacqueline is running for congress in the Coachella and Imperial Valleys of California, where her husband owns a 600 acre ranch. She came up from nowhere about 47 years ago, and does not know who her parents were, or her exact age. Her childhood was spent in Florida and Georgia cracker shanties. At eleven she left what was then her home to work in a beauty parlor. She became a beautician, a nurse, a good airplane pilot and the wife of Floyd Odlum.

Now she is running for congress; and because we like ambition, energy, intelligence and enterprise, we wish her success.

The Fosters of Keeler, of whom the strawberry king Dean Foster is the head, sent out their annual holiday letter last month. It gave an account of the numerous ac-

tivities of the family during the past year and was rich reading.

The letter opened with an announcement of the marriage of son Bill and then took up the big trip to the Southwest, the first big stop being at Albuquerque where their cousins, the Lucius Bucks, reside. Then they drove on into Texas, taking in the state from top to bottom, with special stops at Weslaco and Brownsville, and Uvalde for a chat with that Democratic statesman, John Garner, who served the Nation two terms as Vice President. They left Texas and went to Pineville, La., and to Hughes, Ark., where Dean discovered his "flair for gumbo driving."

Ruth completed the interesting year of work and play by viewing the sights of New York City on an eight day trip with her friends, Carol, Ellen and Lucy Klett.

This joyful, jolly, gracious letter closed with this paragraph: "For helping to keep the Christ in Christmas we pay tribute on this 115th anniversary to our two most cherished local institutions — The Keeler M. E. Church and the Keeler School. Since 1840 they have gone hand in hand to make our community a more spiritually enlightened place in which to dwell. What we want for our nation and all nations we must put into our churches and schools."

A few weeks ago this column contained a notice of the death of Mrs. Maude Beard Folks, 88, in Yonkers, New York. The item said she was born in Decatur and graduated from Albion College in 1889. We were unable to obtain definite information about her, but the Van Buren County Gazeteer of 1869 under the Hartford directory gives this information: "Union Church, Rev. — Beard." And this under the Keeler Village directory: — "Beard, Rev. E. pastor M.E. Church, home e Main, 1 s church." And now some member of the Methodist Church of Keeler may find in the records more definite information about this refined lady who was born in Decatur and passed away in Yonkers a few months ago.

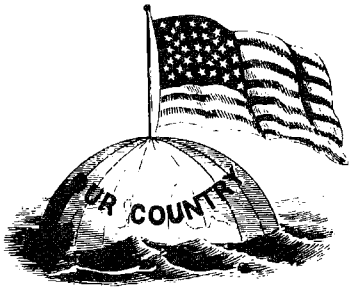
We are following up this meager information about Mrs. Folks with all the persistency of a professional genealogist. In fact, genealogy is a most interesting study, and we are indebted to Mrs. Corliss of South Haven and Mrs. Longcore of Lawrence for our interest in it.

The writer of this column wishes the Republican readers a prosperous and happy New Year. The wish is written on the first day of January, 1956, but it will be a few days later when it appears in the paper.

There is in Abbot Hall, Marblehead, the original painting of "The Spirit of '76." It is a thrilling picture showing the indomitable courage of the Continental soldiers who won America's independence in the Revolutionary War, 180 years ago. This year it is the spirit of '56 which we celebrate, — the spirit of peace, — and we hope it will bring a better understanding of the problems of other nations and a greater application of the Golden Rule.

These lines by Edwin Markham should represent the spirit of '56:

"He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in."



INDIANS AND FIREWATER

By Jack Wolf, Decatur High School Essay.

Besides the Pe Pe Yah Indian band there were other Indians who had escaped from the government and were living near Paw Paw, and when the Indians had things to trade they went to the post there. They had at times red and black berries, furs and game and even maple sugar.

When the Indians came to town to trade the business men, or some of them, would try to get their money. Sometimes they did get it, but if they failed the whiskey sellers would get it, so the poor Indians were no better off. Most Indians had no control over themselves when they were drinking. When under the influence of liquor they gave whatever they had of value to the whiskey sellers for more whiskey.

There is an impression that all Indians in liquor are dangerous and should be feared like wild animals, but when sober they are talkative and agreeable. Not all Indians drink. Some of them live sober lives and provide things for their families. The quarrelsome ones were bound hand and foot by their friends and disarmed.

The old settlers have told stories of how the bucks would become so drunk they could not sit up, and the squaws would continue to pour whiskey into their mouths, because a dead drunk Indian was safer than one not so drunk.

In a log hut near Agard's trading post, by the river north of Paw Paw lived an old Frenchman named Jos De ro sha. The Indians called him Ke-no-sha. He spoke both the Indian and English languages. His wife was a Pottowatomie and he was faithful to her until he died. Another old French-Canadian was called by the Indians Moo-Saw, but his real name was Lash-na. He made pets of muskrats and skunks. He spoke half Indian and half Canadian-French.

On the Gremps farm on the west side of the river lived a Canadian-Frenchman with his half breed daughter who was noted for her great beauty. Her name was Agnes-shaw-wan-eese, a name partly French and partly Indian.

Judged by the standards of the white man the Indians were not very clean. Of course some were cleaner than others. Indians had an armour plated stomach that would not revolt at anything. They bagged the finest game of the forest, but the way they prepared it for the table would take away the appetite of the average white man family.

The squaws used their blankets in various ways, — as a covering in bad weather, to wrap the papoose in or a sheet to sleep in. In the maple sugar season, in the absence of something better, they would use the blanket as a strainer for the syrup.

One hundred and fifty years ago the American Indians roamed through the forests of Southwestern Michigan and were "Monarchs of all they surveyed." Now they are almost extinct and those we know have taken on the characteristics of the white people.

A REPUBLICAN FOREMAN

Would like to begin these notes by mentioning a letter received a few weeks ago from Bruce and Ann Bassett. Bruce is a native of Decatur, son of Clarence Bassett, and the name carries back to the Gazetter of 1869, which lists G. S. Bassett as a land owner, Section 21, Decatur, and James Bassett as a farmer in Porter township. One of them quite likely was Bruce's grandfather. If we remember correctly, his mother was a Lucas and there are Lucases recorded in the old Gazetteer as living in Paw Paw, Hamilton and Decatur.

Bruce was one of the ambitious and competent young boys who early decided he would like to become a printer. There was no required age then that boys must attain before they could go to work, and they came into the office as apprentices when they were as young as thirteen. They

worked about a year under the instruction of the foreman, without pay, and then as soon as there was an opening they were ready for it. Bruce was foreman when he married Ann, who came here as a milliner for Mary Shaad, and he continued as foreman until he decided to try his fortune in the west. As the years passed by, his friends learned that he had established himself in the mercantile business in Southern California. But no definite word had come from him until this recent letter.

In it he and Ann write that they sold their business in Santa Monica, California several years ago, and came up in the San Bernardino mountains to retire. Their address is P. O. Box 163, Crestline, California.

This they wrote which marks the flight of time: "Both of our two daughters have been married for many years and have famllies of their own. One lives in Sacramento, and the other in Cornwallis, Oregon. Wish we could drop in on you, but I doubt if we will ever get back to Decatur."

PEARLY P'S

Prayer, planning, pep
produce
Peace, progress, plenty.

—Alonzo Newton Benn, in A Line O' Type or Two, Chicago Tribune.

THE MIELKE FAMILY

Walter M. Mielke was born in Decatur in 1883, as near as he can remember, but he has no record of his birth. He attended the Decatur public school, and when a young man left home to make a place for himself in the world. About ten years ago he returned on a visit to some of his school boy friends. He was then working in Chicago and was the same well dressed, courteous gentleman he was in his youth.

Last week he wrote to the Republican that he is employed as a pharmacist for the Cook County Hospital and is in need of a birth certificate which he is having trouble to obtain. The letter was sent on to me at Marblehead, and he was sent word that the required affidavits could undoubtedly be secured for him.

Walter was a son of Fred Mielke. He had an older brother, Willie, who died in his youth. The father was the village tailor. His shop was on the second floor of one of the three story buildings on north Main street. The home was at one time on Wheeler street, but they moved several times that I recall.

The family located in Decatur sometime in the seventies. Just how they came to select this little town in which to open a tailoring shop is not on the records, and it would be interesting to know. It was the "talk of the town" at that time that Mr. Mielke was a Commoner and Mrs. Mielke belonged to the German Nobility. They were deeply in love and the young lady defied her parents and the custom of her country by running away and getting married. The next move of the young people was to seek the freedom afforded them by the United States, in which to work out their life's problems. The way may have been hard for them. Money was not plentiful in those years, and they were alone among strangers. No doubt they were often discouraged, but if they were, they were never known to complain. Their life story, if it could be told, might make interesting reading, and a good job for Walter in his years of retirement.

Mrs. Mielke was a refined lady and it was said that she never went out on the street except when immaculately gowned, and for years she wore the same black satin dress and picture hat.

Fred Mielke knew his trade and was a painstaking workman. He eked out a living by making an occasional suit of clothes and doing the repairing that came to him through the clothing stores and homes.

He spoke brokenly and perhaps did not always understand perfectly. I once bought an over-coat of Squier Brothers for $5. The sleeves were too short, but Emory said Mielke could fix it. When he saw the coat he said, "I fix it." But he misunderstood the instructions and shortened the sleeves instead of lengthening them. When the coat was delivered the sleeves were nearly up to my elbows and Emory took the coat back. I never heard of Mr. Mielke making another mistake like that, and a short time later he made me a suit of clothes that were entirely satisfactory. In that period it was the style for the trousers to fit tightly around the legs and there was to be no sign of a crease in the trousers. The legs were as round as stovepipe. But that was the style, and I was proud of my new suit.

I liked Fred Mielke. He was an honest man. When a small boy, I lost my jack-knife, and a boy at that time could hardly go through the day without a jack-knife. Mr. Mielke found it, learned it was mine and returned it to me. That made me his friend for all time.

Have a recollection that in about the year 1880 the Poore house caught fire and was practically gutted. The Mielke family lived in it and their furniture was damaged or destroyed. The fire got in between the plaster and the siding, and the firemen worked most of the next day to put it out. The doors were left wide open and for several months the boys romped all over the house. Then James Potts, who ran the Old Reliable grocery store, bought the wreck, repaired it and it has since been known as the Potts house. J. F. Potts sold it a few years ago, but the name clings it it still. Mr. Williamson built store buildings on the front yard, but the tall spreading elm, the largest and finest for many miles around, helps to make Decatur one of the most beautiful country towns in all Michigan.

MARRIED 65 YEARS!

Charles Beebe and Daisy Griffis were married 65 years ago the 31st of December, and are still able to stay by themselves and do their own housework. They are not as active as they were in the days of long ago, when things were lively on the farm, but Charlie still likes to keep in touch with what is doing on Main street, and manages to get to town two or three times a day. He was 83 his last birthday, and Daisy will be 85 next March. She was the eighth of a family of nine children of Mr. and Mrs. James Griffis, who were among the well known and prosperous farmers of Cass county. Daisy Beebe and her younger sister Rena, Mrs. Lytle Robinson of Dowagiac, are the last survivors of the Griffis family. They have two daughters, Mrs. Gladys Behrman and Mrs. Helen Goble.

It doesn't seem possible that it was five years ago that we had that jolly celebration for your 60th wedding anniversary

It is a pleasure to be counted among the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Beebe, and to wish them health, comfort and happiness for the years to come.—A. N. M.

RECALLING FORMER YEARS

Will Moulton writes from his home in Seattle, Washington: "It is remarkable how you keep your column up and make it so good." Will is one of the Republican's subscribers who likes to go back over the years into the century past when he was a boy in Decatur. He has a keen memory of those early years. He likes to read the tales that are told about them, and it may be that he is encouraging his brother to keep on writing them.

Will helps occasionally with his own memory tales and what he tells here is along that line. Mrs. Nellie Arnold Carney Ewald, the

daughter of Edward Arnold, was born and grew up here. She graduated from the Decatur high school in the year 1886. She married Dan Carney, Jr., and they too located in Seattle where Dan died. Nellie then married Basil Ewald and all went well with them until last summer when, with but little warning, Nellie died at the age of 86. She left one daughter, Irma Carney Williams, who lived in the house next door to her.

Now to go on with Will's letter: "Irma Carney, Dan's daughter, came to see us one day last week and brought along Nellie's graduating diploma dated June 18, 1886. When she spread it out before me the first thing I saw was father's name as director of the school board, followed by A. B. Copley, Ransom Nutting and Marvin Hinkley, other members of the board, and David C. Pierce, superintendent.

"It was old and faded and badly torn in the center where it was rolled, but I was glad to see it."

Seattle has had so far the coldest winter in 60 years. We are doing better in Marblehead. The coldest we have had is 20 above zero, and only a few days of that. Today, December 3, the temperature is in the forties.

Here is a letter from a good friend, Mrs. Henry Lindeman. It is dated November 8 and should have been answered weeks ago. She and Henry once lived in East Decatur, but sold their farm a few years ago and moved to Romulus, near Detroit. She wrote that she wanted to tell how much she enjoyed the Decatur paper, "and when I read that verse about putting off writing to your friends until it is too late I sat right down to write to Mr. Moulton. Henry has been laid up since last December 29. He fell on the ice when putting his car away and broke his hip. Well, he got out of the hospital on Good Friday, and now he is able to walk with a cane instead of the crutches. He didn't have any insurance at all, but we paid our own way and the cost wasn't small. We couldn't get out to Decatur this year but hope to next summer. Was glad to read that the Editor lady's mother is better. We gave Susie, our pet coon, away after Henry fell. Mrs. Henry Lindeman."

Have learned recently that Arthur and Maxine Howe have purchased the Mendon Globe-Leader and now are listed as its editors and publishers. Mendon is a pretty village situated in a prosperous agricultural district in St. Joseph county. It has a population, according to the census of 1955, of 884.

In a letter from C. E. Lewis, who has been publisher of the Lawton Leader for sixty years or more, he writes, "I set type on the Mendon Globe 67 years ago. The editor had at one time published a newspaper at Tamauqua, Penn., while the Mollie Maguires were active in that town. A daughter of the Mendon editor for whom I worked later married Mr. Stowe of the Michigan Tradesman and continued with the paper until her death."

We started out one morning to pay a call at Whittier's homes. We went first to Amesbury where he lived from 1836 to 1892, the year he died. He wrote most of his poems there, including "Snow Bound." It is a pleasant home, but ordinary, is painted white and is kept up by a society of Amesbury ladies. Mr. Nun, a retired Congregational minister from New York, and Mrs. Nun keep the house open. They live in the rear and keep the front of the house the same as it was in Whittier's time. They are given a place to live for showing the house to the public, and get expense money from the sale of Whittier post cards and literature.

They were good to show and describe the old furniture, pictures of the poet and his relatives, and interesting anecdotes concerning his life. New England has many such places, homes of noted persons, bought by societies organized to preserve the property for future generations. Most of them charge admission of from 25 to 50 cents and the keeper delivers a lecture as often as a few are ready to go through at the same time.

John Greenleaf Whittier never married but stayed by the home until he passed away at the age of 85. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He was born on a farm and lived there until a young man. He was a descendant of an emigrant to New England in 1638 whose children became members of the Society of Friends. He early showed a talent for verse and published his first poem when he was 18. It was published in the Free Press, an anti-slavery paper edited by William Lloyd Garrison. He was well known as a leading anti-slavery man and did much work in aid of the movement.

Among Whittier's best known poems are Ichabod, Barbard poems are Barbara Fritchie, Ichabod, In School Days, Maud Muller, The Barefoot Boy and Snow Bound.

Both Haverhill and Amesbury are near the beautiful Merimac river in northern Massachusetts, and are nine or ten miles apart.

Haverhill has a population of 47,280. It was settled in 1640 on the site of the old Indian village of Pentucket. It suffered frequent Indian raids, and in 1697, Hannah Dustin was kidnaped by the savages and, according to tradition, scalped ten of her captors, escaped and reached home safely.

Amesbury has a population of 9,711, and is the Whittier birthplace. The two cities are 25 to 30 miles from Marblehead and the trip to them made a pleasant days outing.

BONINE ELK FARM

A School Paper by Bernard Abbott.

(The farm has been sold since this story was written, but we understand the new owners are maintaining the elk.)

Near Vandalia, Michigan in Cass County, there is an elk farm. The elk, which are native to Michigan, are being raised in a park and will be there many years, G. Elwood Bonine said. We have thought of doing away with the elk, but have never done it. The Elk Park Farm got its name from the elk herd and has had it since 1862. A man gave his grandfather a pair of elk, and so he fenced in a twelve acre lot and his grandmother took care of them. Soon a fair sized herd was developed. Bonine said in the wild state the female would have a calf every year, but in a fenced in lot less than fifty per cent of the cows equal this record. Nevertheless, it has been necessary to have a butchering program.

The meat has generally been used for dinners and banquets of a public nature such as conservation club affairs and service club dinners. The Boy Scout camp located in Cass County always gets a share.

Bonine says there are a few little known facts about elk. For one thing, they can outrun a horse. While he has never timed one he thinks that at top speed they travel as fast as fifty miles per hour. During the summer, elk will not eat hay, which means that if the pasture gets short they are apt to get hungry. This has forced Bonine to keep the herd down to about 25, as he has only 40 acres enclosed in the park.

Once when there were 35 animals in the herd, a drouth cut the pasture so short some of them suffered. They will eat some hay in the winter time, but will never touch grain or most of the other feeds accepted by cattle.

At two years of age, the average elk reaches a weight of about 450 pounds, the age at which they are usually butchered for meat. The biggest ones never get any larger than eight to nine hundred pounds, regardless of age.

Elk shed their horns every year. Another little known fact, according to Bonine, is that elk have a habit of rubbing their newly grown horns on the side of a tree until the points are as sharp as a spear. They have one tree that they always use for the sharpening. Bonine said it will be interesting to see what they are going to do this year, as the tree they used for years was recently cut down.

Elk are normally shy and will not attack man except during the mating season, when the bulls are really dangerous. They are, however, death on dogs, which Bonine believes is a hangover from the days when they had to protect themselves from wolves. They simply run down and paw to death any dog that happens to get in their way.

He also pointed out that the horns of an elk are pointed back enough so that the elk can run through the thickest underbrush by simply tipping his head back a little.

A Tribute to "Old Bob"

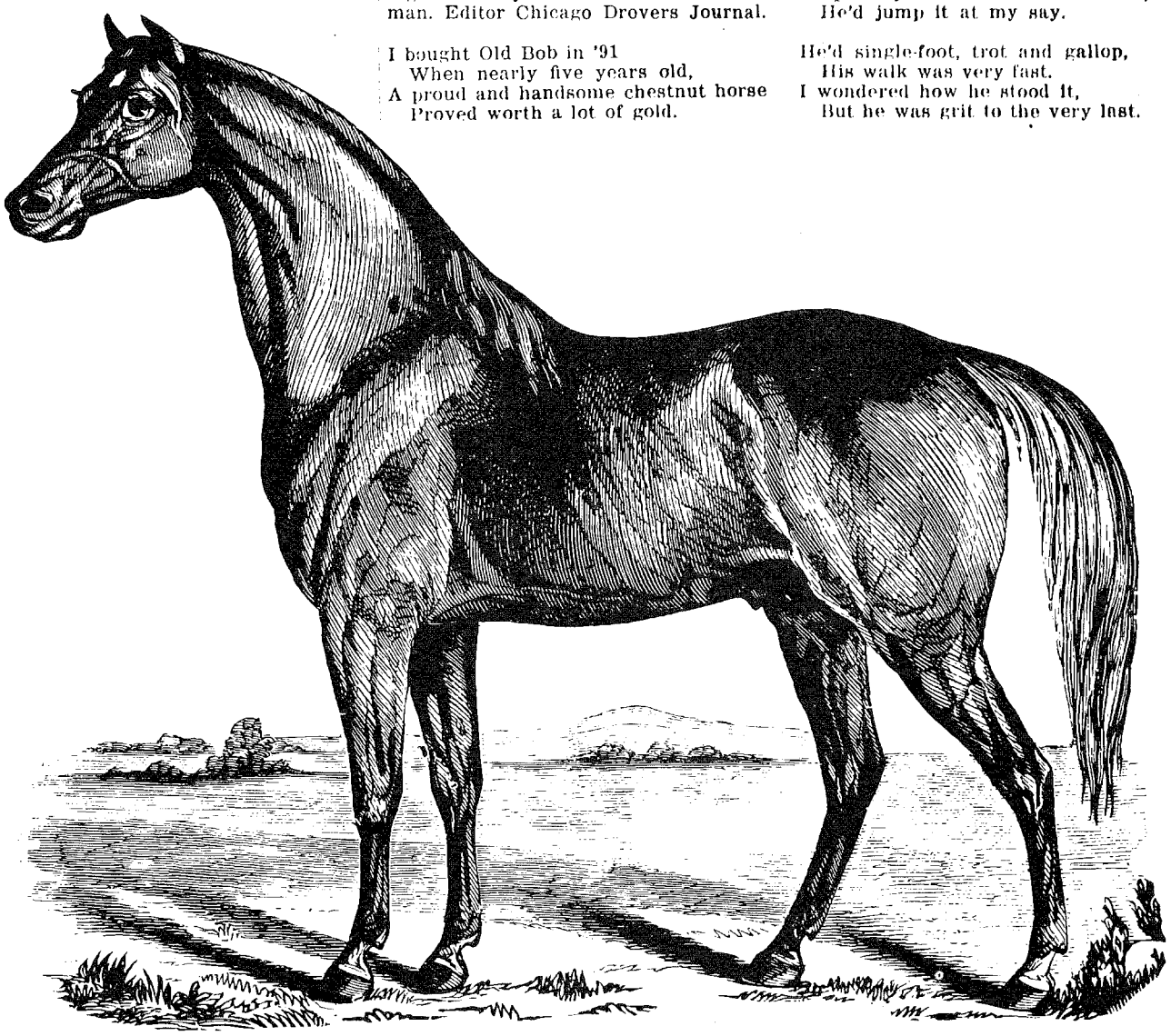
The affection of a man for a faithful horse is deep-seated. If the horse remains long in service it means that his disposition is pleasing. He does what he is asked without grumbling. A reflection of this affection for a good horse will be found in the following tribute by a veteran Illinois stockman. Editor Chicago Drovers Journal.

I bought Old Bob in '91
When nearly five years old,
A proud and handsome chestnut horse
Proved worth a lot of gold.

His mane was long; his tail was, too;
I gave them especial care;
He had those great large hazel eyes,
His coat was silken hair.

I mannered him; I trained him;
He knew my every way.
I'd put my coat on the wire fence,
He'd jump it at my say.

He'd single-foot, trot and gallop,
His walk was very fast.
I wondered how he stood it,
But he was grit to the very last.



Tribute to Doc Marks

Decatur community and the surrounding country have suffered the loss of a great and good man.

His greatness did not lie in the acquiring of material wealth nor glittering fame, but in the enduring qualities of virtue and goodness, which bespeak the noble mind.

No one came within the scope of his influence without feeling the depth of his friendship; and everyone was neighbor and friend to "Doc."

His homely philosophy and humor typified him as the "Will Rogers," of his area and many a "forlorn and shipwrecked brother" seeing and feeling the touch of his charity — could take heart again.

The inestimable virtue of the love for his fellow man was "Doc's" most outstanding characteristic. This great love, together with his honesty, kindness and unbounded generosity (often at a personal sacrifice), formed the fabric of his life.

To his daughter and six sons, he leaves the rich heritage and inspiration of a life richly lived — a life that was virtually a sermon.

Surely the poet must have had him in mind when he wrote — "Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Monica and Catherine Howland
1956

Chief Simon Pokagon: "The Indian Longfellow"

*David H. Dickason**
1965

Pokagon is now an almost forgotten name except among those travelers in the Midwest who visit the Potawatomi Inn in Indiana's Pokagon State Park or the small village of Pokagon in Cass County, Michigan. But during his lifetime Chief Simon Pokagon of the Potawatomi[1] was known to many because of his two visits with Lincoln at the White House, his appearance as unassuming guest of honor and orator for the Chicago Day celebrations at the Columbian Exposition, his various other public addresses, and his articles on Indian subjects in national magazines.[2] His most extensive literary work, the prose-poetry romance of the forest entitled *O-Gi-Maw-Kwe Mit-I-Gwa-Ki (Queen of the Woods)*, was in type but not yet published at the time of his death in 1899.

His contemporary reputation was such that the editor of the *Review of Reviews* referred to "this distinguished Pottawattomie chieftain" as "one of the most remarkable men of our time. ... His great eloquence, his sagacity, and his wide range of information mark him as a man of exceptional endowments."[3] A feature article in the *Arena* spoke of "this noble representative of the red-man" as "simple-hearted and earnest."[4] Looked on as the "best educated full-blood Indian of his time,"[5] he was called the " 'Longfellow of his race' "—[6] an epithet then considered a high compliment. And in an obituary notice a Chicago newspaper summarized: "He leaves behind him among the Indians no successor to his poetic and literary ability."[7] From our vantage point of some six decades later it seems fitting, therefore, to look again at the career of Chief Simon Pokagon, and, if necessary, to re-evaluate his literary contributions.

Unrestrained but honest emotion is perhaps the dominant characteristic of Pokagon's work as a whole. He is sorely troubled by the social and economic difficulties confronting the Indians of his generation. He is deeply sensitive to the romantic virtues and beauties of unexploited nature; and in *Queen of the Woods* his affection for his ill-starred family is poignant and personal. But stylistically it is obvious that Pokagon's English phrases and figures merely echo the polite literary conventions of his day ("the woodland choir," "the happy hunting-ground," "our pale-faced neighbours," "sweet little rosebud," "naked innocence," "bloom of youth," "all nature slept," "the dark clouds rolled away," and so on). This emulation of the popular and often trite phraseology of the romantic-sentimental tradition weakens the vigor of his English style and disappoints a modern reader. One feels that he is not speaking with the spontaneous voice of his own primeval culture, but rather is borrowing the white man's nineteenth-century clichés. Nonetheless, his intrinsic subject — to the extent that it may be distinguished from its verbal form — is original and fresh; and *Queen of the Woods* is a unique document from a genuine Indian source, an emotional and at times lyrical remembrance of things past rather than a synthetic, sterile exercise such as *Hiawatha*.

It may be gratuitous to point out, also, that in putting *Queen of the Woods* and his other manuscripts in order for the publisher, Pokagon doubtless had considerable editorial assistance. His handwritten letters which remain show a certain unconcern for the niceties of spelling and punctuation; and the syntax of some of his published work is not beyond reproach. Evidence of his own unpolished style may be found in a typical message which accompanied a gift copy of his little birchbark-bound booklet, *Red Man's Greeting*, here quoted verbatim:

Secretary of Chicago Historial Society
Dear Sir:

I notice in the Chicago Tribune of Sunday that the surviving infant of Fort Dearbourn is still alive.— I recall that my father was a chief at that time.

I take pleasure in presenting you a copy of my "Red Mans Greeting" printed on birch bark which I wrote in the year of the Worlds fair—

Perhaps you will recall I rode on the Float of 1812 on Chicago Day and was permitted to ring the Liberty Bell in the morning & make a short address.

I am getting to be an old man & whish to leave this greeting with you that it may be read by future generations.

I heard my father say many times before & after he was converted to Christianity if there had been no whiskey, there would have been no Fort Dearborn masacree— I shall write up our side of that sad affar during the winter— Hoping the little book will red with the same spirit in which it is sent I remain yours truly

S. Pokagon

Hartford Mich Dec 29 1896
Box 32[8]

But many otherwise able authors have shown some deficiency in verbal mechanics; and in view of the unusual background from which Pokagon wrote, any syntactical criticism here would be picayune. *O-Gi-Maw-Kwe Mit-I-Gwa-Ki (Queen of the Woods)* is not a masterpiece of world literature, it is true. It is indeed rare in its genre, a literary oddity. But the reader may overlook its sentimentalities and eccentricities in view of the novelty of its contents and depth of its feeling; and if he reads sympathetically his emotions may be touched. Too, this book vivifies a segment of our national past which often is conveniently forgotten. But perhaps its ultimate worth lies in the candid self-portrait of a son of the now-vanished forest. His prose style may have been vitiated by his superficial and uncritical contacts with English literature; but his integrity as an individual was not destroyed by the white man's culture. A member of a mistreated minority group, he was able to face his changing and difficult environment courageously.

Turning now to a more specific investigation of Simon Pokagon's writings, we find that his *Queen of the Woods* is the central document. The events here related were derived directly from Pokagon's private life, and the book itself is the best exemplar of his literary style. Concerning this work the biographer of Chief Leopold Pokagon, Simon's father, comments thus effusively:

His *Queen of the Woods* has the tang, the zest, and the woodsy flavor of life. It is pulsing with sympathy, heartfelt emotion, and sensitive feeling; a quaint mixture of information, fact, history, pathos, romance, and poetry combined; a plaintive, yet uncomplaining plea for justice and an eloquent and stirring plea for temperance. Lofty sentiments, wise philosophical thoughts, and serious reflection temper and vivify all his writings.

[9]This tale (written first in his native tongue and then translated into English by the author) begins at the time of Pokagon's return to his people after his years of white schooling. It is narrated in the first person, and in spite of romantic overtones is largely a factual account. His friend and publisher, C.H. Engle, of Hartford, Michigan, referred to it as "the historical sketch" of Pokagon's life, and labeled it a "real romance of Indian life." "Nearly all the persons mentioned in the narrative bear their real names, and were personally known to many yet living."[10]

Some unusual aspects of the book immediately become apparent. The most obvious is the inclusion of many Algonquin-Algaic[11] terms, following which Pokagon gives the English translation in parentheses. This intrusion of unfamiliar and difficult Indian expressions results in a bumpy awkwardness which at first seems to break the flow of his English style. Careful reading indicates, however, that these interpolated words have a strong rhythm of their own. Most of these are single nouns of brief phrases, but in the latter part of the tale the author often inserts complete sentences. He defends this odd bilingual practice:

In consideration of the fact that the language of the great Algonquin family, which once was spoken by hundreds of thousands throughout more than half of North America, is fast passing away, I have retained such Indian words and expressions as appear in "Queen of the Woods," as monuments along the way, to remind the reader in after-generations, that such a language as ours was once spoken throughout this loved land of my fathers.[12]

"The Algonquin Language," a prefatory treatise of thirteen pages, presents in a technical and succinct form the basic data of the speech system. Far from being a "sort of 'gibberish,' " according to Pokagon, Algaic contains some twenty thousand root words on which numerous variations may be built. The seventeen letters of the alphabet include only four vowels, of unchanging pronunciation, plus several diphthongs. Nine parts of speech are distinguishable. Peculiarities of the language include great liberty in transposing word order; a very involved use of different particles depending on gender and function of accompanying words; a clipping or shortening of words when grouped in phrases; and a comprehensive body of agglutinative terms to express family relationships. The basic structure of the sentence hinges on the verb, and "nearly all the words in our language can be transformed into verbs." His own view of the effectiveness and beauty of the Algonquin language is implicit in his apology that in translating his manuscript into English in many places he lost the "force and euphony" of the original.[13]

A second obvious feature of *Queen of the Woods* is its semi-poetic form. Although the story begins in ordinary prose, it soon shifts to comparatively regular iambics so that, had the

author chosen, much of the tale might have been printed as blank verse. This style (no doubt derived from Pokagon's reading of the English poets) might have seemd to him also to reflect the patterns of his own speech. One undeniable echo is that of the King James version of the Bible. The resulting regular "beat" occasionally becomes obtrusive, but there is unquestionably more variety than in the insistent rhythms of *Hiawatha,* for example; and the highly sentimental-emotional-mystical mood occasionally reached in the tale might justify a "poetic" line.

The vital framework is the factual account of Pokagon's courtship, marriage, idyllic family life, and subsequent deep tragedy. To this are added many marginal notes on the natural scene and Indian domestic arts (more trustworthy and persuasive than Longfellow's eclectic data). But Pokagon's chief concern is with the ethereal character of Lonidaw, the Indian princess who gently dominates the tale.

His initial joy in returning to his native haunts is reflected in an early rhythmical passage:

> Just as "gi-siss" (the sun) was going down, we reached our landing-place. The shore on either side was fringed with rushes, flags, and golden-rod, and grasses tall between; and scattered here and there wild roses breathed their rich perfume, scenting the evening air.[14]

Off for a pre-dawn hunt, he sketches the scene:

> It was a beautiful quiet morning. All nature slept. . . . Just as the sun tinged the topmost branches of the highland trees, a white fog-cloud appeared above the winding river as far as eye could reach. It looked as though the stream had risen from its ancient bed, and was floating in mid-air.[15]

Returning with a buck over his shoulder, he surprised his mother, who took hold of the arrows still fast in the flesh, praised him for his unforgotten skill, and exclaimed: " 'Kwaw-notch, kwaw-notch maw-mawsh-kay-she (beautiful, beautiful deer)! How could you have o-daw (the heart) to take nin bim-á-dis-win (his life)?' "[16]

Pokagon's first view of Lonidaw, his future bride, with "raven tresses floating in the breeze," was on the further side of stream where she was imitating the songs of wild pigeons and bobolinks as a snow-white deer gamboled about her. Pokagon thought that such creatures as she must be discovered only in the happy hunting ground beyond.[17]

An old Ottawa trapper, who had once given shelter to Lonidaw's mother on her flight from the forced tribal migration in the 1830's, appears and tells Pokagon of Lonidaw's birth in a swamp while her mother was hiding from the United States troops and of the child's being carried by her starving mother for fifty miles over rough country to his wigwam. Nature had taught her the language of the beasts and birds; and, he added in a practical mood, " 'if she would make use of her wonderful min-i-gowin (gifts), she could nish-iwe min-a-wa (kill more) game than a dozen old hungers.' "[18]

Away at school again after his vacation, Pokagon realized his inescapable love for Lonidaw, so when springtime came he went in search of her. Young love at first was inarticulate, and even after his declaration she protested that his white education had spoiled him for the simple life: " 'I am but pa-gwag ab-i-not ji mit-tig (a wild child of the woods), wild as ben-ish ig (the birds) that gather round. . . . but should we wed, I fear you soon would tire of my native woodland ways, and crush this childish o-daw nin (heart of mine).' "[19] But when the moon of flowers came and mating birds were moving north, young Pokagon and his beloved Lonidaw were united, without benefit of priest or formal ceremony. On an inland lake where wild rice was plentiful he built their wigwam home; and on his return from hunting trips he always hailed her, " 'Hoi (Hallo), o-gi-maw-kwe mit-i-gwa-ki (queen of the woods).' "[20]

After two years Olondaw, their son, was born; then Hazeleye, their little girl. The children grew up happily, little Olondaw learning to make and handle a bow, and his sister playing with her Indian doll. A white priest offered to pay the expenses if Olondaw were sent away to school. Pokagon agreed, hoping that his son, now twelve years old, would become "learned, great,and good, and thereby be of great service to our race." But Lonidaw was fearful of the future; and on the eve of Olondaw's departure she dreamed that by the trail she found two young robins which were drawn hypnotically toward a monstrous snake. As she tried to grasp a club, it struck its victim; and in her dream "the snake within its jaws held fast, not the bird, but the living skeleton of her son, struggling to escape."[21]

This premonition proved tragically true, for after three years at the white man's school Olondaw graduated from bottle-hunting in the back alleys of the town to an ineradicable craving for the familiar firewater. Pokagon lowers the final curtain abruptly: "I do not wish to bleed my own heart, or sadden yours; suffice it to say, as darkness succeeds the meteor's sudden glare, so his young life went out and left us in the midnight of despair."[22]

But this was only the first act in the tragedy. "Dear little Hazeleye alone was left us then; that sweet rosebud, just opening into maidenhood . . ." But one day while Pokagon was absent and Hazeleye was fishing on the lake, two drunken white fishermen rammed their boat into her bark canoe, which capsized and threw her into the water. Lonidaw, on shore, screamed for help, but the drunken men made no effort to save the child. The mother plunged desperately to the rescue, but almost strangling was herself pulled to safety by Zowan, the faithful family dog. Lonidaw lingered briefly, partly in delirium, until one evening she said: " 'Pokagon, see ke-sus (the sun) is sinking low; while it is going down, I shall pass into manito aukee we-de (the spirit land beyond). You have always been kind to me, yet I must bid you farewell until we meet beyond tchi-be-gam-mig (the grave) . . .'. "[23] Soon a simple procession of mourning, white-blanketed Indian friends bore her body to a beautiful headland overlooking the lake; white water-lillies were laid gently on her grave.[24]

The brief remainder of the book is made up of a sincere but disjointed temperance tract, inspired by the dying wish of Lonidaw that Pokagon should speak out against the source of the great triple tragedy in their own family circle.

Three short but unique publications by Pokagon also merit comment. The only other work listed on the title page of *Queen of the Woods* is *Red Man's Greeting* (originally — and more aptly — entitled *Red Man's Rebuke*).[25] This attracted some notice in the press, and a reviewer in 1893 commented:

> Printed upon white birch bark in its natural state is an account of the cruel betrayal of this hunted race, dating from the advent of the white man to these shores up to the present time. One reads with unutterable sadness this voicing of the outraged spirit of a race, eloquent in its pathos, yet entirely free from wild vindictiveness.

[26]Another critic for a newspaper in Chicago, the home of the Columbian Exposition, also responded to this booklet's appeal: "No words of mine can tell the pathos of this tiny book . . .It is told simply, and yet with a force that leaves an indelible picture on your mind."[27] Its scope and mood may be suggested by part of Pokagon's dedication: "To the memory of William Penn, Roger Williams, the late lamented Helen Hunt Jackson, and many others now in Heaven, Who conceived that Noble spirit of Justice Which recognizes the Brotherhood of the Red Man."

Two other birchbark booklets remain as collectors' items: *Pottawatamie Book of Genesis – Legends of the Creation of Man,*[28] and *Algonquin Legends of South Haven.*[29] The first recounts an old tradition that the Great Spirit was dissatisfied with his lower animal creations and determined to make man who should possess superior intelligence. Some of the Spirit Chiefs who already held dominion over the earth resolved in a secret powwow to frustrate the plans of *How-wan-tuck,* the Almighty. The act of creation occurred by a beautiful inland lake in a great wilderness:

> As he stood upon the shores thereof in the presence of them all, His eyes flashed waw-saw mo-win (lightning)! The lake became boiling water! The earth trembled! He then spake in the voice of thunder: "Come forth, ye Lords of Au-kee (the world)!" The ground opened. And from out of the red clay that lined the lake came forth au-ne-ne gaie ik-we (man and woman). . . . The bride and groom then each other fondly kissed as hand in hand they stood, in naked innocence, in the full bloom of youth. . . . They looked all about them in wonder and surprise.[30]

But when the evil Spirit Chiefs saw divinity shining in the faces of the newly created beings, they were stung by the wasps of jealousy and resolved to make man miserable. So ever afterwards man's life has been alternately controlled by good and evil forces.

Pokagon's retelling of *Algonquin Legends of South Haven* is most noteworthy for an Indian version of the rainbow tale, supposedly coming to the Potawatomi from the aboriginal *Mashko-de* or Prairie Tribe. After *Ki-ja Man-i-to* (the Great Spirit) had located his throne at *Ish-pem-ing* (a high place) on the shore of Lake *Mi-shi-gan*, he planted beautiful woodland flowers and filled the trees with birds.

> He also made a great mit-ig-wab (bow) at least two arrow flights in length, and placed it along the shore. He then painted it from end to end in beautiful lines. . . . While thus at work a cyclone from the setting sun swept across the great lake! Waw-saw-mo-win (lightning) flashed across waw-kwi (the heavens)! An-a-mi-ka (thunder) in concert with ti-gow-og (the roaring waves) rolled their awful burden on the land! . . .
>
> At length the dark clouds rolled away and the setting sun lit up the gloom. He then picked up the giant bow that he had made, bent it across mi-ka-tik (his knee), then with his breath blew a blast that swept it eastward between the sunshine and the clouds. . . .
>
> As He gazed upon its beauty and grandeur arching the departing storm, He shouted in triumph above the roaring waves in thunder tones, saying, "Kaw-kaw-naw in-in-i nash-ke nin wab sa aw-ni-quod (All men behold my bow in the cloud.) See, it has no mit-ig bim-i-na-kwan ke-ma pin-de-wan (arrow, string, or quiver). It is the bow of peace. Tell it to your children's children that Ki-ja Man-i-to made it . . . . that they might know He loved peace and hated war."

[31] From this perspective of Pokagon's literary contributions we might now glance briefly backward at the tribal environment from which he had emerged. Of the competitive cultural forces at work within him, the central drive was certainly to maintain and defend his own native values, with only a collateral concern for the veneer of white literary culture.

Simon Pokagon had succeeded his two older brothers in the tribal leadership handed down from their father, Chief Leopold Pokagon. For the forty years prior to his death in 1841, Leopold had been the head of the Pokagon band of the Potawatomie Indians, an offshoot of the larger Algonquin family.[32] Simon, the youngest of Chief Leopold's numerous children, was born in 1830 during the clan's annual migration north to their sugar-maple camps and cornfields across the Michigan border. Most of Simon's first eight years were spent, however, in the old Pokagon village in the St. Joseph River Valley in northeastern Indiana. Here he acquired his first skill in hunting and fishing from Joseph Bertrand, a half-breed French trader who had married Mona, the daughter of Chief Topenebee.[33]

This carefree chapter of his youth was terminated suddenly by the removal of most of the

Potawatomi from their tribal lands.[34] A monument erected at Twin Lakes, Indiana, bears a succinct inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
CHIEF MENOMINEE
and his
BAND OF 859 POTTAWATOMIE INDIANS
Removed from this Reservation, September 4, 1838
By a company of soldiers under the Command of
COL. JOHN TIPTON
Authorized by Governor David Wallace
GOVERNOR J. FRANK HANLEY
Author of Law
REPRESENTATIVE
DANIEL MCDONALD, PLYMOUTH

This transfer[35] of the majority of the Potawatomi to Iowa and eventually to Kansas and Oklahoma burned so deep an impression on the mind of young Simon Pokagon that he later incorporated the event as one of the most moving sequences of his *Queen of the Woods*. His immediate family had not been involved, but the parents of Lonidaw, the girl he was to marry, were living at that time in Menominee's village. Thus Lonidaw's mother gives her version of the story concerning the arrival of the soldiers, the assembling of the Indians at the wigwam church, and the immediate eviction and march toward the setting sun. Although her husband was forced to accompany the migrants, she herself managed to escape northward.[36]

Chief Leopold Pokagon was more fortunate than most. He apparently had realized the inevitability of the treaty demands — which had been formalized by a Grand Council five years previously — so about a year before this crisis he had migrated with his immediate clan to his own property of some seven hundred acres on Long Lake, Michigan, which was not included in the ceded areas.[37]

When Simon was a youth of fourteen, some six years after this shattering of the Potawatomi patterns in Indiana, he was sent by his father to the Notre Dame preparatory school in South Bend. Then, according to his close friend, C.H. Engle, who later published *Queen of the Woods*, "returning home fired with zeal for a good English education, he succeeded through his own efforts, aided by his mother, in going to Oberlin College, Ohio."[38] One year's work at Oberlin, apparently with private tutors or on the preparatory level,[39] was followed by two more at the Twinsburg Institute near Cleveland, Ohio, an organization which offered free tuition, board, and lodging to the several Indians then among its three hundred students. In this school "all necessary opportunities were afforded *to prepare students for college*."[40] This phrase clearly indicates the secondary level of instruction, so the assumption that Pokagon was college trained is erroneous. Nevertheless, he profited from some instruction in the classics and music, for a later visitor recalled that Pokagon came to his cabin door with an open Greek testament in his hand.[41] For several years Pokagon played the piano or reed organ in Indian churches, especially that at Rush Lake, Michigan, where he also translated many sermons from English into Algiac.[42]

Pokagon's autobiographical romance, as we have seen, presents details of his life with Lonidaw, daughter of Chief Sinagaw of the Rush Lake band (who had been able to rejoin his family after the tribal relocation). But after the death of their two children and of Lonidaw herself at the age of only thirty-five, Pokagon devoted himself to the welfare of his small tribal group and of the Potawatomi as a whole. He visited Lincoln in the White House shortly after his inauguration to plead the Indian cause, and again just before the President's death; and in 1874 he interviewed General Grant. Finally, in 1894 Pokagon succeeded in arranging the payment of $104,000 by the government to the Potawatomi in compensation for the harsh terms of the original cession of their lands (at the price of about fifty cents per acre), and for various annuities previously withheld.[43] He also aided the development of schools for the Indians, such as the Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas, where his own children by a second marriage and his grandchildren were sent. He likewise encouraged the production and sale of local Indian craft materials.[44]

In an address delivered, appropriately enough, to a lodge meeting of the Order of Red Men the year before he died, Pokagon reviewed his long career:

> I have stood all my life as a peacemaker between the white people and my own people. Without gun or bow I have stood between the two contending armies, receiving a thousand wounds from your people and my own. I have continued to pray the great father at Washington to deal justly .... and have said to my own people, when they were bitterly wronged, and felt mortally offended, "Wait and pray for justice; the war-path will but lead you to the grave."[45]

A Chicago paper in an obituary notice touched a eulogistic note:

> The poet chief managed with consummate ability and skill the often conflicting and delicate interests and affairs of the band of three hundred Pottawattamie Indians scattered over the State of Michigan. Gifted with a fine education, and inspired by enlightened views, he was an instrument of far-reaching good to all his people.[46]

Chief Simon Pokagon lived simply and died simply, as a brief letter from his only surviving son to the Secretary of the Chicago Historical Society suggests:

> Apr. 17, 1899
>
> My father's last work "Queen of the Woods" is now ready for delivery. My father left but little means outside of the prospective value of his literary work. I therefore thought you might get a few copies for your library.
>
> Charles L. Pokagon[47]

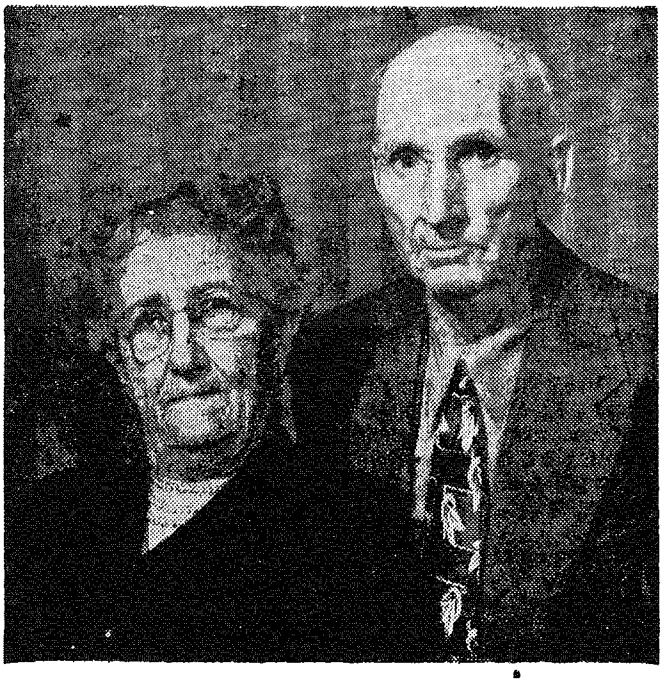
So it seems fitting that Pokagon State Park should bear his name, and that on the timbers of the great hall in the Potawatomi Inn should be engraved the legend: "O-Gi-Maw-Kwe Mit-I-Gwa-Ki Queen of the Woods," to remind us of a past which is now beyond recall.

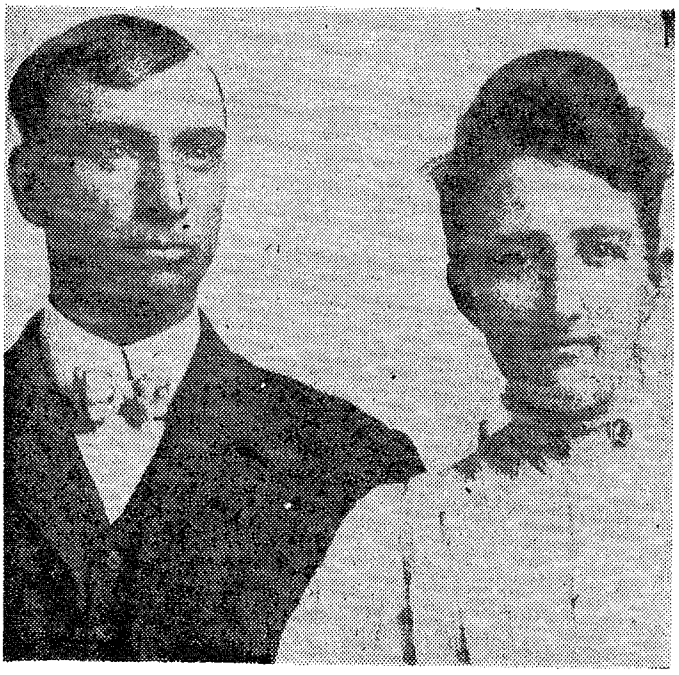
* David H. Dickason is professor of English at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

1. For a biographical study of his father, Chief Leopold, with brief notes on Simon, see Cecelia Bain Buechner, *The Pokagons (Indiana Historial Society Publications,* Vol. 10, No. 5; Indianapolis, Ind., 1933), 279-340. Pokagon is accented on the second syllable, with the vowel in that syllable long.
2. The most significant are: "An Indian's Observations on the Mating of Geese," *Arena,* XVI (July, 1896), 245-248; "The Future of the Red Man," *Forum,* XXIII (August, 1897), 698-708; "Indian Superstitions and Legends," *Forum,* XXV (July, 1898), 618-629; "The Massacre of Fort Dearborn at Chicago," *Harper's Monthly,* 98 (March, 1899), 649-656; and "The Pottawatomies in the War of 1812," *Arena,* XXVI (July, 1901), 48-55, published after his death.
3. [Albert Shaw], "Simon Pokagon on Naming the Indians," *Review of Reviews,* XVI (September, 1897), 320.
4. B.O. Flower, "An Interesting Representative of a Vanishing Race," *Arena,* XVI (July, 1896), 240, 248.
5. Frederick Webb Hodge (ed.), *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* (2 vols., Washington, D.C., 1907-1910), II, 274. Hodge's *Handbook* is *Bulletin 30* of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
6. "Chief Pokagon Dies," Chicago *Inter Ocean,* January 29, 1899, reprinted in Chief [Simon] Pokagon, *O-Gi-Maw-Kwe Mit-I-Gwa-Ki (Queen of the Woods)* (Hartford, Mich., 1901), Appendix, 242. The Appendix to this volume (pp. 221-155) was arranged by the publisher, C.H. Engle. This book is hereafter cited as *Queen of the Woods.*
7. *Ibid.,* 240.
8. The original letter is owned by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Ill.
9. Buechner, *The Pokagons,* 325.
10. C.H. Engle, "Preface," *Queen of the Woods,* i.
11. Ethnologists and linguists now prefer the term "Algonkian"; "Algaic" is used infrequently to refer to a subgroup.
12. Pokagon, *Queen of the Woods,* 36.
13. *Ibid.,* 35-41.
14. *Ibid.,* 55.
15. *Ibid.,* 58.
16. *Ibid.,* 60.
17. *Ibid.,* 62-63.
18. *Ibid.,* 93.
19. *Ibid.,* 172.
20. *Ibid.,* 163.
21. *Ibid.,* 164-171.
22. *Ibid.,* 175.
23. *Ibid.,* 175, 179.
24. *Ibid.,* 181-182.
25. *The Red Man's Greeting* (Hartford, Mich.: C.H. Engle, n.d.). Copies are in the files of the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, and in the Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library, of Chicago. To the staffs of these institutions, the author hereby expresses his appreciation for help given and for permission to use this and other materials.
26. Mrs. Hattie Flower, Review of *The Red Man's Greeting, Arena,* VIII (November, 1893), book review section, n.p.
27. Teresa Dean, in Chicago *Inter Ocean,* n.d., quoted in *Queen of the Woods,* Appendix, 251.
28. (Hartford, Mich.: C.H. Engle, 1901). A copy is in the Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library, Chicago. It is reprinted in Charles S. Winslow, *Indians of the Chicago Region* (Chicago, 1946), 4-8; and is extensively quoted without reference to source in Cornelia Steketee Hulst, *Indian Sketches* (New York, 1912), 63-65.
29. (Hartford, Mich.: C.H. Engle, n.d.). A copy is owned by the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago.
30. Pokagon, *Pottawatamie Book of Genesis,* n.p.
31. Pokagon, *Algonquin Legends of South Haven,* n.p.
32. The "Pokagon band" is sometimes referred to as the St. Joseph Potawatomi. At the time of their maximum development in 1820 the entire tribe numbered about thirty-four hundred persons in some fifty villages in northern Illinois and Indiana and southwestern Michigan. Apparently they had lived earlier on the western shores of Lake Huron. See Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians,* II, 291; William Duncan Strong, *The Indian Tribes of the Chicago Region,* Chicago Field Museum of Natural History, *Anthropology Leaflet, No. 24.* (Chicago, Ill., 1926), 17; and Otho Winger, *The Potawatomi Indians* (Elgin, Ill., 1939), 147.
33. Father Badin, a French Jesuit priest, recorded that Chief Leopold had lost "six or seven" children before his baptism in 1830. See Buechner, *The Pokagons,* 303; Winger, *The Potawatomi Indians,* 141-158; Timothy Edward Howard, *A History of St. Joseph County, Indiana* (2 vols., Chicago, Ill., and New York, 1907), II, 605-612; contemporary newspaper accounts such as "Chief Simon Pokagon Dead," Chicago *Record,* January 28, 1899, p. 16; and autobiographical references in *Queen of the Woods,* 49-53.
34. A detailed history of this event is found in Daniel McDonald, *Removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from Northern Indiana* (Plymouth, Ind., 1899). The most important documentary source is Nellie Armstrong Robertson and Dorothy Riker (eds.), *The John Tipton Papers* (3 vols., *Indiana Historical Collections,* Vols. XXIV, XXV, XXVI; Indianapolis, Ind., 1942). Many references are made throughout to negotiations, treaties, pay-

ments, and suits, with the climax, "Removal of the Potawatomi," *ibid.*, III, 659-770. See also "Journal of an Emigrating Party of Pottawattomie Indians," *Indiana Magazine of History*, XXI (December, 1925), 315-336; and Irving McKee, *The Trail of Death: Lettters of Benjamin Marie Petit (Indiana Historical Society Publications*, Vol. XIV, No. 1; Indianapolis, Ind., 1941), 1-141.

35. Colonel Tipton reported to Governor David Wallace:."It may be the opinion of those not well informed upon the subject, that the expedition was uncalled for, but I feel confident that nothing but the presence of an armed force, for the protection of the citizens of the State, and to punish the insolence of the Indians, could have prevented bloodshed. . . . I did not feel authorized to drive these poor degraded beings from our State, but to remove them from the reserve, and to give peace and security to our own citizens." Robertson and Riker, *Tipton Papers*, III, 713-714.
36. *Queen of the Woods*, 79-83.
37. See Buechner, *The Pokagons*, 312-313; and *History of St. Josph County, Indiana* (Chicago, Ill.: Chas. C. Chapman & Co., 1880), 335.
38. Engle's educational data, based on oral statements by Pokagon, are included in his "A Brief Sketch of Chief Simon Pokagon's Life," prefixed to *Queen of the Woods*, 5-6. Instruction at the University of Notre Dame was begun in 1842; and in 1844 two charters were issued, one to authorize the founding of the university and the other to establish a "trade or manual labor school," which was distinct from the preparatory department of the university. Pokagon presumably attended the trade school. "It is even possible that Simon was sent by his father to the Notre Dame Preparatory School in South Bend to perform errands, but Father Hope is almost convinced that Simon Pokagon did not enroll in the school itself. . . . None of this can be verified by records, since all records were destroyed in the great fires of the 1870's." Leo M. Corbaci, administrative assistant, University of Notre Dame, to the author, March 16, 1961.
39. Oberlin officials report: "We have searched our records [under the variant spelling Pokagon, Pokegon, Pocagin, and Pugegun], but have been unable to find that the Indian Simon Pokagon was ever enrolled in Oberlin College." Robert R. Barr, acting secretary, Oberlin College, to the author, November 4, 1959. Pokagon's own explicit statement concerning his education is this: "About this time my dear father died; and, soon after, my mother, on the advice of one of the Catholic Fathers, sent me to Notre Dame School, near South Bend, Indiana, where I remained four or five years. But, desiring a more liberal education than I was likely to get there, I sought out my old missionary friend Coles, and laid before him my great anxiety to go to school at Oberlin, Ohio, where race and color were disregarded. The good man finally persuaded my mother to send me to that school." Pokagon, "Indiana Superstitions and Legends," *Forum*, XXV (July, 1898), 618-619.
40. William Henry Perrin (ed.), *History of Summit County* (Chicago, Ill., 1881), 658. Italics in the quotation have been added.
41. Winger, *The Potawatomi Indians*, 153.
42. C.H. Engle, "A Brief Sketch of Chief Simon Pokagon's Life," *Queen of the Woods*, 32.
43. Cf. Buechner, *The Pokagons* 327. Pokagon gives a different figure in a letter to the editor of the *Review of Reviews:* "Our band received several annuities from the Government prior to 1860, at which time we received thirty-nine thousand dollars, partial payment of moneys due. . . . Last autumn we received the final payment of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars." [Shaw], "Simon Pokagon on Naming the Indians," *Review of Reviews*, XVI (September, 1897), 321.
44. Engle, "A Brief Sketch of Simon Pokagon's Life," *Queen of the Woods*, 21-22; and *ibid.*, Appendix, 254-255.
45. Given at the Gem Opera House, Liberty, Indiana, under the auspices of the Orinoco Tribe No. 184, I.O.R.M., January 7, 1898, reprinted in *Queen of the Woods*, Appendix, 224.
46. "Chief Pokagon Dies," Chicago *Inter Ocean*, January 29, 1899, quoted in *Queen of the Woods*, Appendix, 240-241.
47. The original letter is in the Gilpin Library of the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago.





TOGETHER 60 YEARS—Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Payne of Decatur marked their 60th wedding anniversary Dec. 6. The couple is shown, below, as they appeared on their wedding day. They reside on Route 2, Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are the parents of three daughters, Mrs. William Kemp of Kalamazoo, Mrs. Paul Hydene of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mrs. Norman Michener of Fenton, Mich. —Schlavone photo

A Fine New Library for Decatur

With much satisfaction the residents of the village of Decatur and of Van Buren County welcome the information, supplied by Mr. Earl E. Copley, president of the First State Bank, that a beautiful library building will be erected on one of the most important locations in the village.

The library building and a large endowment fund for its physical maintenance come to the village under the terms of the Last Will and Testament of Norman Edward Webster, a native of Decatur. For many years he was a resident of New York City until his death there on July 15 of last year.

Three outstanding residents of the village have been named as the board of trustees of the library fund. Mr. Copley is chairman of the board. His colleagues are Marvin McWilliams and Lyle Parker. Mr. Parker accepted the responsibilities of office after the death of Arba N. Moulton, for many years the editor of the Decatur Republican, known as The Grand Old Man of the community.

During the period of administration of the estate of the donor, one of Mr. Webster's partners in the firm of Webster, Horne & Elsdon, will act as a trustee, for consultation purposes.

The first step in the process of bringing the dream of the library into actual existence was the purchase, for Mr. Webster, of the plot of land and the building at Phelps and St. Mary's Streets from Dr. and Mrs. Evan L. Copeland, in the summer of 1955.

When the executors of the Will of Norman Webster are free to deliver to the trustees, the investments of the estate, active steps will be taken to engage an architect experienced in library design. After plans and specifications have been approved by the board of trustees and in accordance with the thoughts outlined by Mr. Webster during his life, contractors will be asked to submit bids for the construction and equipment of the new library structure.

On March 26, 1869, there was born to Norman Earl Webster, a carpenter of Decatur, and his wife, Jenne Chavleer, their only child. It was a boy. He was named Norfriends he was "Ed Webster" (or friends he was "ed Webster" (or "Eddie," while a small boy). He grew up to young manhood in this village and he attended the local "Graded School". There he came under the teaching of Professor Henry Upton whose influence on the life of the growing boy persisted throughout his entire life. Mr. Upton was a man who knew how to teach in such fashion that his pupils were enabled to learn. Another teacher whose character and ability had a continuing effect in the life of Ed Webster was Miss Abigail Pearce.

In his last year at the local school Ed. Webster made the acquaintance of Rose Rezeau, a fellow pupil. She was then residing with her greataunt, Mrs. A. J. Kinne. That acquaintance ripened into life-long affection. The schoolmates were married in Denver, Colorado, on December 17, 1895.

After his graduation from school the young Mr. Webster went to work in Decatur, for the Decatur Manufacturing Company, and later for the Hinkley Stave Company. From there he went to Kalamazoo as bookkeeper for the Michigan Buggy Company.

In 1892, he went to Union College in Schenectady, New York. The great Chicago Columbian Exposition attracted him to a new field of work. From that occupation he went to the United States Treasury Department in Washington. Acquaintances made there attracted him to New York City, where, as a Certified Public Accountant, he established a national reputation.

As the years passed, the memories of the school days in Decatur grew warm and golden for Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and they decided to leave to the village that which remained of their financial substance when death should claim them.

Among the papers left by Mr. Webster is a list of the Decatur families known and loved by them in the Eighteen Eighties: Arnold, Baker, Brownridge, Browning, Chadwick, Chamberlin, Charles, Coleman, Copley, Dillon, Harrison, Hathaway, Hill, Rose, Shuster, Trowbridge, Upton, Warren, "and the farm families" Buell, Hathaway, Tyler, Morris, Rosewarne, "and others."

But above all — Professor Henry Upton.

On May 23, 1951, Mr. Moulton received a letter from the Websters in which they stated that they were making new wills and he said he would like to do something for his birthplace and gave the following tentative plan:

Each of us will leave all of his or her estate to the survivor. If both die together, or if not, when the survivor dies, there will be legacies to relatives-all distant — to employees at our home, to religious, educational and charitable societies, and the residue probably not less than $75,000 perhaps $125,000 for a project in Decatur.

My wish for this is a library site and building, three choices for location, all on St. Mary's Street, are as follows:

A - Corner of Phelps Street, the former Samuel Ellis property.

B - Corner of School Street, in the same block as Ellis property.

C - Corner of Phelps Street, across from Ellis property.

Each is near the business center and near the Schools.

He further stated "I hope that the provision of a library building might lead to a consolidation of Village and School Libraries, that the Trustees might accept ours of nearly 1000 volumes with encyclopedias, globe, bookcases etc. Possibly it might some time be offered yours (Mr. Moulton's) Both Village and School Boards would have a relation to it as shown later on. I wish it called The Henry Upton Library

From some later correspondence Mr. Moulton and the other trustees convinced him that it should be named the Webster Public Library.

An officer of the Hayes law firm in New York estimated that the library fund would be well in excess of $300,000.

Mr. Webster's will filed for probate in Van Buren County and in New York state, distributes about $37,000 among relatives, two employees and a church and a college in New York.

The will also authorized the three trustees, Copley, McWilliams and Parker, to spend 60 per cent of the library trust for construction, the remainder to be used as a permanent endowment for care and maintenance.

The trustees are authorized to use the Dr. Copeland property or they may dispose of it and acquire another site. The will requires that part of the libary be available for public meetings of a non-political, non-sectarian nature.

Mr. Webster also directed that his remains, after cremation, be placed with those of his late wife in an urn to be located permanently in the library.

Also named as a trustee of the library fund is a New Yorker, Henry A. Horne. The executors of the estate in New York have reportedly been urging the library trustees to launch building plans.

the local men say they have been hoping first to find out how large the trust fund will be.

BERT KIDMAN

Bert Kidman, 70, the last of Decatur's blacksmiths, has worked a plan of gradual retirement which will insure the continuation of his business.

Born in Eau Claire, the veteran blacksmith said that except for a few years at Grand Blanc and at Lawton, he has spent his entire working life in the Decatur area.

Now, a yen for an easier pace and some traveling and fishing is bringing to a close his 55 years at the forge and anvil. He has given a three-year lease on his shop, along with an option to buy, to Edward Schubr, former operator of "Ed's Portable Welding Service."

Schubr, who has no experience as a blacksmith, will have the benefit of Kidman's knowledge of the craft during the next several months. The veteran blacksmith explained that the art of forging is a vanishing skill, one which he intends to impart to his successor before retiring completely.

"There's still a lot of demand for blacksmith," he observed, "and a man who can forge is never idle."

For many years now Kidman has been doing experimental custom work, producing special implements for Decatur-area muck land farmers.

"The farmer gets an idea of what he wants and we build it" he explained.

Besides mint settlers and steel grain and hay elevators the products have included such items as a power digger which reportedly could dig 400 fruit tree holes per day, and a carrot harvester which had a carrot-topper in front of a tractor and a digger behind with an elevator attached which loaded the produce.

"Another man wanted a machine for setting asparagus roots and we built that" he added. The blacksmith explained that he is equally familiar with wood or metal work, and added that since the horse business vanished in 1941 his work has been easier.

In the days when shoeing 20 or 22 horses was just a good day's work the blacksmith said it was not uncommon to work around the clock to get a large number of horses shod on short notice. Kidman said this was his system of satisfying customers and advertising.

Now with most of the equipment electrically-driven he said things are easier. "Electricity is the best hired man you can have," he declared.

Kidman, who started the trade under his father at the age of 15, also has two brothers who have been blacksmiths.

He explained that while he no longer cares to work all the time, he isn't quite ready to retire completely.

"I have a sister in Yankeetown, Florida, and I'm going to spend a week there this spring," he said. "and I have a daughter in Detroit. I'll go over there for Easter."

Regarding the business Kidman said, "I'll be here, maybe, 'til fall when I get Schubr going. Then I'm going to do more traveling. Later on if I find a warmer place that I like, maybe in Florida, I'll settle down there."

The blacksmith, who appears to be closer to 55 than 70 years old, enjoys hunting as well as fishing. He was once the president of a sporting club in Decatur and was a member of the school board from 1921 to 1941.

HARLEY E. SQUIER

Harley E. Squier. Among the younger farmers of Van Buren County, Mr. Squier occupies a leading position. Enterprising, industrious and progressive in his ideas, he has obtained a good start in life, not only as a skillful farmer but also as a useful member of the community in which he resides. He owns and occupies a fine body of land on Section 32, Columbia Township, which is familiarly known as "Orchard Hill," having been so named by Mrs. Squier. The farm consists of two hundred and sixty acres, thirty acres of which have been planted out in an orchard, while the remainder is devoted to agricultural and stock-raising purposes.

In Volinia Township, Cass County, this state, Harley E. Squier was born September 20, 1861. When six years old, he accompanied his parents in their removal from the farm which had been their home to Decatur, where he received a good common school education. During vacations he was employed as a clerk in the store which his father conducted in that place, but at the age of seventeen embarked for himself as a clerk for the Hinkley Stave Company. Afterward he was engaged in Decatur and Breedsville as one of the Superintendents of that company until 1885, when he entered the First National Bank at Decatur as a cashier. Two years later, he resigned the position, in order to engage in farming, and has since quietly pursued his chosen calling on his beautiful homestead.

On September 14, 1887, Mr. Squier was married to Miss Sadie E. Brown, the daugher of Amos S. and Sarah (Deming) Brown. Mrs. Squier was born April 3, 1862, on the place where she now resides and received her education in the district schools, graduating from Englewood High School in the class of '81. She is a lady of great refinement and many accomplishments, and occupies an enviable position in social circles. She is a devoted wife and an affectionate mother to her child, Paul. In his political affiliations, Mr. Squier is a decided adherent of the Republican Party and is numbered among its most influential members. He has served in various township offices and also filled the responsible position of President of the Village of Breedsville. In his social connections, he is identified with the Knights of Pythia.

The above information was taken from "Portrait and Geographical Record of Van Buren County, Michigan" which was published in 1892.

In 1892, Mr. Squier was elected as County Clerk for Van Buren County. Mr. Squier served in this office for two terms from 1893 to 1897. While serving in this office, Mr. Squier built up a large acquaintance throughout Southern Michigan and an enviable reputation as an able and efficient public servant.

On April 17, 1893, a second son, Carl B. Squier was born in Decatur, Michigan.

In 1898, Mr. Squier accepted a position with a firm that sold a new type of "Gas Light." Mr. Squier introduced the Gas Light in a large number of cities including Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Washington.

In 1901, Mr. Squier returned to Michigan, accepting a position as "Chief Clerk" at the Phelps Sanitorium, in Battle Creek, Michigan.

On September 18, 1902, Mrs. Squier passed away at the Sanitorium. This was a great loss to

Mr. Squier and his two sons. Mrs. Squier had been a devoted wife and mother. Mrs. Squier was placed to rest in the lot of her family in the Breedsville Cemetery. Mr. Squier leaving his two sons in the care of his father and mother in Decatur, returned to his duties at the Sanitorium.

In 1904, Mr. Squier returned to Decatur, Michigan to aid in the management of his father's farm. November 23, 1905, he met and married Bertha Jennings. There are five children of this union. David A., of South Bend; Walter H., of Battle Creek; Robert J., of Berkeley, California; Elouise (Mrs. G.W. Westfall), Edwardsburg, Michigan and Bettie (Mrs. Ivan Gall), Shipshewana, Indiana. Mr. Squier remained on the farm and built up a fine herd of diary cattle and became quite successful. In 1917, due to some misfortunes, he sold his farm and accepted employment at the Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan. He moved his family to Buchanan, in 1918, where he and Mrs. Squier still resdie.

In 1932, Mr. Squier was appointed tax assessor and member of the Board of Supervisors. He continued as tax assessor until September 20, 1951, but continued on as member of the Board of Supervisors until his retirement, July 1, 1953.

After his retirement in July of 1953, Mr. Squier was taken ill in October of that year and has been in the sanitorium for the past two and one half years.

EXTRACT OF INFORMATION FROM IN BIBLE THAT DID BELONG TO CHARITY RICH IN THAT IT HAS THIS WRITTEN IN IT

June 21st 1821 Charity Rich,s Book
Charity and Samuel Rich was married November the 23, 1826
Charity Gard was Born November 15, 1806
Sanuel Rich was Born August 15, 1802
Josephus Gard Rich was born October 13, 1827
John H. Rich was born Oct. the 21, 1829
Rachel J. Rich was born Dec. the 5th, 1831
William D. Rich was born August the 7th, 1835
Mary Ann Rich was born June the 3, 1837
Alexander Fulton Rich was born Oct 1 A.D. 1839 (here the handwriting appears different)
Sarah Esther Rich was born April the 7th A.D. 1842 (twin)
Elizabeth Ellen Rich was born April 7th A.D. 1842 (twin)
Phebe Malinda Rich was born June 12th, 1845 (here again the handwriting changes)
Joseph Brickfield Rich was born August 8th, 1847.
THIS BIBLE WAS PRINTED IN 1818.

'40

Wagon Wheels Found in Lake

Three skin divers who fished some wagon parts out of Birch Lake, near Vandalia, have turned their find over to the State Historical Commission.

Commission experts will attempt to determine if the divers located a relic of pre-Civil War days that figures in stories about the slave traffic of more than a century ago.

Three Lansing men were prepared to go back after the rest of the wagon if study shows their weekend recovery has historical value.

Ervin Morris, Ira Cooper and Merritt Nevins brought from the bottom of Birch Lake, two metal rear wagon wheels, a connecting axle and a reach apparently broken off between the rear and front wheel assemblies.

The rusty objects appeared to first observers to be hand forged.

Tales handed down in the Vandalia-Cassopolis area had it that a group of Kentucky slave-owners seeking runaways left the wagon hidden in the woods while they searched.

Local abolitionists then were supposed to have dragged the vehicle to Birch Lake and sank it about 100 feet off shore.

Veteran Mailman Retires

Decatur Area Will Miss Andy

DECATUR, Nov. 6 — The familiar toot of Andy Kemp's car horn is a thing of the past for rural Decatur postal patrons.

Kemp delivered his last bundle of mail Saturday and retired from the postoffice after 33 years service.

He'd been on the job since 1924, driving up to 62 miles a day to bring both the good and the bad news to his rural [illegible].

"There's hardly a customer on the route who doesn't recognize the sound of that horn," Kemp said as he began reminiscing.

For the first few years, Kemp recalls, he drove a horse and wagon around his 30-mile long route. Even after he began using a car in 1934, the mailman relied on the horse and wagon to get through the snow covered roads in winter and mud-dy [illegible] in the spring. Kemp still owns that wagon as a relic of those early days.

When he began using the car regularly, Kemp's route was extended to 60 miles. Since then it's been shortened to 52 miles.

Kemp was appointed by the late Fred H. Fisher, local postmaster at the time, and has served under Mrs. [illegible] A. V. Morrison, Herbert Green and the present postmaster, Otis Howe.

As a mail carrier, Kemp says he has been involved in only three accidents. The worst happened in 1952 when his car was struck by a sec[illegible] while he was attempting a [illegible]

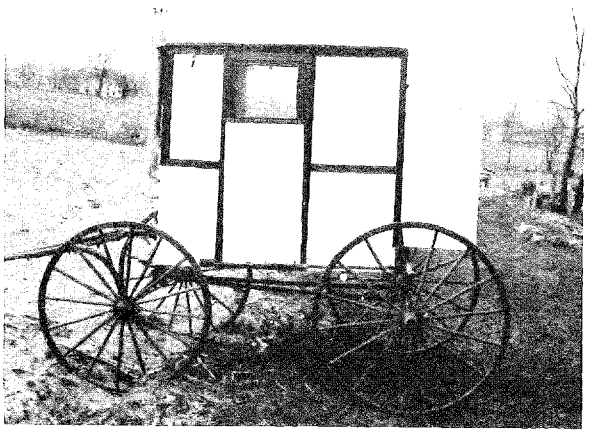
[illegible] and wife, Hazel live[illegible]

Kemp

on 14 acre plot at 111 Prairie Road, just off Decatur.

Following his recovery from surgery he underwent Monday in Kalamazoo, Kemp says he plans to farm and do custom butchering. If that doesn't keep him busy, there's always plenty to do around the house, Kemp observed.

The mail wagon owned and used by Andy Kemp was built by his father C.P. Kemp →



LOUIS G. HALL

Louis G. Hall was a graduate of the University of Illinois in 1922. He received a B.S. degree in Agriculture, with Farm Management as his major and Animal Husbandry as a minor (beef, sheep, swine, draft horses).

He served in two Illinois Counties as a U.S. Department of Agriculture Field Man in cost accounting — DeKalb County, 1922-1923; Knox County, 1923-1924. He must have been good, because he was known later as: "That H fur leather County Agricultural Agent!"

In 1933-'34 he was Van Buren County assistant to Fred Johnston, County Agricultural Agent. He worked in the capacity of Field Man on all farm programs: Corn-Hog, Wheat-and-Sugar Beets — for benefit payments by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

After three men had been turned down for the Lenawee County job at Adrian, in 1936, some one said one day, "Why don't you try Louie Hall? He has had Farm Management and Live Stock feeding and marketing experience in Illinois." So they accepted him at age forty-one, after five men could do nothing with that county for two decades. It was "touch and go" with County Agricultural agents.

It had been said that he was a hard man to "knock down" on any question concerning the business of farming, so, he gave it a try on April 6, 1936 and stayed — twenty-four years — to retirement age of sixty-five years and nine months — which was June 30, 1960. No other man had served more than five years before him. His successor on July 1, 1960 served fifteen years. Now a new one appointed Jan. 1, 1976 must serve to the year 2000 to equal Louis Hall's tenure.

There was a distinguished Service Award granted in December, 1946, in Chicago, at a meeting of the National Association of County Agricultural Agents. Louis Hall accomplished it in ten years of service — which is the time limit before one is nominated for this award. Up to that time, no one else had achieved this distinction in ten years.

CERTIFICATE

OF

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

AWARDED TO

LOUIS G. HALL

FOR

LONG AND EFFICIENT SERVICE TO THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY

BY

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AGENTS

— 1946 —

/S/ W.H. SILL, President

SEAL

/S/ C.C. Keller, Secretary

Decatur's New Industry

Allen Crest Greetings, Division of Michigan Lithographing Company, Decatur's new industry, is planning on starting production some time next month. Right now they have a small crew getting sample mounts, etc. prepared for salesmen.

Their products at present will be Christmas cards, tags and seals, also valentines for the syndicates, jobbers and variety stores throughout the country. In addition to this they will have a packaging service and they plan to package a variety of items for the general industrial trade.

Shipments of machinery will begin coming in this month and continue to do so for several months until all necessary equipment is installed for the planned operation.

Fred E. Pennell, Production and Plant Manager explained that their plans now are to do all the phases of the operation in Decatur, with the exception of the printing, which will be done in Grand Rapids. Until the machinery is all installed here, some of the work will have to be done in Chicago and Grand Rapids.

Allen Crest Greetings have offices in Chicago and will operate as a Division of Michigan Lithographing Company of Grand Rapids, with the main operation being planned for Decatur. Die cutting, assembling, stringing, packaging and shipping direct to the customer will be done at this plant, also most of the administrative work.

This new company will be located in the building formerly occupied by Colortype Publishing, Company, Division of American Colortype Company.

Colortype stopped operations the first of September of last year and moved their equipment the last of December back to Chicago. The officials of that company wish to thank the people of Decatur for their cooperation while they were located here for the past three years, but due to the change of control of the company and the sale of some of their divisions, there was space left vacant in one of their Chicago plants to move the Decatur operation back. Colortype did a lot for Decatur community while located here and it was certain to be appreciated as a result of the large weekly payroll.

Mr. A. F. Allen, General Manager of Allen Crest Greetings, is not exactly a stranger here, even though his offices are in Chicago. Years ago he used to call on our townsman Bill Beek with a line of cards, tags, seals and valentines. Mr. Allen has been in this particular business for over seventeen years and is well qualified to act as general manager, and to have the company bear his name, Allen.

It may also be interesting to many to know that the secretary of Michigan Lithographing Company is certainly not unknown here. He is Mr. Richard Court and Mrs. Court is the former Hollister Savage of Decatur. Dr. Court of Marcellus is his brother.

Mr. Pennell advises that where possible he plans on placing some of the employees that were laid off by Colortype, and that applications from others will be accepted after the 15th of March.

Growth and progress of a community can be the direct results of both small and large industries. Everyone should remember this and back both present and future industries for Decatur.

Cooperation means a great deal between local residents, businessmen and industrial management.

Lifelong Resident of Hamilton Dies

Mrs. Capitola L. Fassett, 95, a life-long resident of Hamilton and Keeler townships died at 7:30 p.m. at her home.

The body was removed to Newell Sons Funeral Home.

She was the daughter of Elam and Lucy Briggs, born May 12, 1862 in Keeler township. She was married to Seth L. Fassett of Hamilton township in 1878. Mr. Fassett died about 20 years ago.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Beulah Scott of Hamilton, Mrs. Bernice Burnette of Wichita Falls, Texas; a son, Hartwell of Hamilton, five grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Thursday at her home in Hamilton township. Rev. Henry Houseman will officiate. Burial will be in Keeler cemetery.

Capitola L. Briggs, daughter of Elam D. and Lucy Chapin Briggs was born May 12, 1862 at the old home place in Keeler township where she lived most of her busy life having attended school at the Gregory district and at Dowagiac.

She was noted for perfect deportment and high standing also as a music student. As a home maker, spinning, weaving, quilt making, cheese, butter and we

must not forget the soap made with lye drawn from wood ashes and grease saved from odds and ends.

She made clothing, knitted socks — picked the geese and made feather beds and pillows, preserved pork in brine, smoked hams and made sausage, canned fruit and dried apples to make money for her wedding linen.

In the year of 1878 at the age of 16, she was married to Seth L. Fassett and spent a short time at his home in Hamilton a few rods from where the log cabin now stands.

For four years they played for parties every where. Then came Beulah, Bernice, Florence and Hartwell to make up the home orchestra.

It is well remembered if a teacher failed to explain problems at school, Cappy took up the matter at home even writing an essay if necessary.

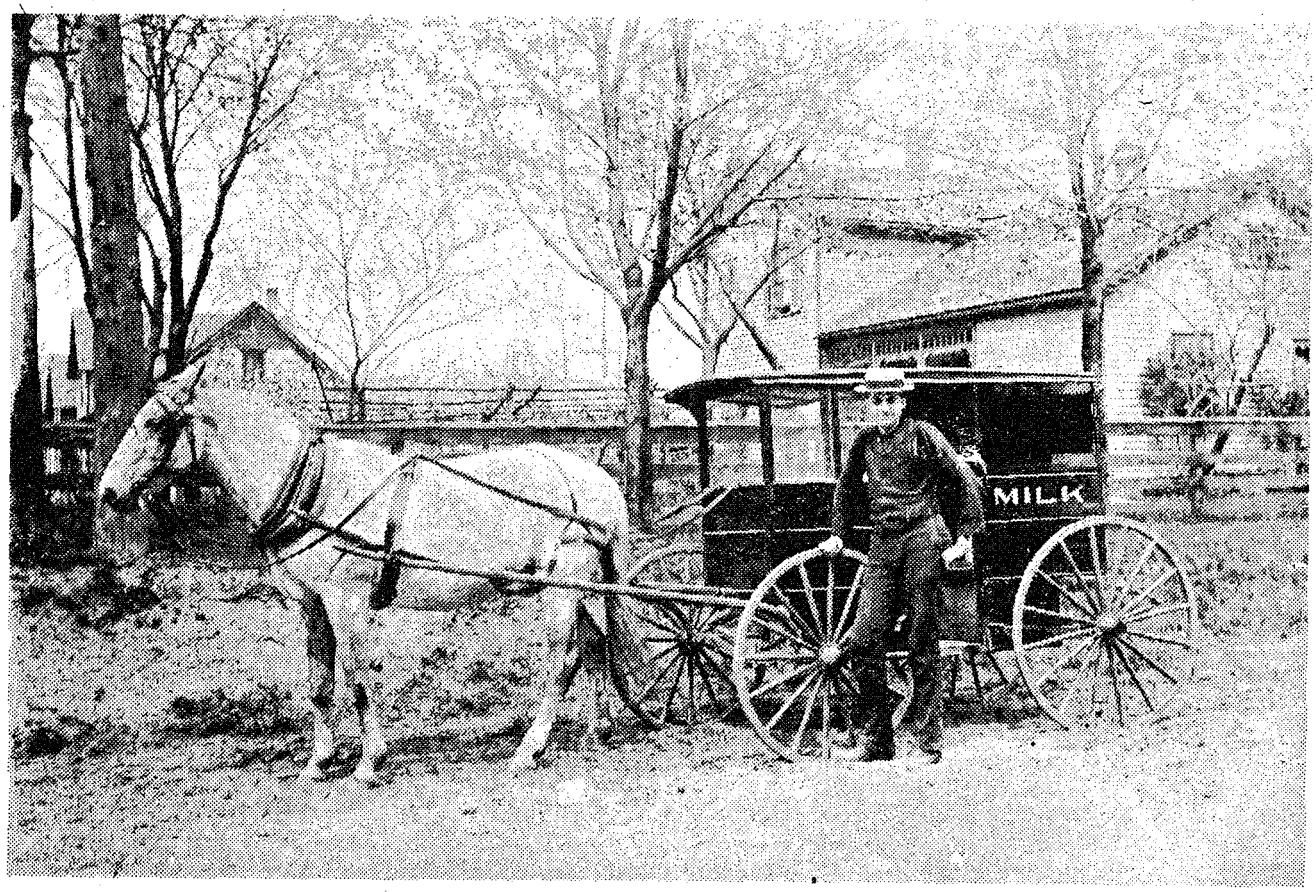
In later years her vegetable garden was a picture and she often expressed her thoughts in verse.

It was hard for her to endure the changes taking place in everything especially in the world of thought.

In her song she said: "In woman's hand is held a flag as yet but half unfurled, For as of old the hand that rocked the cradle rules the world!"

She did not belong to any church but always spoke of our Blessed Lord as our dearest friend and during her last years said many things we could not understand.

In our poor ways of expressing regard for her, we can only say it is for all eternity.



Here . . . There . . . and Yonder

JAIL FOOD at Benton Harbor seems to be poor fare and Tuesday, the prisoners in felons' row staged a minor rebellion over the food they were served for breakfast — prunes, a roll and coffee and the previous night's supper consisting of three slices of bread and coffee. The noon meal on Tuesday was scheduled to be bake beans and salad according to the Palladium. It seems the inmates plea for better food, now has been given consideration. Some dogs have better balanced meals than provided above. Rasco — our St. Bernard, keeps trim on his diet of milk, scraps, Purina Dog Chow, bones etc. He isn't exactly classed as one of "talking dogs" that appeared on Will Rogers' television show. However, he does make himself known when he is hungry and some of these hot summer days has "asked" to come in the house and share the coolness of the kitchen. He had an admirer Tuesday. A gal from Bloomington, Illinois is visiting her Aunt Grace Hill at Lake of The Woods. She use to have a St. Bernard and when she heard we had one — of course it was just like meeting a long, lost friend. Some time ago in the newspaper there was an account of a St. Bernard who was to be put to death because he attacked a man. Rasco is so very gentle and loves all the attention he gets from his admirers. . . . A ROANOKE, Virginia World-News reporter was given a rough time recently as he tried to get a bit of information for three stories before the deadline. First he called an Air Force major. He was out playing volley ball and not near a phone, but would call later. The reporter called the superintendent of a vacation Bible school for some information. A child said mama was taking a bath but would call later. Then the reporter called a

businessman to check a date. The businessman couldn't say because his secretary kept the records and she was then attending a weight-reducing class. Well, of course the three illustrations might be fantastic, I do not know, they were published in the Daily News. At least they well illustrate the problems met in the newspaper field. We have local people, who no doubt say, there's nothing in the Republican, but who also wouldn't give it a news item on their own, and when approached about one — say, no, don't put that in the paper. . . . . WE DON'T think of Michigan possessing many rattlesnakes — these are found in the south, Florida, perhaps? Well, it seems a 14-year-old boy near Muskegon was treated for a rattlesnake bite on his hand suffered while he was picking blueberries. Well, also this week, two ladies on Cedar Street were startled by a snake and one had a hoe for the killing but the handle wasn't long enough to reach it. Well, it so happened a brave soul passed by and did the clabbering. Had just better name the two — Betty and Opal — less others on the street might be suspected. Brave little Eddie got the shovel and buried it in the soft sand. . . . . DECATUR, together with townships of Hamilton and Decatur have agreed to buy a new fire truck. The bidder — Howe Fire Apparatus from Anderson, Indiana was awarded the contract. That company is located in my home town on 22nd Street and it so happens that when I was a youngster — played with the grandchildren of senior partner of the company at that time. We lived in the suburbs and our house was situated on a four acre plot — about half of which was woods and it adjoined the Howe property. . . . . TIME TO plant grass seed. It is said the best time to sow the seed to thicken your lawn turf is August 15 to September 1. Our poor lawn is so burned up. Just hope this last rain will give it strength to show a little green again before the snow falls. There are some very beautiful lawns about town, but have only been kept that way with constant sprinkling. In our case the poor electric pump would really have to work to supply water. Maybe some day we will have the time to tap the water from the channel. . . . . IN SPEAKING of time reminds me of an article I read in which a family spent their vacation at home. By doing this they had time to enjoy their favorite easy chair, slept in their own beds every night didn't have to put up with just any motel, because the early tourist got the choice rooms. There might be something to consider about that kind of a vacation. It seems that many are so busy working, they don't have the time to enjoy their friends or family. . . . . AS NEW sidewalks are laid around town the old cement is broken up and hauled away. Much of it has been used in various ways by local people. See even "Cap", the McWilliams' hound, now has a stone patio in front of his dog house and around his shade tree. . .

Benjamin Hathaway

Anne Dees
Decatur, Mich.
1957

It was the year 1837 — the year which was to see the admission of Michigan as a state into the Federal Union... It was the year 1837 and the Union's economy wasthe verge of the Panic of 1837 which was to be followed by years of severe economic depression.

It was the year 1837 — the year which was to see migration of numbers of American citizens from the eastern seaboard areas to lands of the west to attempt in some way to recoup their fortunes. Among these migrants was the Benjamin Hathaway, Sr. family.

The elder Hathaway had for some years owned and operated a line of canal boats in the state of New York, but for economic reasons he was forced out of business and so he brought his family to Michigan to recover from his financial adverses. Under these circumstances did Little Prairie Ronde become the home of an unrecognized genius, the son of the elder Hathaway carrying the same name as his father — Benjamin. At this time the son must have been about nineteen years old.

Much of the favorable land in Michigan had already been homesteaded. A look at the population in 1837 shows that there were 5,296 residents in Cass County, a number nearly equalled by Berrien County, exceeded by more than a thousand by both Kalamazoo and St. Joseph Counties — yet an impressive lead over Van Buren County which could boast of but 1,262 inhabitants.

Some of these homesteaders were fortunate enough to find land in the "openings" or prairies. This meant no hard work in clearing the land before the plow share could be put to work. Cultivation could begin here without delay. One of the large prairies was Prairie Ronde in Kalamazoo County. A smaller namesake was Little Prairie Ronde situated in Cass County.

The elder Hathaway was pleased with the rich soil of Little Prairie Ronde and acquired 275 acres in Volinia township, where fortunately, tracts of land were still available for homesteading. The land was a strip 160 rods wide on the west side of sections 2 and 11, extending into section 14 at the middle of section 2. This extension was acquired from John Curry who had located on it in 1830.

The elder Hathaway died in 1844 and the son, Benjamin, inherited 110 acres lying half on each side of the road entering the middle of section 11 on the west.

Through hard work and resourcefulness the farm had become a show place by 1866 when Mr. Hathaway was presented an award for his farm on three counts: its handsome surroundings, its well kept appearance, and the excellent way in which it was cultivated. It was considered the finest small farm (160 acres or less) in the entire state. It won second place award in all farms in Michigan, of whatever size.

The Michigan State Agricultural Society which made the award figured the income from the Hathaway farm at $29.60 per acre, which was a third more than any other competing farm. It was over twice the income averaged by the Jervis D. Adams farm in Kalamazoo County which won first place. The committee also made special mention of the thorn hedges (Crataegus Virginiana) which had been planted by Hathaway to take the place of fences.

His knowledge of things horticultural and agricultural caused Mr. Hathaway to be in great demand as a speaker and writer. On different occasions he was called upon to address the Michigan Agricultural Society, the Michigan Pomological Society, and the Michigan Horticultural Society.

In his nursery Hathaway produced new fruits including raspberries and the Michigan strawberry. He developed an improved strain of field corn which became well known as Hathaway's Yellow Dent.

A trip down Hathaway Road as far as the Witness Tree today takes one past the remains of a once proud miniature forest, known in days past as Hathaway Plantation. Here Mr. Hathaway planted in rows every kind of tree native to our state. Many of the older trees have succumbed to the ravages of time, yet Nature has replaced numbers of them with their seedlings. It has been said that when a baby daughter passed away the Hathaways buried her in these woods.

Above all things, Mr. Hathaway was a poet. His first book appeared in 1876 entitled "Art Life and Other Poems" bearing the imprint of H.H. Carter and Company of Boston. In 1891 appeared a poem on the traditions of the Indian called "The League of the Iroquois" bearing the imprint of Donnelly, Gassette, and Lloyd of Chicago. A later book was entitled "The Finished Creation and Other Poems." This appeared in 1892 and was printed by the Arena Publishing Company of Boston.

A neighbor of ours acquired a copy of this last book on September 9th, 1912, when Mrs. Hathaway and daughter Helen gave a party for a group of women. Each guest was presented with a copy of "The Finished Creation" autographed by Mrs. Hathaway. Our neighbor very graciously loaned me her copy to examine.

The volume was graced with a picture of the poet as a frontispiece, made from an engraving by H.B. Haller of New York. It shows him to have been a keen-eyed, handsome man with a look of the poet about him. His hair was worn long, reaching well over his coat collar. His beard was dark and heavy, as was also his mustache.

The volume contains several interesting legends in poetic form, including a Penobscot and a Micmac legend. Also included is a poetic dedication to Michigan University on its 50th anniversary in 1887. In view of the fact that the 100th anniversary is now a thing of the past, the last verse is particularly interesting:

"O, pride and promise of our youthful State!
Build for her children such an Appian Way
As Rome did never know;
Where strong in knowledge, as in virture great,
Shall thousands come and go:
May prouder record than we read to-day
Thy hundredth birthday show."

Mr. Hathaway purchased the type and set up the contents of his own books. He was a typesetter and compositor of no mean ability and when he had the material readied for printing he delivered it in person to the publishing house and oversaw its publication. Copies of his works are genuine collectors' items because of their rarity.

His love of nature, devotion to friends and family, interest in the world around him, and dedication to the best gifts are very evident in his literary works. A favorite pastime was walking to Dowagiac and back at least once a week — and this in spite of the fact that his stable boasted some fine driving horses.

Mr. Hathaway was also an accomplished cooper, supplying his own needs and those of his neighbors for barrels in which to pack their fruits.

A favorite chestnut tree on his farm was designated for a special purpose by the owner. When it reached maturity it was cut and sawed into lumber, then stored with orders that it be reserved until his death and then be made up into a casket. A neighbor carried out these wishes. Patrick Howland who is alive today planed the chestnut lumber.

Another of Mr. Hathaway's wishes which was carried out after his death was his desire to have his body drawn by one of his own teams rather than in a hearse.

The services were held in the Huycktown school and the poet was buried in the Rose Hill cemetery at Nicholsville in 1896.

Forty Years Ago

To-day the paths my infant footsteps pressed,
I thread in stranger guise;
I climb the hills, whose woodland mantled crest
First met my infant eyes;
On grassy mound, in Autumn's paling glow,
I sit and muse, where in olden time
I sat and dreamed-dreams only Youth may know
Oh! dreams sublime,
Dreamed forty years ago.

The spot where stood the home that gave me birth,
With grass is overgrown;
Alone is left of all that ample hearth
One solitary stone.
Ah! since that day, though I have wandered so,
Have seen remotest firesides blaze and shine,
None have I found to match that warmth and glow,
That beam divine
Of forty years ago.

Still stands, as then, the school house old; renewed,
And old again; to me
The same as then upon its benches rude
I conned my A B C;
Still carvings quaint the deck and lintels show
The work of hands beyond their task's employ;
If but by this, the boy to-day, I know
Is as the boy
Of forty years ago.

Last night I sat beside that saucy maid,
The same, yet not the same;
The frosts of time had touched each auburn braid,
But left her heart, her name;
From childhood's years had it been ours to grow,
As we together grew — I questioned Fate, —
Would she, unwedded, still have waited so,
My gentle mate
Of forty years ago?

The comrades of old days — oh! where are they?
Far from their native soil,
Unto what lands gone each his separate way, —
Into what fields of toil?
Some cherished names the marble tablets show,
And some, alas! are fallen more than they,
Some toward a nobler manhood strive and grow
Still, day by day,
As forty years ago.

The vision fades, the scenes of Childhood fly, —
Recedes the Primal Age;
Upon my pen the sunset shadows lie,
My tears despoil the page;
And I full soon, the waiting fields to sow
For harvests new, afar again shall roam;
Once more adieu — the last — I bid thee, O
My Boyhood's Home
Of forty years ago!

And may I, Free from Time's decay and rust,
Still keep Youth's horoscope;
Keep all undimmed my childhood's love and trust,
My childhood's faith and hope;
That at the last when fades Earth's fleeting show, —
Falls round my life the twilight's gathering haze,
A bright Beyond shall beckon, shine and glow,
As in the days
Of forty years ago.

From: *Art Life and Other Poems*
By Benjamin Hathaway

Galley Bits

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
By ELLA NORE

94 year old george bernard shaw is confined to a hospital bed all because of a broken leg . . his being in the hospital caused a furor a short time ago . . even though it is a british rule mr. shaw's ration book did not accompany him nor was it turned over to the institution . . explanation was given that he is a vegetarian—that he did not use tea, meat or other rationed foods . . nevertheless the hospital stood firm and the book was surrendered by his housekeeper—very much intact . . lady astor has befriended him since mrs. shaw's death in 1943 . .his room is filled with flowers and baskets of fruit . . some of which have been flown in from the united states . . .

Ella Nore

g b

republican senator brewster from maine has suggested the following campaign slogan "confusion, corruption and communism" . . senator capehart, an indiana republican, charges marshall and truman are planning to relieve general mac arthur of his eastern command soon after the november election . . .

g b

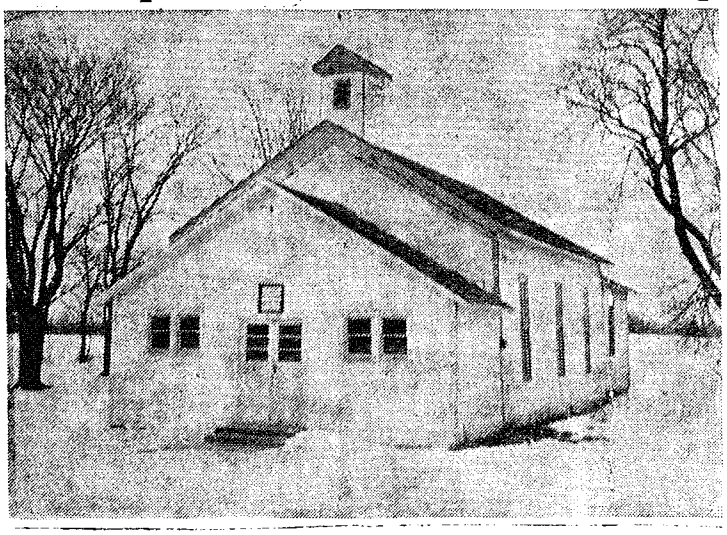
even though niagara falls receives a lot of publicity and visitations, there are 67 waterfalls scattered in various parts of the world that are much higher . . .

g b

joe louis seems to be uncertain as to his future plans . . he may fight again and he may not . . word comes concerning louis and the fight . . it seems he lost because of illness rather than from old age . . he had been given penicillin as treatment for a cold and was not feeling well . . whatever his choice one columnist insists his name alone is worth a couple of million . . he has taken up his position as director of the international boxing club . . had been away on a brief leave of absence following the championship bout . . he will receive around $102,000 as his share of the gate receipts . . the check will be mailed to his attorney who in turn will straighten out the matter of his income tax, now past due and payable to the department of internal revenue . . even though louis lost the fight, a number of fans believed he would win . . mr. billingsley, proprietor of the famous stork club, bet $2,000 to $1,000 in favor of the brown bomber . . however this loss was overshadowed by a recent receipt of $22,000—a gross two-day profit gathered from the many celebrities and men of note who frequent the club . . .

g b

First Baptist Church, Decatur Township



First Baptist Church is located in section 6 of Decatur Township. The following church history was written by Mrs. R. A. Crosby, church clerk.

In 1868 the First Baptist Church of Decatur was established and dedicated by a community of Christian people. During the early life of the church there were about 150 members enrolled. There are two members of the church presently who were children in the early church; Essie Smith and Eve Scoot both of Decatur. They are also the only living survivors of one of the first choirs of the First Baptist Church.

The founders were Isaac Moss, Thomas Winburn, Nathan Lennox, Grief Foster, Joseph Mahoney and Dosen Brown.

The early deacons numbered seven. They were: Isaiah Brown, Dosen Brown, David Moss, W. Scott, Joseph Mahoney, Melon Bradley and Robert Lennox. Mr. Lennox served as deacon for fifty years.

Sunday school superintendents were: Grandville Foster, Mort Stafford, Sam Brown, David Moss, Robert Lennox, Henery Manual and Charlie Evans.

The church still retains the old Bible which holds some historical events. It was presented to the church by Dennis Brown who was a member. During the life of the church the Bible has only been taken out once and that was for reconditioning.

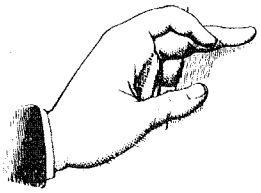
The transfer of the land on which the church stands was made October 31, 1868 from Henry and Helen Lindsley to trustees of the First Baptist Church. The transfer was recorded at Paw Paw, September 19, 1871. The plot of land is nine rods square.

The church building has undergone some changes but some of the old logs still remain.

The present pastor is Rev. Homer W. Cross of Grand Rapids who has been serving since 1949.

Services are held on the following schedule each week: Sunday school, 10:00 a. m. Morning worship, 11:00 a. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

The church owns and operates a farm some three miles from Decatur, raising and cultivating asparagus, grapes and black raspberries.



Leslie Discovers Satire On England in 'Alice' Books

BY CARL E. ZIMMERER.

A wealth of finely drawn allegorical satire buried in Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice's Adventures Through the Looking Glass" is revealed by Shane Leslie, Irish critic, in an essay in the current issue of "Scrip," Notre Dame literary quarterly. Under the analytical glass of Dr. Leslie the impossible happenings which on their surface have amused generations of youngsters become caricatures of the Oxford movement.

Hitherto Carroll (whose real name was Charles L. Dodgson) has been regarded as ingenious rather than profound and his delightful, whimsical logic and verbal felicities have appealed on their own merit. Carroll was ar Oxford don who lectured on mathematics from 1855 to 1881 and was a disinterested observer of the Oxford movement which swept a number of Anglican clergymen into the Roman Catholic religion.

"Alice in Wonderland" may be a secret history of this movement, Dr. Leslie suggests. Carroll inscribed a greeting on the 1876 edition of the "Looking Glass," which reads: "Some perhaps may blame me for mixing together things grave and gay; others may smile and think it odd that anyone should speak of solemn things at all except in church and on a Sunday."

Alice Is at Oxford.

"Alice, to begin with," Dr. Leslie writes, "may be regarded as the simple Freshman or Everyman who wanders like a sweet and innocent undergraduate in the wonderland of a Victorian Oxford when everybody was religious in some way or other. The white rabbit, whom she immediately meets, is the type of simple English clergyman of the day with his hole fixed like some country rectory. When he takes his watch out of his pocket (a curious proceeding for any rabbit) he strikes a supernatural note immediately."

Once Dr. Leslie has intimated that the scene is the Oxford controversy between high church and low, between Catholic and Protestant, the identification of certain characters is apparent, like the cake (dogma) while Alice eats and grows large; the caterpillar (Oxford philosophy), the mushroom (rationalism), the king and queen of hearts (high churchmen), and the angry queen (house of commons).

The game of croquet is an ecclesiastical debate, continues Dr Leslie, "although a game played with hedgehogs and clamingoes is simple, compared to the complexities of the English house of commons debating the knots of church ritual." The Cheshire cat typifies Cardinal Wiseman, and the word mad may be taken to mean religious through the books; thus the hatter and the March hare symbolize low and high church parsons with their dormouse slumbering between them.

Parallel Follows.

In the "Looking Glass," Tweedledum is the high church; Humpty Dumpty, verbal inspiration; carpenter and walrus, essayists and reviewers; red queen, Archbishop Manning; white queen, Dr. Newman; white king, Dr. Jowett; white knight, Huxley; Tweedledee, low church; red king, Canon Kingsley; red knight, Bishop Wilberforce, and the lion, John Bull.

Dr. Leslie, who is a leading authority on the Oxford movement, closes with: "As a grand finale Alice becomes a queen (shall we say a Catholic?) for she ends by feasting between the red and white queens, Newman and Manning. And for many simple folk this was the end of the Oxford movement, not without a hint of being somewhat distracted by the rivalries and embittered clashes between the two cardinals who were seldom on speaking terms. We suggest that Lewis Carroll had all this and a great deal more at the back of his mind when he wrote his two masterpieces."

For real happiness own your own home. Consult Tribune classified ads. —Adv.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

(Geo. of Arnold in McGuffy's 6th Reader)

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy, down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,
Reading, and writing and history, too;
He took the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the liv'lest child he knew.
"Learn while you're young, he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I [illegible] little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't migrate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night winds whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
The angels were waiting for him, I know;
[illegible] of his happiness, [illegible]
The jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

THIS WEEK

The Republican has two other scrapbooks, one that was kept by the Mallory sisters and the other by Mrs. Hattie Roberts, and we are thinking of opening another column in the Republican, entitled, "The Scrapbook."

Loslie Galehouse brought the Republican a clipping from a newspaper showing a picture of Decatur in the stagecoach days. It was taken in the late sixties or early seventies.

Decatur was the terminal of the stage line operated between Decatur and South Haven by Major William Graves of Niles. The stages, drawn by four horses, passed through Bangor, Breedsville and Lawrence, and brought express packages and mail from the wilderness towns to Decatur, their shipping point on the Michigan Central Railroad.

The general stage office was in the Galloway House in Decatur, later the Duncombe Hotel.

The buildings shown in the picture were destroyed by one of the fires which several times wiped out portions of the business district. On the front of one of the two story buildings is a wooden boot advertising the boot and shoe business of John Shaad who moved here from Three Rivers in 1865.

There is nothing in the clipping to show definitely what paper it was clipped from, but it was probably a Kalamazoo paper of about a half century ago.

It had been preserved by Millie Watson, an aunt of Mrs. Gallhouse. The Watsons were early residents of East Valley.

Next Monday, February 12, is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and a legal holiday in Michigan.

We would like to print a story about Lincoln every week, but lacking the time and space to do this we bring one out whenever possible.

This story of the Emancipator, is taken from Lincoln Lore, published by the Lincoln National Life Foundation, Dr. Louis A. Warren, editor. It is a story also of Sojourner Truth of whom the Republican has spoken occasionally in this column.

She was a colored evangelist, a wonderful woman. She once spoke in Decatur for the W. C. T. U., and we have printed the story of that outstanding event in our memory. Her home in later years was in Battle Creek.

It was on October 29, 1864, less than a week before the election, that Sojourner Truth visited President Lincoln, at Washington, and we have her account of the visit in a letter which she wrote a few days later on November 17th.

"It was about 8 o'clock a. m., when I called on the president. Upon entering his reception room we found about a dozen persons waiting, among them two colored women. I had quite a pleasant time waiting until he was disengaged, and enjoyed his conversation with others; he showed as much kindness and consideration to the colored persons as to the whites—if there was any difference, more. One case was that of a colored woman who was sick and likely to be turned out of her house on account of her inability to pay her rent. The president listened to her with much attention, and spoke to her with kindness and tenderness. He said he had given so much he could give no more but told her where to go and get the money, and asked Mrs. C—n to assist her, which she did.

Sojourner Truth visited Decatur once. It was on a summer day in 1880, when, if we remember correctly, she was 109 years old. She was the guest of Mrs. Henry Upton, wife of the Superintendent of schools, and she spoke before the 'White Ribboners' in the old Presbyterian church in the evening.

Mrs. Upton furnished several small boys, of whom the writer was one, with cow bells and following her instructions we went up and down the streets that afternoon ringing the bells and shouting as loudly as we could, "Go and hear Sojourner Truth tonight!"

Our pay was tickets of admission, and we were there, on the front seat, as close to Sojourner as we could get.

There were not many paid admissions that evening but to see and hear Sojourner Truth was well worth the ten cents asked.

As we remember her she was tall and thin and stately and dressed in black with a small black bonnet resting gently on the top and back of her head and tied with ribbons under her chin.

She was graceful and gentle and her voice was soft and sweet,—a gracious and courteous but dignified old, old lady. It almost seemed as though she had come from the world beyond to tell her small congregation of the glories of the heavenly kingdom.

Born into slavery, brought up in ignorance and self educated under difficulties she came with a message from on high to a sympathetic President to set her enslaved race free. President Lincoln did not need the plagues as did Pharoah before acceding to the request, to "Let us chillun go."

We all are in slavery more or less, blacks as well as whites, and even the proclamation of the President seems insufficient to break the bonds.

A higher power must be appealed to to loose the chains that bind humanity now, and the assurance that the appeal will be heeded is given in the words of the Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Then—

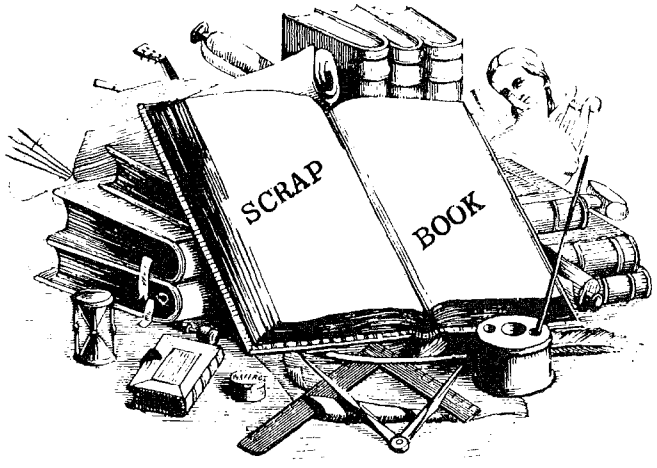
"Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here."

Shall it be another Roosevelt in the White House or four years more of Hoover?

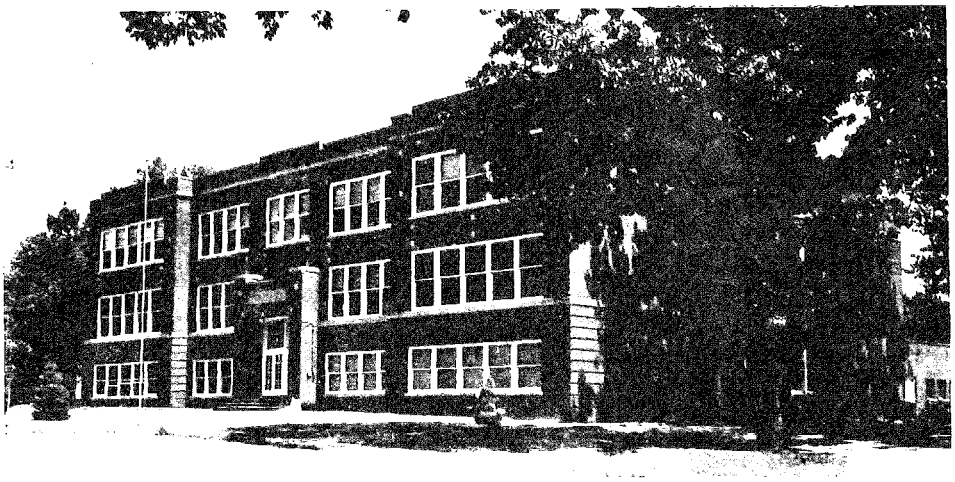
Teddy once spoke of his fourth cousin as a maverick in the great family of Roosevelt, and Franklin mentally reflected, "I'll show you."

Franklin has been true to the Roosevelt traditions in indomitable courage and forcefulness. He has overcome the ravage of disease, he has won the highest political honor in the gift of his home state and now waits the call of the nation to the exalted seat attained by his peerless relative.

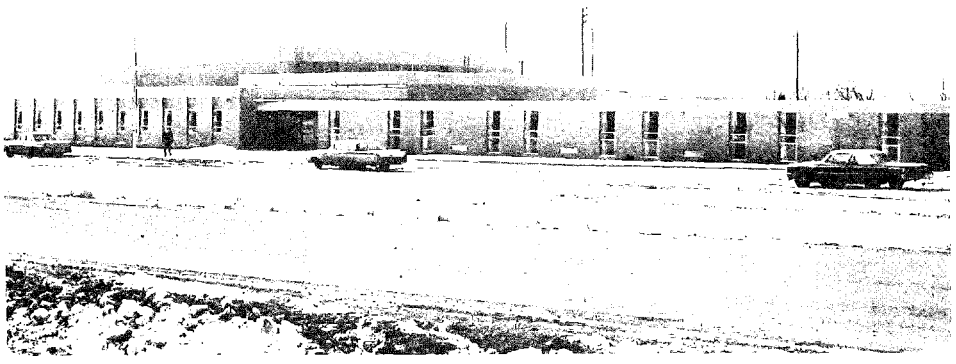
Teddy was wrong. Franklin is no maverick.



Decatur's first brick school building, constructed 1863-4.



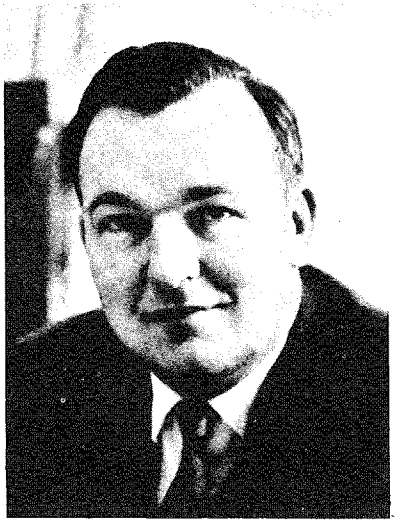
High School number two — built 1920.



High School number three — built 1964

W. C. Bates

LEWIS O. HOXIE



Mr. Wayne K. Hellenga

SUPERINTENDENTS

C. F. R. Bellows 1867 -
S. Gordon Burked 1875 -
Henry Upton 1877 - 1883
Prof. Hitchcock 1883 - 1885
Prof. Fletcher 1885 - 1886
David C. Pierce 1886 - 1891
Frank Bacon 1891 - 1893
Wm. Sage 1893 - 1899
Willis Bishop 1899 - 1902
Volney Hungerford 1902 - 1908
Cyrus Tremper 1908 - 1909
E. R. Washburn 1909 - 1920
Albert Allen 1920 - 1921
L. O. Hoxie 1921 - 1923
S. H. Dwight 1923 - 1927
R. W. Harper 1927 - 1930
L. A. Shaw 1930 - 1932
Frank Dodge 1932 - 1948
Willis C. Bates 1948 - 1958
Wayne Hellenga 1958 -

E. R. WASHBURN

S. H. DWIGHT

FRANK E. DODGE

RALPH W. HARPER

Upset - minded Decatur High Poised for Mighty Cassopolis

Raiders Display New Spirit in Watervliet Game

The mighty Cassopolis Rangers, considered to be kings of the Little Eight football conference, will try to make the upset-minded Decatur High School Raiders their fourth victim of the season Friday night at Raiders Field.

Cassopolis has scored 98 points in three games, allowing only six for their opponents. The single touchdown was made by Berrien Springs on a fumble.

Cassopolis, however, is expected to find the Raiders spirited and ready. A week ago, Decatur crushed Watervliet 25-6 in a game which saw the Raiders display new spark and aerial adeptness.

The passing combination was halfback Bob Allbritton to end Dick Ives. Allbritton fired two touchdown passes against Watervliet. He also threw the touchdown pass which tied the score against Mattawan in the season's opener.

Allbritton also accounted for one of the other two markers against Watervliet with a one-yard plunge. Wingback Jim Narregan scored on an eight-yard run.

Watervliet's only tally came on a four-yard smash by fullback Roger Hardy.

Decatur and Watervliet were tied 6-6 at halftime. Then the Raiders returned to the field and took charge. They scored 19 points as they limited Watervliet to a mere 39 yards.

Decatur picked up 183 yards on the ground and 88 in the air for a total of 271 yards. The Panthers made 174 yards rushing and 60 in the air, giving them a total of 234.

The Raiders tossed seven passes and completed three. Watervliet went to the air 12 times and completed three.

Decatur entered the Panthers game in the best physical condition of the season.

Head Coach Noble Arent said apparently there were no serious injuries. He expected to have the squad in top shape again for Cassopolis.

"They are fast and aggressive — but not big," Coach Arent said of Cassopolis.

Cassopolis' offense is similar in style to the Wing-T of the Raiders.

The Rangers have downed Marcellus, Berrien Springs, and last week, they buried the St. Joseph Ponies under an avalanche touchdown, 52-0.

Coach Arent took advantage of the winning edge Friday at Watervliet to provide some game experience for freshmen and sophomores. He cleared the bench as his Raiders piled up the yardage.

Though the Raiders face the Cass game as underdogs, they indicated last Friday there is plenty of power available once it is generated.

Why We Have a 'Labor Day'

Labor Day can be variously defined as: the end of summer; the beginning of the school year; a national traffic jam; or simply an excuse for a long weekend away from the office.

But the founder of the holiday, Peter J. McGuire, conceived it as a tribute to "the industrial spirit, the great vital force of every nation."

In 1882, McGuire, a leader in the Knights of Labor, proposed that a day be set aside to honor the working man. He suggested the first Monday in September, since it came almost midway between Independence Day and Thanksgiving Day.

The Central Labor Union of New York adopted his proposal and held the first Labor Day celebration on September 5. Shortly after, the Knights of Labor voted for an annual celebration and in 1884, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada voted to make the celebration national.

The first state to make Labor Day a legal holiday was Oregon, in 1887, according to The World Book Encyclopedia. In 1894, Congress made Labor Day a national holiday.

DEATH OF SISTER ADELAIDE

Sister Mary Adelaide, a member of the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph, died at Borgess Hospital last Friday evening. She had been hospitalized since late last spring.

Sister Adelaide, the former Hazel Murphy of Decatur, entered Nazareth December 8, 1903, was clothed in the religious habit on March 19, 1904, and pronounced her perpetual vows July 2, 1911.

She served for a time as a music teacher at St. Augustine High School, and as superior at St. Joseph's, both in Kalamazoo.

She also taught at Nazareth, at parochial schools in Detroit, and Bunker Hill, Michigan.

She is survived by a sister, Sister M. Imelda, S.S.J. Funeral services were held Monday at 10 a.m. at Nazareth's Holy Family Chapel. Burial was in Gate of Heaven Cemetery.

The Poets' Corner

IF LOVE IS THERE, IT'S HOME

It may be a cottage, humble and small,
Or it may be a mansion, grand and tall,
It may be a shack with the roof tumbling down,
Or it may be a farmhouse, weathered and brown,
But if love is there, it's home!
It may be nestled where pine trees sway,
Or it may stand close to some broad highway,
It may be blanketed in drifts of white snow,
Or bathed in the summer sun's bright glow,
But if love is there, it's home!
It may be a place on the boulevard,
With a terraced garden and a beautiful yard,
It may be a tent by the side of a stream,
Where a tired family vacation and dream,
But if love is there, it's home!
If, each night some eager husband returns
To his beloved hearth where the fire of love burns,
Or some weary father counts each moment long
Until he can return to his own merry throng,
Love is there, and indeed, 'tis home!

—Mrs. Stanley A. Haas, Route 3, Decatur, Michigan.

MAN IN GRAY PLAYS HIS TRUMPET

Harriet Eleanor Williams
1143 East 65th St., Chicago 37.

I recall the ancient town,
one lone, straggling street.
Chill November, eve of storm;
gray-toned, sullen sky,
and the town folk huddled close
in the sharpened sleet
listening to that old man play.
Radio was then unknown,
phonographs were rare,
so his trumpet spelled romance
with its martial stir.
Scarcely did he glance at them,
seeming unaware
of the shouts and coins they tossed.
I could visualize his youth,
in that tragic time,
blowing reveille at dawn,
mournfully retreat,
for his battered company—

brave they were, sublime—
marching, plodding, to defeat.

Dear Mr. Moulton:

We have not given much thought to the brave men who fought on the other side, during the Rebellion, hence this poem.

Harriet Williams.

Shining Memories Are Recalled During The Twilight Hours

She Scratches Autobiography Before Death

Mrs. Fred Paul, nearly blind and scarcely able to hold a pencil, wrote this autobiography shortly before she died in the Cass county hospital two months ago.

The Volinia woman reflected back on 79 years of life. Her husband, almost 90 now, lives alone in Volinia.

Mrs. Paul wrote:

One bright sunny day on May 13, 1880, I, a daughter was born to Emma Jane Benner and George Alfred Norton. I weighed 4½ pounds. The lady attending my mother, a rather large woman slipped her ring off and over my wrist. At the time of my birth, my parents lived in Elbridge Township, Oceana County. My mother was Dutch descent; my father was English, Scots, Irish and Tonawanda Indian. (My grandfather Norton's mother was half Indian named Ann Clark.)

I was the oldest of three children born of this union. John Alfred was born September 15, 1885; Mary Pamelia was born August 14, 1883. I was a sickly child, always crying but with mother's good care I managed to live.

Father died very suddenly at the age of 32 years, leaving mother to raise three little children. About three years later she married John Swisher. Our own father couldn't have been better to us. A son, Neil Benner Swisher, was born to them on April 2, 1896.

At the age of four years I started to school. I don't remember how long I went but only 2 or 3 weeks, I think. They were getting me started to go regular. I remember at one entertainment, I was too tired to stand up on the platform so I sat down on it to speak my piece. Aunt Eva scolded me but I just said I was too tired to stand up.

One day our school was almost surrounded by a forest fire. Dad came to the front door. I took my books, climbed on his back and he took me out. The burning pines just crackled in our ears but I was not afraid; I thought it was fun. Mother had our clothing all tied in a sheet ready to leave our home but we lived among birch trees which did not burn so easily and our home was saved. The school house was burned to the ground.

Once on the way to school, when I was living with Grandma Benner, I went sliding down a hill with some other children. Men were hauling logs and told us to keep out of their way. They said they would not stop for our play. We didn't stop and when we saw that they weren't going to stop, we had to drop off the bridge into the Pentwater River. I didn't dare go back to Grandma's so I went on to school. I stood behind the stove to get dry.

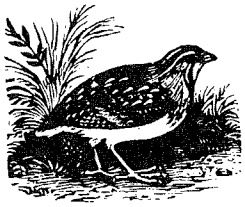
At twelve years of age, I finished the first eight grades and from there entered High School. I moved home and had one uneventful year.

In 1909, I married Fred G. Paul, a widower with four children. One year after marriage, I had a beautiful daughter born on the 8th of July, 1910. She is a registered nurse and a teacher of partially seeing children.

I taught school twenty-four years. Salaries were not what they are now. My beginning salary was only $20.00 a month. The older teachers were only getting $18.00. My largest salary was $100.00 a month.

I had many experiences teaching school; one of the boys had always run the school. I told him to come up front but he didn't and was bigger than I. A sharp point of a pin brought him out flying. One school was Indian. I had to forbid them talking the Indian language on the school ground because I couldn't understand what they said. They liked to swear in Indian.

I liked teaching very much. I taught the Warner School when I could hardly walk across the road. It was located across the road from where I lived. From then on I became so lame I could not get around very well. At the age of 78 years I am a patient at the Cass county Hospital.



Captain DeWitt's Body Recovered from East River — Tributes Paid to Famed Pilot by All Who Knew Him

No doubt the greatest tragedy that has hit our community is that of the recent death of Captain Al DeWitt.

Since word was received by his wife very early last Wednesday morning — we have read many accounts of the American Airlines Electra that went down in the East River as it was making an instrument landing at LaGuardia Field in New York.

Dr. Copeland was called to be Mrs. DeWitt shortly after the word was received. During the night they were in constant touch with New York and maintained their hopes that he would be listed as one of the survivors. In the early hours of the morning they were joined in the all-night vigil by Mrs. Tony Notzon and Mrs. Tom Brucks. However, hope was abandoned and it seemed a positive fact that he was among the casualties as only three crew members were listed as survivors along with five of the 68 passengers.

The flight engineer, Warren E. Cook (a frequent visitor with his family at the DeWitts and known as "Cooky") said he had no idea the plane was in danger until it plunged into the water. Cook had charge of the mechanical performance of the plane according to an American Airlines spokesman — "particularly the power of the engines."

Mr. Cook told investigators that they were making an instrument landing and everything seemed normal — had no idea they were so close to the water. As the plane hit — he blacked out and does not remember anything until he came to in the cold water — yet still groggy, he climbed on a piece of wreckage — a wing — saw another fellow floundering around in the river and pulled him on. Cook described their situation in the 38-degree weather as — "black, wet and cold." Soon they were picked up by a tug boat.

Divers battled savage East River tides Thursday to raise the wreckage of the jet-prop airliner.

Swirling river currents plus rain and winds up to 40 m. p. h. hampered the search for other bodies and gave rise to fears that some of them might be swept miles out into Long Island sound.

However, Saturday night we learned that a total of 28 bodies had been recovered — one of which was that of Captain DeWitt. At this time it was officially reported that the nose section and cockpit had been brought to the surface with the body of the trapped pilot — Captain DeWitt — inside.

Since the plane went down — piloted by the veteran pilot, who would have been with the Airlines 30 years in June, the entire area had been stunned.

Captain and Mrs. DeWitt had lived at the farm on route 2 for 15 years in the stately Colonial-style house. They preferred living near our small town to the city and he did not mind the drive into the airport for his scheduled flights.

Captain DeWitt liked to "putter" around on the farm and was very adept in the remodeling of the house. He was a lover of animals — enjoyed their horses and the dogs. Many of their evenings at home were spent in eating popcorn which was shared with the dogs and Al lounging on the davenport watching TV. He also got a lot of enjoyment from his organ, according to Mrs. DeWitt.

Al was a regular visitor on Main Street on his days off and by his friendly ways made many friends — even though they were only speaking acquaintances.

American Airlines officials said the Captain was "one of the world's most experienced pilots." He was the line's Chief Pilot in Chicago — had flown 28,000 hours or approximately 7 million miles on every type of equipment used by the company since 1929. He served as assistant Chief Pilot for the airlines in New York from 1947 to 1952.

A CAB regional investigator remarked "The only thing we are sure of that there is no indication of what caused the accident."

Another said — "If the proper equipment had been installed at LaGuardia, chances are 100 to 1 that the tragedy wouldn't have happened."

A spokesman for the Port Authority said the federal government is responsible for the delay in safety improvements at the field.

This was the first crash of a U. S. made jet since they were put into commercial service last November. This plane had been in service only since January 25. It was 104 feet long, had a speed of 410 mph and a crusing altitude of 25,000 to 30,000 feet. The Electra cost two million dollars and was one of the newest types of commercial liners.

The American Airline new Electras are equipped with two altimeters — one for each pilot and it is reported that flight crews training in the Electras repeatedly had misread them and had protested so violently to the operations chiefs that American had planned to install a third altimeter — one of the older types — in the center instrument panel.

One pilot at Midway said "Until further investigation brings out how the plane hit the water, or if there was some definite structural or equipment failure before the crash, it doesn't make any sense speculating. — A lot of guys here at Midway knew DeWitt and all we can say is, "They don't come any better."'

As investigators looked into all phases of what could have caused the crash — they said "The only thing we're sure of is that there is no indication of what caused the accident."

The following letter was mailed to Captain DeWitt on February 2 and was written by Mr. Edward J. Knoska:

Dear Captain DeWitt:

"Congratulations! Enclosed is a clipping from the "Suburban Life" of LaGrange which I thought might go into your scrap book. I have asked the "Life" people for the cut. Mrs. Kinney might want to use it in the Decatur Republican."

He then explains to Al who he is and that they have a week end farm on Pond Lily Lake Road, four miles west of Decatur.

"My family and I thought the "Republican" article, about your trip to Chicago the day you flew the Electra to New York, intensely interesting. We wondered who wrote it. Our own experience in getting through to Chicago in bad weather, against time, have been similar to those described in the story.

"Again, congratulations and Good Luck in all your future endeavors."

Captain DeWitt attended Lyons Township High School and Crane Jr. College in LaGrange. He studied mechanical engineering and during his school days was active in track and band.

He was a charter member of La Grange Post American Legion and during World War I service he spent time as a motorcycle dispatch rider. He was also a member of the Caterpillar Club, an organization made up of men who parachuted from airplanes in the early days of aviation.

Captain DeWitt learned to fly in Elkhart and South Bend and piloted a Loening amphibian, nicknamed "Duck" for Thompson Aeronautial Co., in his first commercial venture. The service was between Detroit and Cleveland. The Thompson Company was a forerunner of American Airlines.

During World War II, Captain DeWitt was a flight instructor in a school run by American under military contract at Midway Airport.

Survivors besides his wife, the former Gertrude Stock, are a twin brother, Rollin, of Highland Park, Ill., and a sister, Mrs. Margaret Mersereau of Rantoul, Ill.

Funeral service were held at 2 p. m. at the Emmanuel Episcopal church in La Grange and burial was in Parkholm Cemetery.

THE CIGARETTE

Of all the things that man has made,
That brings to some, regret,
'Tis that confounded stinking thing,
They call the cigarette.

When once they form the habit,
It makes them fume and fret,
If they are forced to go without,
One little cigarette.

No matter where they chance to be,
They know no etiquette,
For they are always puffing on,
A nasty cigarette.

In street car tram or railroad train,
"No Smoking" signs are set,
Yet some will never heed the rule,
And smoke a cigarette.

In public buildings 'tis the same,
No fresh air can you get,
For some one thinks he has to smoke,
A dirty cigarette.

Why will men be so selfish,
Their neighbor to forget,
When they know that some detest,
Smoke, from a cigarette.

Since women have their "equal rights,"
They too are prone to get,
The habit that some men have got,
And smoke the cigarette.

Why should they think that it will help,
Some higher standard set,
The younger set will follow up,
And puff the cigarette.

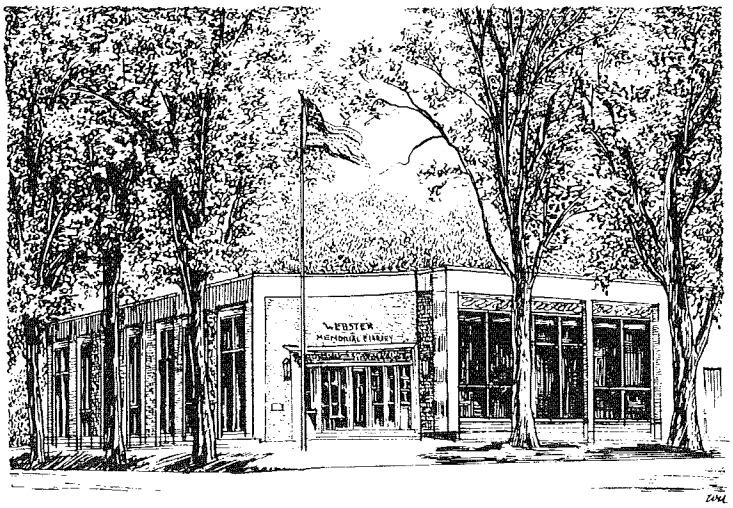
Why can't men see the folly,
And from the habit get,
They all would be more healthy,
Without the cigarette.

If men could see the danger,
By which they are beset,
Of losing mind and morals,
They'd quit the cigarette.

—B. Bigelow.

(Contributed by L. L. Hamilton)

Walls Begin Skyward Climb At Decatur's New Library



Webster Memorial Library Decatur, Mich.

Walls began taking shape this week at the construction site of Decatur's new 75,000 volume Webster Memorial Library.

The combination brick and stone structure, which will cost more than $250,000 to complete, is expected to be finished by early next year.

Frank Kunde, supt. of the job for Gosnick Construction Company, described the building as 'a honey'.

Webster Memorial will house the county mobile library along with Decatur's library. The building has been designed with loading garage to facilitate movement of the county books.

The building contract was for $216,000. Furnishings and books will add another $50,000 to the price.

The late Norman E. Webster, a New York city accountant who spent his younger years in Decatur, provided for the library in his estate which reached nearly a half million dollars.

No more than 60 per cent of the money can be used for construction. The remaining 40 per cent is for operation.

General plans at the present call for the county library board to absorb 50 per cent of the operating cost. The local library board and the Webster trust will split the remaining 50 per cent evenly.

The building will contain a stack room, small auditorium, projection room, kitchenette, along with a Webster room in honor of the donor.

Webster Memorial library is expected to be one of the most beautiful in Southwestern Michigan when it is completed.

Trustees for the Webster fund are Earl E. Copley, Lyle Parker, and M. J. McWilliams of Decatur, and Henry Horne, of New York, a business associate of the late Mr. Webster.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Lillia Graham

Mrs. Dolores Labadie

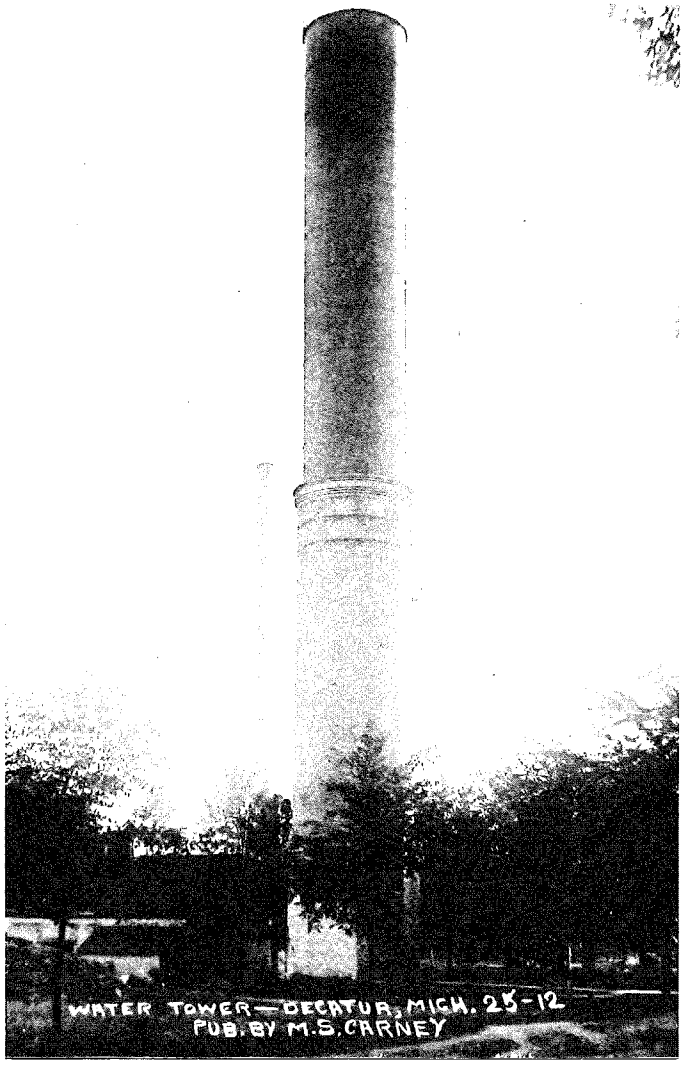
A builder builded a temple;
He wrote with care and skill; - -
Pillars and groins and arches
Were fashioned to meet his will;
And men said when they saw its beauty:
"It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O Builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple;
She wrought with skill and care; --
Forming each pillar with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None saw the inceasing effort;
None knew of the marvelous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple; --
Crumbled into the dust, --
Pillar and groin and arches
Food for consuming rust;
But the temple the teacher builded
Shall endure while the ages roll; --
For that beautiful, unseen temple
Was a child's immortal soul.

Anonymous

Water Tower Needs $7,000 Repair Job



Long Beams Are Honeycombed with Big Rust Spots

The water tower will need a $7,000 repair job sometime within the next eight months to keep it from collapsing, Councilman Ezra Planck told the village board Monday night.

An inspection of the tower disclosed that the six principal beams were "honeycombed" with rust, Councilman Planck said.

A representative of the Greenleaf Tank corp., of Cherry Valley, Ill., made the examination. He gave Planck an estimate on the cost.

Councilman Planck said that the price could vary $1,000 either way.

Councilmen eyed next spring as a possible time for the project. Meanwhile, Clerk Harry Schmidt was authorized to obtain information from at least one other company on the repair work.

Shavehead School Request Prompts History Research

By RUBY CONE
Tribune Correspondent

UNION, Mich. — A request by students at Shavehead School in 1957 for a story of Porter Twp., started Mrs. Claude Bowman researching the history of the township.

She spent the past winter inscribing a large map of the township with details from the history she has written. These include the trails traveled by Chief Shavehead, the sites of two Indian sugar camps and three Indian mounds. Also shown are the Robbins Lake pits, the origin of which has never been determined, which are obviously man-made but apparently built before the time of the Indians.

The Bowman home on Teasdale Lake Rd. overlooks a hill which Mrs. Bowman says is one of the highest points in the area, and the place where Chief Shavehead sent signals to the rest of the tribe.

Presented to Society

The history, which was written in 1958, was presented to the Cass County Historical Society, of which the Bowmans are charter members, and describes in detail evidences found in the township indicating man lived here thousands of years ago.

One of these was the Garden Beds, usually three to five acres in size and about 18 inches high, planted in parallel rows and blocks like modern vegetable gardens.

In 1941, Mrs. Bowman started compiling data for a genealogy of her mother's family. The project took 20 years and was printed in 1963. Copies of it are in the Library of Congress and the New York City Library, and she has a letter written to her by the head librarian of Congress, commending her for thorough research and for having all facts verified by references.

She was able to trace the family back to William the Conquerer, and discovered John and Priscilla Alden also were her ancestors.

The ancestors of the George Hebron family, close friends of the Bowmans, were friends of Mrs. Bowman's family in England 200 years ago and fought together in the Battle of Waterloo in 1566.

The Bowmans live on Shavehead Prairie Farm about two miles north of U.S. 12.

Mrs. Bowman will speak on township history at the April 25 meeting of the Tri Lakes Improvement Assn.

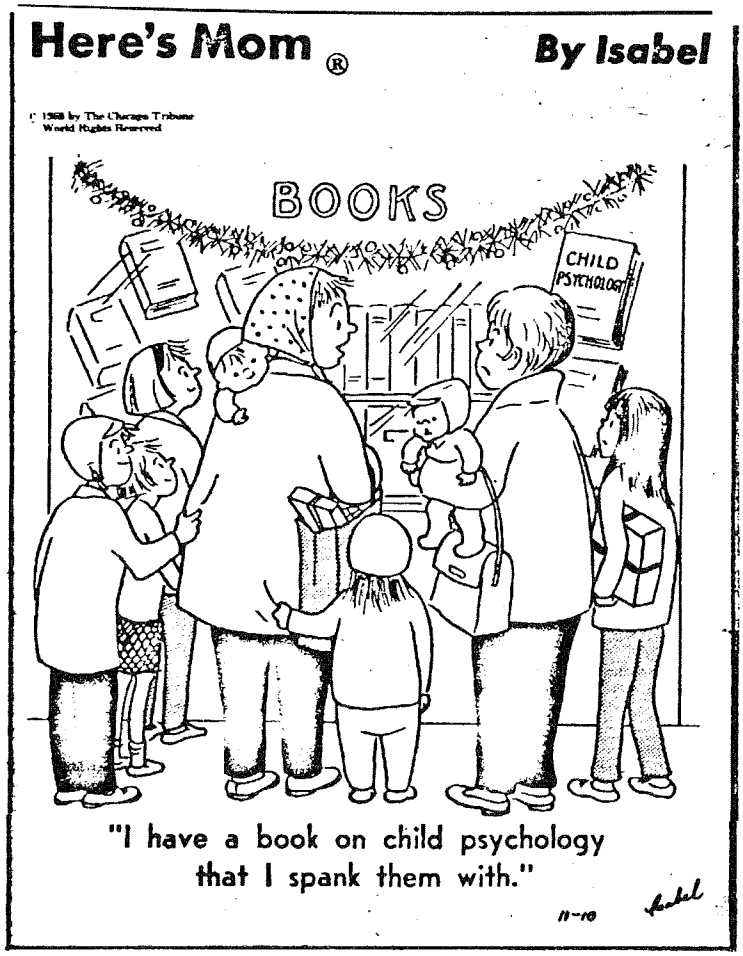
SCHOOL DAYS

Nothing to do, Nellie Darling,
Nothing to do you say,
Let's take a trip on memory's ship,
Back to the by-gone days.
Sail to the old village school house,
Anchor outside the school door,
Look in and see, there's you and there's me,
A couple of kids once more.

CHORUS

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days,
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick,
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, I love you Joe,
When we were a couple of kids.

'Member the hill, Nellie Darling,
And the oak tree that grew on its brow?
They've built forty stories upon that old hill
And the oak's an old chestnut now,
'Member the meadows so green dear,
So fragrant with clover and maize,
Into new city lots and preferred business plots,
They've cut them up since those days.



Highways Follow Routes Blazed by Indians

Early explorers and settlers in Michigan adopted many things from Indian culture, including the canoe, moccasins and snowshoes. But of all the red man's contributions, the most useful and important were the foot trails that he blazed through the wilderness of the state's two peninsulas.

These paths, trod smooth by moccasin-clad feet for centuries, were located on high ground along watersheds and streams. Today, vacation and business traffic flows along many modern highways following these ancient Indian trails.

Then, as now, the trails served a variety of purposes, connecting major villages and leading to the best hunting and fishing areas.

Prior to the white man's arrival, the narrow paths were wide enough only for single file travel. When trappers and explorers began to use them, the pathways widened as bulky loads carried by pack horses broke off branches and bushes bordering the trails.

Settlers then moved into Michigan and their ox-drawn wagons opened the trails still further, but the paths bore faint resemblance to anything that today would be called a road.

The evolutionary process from woodland trail to superhighway was a long one, but the fact that many of Michigan's main arterial highways follow the ancient Indian routes attests to the red man's skill in selecting the best path.

Best known of the Michigan Indian trails was the Sauk Trail — in use centuries before Columbus discovered the new world. Sauk, Chippewa, Fox and Potowatomi were among the tribes that traveled this primitive thoroughfare. The first improvement of the trail to handle wheeled traffic was largely the result of Father Gabriel Richard's efforts to develop a surveyed route from Detroit to Chicago. When a straight-line route proved impractical, it was decided to follow the well-marked Sauk Trail. Today's highway US-112 is a direct descendant of that trail.

The St. Joseph Trail, running west from Detroit to St. Joseph, has become a modern expressway, US-12 (Interstate 94). Another east-west route was the Grand River Trail to Grand Rapids — now designated at US-16 (Interstate 96). The Saginaw Trail, extending northward from Detroit, is closely approximated by today's US-10.

From the city of Saginaw, the famous Mackinac Trail was the Indian route to the northermost tip of the lower peninsula. Here the five-mile-wide Straits of Mackinac, separating the two peninsulas, was an insurmountable obstacle for the Indians, but a Chippewa legend foretold of the day when a brave would fell a huge pine tree that would span the waters.

The new Mackinac Bridge realized this Indian dream and it serves to connect the modern counterparts of two old Indian routes — the Mackinac Trail and the Sault-Green Bay Trail across the upper peninsula.

Nearly all major highways in the upper peninsula follow ancient Indian courses.

These are only examples of the many instances where modern highways have followed the lead of Indian foot trails that laced Michigan's wilderness centuries ago.

Retiring After 15 Years School Board Secretary

Lisle Howe is retiring following 15 years as secretary to the Decatur school board. He is the only member leaving the board.

Mr. Howe was elected to the board in 1945 and was installed as secretary, a job which he has carried each year he served. He stated that in leaving, "I'll miss the work, and will be glad to help out any time if I am needed."

Mr. Howe also gave as his reason for leaving the board the fact that he no longer has children in school, and is at present employed out of town, which may become inconvenient with the school expansion program that is now under consideration.

Mr. Howe has served under three superintendents in his tenure of office — Frank Dodge, who is now at Bad Axe in the Thumb area of Michigan; Willis Bates who died two years ago, and the present superintendent, Wayne Hellenga.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe observed their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Wednesday.

In Alma College "Who's Who"

Fourteen Alma College students will be listed in the 1960-61 edition of "Who's Who Among American College and University Students."

Among these is Mildred Howe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton F. Howe, 318 Delaware. Millie, a junior, is the managing editor of "The Almanian," the campus newspaper, and a Resident Advisor in Gelston Hall. She also holds an Alma College Honors Scholarship. Also included in the listing will be Roger Arbury, Detroit junior; Harold Cook, Marshall junior; David Ebert, Birmingham senior; Linus Frevel, Midland senior; Marilyn Henry, Holly senior; Carolyn Keyes, St. Clair Shores senior; Harold Kirkpatrick, Glens Falls, N. Y., senior; and Shima Murakami, Tokyo, Japan junior.

The list concludes with Mary Onapu, Frankenmuth senior; Michael Pritchard, Milford junior; Lyndon Salathiel, Pontiac senior, David L. Smith, Charlotte senior; and Nancy Vogan, Saginaw senior.

These students were nominated by the Student Council and by the college faculty for outstanding service to the school as well as for academic superiority.

Certificates of honor will be presented to them at the annual Honors Convocation in the spring.

California is the only location where the redwood tree escaped extinction by the ravages of the Glacial Period.

Community Chest Drive Kick-off Monday, Oct. 31

Workers for the Decatur-Hamilton Community Chest Drive will kick-off the 1960 campaign Oct. 31. The quota set for this year's drive has been set at $3,600.

The volunteer workers are asking cooperation of all to make this year's campaign a success.

One local group that will again be aided through the Community Chest is the Camp Fire Girls Association.

The purpose of Camp Fire is to perpetuate the spiritual ideals of the home; to stimulate and aid in the formation habits that make for health and character.

It serves girls in three age groups — the seven-year-old Blue Birds, the ten-year-old Camp Fire Girls, and the Horizon Club for ninth grade through high school age.

The organization was founded on the theory that character is formed predominantly during the leisure hours. Camp Fire offers a wide range of activities that are both fun and character building.

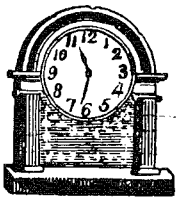
The members are encouraged to take active part in community affairs, to respect the rights of others and to obey laws.

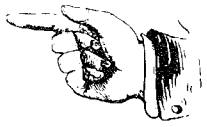
The local organization has been active in the community for a period of ten years, and has been incorporated since March of this year.

There are now 86 Blue Birds and Camp Fire Girls under the leadership of Mrs. Noble Arent, Mrs. Max Laskovy, Mrs. Mahranka, Mrs. Myrkle, Mrs. Sellus, Mrs. Martin Mang, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Burton Houtman, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. McLeese, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Koops.

Sponsors of these groups include the Altar Society, Maccabees, the Mothers Club, Womens Society, W.S.C.S., Study Club, V.F.W. Auxiliary and Eastern Star.

The girls earned $360 for the organization during the recent candy sale. This amount makes up 50 per cent of the budget for the program for the year.





A BIG 'BOO BOO' EVERY 100 YEARS

A boxy old clock in a rural Decatur home is slowly ticking toward its second big "boo boo."

In another 40 years, the clock (which is equipped with a mechanical calendar) will record a leap year.

And as bachelor gals know, leap year skips a beat every 100 years.

The clock is owned by George Lindsley, television dealer and repairman. It has been in his family since shortly after the civil war.

"It keeps good time," Lindsley commented.

It is called a perpetual calendar. It has a regular face that tells the minute and hour.

In addition, it has another face which gives the viewer the month and date.

The clock is so mechanically well-designed that it will even record the 29th of February every four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McClintock of Decatur purchased the clock from Hawk's jewelry store in 1870. The McClintocks were foster parents of Lindsley's mother.

Mrs. Lindsley received the clock and then passed it on to her son.

Lindsley said he believed the clock has run almost continuously since it was purchased. It requires winding once every seven days.

The only money spent on repairs was for the purchase of a weight cord.

OUR POLITICAL POSTAL SERVICE

What we need in Congress, apparently is a greater number of competent mathematicians. This conclusion is forced by Rep. Mead, of New York, chairman of the House Postoffice Committee.

"Instead of 13 billion pieces of first class mail," Mr. Mead is quoted as saying, "reports will show that the number of pieces mailed between July 1, 1932, and June 30, 1933, will be about 8 billion. This means a loss of $100,000,000 on the 2-cent rate."

Mr. Mead figures that the postoffice has lost 5 billion pieces, which at 2 cents would have brought in $100,000,000. The multiplication is correct. The conclusion is not.

If the postal service had handled 13 billion pieces at the 2-cent rate, it would have earned $260,000,000. According to Mr. Mead, it will handle 8 billion at a 3-cent rate, which therefore will bring in $240,000,000. The loss is not $100,000,000, but $20,000,000. Moreover, as Mr. Mead admits a great deal of former first-class traffic has been diverted to other classes, thus augmenting the revenue from them.

Nevertheless, Mr. Mead is right in declaring that the 3-cent postage act was a mistake. Congress, with its experience in monkeying with the mail rates without expert guidance of which, of course, under the political control of the post office, there is none—should have known better. Not long ago it drove away a very large amount of traffic by boosting the second-class rates much it was cheaper for publishers to ship other delivery systems, and its [illegible] order rates [illegible] these services have lost much of its value they had. Those rates were all increased under the [illegible] idea that each service must be made to pay its own way. Then Congress jumped in another direction, and decided that first-class mail, which not only was paying its own way but covering the deficits of several other services, should be milked for further revenue. The people, forced to economize, thought differently. They found other ways for carrying a large part of their correspondence.

Some day, perhaps, the people of the United States will tire of the political, slipshod manipulation of the postal service, and insist that it be taken out of the hands of politicians and put into those of trained men who know how to run the postal business. —Detroit Free Press.

THE PRINTER

The printer is a faithful servant, not only for those connected with the business, but also for the public at large. Without him what would be the state of the world at large?

Why, tyrants and humbugs in all countries would have everything their own way. The printer is the friend of intelligence and thought; he is the friend of liberty or freedom of [illegible] Indeed, the printer is the friend of [illegible]

ery man who is the friend of ... the friend of every man who can read. Of all the inventions, of all the discoveries in science or art, of all the great results in the wonderful processes of mechanical energy and skill, the printer is the only product of civilization necessary to the existence of free man. Charles Dickens.

Decatur Once Known For Its Sawmills

In the year 1872 Uriah Ackley and Josiah Hopkins bought the mill known as the Cuddeback mill, which was both saw mill and grist mill combined, and in the field joining as a saw mill owned by Bull and Warner. Both yards were across the road from the old Rawson property.

At that time there was plenty of timber here of all kinds hardwood, oak, ash, hickory and rock elm. There was also soft wood, whitewood, bass wood, walnut and some pine. For a few years both yards were full of logs and they could make lumber the year around. In the winter months teams would be drawing in logs on sleighs until late in the night.

After a time the Bull and Warner mill burned. Ackley sold his interest in the Hopkins and Ackley mill, went in with Bull and rebuilt the burned mill, forming the firm of Bull and Ackley.

About this time Al Rogers bought lumber, and also bought logs and had them sawed into lumber in the Bull and Ackley mill. At one time Rogers bought a nice lot of white wood logs that came across the swamp. One butt log was so big they cold not roll it into the mill and had to quarter it with powder.

After a while Jack Tuttle bought lumber here also. Large quantities of lumber were piled high along the rail road from the stock yards to George street to dry.

In 1872 there were two planing mills in Decatur. One was on George St., on the corner east of the lumber yards. This mill was run by Haynes, and some time in the 80's he moved the machinery to Cadillac. The building was vacant for a time and then a firm put machinery in the building and made lasts for shoe forms. They ran for a time and quit. And afterward it was made into a grist mill.

The other planing mill was near the railroad on Williams street. At that time it was owned by Lymon Rawson, and Jerry Fortain was the foreman. They made sash and doors and all work usually done in a planing mill. After a time I think the mill was sold to Henry Babcock and later it burned.

Bull and Ackley ran the saw mill until the timber got so scarce they could not run but about half the time, which did not pay. So Ackley moved the mill to a piece of timber in Texas township and Bull went to Kalamazoo where he ran a factory for turning out different articles of wood.

... Ackley, son of Uriah Ackley, ... of the ... of Decatur ... years. He came here with his parents in 1872, when he was eleven years old. He was a son of Union Academy, and he had a ... received from the Decatur high school in 1881. She taught school in the town and county, married Levi Van Steenberg and died here. Her class mates were Ada Goss, Belle Sterrett Bowers, Flora Buell, Will Brown and John O'Leary.

The Warner referred to by Mr. Ackley in the beginning of his story was Jasper Warner, father of our townsman, Carl Warner and for many years afterward a prominent citizen of Decatur. He lived in the big brick house on west Delaware street now owned by Tony Nichols, the shoe man.

Al Rogers, who was prominent in the lumber business in the early Decatur days, was a son of 'Banker' Rogers. He left a record of honorable dealing in Decatur to go into the lumber business in Chicago, and passed away many years ago. A son and daughter now reside in Kalamazoo.

Charles Ackley who wrote these reminiscences, is now represented in this community by his daughter, Mrs. Bessie VanderWoude. He has the thanks of the Republican for his valuable contribution to our local history.

Charles H. Mahoney

Born in Decatur, Charles Henry Mahoney has grown into a man more than six feet tall and weighing 210 pounds.

Charles H. Mahoney was the first resident of Detroit, and the first North American Negro to be appointed a full delegate of the U. S. to the ninth session of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Since 1917, when he first became active in the affairs of his city, Mr. Mahoney has been marking up "firsts" for his race. In 1918 he was appointed by Mayor J. Couzens to Detroit's City Planning Commission. He was "first" of his race to serve on a city commission. He served on this commission for four years and then was chosen for ten consecutive years as a member of the Wayne County Board of Supervisors.

In 1935 the State government beckoned to Mr. Mahoney again, as Governor Frank Fitzgerald appointed him to the State Department of Labor and Industry, an important post in such an industrial state. Once again it was a Mahoney "first" for his race. He served in this capacity for seven years.

Mr. Mahoney says that he has never been interested in being "first." "I want to do the best job I can for my Country, and I want to leave the door open for those who will come after me."

Graduating from the local high school, he entered Olivet College, the sole Negro student in the college. Finishing three years at Olivet, he went to Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, where he taught in the University's elementary school while completing work on his degree. Then he entered the University of Michigan where he received his law degree in 1911, the same year he was admitted to the bar. With $12 in his pocket, he went to Detroit to build his law practice.

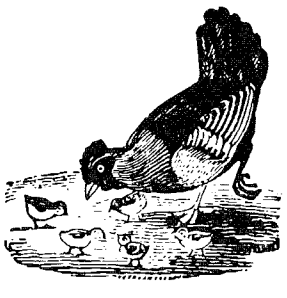
In 1928 Mr. Mahoney and a small group of businessmen organized an Insurance Company, which was reorganized in 1944 as the Great Lakes Mutual Life Insurance Co. It now has about $50 million worth of life insurance in force and assets of more than $5 million. Mr. Mahoney is President of the Company. He is also President of the Great Lakes Land and Investment Company and of the Great Lakes Agency Company.

Mr. Mahoney has tried unsuccessfully three times for public office "Nothing I ever tried for did I get," he mused recently, "and nothing I ever got did I try for."

Five colleges have conferred Doctor of Law degrees upon him. In 1955 he was advised by the Department of State at Washington D. C., of his appointment as a member of the Panel for Inquiry and Conciliation which has been created for the purpose of assisting the United Nations in settlement of disputes. The appointment will run for five y...

Mr. Mahoney and his ... tain a home at Holly, ... They also have an apt. ... in Detroit They have no children.

The walls of his home are lined with books and Mr. Mahoney ... "I've read two or three ... week as long as I can remember." "I also like to fish. Not to catch fish. Don't like to eat them particularly, but to relax, to ... myself together after a hard ... I like to hunt, too. Not to ... animals. Some days I will ... up the bull and sit hours and watch what's happening."



The Village Council and the people of Decatur send greetings to our past village president, Mr. Stapleton, on his 95th birthday, and sincerely wish him many more.

Dr. Bowers, village pres.

Frank C. Stapleton Observes 95th Birthday Friday

One of Decatur's senior citizens will observe his 95th birthday Friday, May 13. He is Frank C. "Stapey" Stapleton, who has been an important part of this community for almost 75 years.

Mr. Stapleton will observe his birthday with relatives in Howell and Ann Arbor.

Mr. Stapleton was born in Howell, Mich., one of five sons and three daughters. His parents were John and Mary Stapleton who came from England in 1851. The elder Mr. Stapleton, John, drove the stage coach from Detroit to Howell, then on to Lansing, during the Civil War period, where there was at that time no railroad.

At the age of sixteen, Mr. Stapleton clerked in a clothing store in Howell and when on a visit at his brother's home in Paw Paw, he learned that Charles Schuster of Decatur wanted a clothing clerk, and so he came to Decatur about 1886.

He married Lena Free of Paw Paw, in 1887.

Also about this time (1887) Frank was a member of the first baseball team organized here. He played as catcher, and the team won the county championship. Frank was also the Decatur fire chief about this time. The fire department had a horse cart and a hook and ladder wagon with 24 rubber buckets. They had to pump water from two wells, in the event of fire. One well was located on main street by the four corners, and the other near the park.

Frank clerked in Mr. Schuster's Clothing store until 1889 when Mr. Schuster sold his business to the Squier Bros., Emery and Harley.

Mr. Stapleton was the village clerk three terms and village president three terms. He was serving as clerk when the water works were installed in 1895. He was elected township clerk twice and was village president when the Michigan Gas and Electric Company came to Decatur.

He was cashier of the Citizen's State Bank from 1909 to 1912 and was assistant cashier in the First State Bank from 1919 to 1929.

In 1912 Gov. Ferris appointed him as deputy state oil inspector, in which capacity he served four years.

In 1931 he was appointed receiver of the State Bank of Hartford during which time he was successful in paying all the depositors in full.

In 1939 Frank was appointed by the Van Buren county supervisors as a member of the Van Buren county road commission. He served 12 years, resigning to retire in 1951.

His wife passed away in 1947, and Frank is still living in the house he built in 1895.

This information was given to the Republican by a lifelong friend who knows him, as does the rest of the community, as "Stapey."

"Stapey" recalled with pleasure that for some time he was captain of the Rabbit and Pheasant Club in Decatur. Other members of the club were Dr. Huyck, Dr. Howland, Harold Hudson, Ross Hudson, Warren Moser, and Pat Howland was game-keeper.

Another problem confronting

Michigan [illegible] by Bohling lies in the recent reorganization of lower courts in Michigan.

"We had 17 justices of the peace in the county," he reported "and they were limited to $5 costs on court cases except in cases where there was violation of local ordinances. All this money was turned over to the county treasurer who dispersed it to libraries. Now there are two district courts in the county and the justices have costs, including their own salaries, salaries of their staff, and office expenses. In fact, they are charging higher costs and lower fines so it will cover their own operation, leaving less for libraries and putting a financial burden on most libraries in Michigan."

Court Collections Down

"For example," he explained, "collections the first three months of 1968 totaled $7,500 per month. This year, the January total was $1,918.

He said inflation is also a problem that is causing libraries trouble, citing as an example the "$6 average cost of a library book today."

"The price index on books," he lamented, "rises more rapid-

ly than the general living index, and that hurts."

Although Librarian Bolding may have some worries with politicians, financers, and inflation, his physical plant is far from a problem.

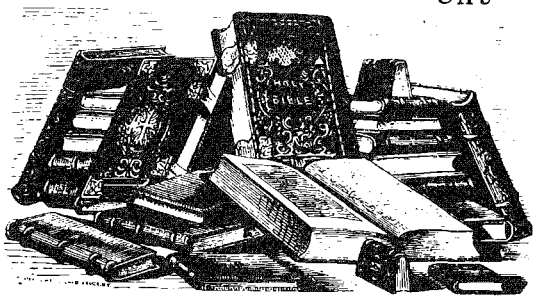
Located at the corner of Phelps and St. Mary's Sts. in downtown Decatur, the building looks as new and impressive as it did the day it opened June 30, 1960.

Costing at that time $327,000 (now valued at $500,000) the building is 80 by 120 feet square, has six rooms, including a conference room with a kitchen and seating for 100 diners. There is also a garage and basement.

Keep Donor's Ashes

One other room is set aside to house an urn containing the ashes of the library benefactor, Norman Webster, and other memorabilia, including his photograph.

Photographs of other well known Decatur residents of the past stare down the walls, such as Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen; Atty. Charles Mahoney, first American Negro delegate to the United Nations; Arba N. Moulton, late publisher of the Decatur Republican, and Carl B. Squier, builder and organizer and sales Vice-president for Lockheed Air- Craft



CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING

MR. AND MRS. LEWIS D. ROBERTS

Reproduction of photograph taken shortly after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts in 1868

GRAVE YARD, ROAD — ONLY REMINDERS GHOST TOWN DISAPPEARED

By D.C. Hibbard – Gazette Correspondent – Kalamazoo

DECATUR — Ghost towns are fairly common in southwestern Michigan but Charleston, five miles southeast of this Van Buren Co. village, is a town which has disappeared completely.

Only a cemetery and a road built anro aswamp are reminders that it ever existed.

In its flourishing days from the first settlement in 1829 until the railroad came, Charleston was the business center of a rich farming district.

It was also a stage stop on the Kalamazoo-Niles line which sometimes scheduled a dozen stages a day. Three taverns took care of the travelers.

The town had two general stores, three blacksmiths, two coopers, a dance hall, a church and a town band. It was supposed to have had about three hundred inhabitants which made it the metropolis of the area, as Decatur, Dowagiac and Marcellus were still to be born.

The source of much of Charleston's prosperity was the Michigan Central Railway, now part of the New York Central system. Construction from Detroit started in 1837 and it took until 1848 to reach Kalamazoo. Passengers between Detroit and Chicago took the railroad as far as possible, then rode stages the rest of the way.

The three taverns provided plenty of beds in Charleston. Meals were tasty and reasonable, and the town had a reputation for parties and fun. Many travelers stayed the night and took a stage next morning.

The railroad tarried a couple of years in Kalamazoo and was built forward arriving in Niles in October, 1848. This wiped out the stage line.

Although the inhabitants of Charleston didn't realize it at the time, the railroad's arrival spelled the doom of the thriving village. It bypassed them, and a new community called Decatur was plotted on the line of the railroad.

Charleston people did realize that they needed access to the railroad. This belief was shared by the new settlers in Decatur, many of whom came from the Charleston area.

The towns were only five miles apart but between them stood the "Big Swamp." It started west of present day Lawton, extending about twenty miles southeast and was about two miles wide. Through it ran the sluggish waters of the north branch of the Dowagiac Creek.

It was impassable. There were no roads across it and many thought none would ever be built. In spite of the difficulties, it was decided to try to construct a road to span the muck land.

A sawmill donated two thousand dollars worth of logs, the railroad gave five-hundred dollars in cash and citizens contributed two hundred dollars. Irish laborers, who had just completed the railroad through Decatur, were hired to perform the task.

Two lines of huge logs were laid lengthwise in the swamp for stringers. Half logs of medium size, eight to ten feet long, were laid crosswise and secured on top. These cross logs were called puncheons.

Dirt was shoveled over the puncheons to smooth the road somewhat and it was opened for traffic on Nov. 3, 1849.

Six years later a new road had to be built. The reason given was that the first road had "become quite worn." More likely, as the wood became soaked, the road kept sinking into the quagmire and became impassable.

The route for the new road was shorter and ran straight out southeast from George Street in Decatur. It was constructed in the same way as the first one except that planks were used instead of puncheons and more dirt was shoveled in to lift the road above the swamp water.

There were turnouts at intervals to allow vehicles to meet and pass. The bridge which allowed the murky water of the Dowagiac Creek to pass under, was painted red. It was a familiar landmark to the old timers for many years.

As time went on, the two townships involved spent much money to keep the road operable. More and more dirt was brought in as filler until the roadway is now several feet above the level of the swamp.

In 1903, ditching of the creek was started to lower the water level and drain the swamp. By 1928 a wide and deep ditch contained the water of the creek from east of Decatur nearly to Niles.

The ditch system effectively drained the whole swamp. Formerly worthless land is now cut up into fine farms which specialize in crops that do well in muckland.

The "Old Swamp Road" did much to build Decatur but could not help Charleston which gradually declined. Many of the people moved to Decatur which became and has remained a thriving village.

Elijah Goble, who started Charleston by building his "Brown Eagle" tavern on the old coach road before 1836, was the first to come, and the last to go. His sign swung in the wind for many years.

By 1875, a county historian of the time reports that Charleston had faded until it had only a few scattered houses. Now, even these are gone without even a foundation stone to mark the site.

All that remains on the spot is a cemetery on Dewey Lake Road which formerly marked the west side of the village. The stage road has gone long ago.

The Old Swamp Road is still there. It is just a local road now, with nothing to show that it once was the only artery for north and south traffic for miles in either direction.

The shoulders are narrow and the road is rough, reminiscent of the original puncheons that jolted the wagons as they hauled the produce of the Charleston area to the new railroad so long ago.

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DECATUR LIBRARY FEELS INFLATION SQUEEZE

By RAY MCCLURE

Tribune Staff Writer

DECATUR — If the books in Webster Memorial Library were divided among the entire population of Decatur everyone would have 35.03 volumes.

This points up the unusual fact of the considerable amount of reading matter available in this small town of 1,827 that boasts a 64,000-volume library.

Even with a half-million dollar building housing these extensive "literary facilities," and an endowment fund from the estate of library founder, Norman E. Webster, plus tax money, Webster Library, like all libraries, is in the unfortunate position of being hard put to make ends meet in a world of apparent never-ending price increases.

Three Kinds of Problems

Problems of public and school libraries in Michigan fall into three categories, and were pointed out this week by director Curt Bohling.

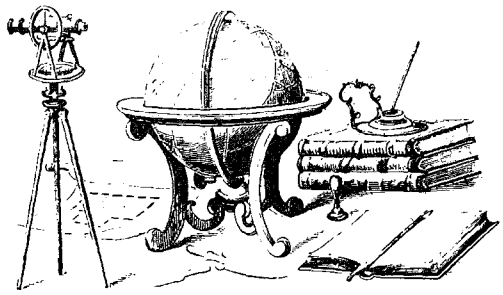
"A major problem is the Nixon Administration," he said. "The Republican administration gives lip service to the library effort but no money."

Bohling pointed out that "he (Nixon) praised the library effort during National Library Week but cut federal aid to public and school libraries, which is funneled to the states through the Dept. of Housing, Education and Welfare, by 83 per cent, and that's 83 per cent off the previous level of spending."

"Although our library has not felt the pinch yet, except in magazine subscription costs," he continued, "system libraries created exclusively with federal funds, such as Berrien and Cass county multi-unit libraries, have felt the pinch. I understand Berrien will get about $28,000 less this year, and Cass will get less also."

Federal Money Buys Books

He said most of the federal money has been used to "improve book collections," "in short, to buy books."



GIFT OF NORMAN E. WEBSTER — LIBRARY DEDICATION SUNDAY

The most striking and certainly one of the most valuable additions to the Decatur Community as well as the county as a whole, will be dedicated Sunday — the Webster Memorial Library.

Open house will be held at the library from 1:00 until 2:00 p. m. with a memorial service for the Websters immediately following.

After the services will be the program including speakers and entertainment until 4:30 when it will again be open until 6:00 p. m.

Something of the history of Mr. Webster and how the library came into being is as follows:

Norman E. Webster was born March 26, 1869 in Decatur to Norman Earl Webster and his wife, Jennie L. Chavileer. His father had moved to Michigan from Genessee county, New York in 1835. Mrs. Webster came to Michigan with her family from Hamilton county, Ohio in 1847.

Mr. Webster entered school in Decatur in 1875 and except for two years of grammar school in Sturgis, Michigan, he finished public school in Decatur, graduating from the Graded School at the age of 16, in 1884.

Because of the influence of two teachers who considered him above the average, he was inspired to seek larger fields. He went to Kalamazoo, where he was employed by the Michigan Buggy Company for six years. Later, he was division superintendent in the Department of Collections of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Norman E. Webster had made a special study of theoretical phases of accounting and office organization. Because of this specialty, he made the highest mark in a special examination for an opening in the national Post Office. He was appointed to the position in the office of the auditor for the Post Office Department in Washington, D. C., where he remained for 11 years.

On December 17, 1895, Norman E. Webster was married in Denver, Colorado to Rose Rezeau, with whom he had gone to school in Decatur.

Norman E. Webster was a man who could combine many activities. While working full time, he wrote a number of articles dealing with accountancy, worked on his college degree at Union College in Schenectady, graduating in accountancy in 1896. In 1906, he received a degree in law from National University Law School, in Washington, D. C. He was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court in Washington the same year. He never practiced law, but used his knowledge in his accounting business and in the writing of numerous pamphlets and articles on various legal phases of accountancy.

Mr. Webster in a commencement address made at Decatur in 1945, discussed at some length the two teachers whom he credits with influencing him to make a success of his life. Henry Upton, principal of the Decatur Graded Schools, and Abigail Pearce, the assistant principal. Miss Pearce is the same teacher who taught at Ypsilanti for many years and is so well-known throughout Michigan.

After finishing school and leaving the Post Office, Noran E. Webster organized his own accounting firm in New York City. The firm was a successful one, having branches in several eastern cities. At the time of his death in 1956, Mr. Webster was senior member of Webster, Horne and Elsdon, which firm still bears his name.

Norman E. Webster and his wife were interested in collecting Oriental rugs, antique furniture and clocks. He collected and organized into files and scrapbooks, numerous clippings and articles about his hobbies. This material is now in the Webster Memorial Library. Some of the furniture, clocks and rugs were left to the library, also.

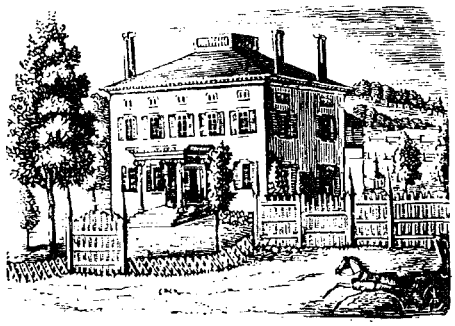
It is evident from the many letters which were carefully saved that the Websters gave considerable time and thought to the disposition of their money. No doubt many things were considered, but always in their minds was the idea of doing something for Decatur, the village where Mr. Webster had been started on the road to success by Henry Upton and Abigail Pearce.

The Websters finally decided that what they wanted was to provide a public library for Decatur. Norman E. Webster knew that there was a small township library in Decatur, but having used a number of the finest libraries in the country most of his life, he wished for his native village a superior type of library.

Knowing that it takes time, resources, and money to develop and maintain the sort of library he envisioned, he suggested that a larger library be invited to join with the Decatur library so that his idea of good library service might be carried out. The Van Buren County Library was thus asked to join with the Decatur Township Library and both together became the Webster Memorial Library.

The merging of the two libraries made available a collection of almost 70,000 books, a record collection, 4,000 pictures, 5,000 pamphlets, specialized services of a professional librarian, and a much larger staff, to residents of Decatur and the county. Additional services carrying out the ideas expressed in Mr. Webster's will and his letters will be developed as soon as possible.

1960



CENTURY-OLD HOME OFFERED AS CASS MUSEUM

By RAY McCLURE
Tribune Staff Writer

CASSOPOLIS — The 100-year-old resident forester's home on the grounds of Fred Russ Experimental Forest north of here has been offered to the Cass County Pioneer Historical Society for a museum, a Michigan State University official confirmed Friday.

At the same time, John Bright, forester at the MSU-owned facility, confirmed he is to be transferred by July 1 with his duties turned over to W. A. Lemmien, forester at Kellogg Experimental Forest near Augusta.

A man familiar with the area will be employed to watch over Russ Forest, but will not live on the grounds, Bright said.

It was also learned from another source, that the Cass County Parks Commission is interested in a small area adjacent to the house as an "accenting park," should the society obtain the house.

The switch in personnel and operations at the forest is the first major change in the 14 years since Bright became forester, and the move was seen as an economy move by the university to save the forester's salary by eliminating mounting expenses on the house.

Bright, a native of Concord, will become resident forester at Dunbar, about 70 miles from Sault Ste. Marie.

"The university has decided to discontinue a resident forester here since Russ Forest is close enough to Kellogg Forest for administrative purposes," Bright explained. "There will be a man here during the day to watch over things and to see that the experimentation program is continued."

Bright said the 14-room house has been offered for lease to the society. The society is expected to make a decision on the house at a meeting on April 12.

Restore House to 1870

"The society would restore the house to the time of its construction about 1870 and make a museum out of it," Bright continued. "I believe they would get the house on a five-year lease. During that period it would be determined if they could manage the property."

Bright reported Westgate Center, a work activity center for adult mentally retarded has also inquired about leasing the house for use as a group living house for retarded boys five through seven years old. Westgate Center is sponsored by Cass County Mental Health Clinic and the Cass County Assn. for Retarded Citizens and currently occupies the former Salisbury School.

"I am not sure who will get the house, Bright added. "If someone does not take it, I understand the university plans to raze it. The society has first choice."

Although the house has picture-postcard beauty, has been well kept, and is typical of its time, it is not in itself particularly historically important.

Bright said he understood the house was constructed by Christian Haefner for George Newton, a state legislator, about 1870. Following Newton's death, it was purchased by the late Fred Russ, a Cassopolis attorney. During his ownership Russ planted 60 acres of tulip poplars. Wanting to keep the forest intact, he made an outright gift of the property to MSU in the early 1940's.

There are 580 acres at the Russ Forest area at Decatur and Marcellus Rds. There is also a 200-acre parcel south of Marcellus.

Soon after receiving the property, MSU began its forestry experimentations, particularly in forestry genetics, fertilizers and herbicides, forest management and spacing studies.

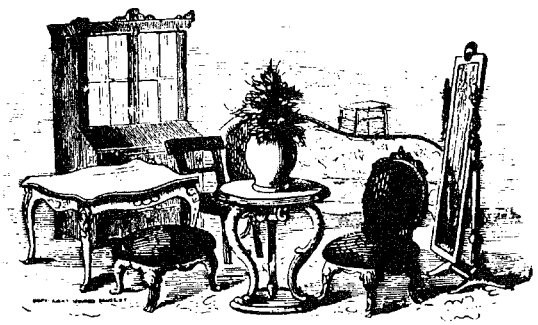
White oak is the predominant tree in the forest along with maples, Scotch pine, walnut and English oak.

Few Thefts So Far

Also included in the immediate vicinity of the house are a smokehouse, garage, horse barn and a workshop Another large barn is located within the forest.

In a day when wood has become more and more expensive, Bright said tree thefts have been minor. The worst theft was a "year or so ago" when five walnut trees disappeared.

"We have good, observant neighbors who can hear a saw and axe at work over long distances," Bright noted. "There are also the sheriff and state police patrols."



NYC DEPOT CLOSING; FREIGHT SERVICE BEING CENTRALIZED

The Michigan Public Service Commission, acting on a petition from the New York Central Railroad, ordered the immediate removal of freight agents from the stations at Decatur, Lawton, South Haven and Bloomingdale.

The NYC petitioned the Commission to be allowed to set up a centralized freight service with its center in Kalamazoo. The Commission allowed that the NYC ". . . has an adequate and experienced staff and adequate facilities to expeditiously, efficiently and economically perform and handle all freight agency work in the territory involved in this proceeding."

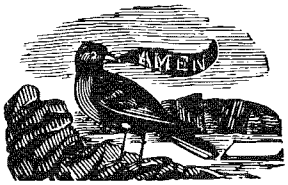
The NYC will continue to operate the freight station here, however, until Jan. 27, 1961. The Commission ordered the NYC to refrain from removing or disposing of its station facilities in the towns affected for a period of one year, or until further order of the Commission.

More complete information concerning the coming freight arrangements may be found in an advertisement on page five.

Depot Built in 1886

The first depot was built in Decatur in 1848 and remains today as part of the mill at the Decatur Elevator Co. The present depot was constructed in 1886.

Due to the shortage of passengers in recent years, that service had been sharply curtailed by the railroad, until now Decatur is just a flag stop.



Aye Strain

By GAR!

Each year, as surely as death and taxes, the rumor pops up to the effect that the Lake of the Woods is unfit for swimming. This year is no different, and the basis for this year's version is the evidence of an unusually large number of dead fish at the lake shore.

The rumor is, of course, 100 per cent nonsense. The lake has been checked by authorities and is deemed an excellent lake for swimming, fishing and other summertime water sports.

The unusually large number of dead fish which appeared this year and brought concern to local residents, also focused the attention of the authorities on our lake. Following considerable investigation, probable causes were offered by Les Brown, the county sanitation officer, Stan Hayes, conservation officer, and Chet Harvey, district engineer with the water resources commission in Lansing. The concensus seemed to be as follows:

1. Sudden changes in the weather this spring were more drastic than in recent years. Just a 15 to 20 degree change in water temperature will kill fish. This is particularly possible in the channels where the water and fish are more confined.

2. The spraying of the elms this spring for Dutch Elm Disease with a 12 per cent DDT solution. This chemical is deadly to fish, as it is to birds and insects. There was strong possibility that this spray drifted out over the lake and caused the death of many fish.

3. Many of the dead fish examined were found to have suffocated from fine, paste-like silt clogging their gills. This could have been increased this year through the use of a sand sucker or dredge, used to make channels and clear bathing beaches.

Any of the above causes may have been responsible for the high fish kill this spring but in the opinion of those who know, the rumor of water pollution in anyway prohibitive to swimming is utter nonsense.

Ma, where's my swim suit?

Certainly was nice to see the majority of the stores on Main street displaying American flags on Flag Day yesterday. Lisle Gwilt certainly did his part by reminding merchants to set out their flags.

Fred McWilliams stopped in the other day and brought to our attention what he calls the "Eighty and Eight Club." Fred pointed out that we have a whole generation of friends and neighbors who are almost forgotten in our everyday bustle of living. They are the Decaturites who are at least 88 years of age; folks who have outlived their lifetime friends and are now living a rather secluded life.

A list of the "club" members that Fred knows personally appears below. There must be many more who can qualify for this honor — being at least 88 years old and having lived most of their lives in Decatur — and their names should also be mentioned here.

It would be nice if these "club" members would receive a card or note wishing them well and reminding them that they are still valued members of our community even though they are not as active as they may have been in the past.

Fred's list is as follows:

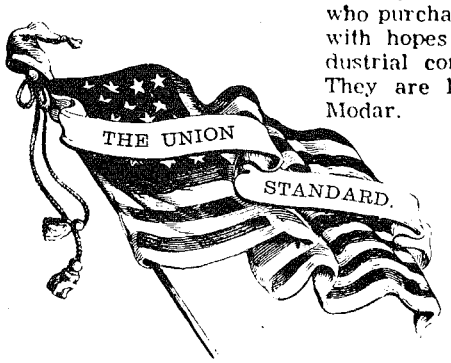
Ethel Ireland, 88; Lucy Howland, 89; Katherine McLeese, 89; Orrie Clark, 89; J. G. Hirst, 89; Susie Sollenberger, 89.

Grace Wickett, 90; Charles Wickett, 90; Mina McWilliams, 90; Dr. Bope, 90; Rev. Ellis, 90; Louis Roth, 90.

George Weeks, 91; Belle Barnum 91; Herschel Campbell, 91; Albert Brohm, 93.

Fred Paul, 92; Pat Howland, 93; Ellsworth Graham, 94; Frank Stapleton, 96; Mary Youell, 97.

A chaperone is someone who never made the team but is still in there intercepting passes.



Modar, Inc. Plans For Operation July 1 With 35 Employees

★

Decatur will have a new industry July 1, when Modar, Inc., of Benton Harbor sets up their cabinet fabricating operation in the former Becker building next to the railroad tracks, across from the bandstand park.

Final arrangements were completed this past week between Modar and the Decatur Industrial Corp., owners of the building.

Modar's president, Arnold Faulkner, stated that machinery and equipment will be moved in beginning about June 15 and he expected to have the operation underway about July 1. Present plans call for the hiring of about 30 women and four or five men, Faulkner said.

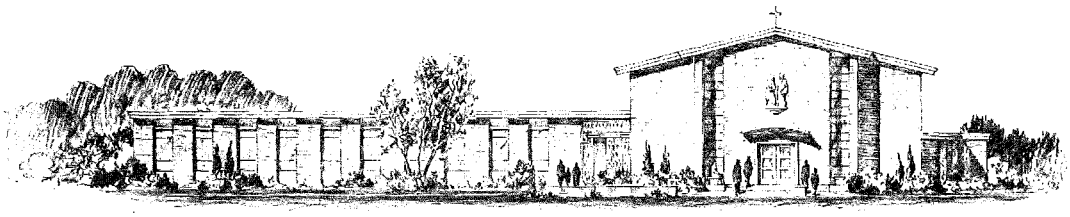
Modar, Inc. manufactures leatherette covered wooden cabinets for portable record players and tape recorders. They have been supplying thir product to such firms as Heath, VM, Webcor, General Electric, Gambles, Western Auto, Magnavox, and others.

Modar will continue the operation of their home plant in Benton Harbor where they will cut the wood for the Decatur operation. Ultimately, Faulkner said, they intend to have their entire operation in one location.

Mr. Frank Vogel will be the plant manager, and Mr. John Clagett, office manager will reside in Decatur.

Modar is one of the largest manufacturers of its kind in the midwest. They began business in Benton Harbor in 1954, started building their present plant there in 1957 and moved the entire operation into that building in 1959.

The Decatur Industrial Corp. is a group of 11 Decatur businessmen who purchased the Becker building with hopes of encouraging an industrial concern to locate here. They are leasing the building to Modar.



The History of Holy Family Parish

About 1855 the Rev. Father Koopman of Marshall visited Decatur which had been chartered as a village in 1848. He arranged with the Catholic families there to hold religious services once every three months. Tthe first Mass was offered in the house of Henry Brown on the corner of Beers and Williams streets, where he offered Mass four or five times. After that when Father LaBelle of St. Augustine, Kalamazoo, took charge, the place of worship was transferred to the house of Denis Jordan on South George street, which remained the church for a number of years until public halls were used as the need for more commodius quarters grew. Father LaBelle remained the pastor for about 12 years and was succeeded by Fathers Sweeney, Herbert and Ruper of Silver Creek.

In 1877 the church built by the Presbyterians in 1856 and sold to the Universalists in 1869, was purchased. This church on St. Mary's street was to serve Decatur Catholics for 56 years. In 1879 Father Wernert of Paw Paw took charge and began holding services once a month. The church at this time included about 30 families, and the trustees were Daniel Kearney, James Howland and James Creagan.

In 1933 the mission of Decatur was transferred from Paw Paw to Bangor. That same year the present church, first built by the Universalists in 1881, destroyed by fire in 1891 and rebuilt in 1895, was purchased by Father Kornescki for about $800. With the help of parishoners he added the sanctuary area to make the building more spacious, seating about 200. In its history it has survived many alterations and additions.

On Sept. 12, 1938, the mission of Holy Family was elevated to the status of a parish with a mission of its own, St. Ann of Cassopolis, enjoying the distinction of being

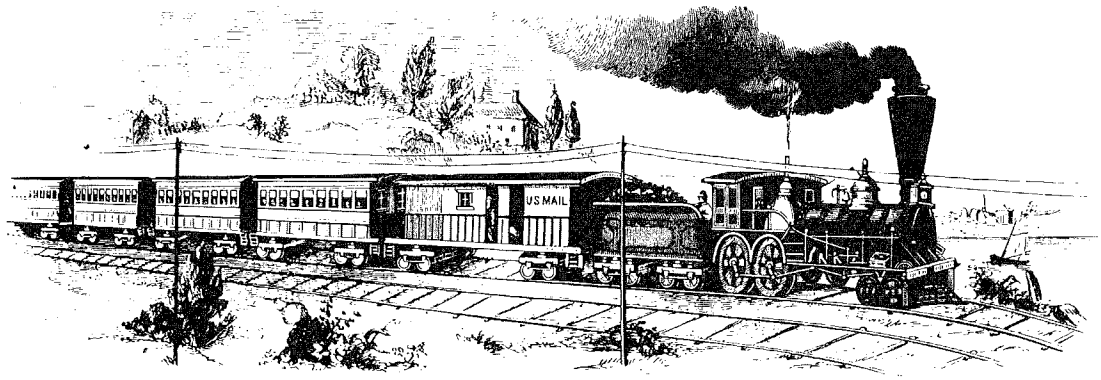
Father Gilbert O. Rahrig, Pastor

the first parish created in the new Diocese of Lansing. On Oct. 20, 1939, the present rectory was purchased from the Kearney estate and the first pastor, Father Edward Krawczyk moved in on Dec. 17, 1939. He was succeeded in 1941 by Father Philip Cook who remained until 1945. Father Al Schmitt came for a few months and was succeeded by Father William Cogley who was pastor but a year. Father Linus Ceru came in 1946 and remained until 1953. In 1948 he purchased the lot west of the rectory to be used as a parking lot and future church site. Father Howard Nooker was pastor during the next three years and built a new church in the mission of Cassopolis. He was followed in 1956 by Father Frank Burger who enlarged the church and redecorated it. On Dec. 20, 1956 he purchased the former Dodge home between the church and the Presbyterian church. Men of the parish repaired and altered it and it has served as a meeting hall, room for catechism classes and a hall for dinners and parties. Father Gilbert Rahrig was appointed pastor in June, 1958.

In 1959 the church purchased for $7,000 about 14 acres of land on the western edge of the village as the site for the new church and eventually related buildings. Plans were initiated for the building of a new church and the services of the architectural firm of Smith, Mass and Becker were secured. Eventually contracts for the building were let to the Holland Construction Co., of St. Joseph for the general construction; to the Barnes Electric Co., of South Bend for the electrical; and the O'Toole Plumbing and Heating of Benton Harbor for the plumbing and heating. Construction progressed very rapidly after the ground breaking on Aug. 27, 1961, and the cornerstone was laid Dec. 3. Winter arrived before the roof and delayed construction for several months. The advent of good spring weather brought a resurgence of activity with completion of the church and open house on May 20, with dedication following on May 27.

In this history is truely seen the growth of the mustard seed; from 30 families in 1880 to 175 today; from a handful of people attending Mass once every three months in a living room, to weekly Mass for 400 in the winter, about 800 in the summer, in a beautiful new modern building.

SUCCUMBS — The death knell has been sounded for one of Decatur's landmarks, the New York Central depot. Built 75 years ago, the building will be abandoned the end of this month, on an order from the Michigan Public Service Commission, acting on a request from the NYC. Passenger service has been meager for years, with no trains making scheduled stops, and with the centralizing of the freight service in Kalamazoo next month, the depot here will be closed. The building cannot be removed or disposed of for one year.



WEBBED FEET OF THE NORTH

In all the northern wooded regions of the world, man's survival through harsh winters has forever been vexed by problems of deep snow.

How can a man move through deep snow? How can he find food? If war comes, how can he chase or retreat?

The snowshoe hare long ago developed large hind feet for support while being chased through deep snow. The bear learned to store up fat and snooze away the deep-snow months. Birds fly south. Wolves and coyotes, in packs, take turns running down a snow-wearied quarry.

Developed physical traits, hibernation, migration, pack hunting; these serve the animal world in the struggle against snow and cold.

Man, on the other hand, could not hibernate, was frequently loath to migrate, and found his body puny against the rigors of winter. Pack hunting, wolf-style, proved helpful, but provided only a partial answer. Various aids, such as clothing and housing were needed to get the frail human machine through wintertime. And because deep snow mired all movement by foot, the vast inland areas of the northern continents remained unoccupied for centuries.

Then, about 6,000 years ago, after man had been on earth half a million years, the idea of snowshoes as a means of winter travel was hatched. It is thus very recent in man's history. The idea was born somewhere in central Asia between 3,000 B. C. and 4,000 B. C., and apparently in a single locale. Furthermore, snowshoes were not developed independently anywhere else, as frequently happened with early "inventions."

There is of course no record of that first crude snowshoe, either where made, by whom, or of what materials. But the idea spread from that point of origin to Europe and eastward across Siberia. It probably crossed the Bering Strait into this continent about 3,000 B.C.

At that time, it was a very simple "plank-type" of foot attachment, a wooden snowshoe, unlike the frame types of today. It had none of the webbing, upturned toe, or framework known in present-day snowshoes.

The grand-daddy of all present webbed snowshoes, the circular bearpaw type, followed the plank snowshoe by 3,000 years, crossing from Siberia to Alaska about the time of Christ.

When it arrived in Alaska, this early webbed snowshoe was on the feet of an Athabascan-type Indian. It was flat, round, had no toe-hole, and was attached to the foot by wrapping thongs several times through the shoe and around the foot. The branches or strips of hide that served as weaving material were threaded haphazardly onto the frame.

The webbed snowshoe moved south and east through the heavy snow belt of North America. The journey took 1,000 years, more or less, to penetrate from the Bering Strait to the central and eastern United States. Michigan and the Great Lakes area have thus known "snow-shoed" feet for probably less than 1,000 years.

In range, snowshoes are sharply limited to northern hemisphere areas of heavy snowfall. Eskimos of the tundra have little need for them, their world being mostly ice-covered. And farther south, snowshoes have been used locally for marsh travel, but with doubtful success; so that in general, they are limited in use to locales where 100 or more inches of snow fall in a year.

This range includes northern North America, northern Japan, Outer Mongolia and Siberia, northern Europe, Scandinavia, and a few smaller areas. In North America, the range is mainly north of the Mason-Dixon line, although snowshoes are commonly used in the California mountains, southern Nevada, and as far south as the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico.

All those northern inland areas named above became habitable after the snowshoe was invented. The most important factor that made for this expansion into the interior was that man could now track and catch his food animals regardless of snow depth. Living inland in the winter called for constant travel to traplines, game runways, and wildlife concentration points. When the snowshoe arrived, bison, reindeer, and caribou all became available on a day-to-day basis.

The snowshoe was necessary for this original inland migration, and it is still of life-and-death importance to the northern hunting groups who survive by means of daily game kills.

Scores of separate styles have developed since the first webbed snowshoe came on the scene, stemming from these five basic frame types:

1. The bearpaw, having a one-piece frame with a round toe and round heel, 2. the unnamed but widely used one-piece frame with

a round toe and pointed heel, 3. the Athabascan, having a two-piece frame with a round or squarish spliced toe, and a pointed heel, and 5. the Naskapi, limited to Northeastern Canada, having a two-piece frame with a round toe and round heel.

The wooden snowshoe really occupies a separate category, and was a type which failed to prosper in North America. The opposite was the case in Europe where the plank snowshoes prospered at the expense of the webbed type.

The most common type of snowshoe used in Michigan today is the one-piece frame with a round toe, pointed heel, and two mortised crossbars. Excepting the bearpaw, to which it is related, this is the oldest frame type of snowshoe known and has proved its serviceability throughout North America for centuries.

It is not known who developed this basic frame type. Unlike the other four frame types, it lacks a specific Indian name, perhaps because it was used so widely that no single tribal name attached to it.

While the frame itself remains unchanged, everything attached to it and to the other frame types has changed in one way or another over the centuries.

The Athabascans, for example, developed the upturned toe now common in Great Lakes snowshoes. They developed the two types of frame which bear their name. They founded a system of rights and lefts for snowshoes, presumably to ease walking. They have used up to six crossbars in their snowshoes.

The Algonkian Indians of central Canada and the Great Lakes in the meantime developed the hexagonal weaving commonly found here and originated the use of a selvage thong around the inside of the frame on which to attach the netting.

It is not known which of the two nations developed rectangular weaving or the use of a toe-hole, but both participated in these improvements. Both Indian groups probably participated in development of the single crossbar without mortising, the principle of mortising crossbars into the frame, and the use of two crossbars as in Great Lakes snowshoes.

Conservation Department field workers, who wear out many pairs of snowshoes each year, long had need for an inexpensive source of snowshoe supply. The commercial types proved both expensive and inadequate. Finally, the Department began to manufacture its own snowshoes to its own specifications.

Inmates at the Cusino Wildlife Station prison camp near Shingleton have learned the construction methods and now turn out an excellent quality shoe: enough of them so that this little Department sponsored industry now supplies all conservation officers, biologists and foresters with their annually necessary backwoods footgear.

Over the years, this inmate program has saved Michigan a considerable amount of money, while also providing a quality of snowshoe not available elsewhere.

Still Unanswered After 15 Years — WHO KILLED PHILLBROOK MUNSON?

Decatur's Only Murder Remains A Mystery

Sometime between 8:20 and 9:30 p.m. on the cold night of Feb. 11, 1946, Decatur's only murder was committed when Philbrook Munson was bludgeoned seven times on the head with a 2x4.

The murderer is still at large.

Munson, a 57-year-old section hand, lived in a railroad car on the siding in Decatur and was found a few feet from the tracks near his home by Doeko and Clifford Kline, Jr. who were on their way home from a show.

Motive for the yet-unsolved murder has been laid to either money or jealousy. It was fairly well established that Munson had received payment of an old debt of about $400 the night he was done in. Later, the jealousy angle crept into the investigation.

More Tips In 1951

Investigation slowed to a standstill until January of 1951 when more activity was sparked by new tips and more interviews — mostly on the jealousy angle.

At this time approximately 100 persons had been interviewed since the committing of the foul deed. Suspects numbered around a dozen and official files bulged with statements and reports of the dragging investigation, but still no definite lead had been established to point out the murderer.

As the crime was committed on NYC railroad property, policemen from that company, Archie and Ralph McWilliams, joined Decatur Police and V. B. County Sheriff's deputies in the investigation. Red Woolfe who was chief of the Decatur Police at the time of the murder, conducted the investigation with Sheriff Howard Englesby, deputies Doyle Wilder, Frank Hazzard and State Police Det. Victor Beck, Det. Sgt. Purlette Hinckley.

Need A Confession

As there was apparently no eye witness to Munson's murder other than the killer himself, authorities need to obtain a confession from the person responsible in order to prosecute.

The murder of Munson was kept alive on the pages of the Republican for months after the crime. A letter to the editor at the time, Arba Moulton, written by a local individual speculating on how the deed was done, was so near to the way the police figured it, that officers descended upon the Republican office with haste. However, it was eventually revealed by the shaken editor that the information had been received from a quite respectable citizen, Rev. Vance who hoped to have the killer read the story and confess.

Needless to say, no one confessed and the case still is on file, but now termed as "inactive."

Let's Clear The Record!

In the entire 113 year history of the Village of Decatur, this is the only actual murder that has taken place in the village limits and this one is still unsolved.

In order to preserve Decatur's good reputation as a law abiding community, Munson's murderer should be brought to justice.

Anyone having new information or unrevealed facts concerning Munson's murder should contact Dist. Commander Capt. Bion Hoeg at the State Police Post in Paw Paw.

MURDER WEAPON — This is a photo of the weapon used to kill Philbrook Munson, which was left at the scene of Decatur's only unsolved murder. It is a 2x4 about three feet long. No clues to the killer's identity were found. (State Police official photo.)

Decatur Can Boast of An Astronaut, Too

Captain James A. McDivitt

With the announcement last weekend of the selection of nine new astronauts, practically every town across the country has laid claim to one of the nine as a "hometown boy."

Capt. James A. McDivitt, one of the nine-man space team that has landing on the Moon as its goal, has been a familiar figure to many around Decatur. McDivitt is the nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schmidt. He is the son of Mrs. Schmidt's sister, Mrs. J. A. McDivitt of Jackson. McDivitt has spent a lot of time over the years, visiting the Schmidts and hunting and fishing in the Decatur area with the Schmidt's son Robert.

Capt. McDivitt is a man who has been running hard ever since he made the high school tract team.

His father says he has a knack of running first. "Jim's the kind of guy who has to be first in everything he does," said his father, James, Sr., upon hearing that his son was one of nine men selected to be the second group of U. S. astronauts.

"I won't say we were surprised," the elder McDivitt said. "We had no real word, but we kind of suspected something. I knew he was working along that line. Of course, I'm kind of prejudiced, but I figured he'd make it."

Word of McDivitt's selection brought so many calls of congratulation and inquiry Monday that the elder McDivitt had to take the day off from his job as an electrical engineer at Consumers Power Co., to help his wife handle the callers. She was too overwhelmed to talk on the phone.

"She's taking this just like a mother," said McDivitt, Sr., "She is just as pleased as I am about it, but now she's starting to worry about his safety.

"The way I figure it, he's been in the Air Force 11 years, and we're used to the fact that his job gets a little dangerous at times."

McDivitt recalled how "a lot of times I used to caution him about his insistence at being first all of the time. But I guess it's nothing bad. It's just the way he is."

Mrs. McDivitt had a memory, too, of the first time her son soloed.

"I used to get excited when he mentioned astronauts," she said. "But he took the time to explain and convinced me it was all right."

McDivitt said his son's selection as an astronaut was the culmination of an ambition which took shape during World War II when he became interested in airplanes.

"After that," his father said, "there was no stopping him." He joined the Air Force, and from the minute he went in, he planned to make a career out of it."

McDivitt joined the Air Force in 1951, after spending two years in Jackson Junior College. He was born in Chicago, and the family moved to Kalamazoo while he was in high school. He graduated from Kalamazoo Central high school, and then the family moved to Jackson.

After eight years in the Air Force, during which time he rose to captain and flew 145 combat missions in Korea as leader of a jet bomber squadron, McDivitt came back to Michigan to study at the University of Michigan.

He was one in a group of 20 airmen sent to U. M. from the Institute of Technology at Wright Patterson Air Force Base in 1959. Also in the group was Capt. White who was to become an astronaut on the same day as McDivitt.

McDivitt got a bachelor of science degree in aeronautical engineering, and White got a master's in the same field.

At the University of Michigan, McDivitt finished at the top of his class with a straight A average and White had a B-plus average.

McDivitt said that although his son didn't participate much in organized sports, except for track, he always liked touch football and handball. He is 5'11" and weighs 155 pounds.

"He likes the outdoors a lot, too," said McDivitt. "I'm a little prejudiced, but I think he was good at whatever he took up. He wasn't what you'd call an extrovert, but he wasn't an introvert either. When he puts his mind to something, he really works. But he knows how to relax. He can have more fun than anybody I know."

The younger McDivitt was married in June, 1956, and has two sons and a daughter. The family lives at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif.

Michigan Girl In Civil War As Soldier

A Michigan woman fought as a soldier through the Civil war, keeping her sex a secret.

After the war, Sarah Emma Edmonds, who had posed as Franklin Thompson, disclosed her identity and qualified for a government pension.

Two of her letters are recent acquisitions of The University of Michigan Historical Collections.

"Frank" enlisted in the Flint Union Grays which became part of the Second Michigan Regiment, on April 17, 1861, age 22. Being taken for a man was not new to her. A Canadian farm girl, she had passed as a Bible salesman in Hartford, Conn., before the war.

The battle at Bull Run came on July 21. Although the Second Michigan didn't join the battle, it covered the chaotic retreat.

Emma reported that "officers and men alike confounded, regiment after regiment broke and ran and almost immediately the panic commenced. Companies of cavalry were drawn up in line across the road with drawn sabers, but all was not sufficient to stop the tide of fugitives. Then came the artillery thundering along, drivers lashing their horses furiously, which greatly added to the panic of the thousands crowded together."

Absorbed in caring for the wounded, Emma became separated from her company. She made her way to Washington under cover of darkness to rejoin her regiment.

Appointed army mail carrier in 1862, she recalled: "The floods frequently carried away the Chickahominy bridges and I was more than once obliged to swim my horse across the swift running stream. Thus cold baths in the Chickahominy River fastened the chills and fever upon me which eventually drove me from the army."

During the Battle of Fredericksburg, "Frank Thompson" was detailed by Colonel Orlando Poe as an orderly. "He carried messages through showers of shot and shell with a fearlessness that attracted the attention of officers. There was not the shadow of humbug about the soldiership of Frank Thompson."

Then in April 1863, Emma deserted, spending the rest of the war in woman's clothes nursing the sick in hospitals.

Twenty years later, when Franklin Thompson appeared in Flint at the reunion of the Second Michigan as a woman, the men were astounded.

In 1884, Capt. William R. Morse recalled, "She followed that regiment never suspected of being anything else than what she seemed. Frank was known by every man in the regiment and his desertion was the topic of every campfire."

Lower Peninsula Is A Land of "Cross Trails"

Michigan's lower peninsula is a land of "cross trails" which once zig-zagged across the mighty mitten. Hacked through the forest by Indians, many of these trails today are part of Michigan's lavish network of freeways and state trunklines, but for the imaginative traveler they still add a touch of historic color to the rolling farm and forestlands of this Great Lakes state.

Starting at the southwest border of the state is US-12, the Great Sauk Trail of the Indians which later became the Chicago stagecoach run of the 1800's, stretching from Detroit to Chicago. Today nearly paralleling this highway is the newly opened freeway, Interstate-94, a 220 mile ribbon of concrete that has made Detroit two hours closer to Chicago than before.

Along this route, either US-12 or M-60 takes the motorist to Niles of the four flags, a town that has been variously under French, British, Spanish and American rule. It was one of the stagecoach stops on the Chicago Pike of the 1830's, and as the site of Fort St. Joseph of 1691 it bears an official marker of the State Historical Commission.

Baldwin's prairie, 23 miles east, but still on US-12 — is the bed of a long-vanished lake; and six miles east is Mottville, from which pioneers shipped lumber to South Bend on the St. Joseph river as early as 1827.

Sturgis is at the junction of the Sauk and Notawaseepe Trails and is the heart of an old-worldish Amish country. Coldwater was a main hideout on the "underground railroad" by which fugitive slaves were aided in escaping to Canada. Forty-four miles east is Cambridge Junction, western gateway to the scenic Irish Hills.

At the junction of the old Chicago and Monroe turnpikes is Walker Tavern, a fabled wayside inn for pioneers and stagecoach riders. James Fennimore Cooper visited here while making notes for his novel, "Oak Openings," and there is a "murder room" in the tavern, site of an unsolved murder during Michigan's early days.

An alternate route east is M-60; from Cassopolis with its Log Cabin Museum. Three Rivers is on a trail called "Flight of the Shawnee," commemorating an incident of inter-tribal war in the Michigan Territory.

Beyond the burr oak plains of Homer is Jackson, situated at the confluence of several Indian trails and site of the founding of the Republican Party "under the oaks" in 1854.

Another alternate route to Detroit is "old US-12," now a series of county roads closely paralleling I-94. Along this route is Coloma, a Civil War recruiting center; Watervliet, an old Dutch settlement; and Hartford, near which are ruins of an Indian Mission and a Pottawatami cemetary.

Paw Paw and Oshtemo lead to Kalamazoo and its Bronson Park where Abraham Lincoln in 1856 made his only speech in Michigan. The park also is the site of an old Indian burial mound.

A few miles east of Kalamazoo is Comstock, where in 1844 an experiment in communal living called "Alphadelphia" was tried and failed. Tiny Galesburg has many historic buildings and was a stopover point on the old Detroit-St. Joseph stage route.

Continuing east from Battle Creek, it is just 10 miles to historic Marshall which almost became the capital of the state and is the birthplace of Michigan's public school system. The Brooks House, a stately example of Greek Revival architecture, marks the location. A runaway slave incident in Marshall (alluded to in "Uncle Tom's Cabin") led to the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

Another route into central southern Michigan is historic US-16 (now paralleled by a modern freeway, I-96 and I-196) linking Muskegon (and other Lake Michigan communities) to Detroit. This was the Grand River Trail of the Indians and explorers, and the Grand River Turnpike of wagon trains and stages. Old wayside taverns, abandoned mills and modern factories mark the transitions of a century.

Michigan's capital city of Lansing is on this highway. The city was established in 1847 with the relocation of the capitol there from Detroit. An historic marker on the east side of the capitol commemorates this move.

Grand Rapids was a fur trade center in Michigan's early days; but during the early Christian era it was a center of the Hopewell Mound-Builder culture. A county park preserves the Norton mound group, and numerous mission and pioneer sites also are marked.

And so it goes, the length and breadth of the state; Michigan exudes an historic charm which blends easily with the supersonic present to offer the traveler vacation fare well-seasoned with the old and the new.

A listing of Michigan's historic points of interest, as well as other travel information, is available from the Michigan Tourist Council, Lansing 26.

Old Farm Sale Bill Offered Slaves, Syrup, Foxhounds

Mrs. Bill Flory, Route 2, discovered the following sale bill reprinted in the Defiance, Ohio, Crescent News, from a Dec. 1960 issue of the Prairie Farmer.

The sale bill reads:

"Having sold my farm, and leaving for the Oregon Territory by ox team, I will offer on March 1, 1849, all my personal property, to wit: All ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben, and Tom and Jerry; two milk cows; one gray mare and colt; one pair of oxen and yoke; one baby yoke; two ox carts; one iron plough with wood moldboard; 800 ft. of poplar watherboard, 1000 3-foot clapboards; 1500 10-foot fence rails; one 60-gallon soap kettle; 85 sugar troughs made of white ash timber; 10 gallons maple syrup; two spinning wheels; 30 pounds of mutton tallow; one large loom made by Jerry Wilson; 300 poles; 100 split hoops; 100

empty barrels; one 32-gallon barrel of Johnson Miller whisky, seven years old, 20 gallons of apple brandy; one 40-gallon copper still of oak tanned leather; one dozen real hooks; two handle hooks; three scythes and cradles; one dozen wooden pitch forks; one-half interest in tan-yard; one 32-caliber rifle; bullet mold and powder horn; rifle made by Ben Miller; 50 gallons of soft soap; hams, bacon and lard; 40 gallons of sorghum molasses; six head of foxhounds, all soft mouthed except one.

"At the same time I will sell my six Negro slaves, two men 35 and 50 years old; two boys, 12 and 18 years old; two mulatto wenches, 40 and 30 years old.

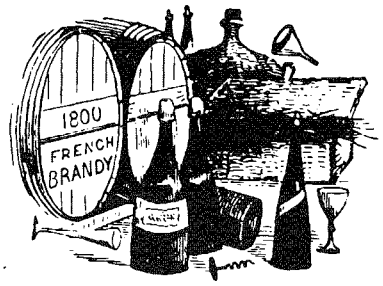
"Will sell all together to the same party as will not separate them.

"Terms of sale: cash in hand or note to draw four per cent interest, with Bob McConell as surety.

"My home is two miles south of Versailles, Ky., on the McCounis Ferry pike. Sale begins at 8 a.m. Plenty to drink and eat. J. L. Moss."

Dr. Bowers Displays Jim Beam Bottle Collection

DR. JOHN T. BOWERS is one of those unusual collectors who fancy the beautiful Jim Beam bottles that have become so popular in the last three years. Dr. Bowers is shown here with about 75 of the Beam bottles in his collection. The styles are extremely varied and they commemorate a wide range of subjects. Some of the bottles are quite valuable depending on the number that were manufactured.



. . . *those were the good old days* . . .

DECATUR YOUNGSTERS had the joy of good living for a few days last week when the weather was cold enough for good skating, but there wasn't any snow to foul up the ice. But a steady down pour of rain this week turned the rink to water. Records show 2.75 inches of rain fell. In terms of snow, this would have been 27½ inches. Enjoying the ice in the good old days are: Luppo Toren, Terry Newell, Bob Pike, Larry Klinkers, Evan LeDuc, Dewayne Hellenga, Don Kemp, Roger Kemp, Mary LeDuc, Diane Miles, and Maxine Vereeke.

Clark Brothers Named Youth Camp Directors

At the January board meeting of the Van Buren Youth Camp, Louis and Phil Clark of Decatur were hired as co-directors of the Youth Camp for the coming season. Frank Wangberg will be in charge of pre-camp publicity and enrollment with the Clark brothers officially assuming their dutles with the opening of camp.

Wangberg has resigned from his camp position in order to devote full time to business, beinning in June.

Phil Clark is married and teaching high school biology at the Kellogg Consolidated School in Hickory Corners. Back in 1953, Phil was a member of the second group to participate in the Leadership Training program at the Youth Camp. He participated as a camper over a four-year period. He was also a member of the Van Buren County Folk Dancers for seven years.

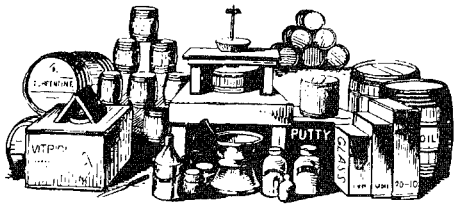
Louis Clark is a Senior at Western Michigan University. Louis also has been a Folk Dancer and a camper. He has been on the camp staff for the past four years, the last two as Program and Waterfront Director.

It is unique in the 11-year history of the Youth Camp to have Co-Directors. But working together is nothing new to the Clark brothers. It is also unique in the history of the camp to have two of the participants of the Youth Leadership Program grow into the top leadership positions.

How do two people from one family happen to be selected for such a challenging position? Part of the answer lies in their own interests, abilities and personalities. A large part of the credit also goes to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Clark of Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have been interested in the Folk Dancers and in the camp for many years. They feel that the time they have taken to help on transportation, camp and Folk Dancing business, has been a rewarding investment.

Art Drije has been busy working with a nominating committee to present a slate of board officers at the annual Youth Camp meeting. This meeting is scheduled for 8 o'clock Saturday evening, Jan. 27 in the cafeteria at Paw Paw's new high school. A summary of this past year's activity will be given at that time and an outlook presented as to the coming season.

The new co-directors will also be introduced at this meeting. Refreshments will be served, and the public is welcome.



Long-Time Resident Observes 90th Birthday

J. G. HIRST, one of Decatur's oldest citizens, observed his 90th birthday Feb. 22, at his home on Delaware St. with family and friends. Mr. Hirst began in Decatur in 1908 manufacturing coiled elm barrel hoops and barrel heads. In 1916 he went into the retail lumber and coal business where he continued until 1944. He pioneered as a developer of the Lake of the Woods peninsula and Eagle Lake north of town. Presently he is engaged in real estate and financing.

—Decatur Republican Photos

TRIO OF EARLY RADIO DAYS GETS TOGETHER IN LAS CRUCES

(The following article was printed recently in the Las Cruces, N. Mex. Sun-News. It is reprinted here for the enjoyment of the many Decaturites who will remember the McKee Trio.)

It had been 13 years between rehearsals, but the sound was good when the McKee girls finally got their string trio together again in Las Cruces, New Mexico.

It took a bit of doing, for there have been a lot of changes since the three sisters first organized the group as grade-schoolers here in Decatur. Bridges of time, change and miles were there to be crossed — but they played as though these things had never been.

The pianist is Marion Baker now, and she and her husband are Las Cruces residents, owners and operators of the Baker Apartments. Katherine McKee Anderson, violinist, took time off from her work as a medical abstract writer in Kalamazoo to be there. Irene McKee Johnson, cellist, came from Columbus, Ohio, for the reunion.

Instruments Loaned

"Mark Wechter loaned us a violin and cello for the weekend," Marion explained, "because it just wouldn't have been a reunion without music. "We've played hours every day. Oh, it felt wonderful after all these years!"

Their mother, Mrs. Jessie McKee, walked over from her home in the Baker Apartments to be their most appreciative listener. Of course, she heard two trios really. One was a memory.

The sisters are just one year apart in age, and when they were seven, eight and nine their mother started them on music lessons . . . all on the same day. By the time the oldest was in high school they were all doing well enough to be hired as the "Star Attraction" in te Decatur movie house, playing background music for silent films on Saturday nights.

Other nights of the week the fellow who cleaned up the theater was paid a little extra to fill in on the player piano. His name was Edgar Bergen. He later moved into another line of work with his friend Charlie McCarthy.

Broadcast Daily

All the girls took music degrees at Michigan State, won state music contest awards with their ensemble for five consecutive years in high school and college. The university made them its official trio, and for three years they broadcast daily "luncheon music" from the campus. They made tour appearances around the state in behalf of the school's recruiting program during the winter months, had summer jobs playing dinner music for a number of resorts in northern Michigan.

With graduation, the trio broke up. Well, it wasn't really graduation that did it. They were all married and moved halfway round the world from one another. Katherine has lived in Kalamazoo and kept up her music with the symphony there, but Irene and Marion both moved to the Middle East. Irene lived in the Persian Gulf area for 10 years, until the death of her surgeon husband. Now remarried, she and her family make their home in Ohio.

Marion went on to receive her M.A. in music education at Columbia University, later spent a number of years in Saudi Arabia. She set up the first public school music program in the city of Dhahran there. When she and her husband decided to return to the states they toured the Southwest looking for a place to settle, finally chose Las Cruces as the community in which they would like to make their home. She has retained the most active musical life of the three, teaches both piano and organ.

Actually, there were five McKee girls and they all became musicians, though the two youngest never joined the ensemble. One is a pianist, and as Frances Caster is employed by the Farmers' Home Administration in Las Cruces. Jean McKee Kemp was a flutist, lived in Roswell until her death five years ago. Her son Jack is now a senior at NMSU, while his brother, Dale, attends college at Portales.

Bullets Killed Man And Wife

Slayer Stole Victims' Horse, Escaped

By JAMES TRELOAR
N-P's Paw Paw Bureau

DECATUR — No many Decatur people can remember the famous Morris murder of 1879, but most can still recall hearing their parents tell about it. And nearly the entire community was moved to recollections with the burning last Saturday night of the famous murder house.

The house, located three miles southeast of Decatur on a lonely country road, was built long before the murder by Dolphin and Nancy Morris, Van Buren county's first white settlers.

Dolphin and his wife came here from Ohio in 1829 to homestead a piece of land just across the Cass county line. There they built a rude log cabin wherein were conducted the county's first school lessons and church services, and where the first birth and death were recorded.

PROSPERS

Within a few years, Dolphin had become prosperous enough to acquire 1,100 acres of land, become a stockholder in a new bank at Paw Paw and to build the house in which his son and daughter-in-law were to be murdered.

Until Saturday night, the two-story frame building stood on a rise overlooking the Morris homestead. It had remained vacant 20 years, frequented only by the curious and teenagers seeking a lark.

The historic home, believed the oldest standing in the county, was acquired by Dolphin's youngest son, Charles, upon the father's death in 1870.

And there he lived until the night of Sept. 28, 1879, when an assassin's bullets killed both Charles and his wife, Esther.

According to one family historian, Charles and his wife had retired about 8:30. A little later they were aroused by a caller. Morris got up, without dressing went to the door, and stepped out onto his front porch.

GUNMAN MASKED

A masked gunman, standing there with pistols ready, sent two fatal bullets into the surprised man's body. The first shot struck him in the chest, going through the body and lodging in the siding of the house. As Morris fell, another shot was fired, the slug striking him in the neck and lodging in his back. Either of the shots would have proved fatal. Morris was found where he fell and death was later declared instantaneous.

Hearing the shots, Morris' wife sprang from bed, snatched a little pistol from the bureau drawer, and ran to her husband's assistance. Coming face to face with the masked assailant, Esther turned and fled "passing through one room after room as he fired shot after shot at her retreating form" according to one account.

As she entered the door of her bedroom, another shot missed her, striking the wall across the room. The next shot is believed to have ripped through Esther's left arm, crashing into the open bureau.

Terrified and wounded, the luckless Esther sought the protection of her bedroom closet. But the murderer threw open the door, stood over the fallen woman, and sent two more shots through her chest.

HAD NO CHILDREN

The Morrises left no children. One son had died in infancy, and Mrs. Morris was expecting their second child at the time of the murder.

A Miss Jennie Bull, who worked for the Morrises, had gone to bed about 8 that night, and strange to say, insisted that she was not awakened by the shots. She first discovered the two bodies next morning.

As investigators were later able to piece the evidence together, the murderer went to the Morris barn, saddled the dead man's best horse, and rode away. Two days later, word was received that the horse had been found in South Bend by riders of the Anti-Horse Thief Association.

PRICE ON CAPTURE

The gunman made good his escape on the stolen horse. The Pinkerton Detective agency of Chicago made an investigation and worked on the case several weeks before sending back word that the man could be captured for $1,000. It was felt too exorbitant a price, however, and worried by doubts, members of the family finally dropped the matter.

The only possible motive known to the family was that Charles Morris was disputing a debt he owed a one-man loan agency in Decatur.

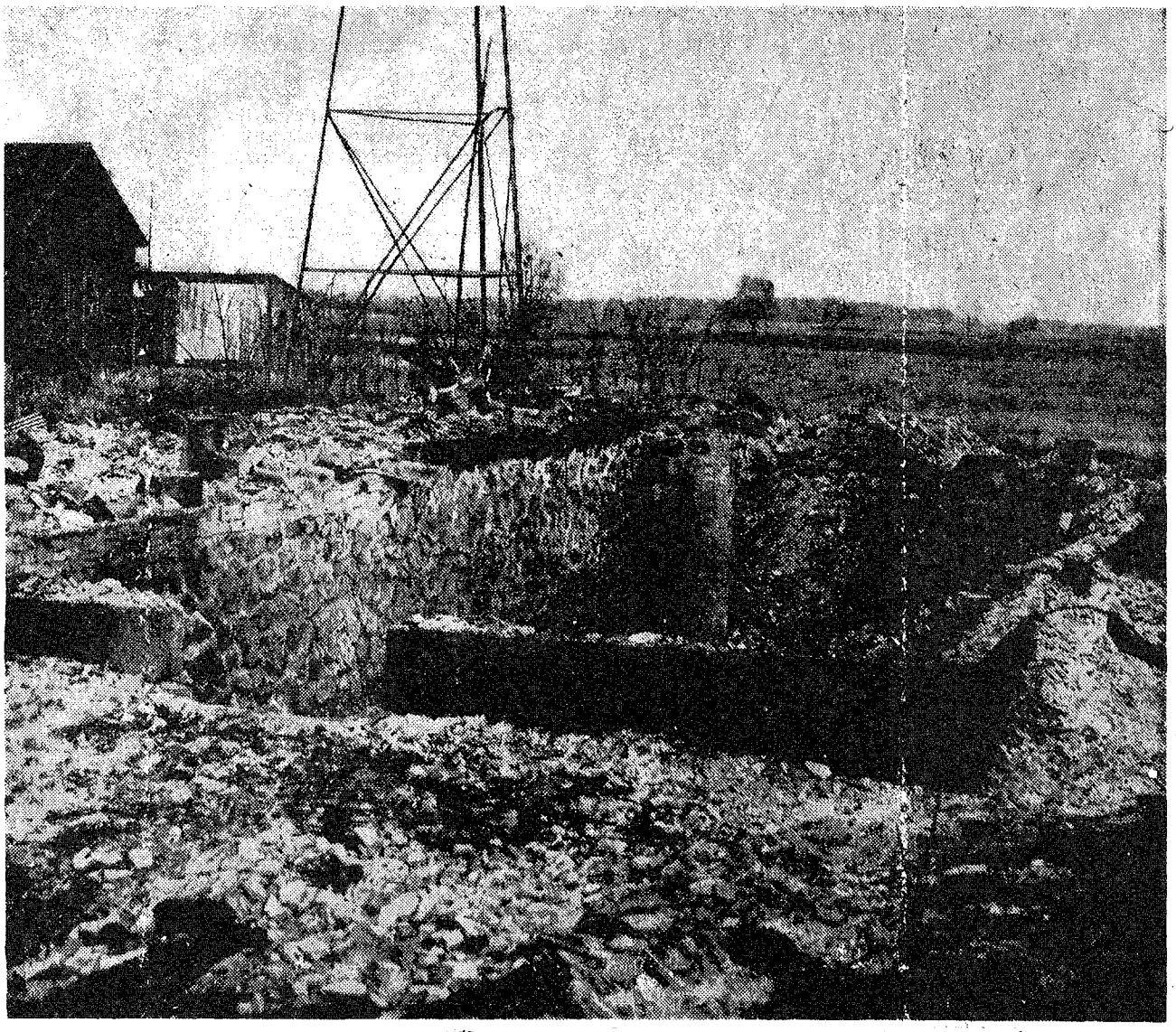
The money merchant was believed by some to have hired the gunman. In a final desperate effort to solve the crime, townsmen donned masks and forced the money-lender from his home into a nearby woods.

There, under the supervision of a local doctor, he was stretched from a rope in a vain attempt to make him confess. The doctor saw to it that he was "given all the rope he could stand and live," but no confession was ever made, and the much frightened suspect quickly found new interests in the West.

GRISLY REMINDER: Mrs. Richard Stump relative of murdered couple, shows antique bureau which caught one of the bullets
(News-Palladium photo)

HISTORY OF UNSOLVED CRIME

Fire Razes 'Murder House'



HISTORY DESTROYED: Smoldering piles of brick are all that remain of what was once Van Buren's oldest known building and also the scene of its most celebrated murder mystery. Firemen and police believe someone intentionally set fire to the landmark last Saturday night.

(News-Palladium photo)

Landmark Was also Scene of Double Murder in 1879

A tangible part of Van Buren county's history was consumed by fire Saturday night. The Morris mansion caught fire, or was set afire, and burned, leaving residents with only the memory of the home of the county's first settler, Dolphin Morris, and the scene of the tragic and mysterious murder of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris.

The blaze was seen and reported by Mrs. Glenn Snyder about 10:30 p.m. Saturday. The Decatur Fire Department answered immediately but was unable to save the old pioneer home.

The Morris home has stood vacant for recent years, but it was considered a mansion at the time it was built.

The Dolphin Morris log cabin which he erected when he settled on his farm in Van Buren county in April of 1829, not only sheltered the county's first white settlers but also beneath its roof occurred the first birth and first death. Within its walls the first sermon was preached and the first school kept, while it also enjoyed the distinction of serving as the first hotel in the county.

Dolphin Morris continued to be a Decatur resident until his death in 1870. His son Charles lived on in the old place until his death at the hands of a murderer, Sept. 28, 1879.

The murder of Mr. and Mrs. Morris caused such a furor as had never been seen in the county. Charles Morris and his wife, a newly-married couple, were killed on that night in their home by an unknown person and for apparently unknown reasons. A great deal of money was put into the search for the slayer and theories as to motive sprung up like weeds, but the true facts have never been commonly known.

The many descendants of Dolphin Morris have contributed greatly to the development of Van Buren and Cass counties, and are generally well-known and well-respected citizens of the area. The Morris homestead is located on the Cass and Van Buren county line about five miles from Decatur.

After 83 years, the house that was the scene of the tragic double murder, still drew spectators and sight-seers to its gates which have been locked for a number of years to keep out the curious.

First Van Buren Fair Staged 112 Years Ago

(By Mrs. George Tinker, Sec. of the Van Buren Co. Youth Fair Ass'n.)

In the summer of 1850 the Van Buren Agriculture Society was formed with Jay R. Monroe as president. The first fair was held that fall in the court house square, Paw Paw, the stock being tied to the trees and the court room being used as a floral hall. It was held in the same place in 1851. In 1852 it was held in the village of Lawrence, south of where the Methodist church stands. In 1853-55 the people of the western part of the county furnished lumber and built sheds, stalls and stands on the public square at Lawrence, and the Fair was held there that year.

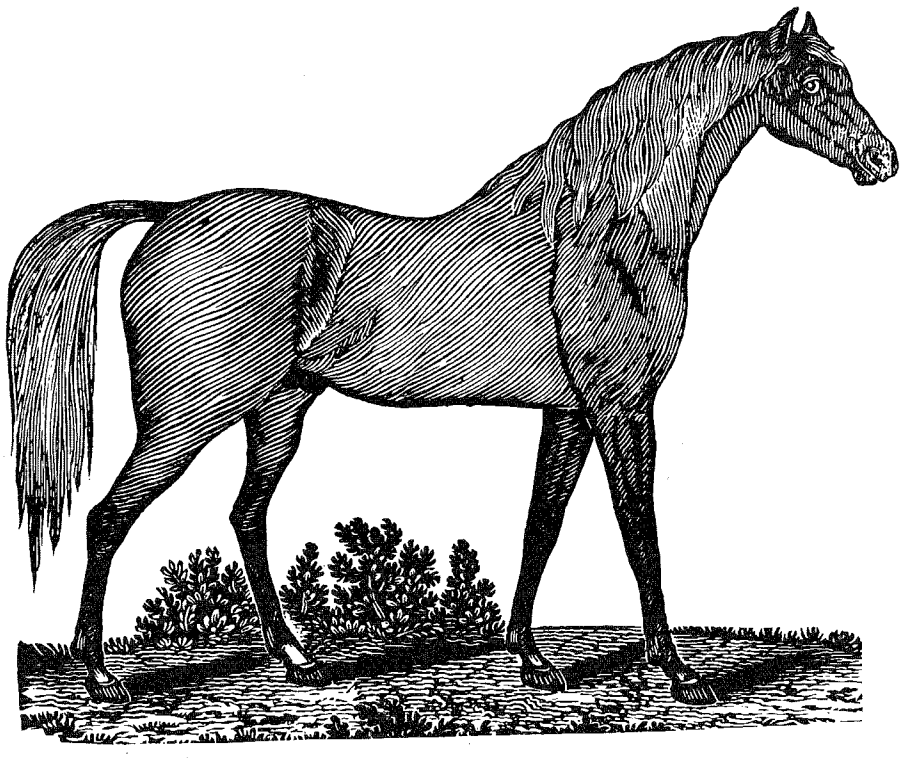
In 1856 the lumber was taken down and removed to Paw Paw and put up on a piece of land leased from Peter Gremps. The fairs of the society were held on this ground until 1870 when they bought 20 acres of land a half mile west of Paw Paw, in 1872 their property was valued at $10,000.

In 1863 on account of a disaffection occasioned by the continuance of the fair at Paw Paw, a Horse Fair association was organized at Lawrence and a 25 acre tract of land was leased from Holland B. Clark for its use. The grounds were fenced, a track was graded, stalls and floral hall were built at a cost of $9,000. Fairs were held there in 1864-66 but receipts were not sufficient to meet the expenses and they were discontinued. In 1871 a large number of citizens met at Chadwick's Hall in Lawrence and formed themselves into an association for the encouragment and advancement of agriculture, manufactures and mechanic arts, under the name of the Paw Paw Valley Agriculture Society. The grounds of the Horse Fair Association were used by the society and the first fair held Oct. 11-13, 1871. In 1877 its scope was extended to include the townships of Watervliet, Pipestone and Bainbridge in Berrien county, and Volinia, Silver Creek and Wayne in Cass county.

Clare Leach of Hartford has stated that the Van Buren Agricultural and Horticultural Society was organized in Hartford in 1912 and the first fair was held there in 1913. During the depression it was closed for a year and it was also closed during the war years. Many people have served on the board through the years, Mr. Leach serving 27 years.

This year's fair will be the fourth fair back at the old Hartford Fair Grounds under the sponsorship of the Van Buren County Youth Fair Association. The dates are Aug. 6 through 11.

1962



CHARLOTTE'S DIARY

The account of an overland trip from Dayton, Ohio to Little Prairie Ronde, Michigan Territory in June 1833.

By Charlotte T. Copley

together with an introduction by Frank W. Copley. A paper read before the Literary Clinic of Buffalo, New York on Oct. 14, 1963.

Charlotte first saw the light of day at a time when the young republic was just beginning to recover from the effects of the War of 1812. The great movement westward had begun, would gain momentum as canals were built and more government land became available. Her father, Alexander Copley, had left the Connecticut Valley in 1805 where there was a family interest in a grist and sawmill, to seek his fortune elsewhere and stopped his westward progress for a time in Jefferson County, New York. There, nine years later, his textile apprenticeship ended, he married Esther Nott who became the mother of Charlotte.

Her pre-school years were spent in Champion near Watertown at the eastern end of Lake Ontario. As the oldest child she early assumed some responsibility for her juniors as, in rather regular course they came along. For her father, as a textile machinist, had occasional calls afield, such as the one in 1817 that took him to Fredonia. From her mother, we must assume, came her lifelong love of flowers, perhaps stimulated and certainly aided by wider observation as the family made frequent moves after leaving Champion in 1822. First it was to New Hartford in Oneida County, then two years at Walden, twelve miles west of Newburg where Alexander and his brother, William, made spindles and looms on their own account. Three years were then spent at Matteawan. There Charlotte found flowers not previously encountered which she would long remember. When this move was made she was eleven and from her father, than a mill superintendent, received the Liturgy and Hymnbook of the New Church, probably marking her embracing of its doctrines. It is a fascinating volume, bound in calf and printed in Philadelphia in the year of our Lord 1822, with the secondary dating of the year 66, i.e. the sixty sixth year from the second coming of Christ, (counting 1757 as year one). On page 62 of the Articles of Faith you may verify the eighteenth century date. Its well worn pages and interlineations bear witness to the reality of the owner's religious convictions. Call it mystical, yet what faith is wholly rational?

To the father, donor of the prayer book, head of a growing family, greener seemed the pastures farther west, and on September 12, 1829 we find the family boarding a sloop at Newburg bound for Albany.

Then came the leisurely trip to Buffalo on the Erie Canal. One wonders whether they rode in one of the more commodious packets and listened at eve to the muted harmonies of the key bugler, bringing an air of enchantment both to passengers and, canal historians assert, to frogs along the bank. Doubtless relief such as this would have been welcome to this family of pioneers headed westward but without definite destination. There is vague reference in the records to the "Indiana country," yet we find them at Buffalo engaging water passage to Sandusky. The ship's captain, for some obscure reason, decided to go no further than Cleveland and there we find them pondering the next move.

It was the year 1829, four years after the opening of the Erie Canal and in Ohio a comprehensive canal system had already been begun but not completed. There were to be three waterways from Lake Erie to the Ohio River, one from Cleveland to Wellsville, one from Sandusky to Portsmouth and, finally, the third from Toledo to Cincinnati. The first was open southward only to Massillon, the second northward to Columbus and the third from Cincinnati to Defiance. Thus if they could get to the Ohio River and then to Cincinnati, they would have ready access either to Indiana or Michigan. Besides, there were mills of various kinds in Dayton, the directory of 1819 listing among them a woolen mill with 1,200 spindles and forty employees on Hales Creek near Woodburn. And hadn't some of the Matteawan looms been designed for Dayton's first cotton mill? Yes, that was the move and so to Massillon by water, overland to Wellsville, by river to Cincinnati and north to a stopping place where the father's talents might be expected to come into play.

It appears that Alexander did find employment at the new cotton mill and settled his family on a fifteen acre tract adjoining the town. The site was well above the valley and they called the district "Delightful Hill." Here in his spare time he raised silkworms and experimented with a new variety of mulberry, the morus multicaulis, a many leaved species thought favorable to a larger output of the silken fibre than came from the commoner white mulberry. This idea he had picked up in the winter of 1817 at Fredonia where, helped by government subsidy, the manufacture of silk fabric was in full swing and would enjoy some prosperity into the 1840's when the subsidy was removed. Charlotte's father thus had his dreams, too, this one involving an integrated spinning and weaving operation. There would be a stream to furnish power for his silk mill in which was a reel of his own design. There would be a grove of morus multicaulis nearby to help provide an abundant supply of the raw material. This particular dream came not true probably as a result of the removal of the bounty of fifty cents a pound and he had to settle for a grist and saw mill and, finally, the manufacture of furniture shooks for assembly elsewhere.

And on her beloved Delightful Hill how did Charlotte busy herself? Here we have benefit of a notebook in her own handwriting covering some of the Spring months of 1832 and 1833 that would do credit to the most avid garden club member of our time. She was seventeen in 1832 with six brothers and sisters ranging in age from fifteen year old Al to baby Euphemia. On one typical day she reports setting out rose bushes, quinces, apricots, fleur de lys, hollyhocks and lilac spicata. She continues, "set some blood roots in a flower pot and planted poppy seeds in the same." This was on Mar. 4, 1832. On the 20th she dug up a half circle and bordered it with little violets. Then she planted cucumber seeds in boxes in the house and, in the same boxes, nasturtiums and convolvulus minor. Three other entries shed light on her character. In the first she reports setting out "some little flower bulbs in a tin cup for Olivia," her four-year-old sister. Four days

later she was happy to note one had opened and two days after that there were five. She listed in her little notebook the characteristics and botanical names of certain flowers she wished to remember, such as the tradescantia with its deep blue flowers and leaves like those of the grape. We know it as the Wandering Jew, but this pioneer girl of a century and a half ago properly entered it as tradescantia.

We have come now to the year 1833. During the family's four years residence in Dayton the father had become acquainted with Le Grand Anderson who had come from the Shenandoah Valley to nearby Circleville about 1810. In 1823, after many scouting trips, in search of good government land, he had picked as his future home a tract in Van Buren County, Michigan Territory. Each year he would go there with a hired man or two, put in and harvest his crops and return to Circleville. Meantime, his house finally errected on the shores of Swift Lake adjoining Litte Prairie Ronde, in 1832 he moved there with his family. It appears likely that Alexander Copley's attention was first directed to the prairie as a possible final location by his friend at Circleville. At any rate he in turn went to Michigan to see for himself whether the site was favorable to his plans for a water driven mill of his own. He liked what he saw, sold his holdings at Dayton and was ready to head for Western Michigan on June 9, 1833. Incidentally, this whole Ohio-Michigan trip was not the first by men of his name. For had not John Singleton Copley, Jr., later Lord Lyndhurst, recorded a similar trip in 1797 that took him westward on the Ohio to Cincinnati and then north to Detroit?

Charlotte was a true pioneer but, as noted, she had predecessors and and on her trip encountered many persons engaged in a like adventure. This panoramic impression she manages, perhaps unconsciously, to convey in her Diary. It is silent, however on the make-up of the train that had before it two hundred and thirty four miles of arduous travel. For that we must go to her brother, Alexander Bennett. It comprised, he tells us, two wagons, three yoke of oxen, one span of horses, four Durham cows and several head of meat cattle, poultry etc. In the wagons were castings for Wood's plowshares, cuttings of Isabella grape vines and rhubarb roots, one of which came all the way from New York. When the going proved too rough for horses additional oxen were provided. The family consisted of parents and seven children ranging from one to 18. There were three hired men. And now we turn to the pencilled notes as the heavily loaded wagons wind their way northward from Delightful Hill. The text has been faithfully followed except for the supplying of punctuation marks where missing. Readers will note an error in the day of the month from the fourth Sunday on. It fell on the 23rd. The error continues and the final entry a week later was really made on the 30th. The circumstance is noted because, dated properly, the notes embrace the entire trip save the day of arrival when Charlotte doubtless had other things to worry about than diary keeping. The little hand bound note book is thus inscribed:

Charlotte T. Copley
Delightful Hill, Dayton
Montgomery County in the
State of Ohio.

Sunday, June 9. Started 10 o'clock from Delightfull Hill. All well and in high spirits. Found roads quite good for a few miles. Found two new kinds of flowers on the prairie. Stopped at 2 o'clock eight miles from Dayton and got dinner in the woods. Drove through a beautiful country, roads pretty good till evening when went through dismal swamp. Stopped 14 miles from Dayton at Mr. Morrisson an (d) excellent farmer. Camped by the side of the road.

Monday, June 10. Left Mr. Morrisson's at 8 o'clock, roads much better than yesterday. Crossed Miami, passed through Troy which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Miami. Stopped two miles beyond Troy and got dinner and I saw two rafts go over a dam. The road runs by the river through beautiful country. Found some fine springs. Arrived at Piqua just before sun down. It is handsomer than Troy. Camped on the common. Almost everyone we met would say, "where are you going and where did you come from." Slept much better last night than we did night before.

June 11, Tuesday morning. Left Piqua at 8 o'clock. Found wild strawberries. gooseberries, roses in abundance and logways too, Martin Mount Joy, (one of the hired hands) shot four squirrels while we were kindling the fire and could have got as many more if he had time. In the afternoon went through beautiful woods on both sides of the road. Went through Cynthian on the bank of Cynthian Creek. There were two log houses and two or three log cabins. Crossed the creek on rotten bridge. Camped near a Virginian's house where a fiddling and dancing going on. Children all well. Martin and Henry, (hired hands) went to look for deer in the morning, saw none but found fresh tracks.

Wednesday, June 12. Started half past eight through rough roads, deep mud holes and thick woods. Drove the cows ahead of the teams and stopped at a hoosier's where we found some bark swings in a barn and rested some time. While we were resting Pa killed a wild turkey. Henry killed one and Martin killed one and, to cap all, Henry broke the tongue of the waggon. Stopped and got dinner. Started on again, roads bad and snakes plenty. After sun down got stuck in a mud hole, went half a mile beyond the mud hole and stopped, tired, wet and hungry. It was 12 o'clock before we went to bed, but still I did not regret leaving Delightful Hill, not half so much as I did in losing most all of my flowers out of the box. We passed a great many German settlers just from Germany in the afternoon. We passed the widow (or widower) Flinn(s) in the forenoon where Pa started from the day he got home from Michigan. Thursday, June 13. We all felt rather stupid this morning. Had a small shower and didn't get started until 11 o'clock, roads very bad indeed. I kept close behind the waggon so as not to lose any more flowers. Stopped and ate luncheon at a farmer's. The roads are thronged with travelers all a going to St. Joseph or beyond. This afternoon crossed a logway ¼ of a mile long. We stopped at a farmer's one mile from St. Marys. All well. Flora, (her three year old sister) says, ask Pa why he does not go home. She wants to go to Aunt Olive's (presumably the wife of William Bildad Copley). The farmers say there are deer and turkeys in abundance.

Friday, June 14. Pa tried to get the heaviest part of his load conveyed to Fort Wayne in a keel boat down the St. Marys but the boats were gone and he concluded to get another yoke of oxen, for which purpose we stopped at St. Mary's. We hear the wolves growl like fun in the woods. St. Mary's is considerable of a town compared with Cythian (sic). It has three taverns, two or three houses, blacksmith shop and so on. The worst part of the road is between St. Mary's and Fort Wayne. Pa bought another yoke of oxen for $55 which started from Dayton on Friday, a day before we did. Bought some gingerbread which was made in Dayton. Left St. Mary's at 2 o'clock, went four miles and camped in the

woods along with a family that was going to Lake Michigan. Plenty of deer in the woods but we were so busy that we had no time to hunt them.

Saturday, June 15. Started 15 minutes of eight, roads bad, got stuck in a mud hole twice. We camped in the thick woods before sun down. Henry and Bennett went to look for deer but it began to grow dark and they heard snapping, fighting and growling (and) run back. Our reflector is a grand thing. We have to bake every evening.

Sunday, June 16. Awoke this morning and found ourselves all here safe and sound notwithstanding there were plenty of wolves in the woods. Martin went to hunt deer, did not have time to find any. Our horses got loose this morning and started for home. When we found them the oxen and cows had gone; some had gone on and some back. Henry saw a large buck and a number of turkeys when he was looking after the cows. At last we found the cows, oxen and calves and started 10 o'clock. Some bad holes but got along tolerably well. Came to the edge of Shane prairie and ate dinner, two large brown crane flew over and lit. Pa attempted to shoot one of them but missed. Went through the prairie, good improved roads and thickly settled. Stopped at Shanesville, a small town on the St. Marys River.

Monday, June 17. Pa is to have the heaviest part of his load conveyed down the St. Marys river in a keel from Shanesville to Davis Mill, a little this side of Fort Wayne. Mr. Brown is going on the boat to see to the goods. Did not start until ½ past 11 o'clock, arrived at Wilshire, an old town on the St. Mary's.

June 18. The landlord had a beautiful doe which he caught when a fawn two years ago. He let it out to run in the woods every day. It had a little spotted fawn three weeks old, the prettiest creature that I think I ever saw. Left Willshire at 8. Went five miles through thick woods. Roads not cut out and very crooked. Dined in Indiana. Crossed blue creek, a steep bank to go in and out. Henry's wagon came very near upsetting in the creek. One bed fell out and got wet. Camped in the nine mile wood.

Wednesday, June 19. We expected to hear wolves howl last night but were disappointed. Started at our usual hour, 8 o'clock. Went through thick woods, crooked roads, mud holes and steep ditches though there were some beautiful woods. We dined in a shower, got wet. Just before the shower came Pa shot a turkey. They are not very good this time of the year. There are a great many little young turkeys in the woods. Passed one or two homes in the course of the day but still we do not feel lonesome. We have a lively set of us. Camped in the woods away from any house. Built a good hot fire which together with the mosquitoes and gnats made us quite comfortable, I assure you.

Thursday, June 20. We all felt as though we had been stewed but made out to get started at 8 o'clock. We had some tough mud and very steep ditches right up and down. Dined in some beautiful woods. We have had to drink puddle water all along. Back, as we have a great plenty of milk. (i.e. She takes it back in view of good milk supply). The cows have better feed than there are in pastures in Dayton. Took up a stray horse which followed us. We camped on the banks of a beautiful creek which run(s) over stones and gravel. Seven miles from Fort Wayne Martin shot some squirrels and Henry bought some honey at the house on the bank of the creek. There is plenty of wild honey. The whip poor wills sang in the trees over our tent. The new moon cast her silver rays into the water. We had a most delightful evening indeed. It reminded me of a story I had read.

Friday, June 21. Left our Paralise at 8 on bad muddy roads for two miles when we came to the old Indian chiefs. He lives in a large brick house, has a large farm, a great many horses. They dress in the Indian fashion. The owner of that horse lives in Ft. W. We met a boy that was after it who took it and gave us a hind quarter of venison killed last night. After we passed the chief's we came up on the summit. On the bank of the St. Mary's, sandy, no mud. Found spotted lillies as handsome as tulips, a number of flowers and whortleberries, the first I had seen since we had left Fishkill. Indeed it is a delightfull place. Went to Davis Mill, found the boat had not arrived. Camped on a field of 50 acres, a kind of commons covered with low bushes. On the bank of the river Martin shot two turkeys, tender. The boats came about 3 o'clock. We have beautiful spring water. Martin and Henry went to Fort Wayne, saw a canal boat just arrived which came from Buffalo through the lakes and up the Maume river. It was full of French and Germans just come from their native lands. Our goods all arrived there safe. Mr. Brown shot a turkey and left it in the woods. We all feel well and in good spirits.

Saturday, June 22. A delightful morning. We can see the sky all around us far and near which is something we have not done for sometime, the woods were so thick. We are where they say shillings and six pence again. Started half past 8. Hill and plains, now and then a mud hole. We don't mind them. The ground is covered with strawberry vines and some strawberry as large as those we had at Mr. Cathcarts. I wish you could see what a beautiful flower that Pa found this noon. The stalk is from 1 to 2 feet high with leaves something like plantain which grow on the stalk. The flower has 3 white oval petals, hollow petal, shaped like a balloon which is pink, spotted and striped. Some call them the lady slipper. They grow in wet places. We are on the ridge between the waters which flow to the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence. Came to the St. Joseph road 4 miles from Ft. W. We went around the town on account of the river which was too high to cross with waggons. Camped 6 miles from Ft. Wayne, 2 miles from any house. In this place a man had 12 sheep killed on one night by the wolves last fall.

Sunday, June 23 (the diarist dates it 22d in error). Rained some towards morning but we heard nor saw any wolves. Woods not very thick. Came into Kendallville. The trees are large and scattering. The ground is covered with strawberry vines, day lillies and numerous flowers. Got stuck in a swamp hole. Crossed the Ell river, dined, had a smart shower. After dinner through thick woods, camped 2 miles from the Ell river in the woods. Rain.

Monday, June 23 (sic). We had a good thunder shower towards morning which gave us a good soaking. (Here a phrase in the journal, perfectly legible, has been scratched out — "notwithstanding our tent"). Through thick woods again. It's muddy, some ups and downs. Good road on a hill, sandy with thick strawberry in abundance. Nelly, (one of the horses) hurt her leg yesterday so we cannot use her. Mr. Brown rode Jenny ahead to get another yoke of oxen. Road good, sandy. About noon came to a jumping off place, a very steep hill to get down and a deep muddy swamp hole at the bottom of it. We were near three hours before we got through. It was the worst place we have had or shall have, I hope. Got dinner. The country around is beautiful, hillsand, prairies covered with grapes and spotted lilies. Crossed blue river and camped near a Frenchman. Mr. Brown got a yoke of oxen for us. Evening is dear and beautiful.

Tuesday, June 24(sic). Road not very good. Arrived at Mr. Murphy's Tavern on the edge of the barrens which are 16 miles through delightfull country, sometimes on the edge of a hill or on the top of one. A prairie each side with a stream running through it which looks like a canal running through a rich meadow. Saw a lake off through the prairie, woods and prairies around it. Came to another lake larger than the 1st, called Wolf Lake. The edge was covered with pond lilies just opening. Pa went out in the canoe and got one. They are very beautiful. Bought a fish just caught. Weighed about 2 lbs., very good. Passed several houses and camped in the barrens. It rained some in the afternoon.

Wednesday, June 25(sic). Beautiful morning. Jenny has been foundered or something. She is quite stiff. I ventured to ride her and rode all day. A thing I thought I never could do. Came to the Elkhart bottoms about 11 o'clock, mud and mosquitoes. Dined in the bottoms. Arrived at Sugar Hill 4 miles from Elkhart river. Found a empty cabin, took possession for the night.

Thursday, June 25 (as noted this should read 27). Found the log cabin quite a comfortable thing. Started at 8 o'clock, came to Elkhart river about noon, crossed it. Dined on the edge of Elkhart prairie, found some flowers which used to grow in Matteawan on the banks of the creek. Went across the end of the prairie. It is most all covered with fields of wheat. Don't like old withered fields. About half a mile from Goshen we started a doe from the side of the road. It soon bounded out of sight. Mr. Brown leaves us here in Goshen. He is going come to Mr. Lawrences in 2 weeks. Camped by a log mill on rock run half a mile from Goshen.

Friday June 27 (sic). Went through a beautiful prairie, excellent roads, crossed the Elkhart on a bridge. Went through Elkhart town. Crossed the St. Joseph above the Junction of the Elkhart in a flat. It took some time to cross. The river is deep and wide. Camped on the Christian, a beautiful stream and moonlight evening.

Saturday, June 28(sic). Started late, went 8 miles, barrens pleasant. Arrived Edwardsburg at 12 o'clock, a pleasant village on the edge of beards prairie with a beautiful lake at the side of its sandy shore. Jenny is quite unwell. We dined in Michigan Territory for the first time. Started, crossed the Chicago road, went 4 miles. Jenny is too sick to proceed. Left her and Henry at a house. He is to stay until she gets better. Good roads. Arrived at rock lake (Stone lake, Cassopolis) about 8 o'clock. Camped on the sandy beach. It is a large and beautiful lake.

June 29, (it really was the 30th) Sunday. Very warm. Goo—. This is the final entry. From her brother, Bennett, we learn that they arrived at their destination, Little Prairie Ronde, the following day. Readers are left to speculate as to how she intended to complete the entry. Was it to be another reference to "good roads?" We venture the opinion that she had had her fill of both good and bad roads. And then the thought may have crossed Charlotte's mind that a century and more later others of the clan might be perusing her little journal. Oh no! The very thought gave her pause and all she could think of writing, and never did, was "Good Night."

Frank W. Copley
Oct. 14, 1963

NIELS PETERSON'S USEFUL LIFE

Born in Denmark four score years ago he came to America at the beginning of the Civil War and to Decatur in 1890

Niels Peterson was born in Denmark in 1835, and died at his home in Decatur in 1916. He was eighty years old.

He came to New York City in 1861 and lived there until 1866. He then moved to Detroit where he conducted a ship-building business until 1890 in which year he moved to Decatur.

Mr. Peterson is survived by four sons and one daughter, John W., Niels C., George M., Edwin H., and Mrs. J.E. Foster. He also leaves thirteen grandchildren and one great grandchild.

His Work in Decatur

Back in 1882 Jurgen Jurgenson and family left their native home in Denmark and landed in New York in August. An uncle in Detroit sent transportation for the father and mother and they succeeded in raising the money to pay the fares of their three children. They went on to Detroit to look for work.

Mr. Jurgenson could not speak a word of English and was not succeeding well when his attention was called to an advertisement for wood choppers made by one of his fellow Danes. He answered the advertisement and found the advertiser to be Niels Peterson, a well-known ship builder of the city who had bought a tract of uncleared swamp land in Decatur. A deal was made and Mr. Jurgenson came to Decatur in 1883 and worked for him ten years, until buying the farm.

Mr. Peterson first bought four hundred acres in Hamilton and Decatur Township in 1882 and soon increased his holdings until he owned about thirteen acres. Six-hundred acres were bought of Thaddeus Hampon. All but a hundred acres was native swamp and timber.

He first tried the experiment of making charcoal. Eight carloads were made and shipped when the coal company failed and the project was abandoned. Mr. Peterson moved to Decatur in 1890 and since then his entire attention has been given to clearing and improving this land. He first began raising onions and one year had out thirty acres of them. He then built a distillery and raised a large acreage of peppermint. He employed many men and spent thousands of dollars in making this land ready for cultivation. It is doubtful if the enterprise was sufficiently profitable to him to pay for the energy he put into it but there is no question but that he accomplished much for the coming generations and for the village of Decatur. He was kind to his employees and prompt in paying them. He was the same in all of his tranactions.

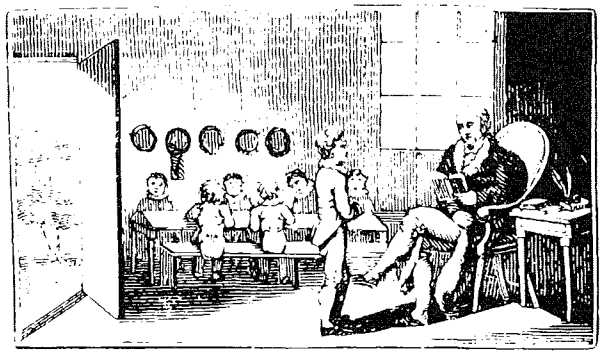
Five or six years ago Mr. Peterson sold the greater part of his land holdings to the Michigan Agriculture and Commission Company of which T.F. Spellman is the manager, but he was too active to retire and was a busy man to the last week of his life.

1916

New Law Offices

NEW OFFICE — Warren Grosvenor and his son Warren (Brownie) Grosvenor are on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets. Mr. Grosvenor bought the old Brigham building and remodeled the first floor for offices and second floor for apartments. Warren moved his office last week from above the Smith Clothing store where he had been located for more than 26 years. He came to Decatur May 1, 1937, from Detroit where he had practiced law for nine years. His son, Brownie, as he is known in Decatur, is awaiting the results of his Michigan State Bar examination. He is planning to enter practice with his father. Brownie attended Kalamazoo College and received his law degree from Detroit College of Law.

$750,000 Project To Be Ready By Next Fall



Construction on Decatur's new $750,000 junior-senior high school was officially started Monday afternoon with ground-breaking ceremony at the site.

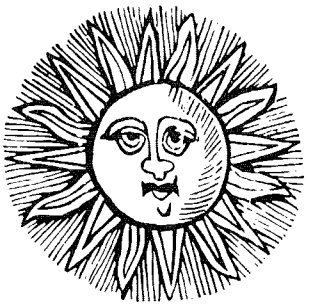
School Board President Paul Graham and Supt. Wayne Hellenga spoke briefly about the school and what it will eventually mean to the community and to the children. Miss Phyllis Adduci, president of the student council, delivered a message from the students concerning the event. The general contractor, Mr. Dave Carlson, was on hand and indicated that barring any material shortage or other unforeseen delays, the building would be completed in September of 1963. The general contractor is the firm of Carlson-Johnson Construction Co. of Otsego.

On hand at the ceremony were the members of the school board, Paul Graham, O. W. Newell, Raymond Gale, Charley Gerkey, Jack Knight, Louise Goodell and Louis Loeser, along with village president Andrew Broekhuizen, Noble Arent and Marion Davis, principals of the schools, Henry Houseman, Rev. Henry Stenner, Miss Phyllis Adduci and Mr. Dave Carlson.

Excavating Begins

Progress on construction was made almost immediately with the staking out of the area on Tuesday. Wednesday morning the subcontractor for the excavating, D. R. Kinney & Son, began the removing of four inches of top-soil.

The site is approximately between the tennis courts and the football field on the property owned by the school near the elementary building. It is the site that 686 resident voters indicated through petitions in approval of the school board's action in selecting the site. The board voted for this site with but one dissenting vote.



Aye Strain

By GAR!

Mrs. Bradford, librarian at the Webster Memorial Library, pointed out an article in the South Haven paper recently which would indicate that Decatur is probably the best read community in the world, if what they said were true. The story stated that 75 per cent of the total circulation of the Webster Library was to people of the Village of Decatur. A little hasty figuring shows that this would mean every man, woman and child (including a few who are yet to be born) in the village had to take out 50 books a year. We are proud to be a part of such a community of book-worms, but we feel a little out of place.

Certain real estate transactions have occurred this past week around and including Archie McWilliams' gas station. Archie is ending 23 years as operator of the station. About 10 years back, he was given a sign from a printer at the Republican that he could hang in his window during deer hunting season. Each year as hunting time approached, Archie dug out the sign and hung it on his door.

With the sale of the station, Archie has no more use for it and has returned it to the Republican. The sign is still quite usable and has a lot of hunting seasons left in it. If anyone is interested in taking it over for his use, contact Clayton Howe at the back door of the Republican office.

KNICKERBOCKER LAKE

Fifty years ago, Knickerbocker Lake in Hamilton was a beautiful little sheet of water with several small islands. But during the past thirty years or so it has been ditched and drained and the water lowered, until its beauty is sadly marred and the little islands are a thing of the past.

One Saturday afternoon, in the spring of 1871, Dick Lyon and the writer, walked out to the Riddle farm, now the Em. Smith farm — to stay over Sunday with Thompie. We played cards nearly all night. Mrs. Riddle gave us a bountiful supper about midnight and we were as happy as kings with not a care in the world.

We slept until ten o'clock the next morning and after breakfast Dick proposed that we visit Knickerbocker Lake and see if we could find Knickerbocker's grave. He had been dead only some thirty-five years or so then. We started and about the time we reached the lake we were fortunate enough to meet Robert Sloan, who was one of the earliest settlers in that vicinity, and he told us what he knew about Knickerbocker. I am not quite sure, but I think that Mr. Sloan lived near there as a boy while Knickerbocker was still alive. Anyway he told us that Knickerbocker had come there in the early days, before any other white people and settled on one of the small islands in the lake and lived there as a hermit for a number of years.

Knickerbocker had been a wealthy man in some eastern city. He had been unfortunate both in love and business and becoming disgusted with the world he came to this, then wilderness, to pass his days. He finally died there some thirty years before the date of this yarn and at his urgent request was buried on the island where he had lived so long in solitude. His log cabin was left abandoned to go to ruin.

Knickerbocker's Ghost

Knickerbocker's ghost was also said to haunt the island at certain times, and was said to have been seen by several persons, walking about the old ruined cabin and the island as he had done while alive, ringing his hands and making strange sounds.

Well, us boys found a boat and went to the island pointed out to us by Mr. Sloan as the residence of Knickerbocker and we explored it thoroughly. We found a place where we thought the cabin must have stood and also a sunken spot in the ground nearby that might have been a grave, but nothing certain. We concluded to call it that and let it go and went back home.

The above story is taken partly from an old diary of mine and partly from memory. But this story about Knickerbocker differs radically from the one told in a Van Buren County history — published a good many years later. The latter yarn says that Knickerbocker was not a hermit at all but came there with his family from the East, settled on the banks of the lake, started to build a log house there but was taken sick from hard work and exposure and died only a short time after he came there. His wife took his body east where they came from, so he was not buried at the lake at all.

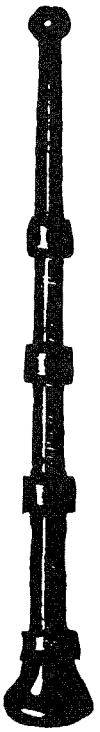
"You pay your money and take your choice" between the two stories but as for myself, I am inclined to believe Mr. Sloan's account of it. Anyway that's the most romantic version, and I've no doubt "the ghost walks." In any case, Dick, Thompie and I had an enjoyable day.

W.H. Tuttle

SAILING SONG
(building of the Soo Canal)

Oh, we didn't tarry-oh,
On the blue Ontario,
We were sailing to get ashore.
So we blew across the lake
With a wiggle and a shake,
Far away from Niagara's roar,
Got the captain's billy-goat
When we jumped his silly boat
At the head of the great St. Lawr.
But it took only a day
To blow in our pay,
So we shipped right back once more.
Oh, we will not tarry-oh,
On the blue Ontario-OH!
We're just sailing to get ashore.
Oh, it's a so-long to Saginaw,
And glad-to-meet-you Mackinaw;
Lake Huron, we're sure onto you.
You blew and swore to beat us,
But we've got the steam to treat us
To a glass and a lass at the Soo!

The Gospel Ship is now a-sailing
Bound for Canaan's happy shore.
All who wish to sail for Glory,
Come and join us, rich and poor.



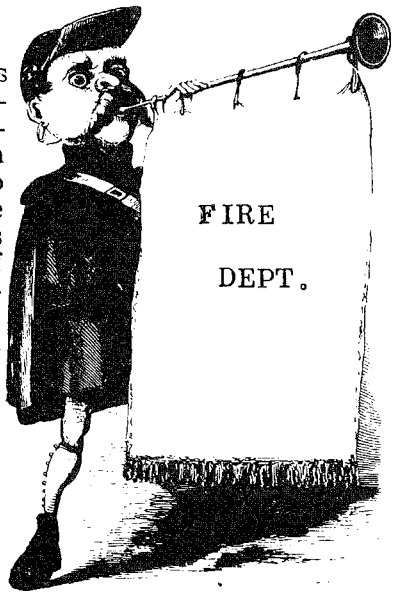
New Postmaster Sworn In

DAN FOX was sworn in as acting postmaster in Decatur at the close of business Friday. Administering the oath of office was Mr. R. A. Weidauer, postal inspector from Kalamazoo. Dan is not a new figure to main street. He has been in the First State Bank for the past eight years and prior to that he was in the hardware business here for about 15 years.

E.E. WOOLFE HONORED FOR 50 YEARS SERVICE ON FIRE DEPARTMENT

ABOUT 100 fire department members from Decatur, Paw Paw, Keeler and Lawton, gathered at the Decatur fire hall Tuesday evening to eat sweet corn and chicken and to honor Elmer E. (Red) Woolfe, who marks his 50th year as a member of the Decatur Volunteer Fire Dept. Red was presented with his 50 year pin by Chief Myron Southworth and also a $50 bill presented by Ass't Chief Al McAdams. Red joined the department in 1914 and served as fire chief for 32 years from 1916 to 1948. Horton Neidlinger, fire chief from St. Joseph and former Decatur resident, was also present. The only other 50 year member of the Decatur Fire Dept. is Luther Lundy, who now has 55 years on the Dept.

—Decatur Republican Photo



BILL BEEK SELLS STORE AFTER 35 YEARS ON MAIN STREET

Decatur will be losing one of its most active promoters and longtime businessmen on Friday when Bill Beek sells his 5c to $1 Store to Robert Faulkner of Watervliet.

Mr. Faulkner owns three other 5c to $1 Stores in Watervliet, Coloma and Berrien Springs. He will take over Beek's store here at the close of business on Friday night.

Bill Beek came to Decatur from Toledo, Ohio where had worked at the Willys-Overland Co. where they made the Whippet cars. Nights he had been playing in dance bands.

Prior to getting married and with his wife Madge, for three years after they were married, he trouped on the Chautauqua circuit.

He bought the store in Decatur Feb. 15, 1929 from Marion Sale who had owned it for two or three years. This was located where Fruit Belt Plumbing and Heating Store is now. When the building next door burned in 1937, he moved the store to its present location, enlarging it in 1939.

For about three years Bill had a second store in Dowagiac but gave it up just before WW II.

Bill Beek has been most active in the promotion of business and events in Decatur as well as accepting responsibility as a good citizen. He was chairman of the Decatur School Board in 1950. He was also president of the Agricultural Society and was instrumental in putting on the Celery Festivals that the Decatur area will always remember.

Because of his trouper background, Bill was the guiding light in the production of 10 or 15 Minstrel Shows that were staged in the Decatur Township Hall over the years.

After the sale of the store Friday, Bill stated that his plans are still quite indefinite. Perhaps they will take a trip to Florida, but they haven't yet decided.

The Beeks have a daughter, Mrs. Barbara Fritz of Bloomingdale.

Long-Time Resident Writes of Family History

Miss Bessie Fuhrman, one of the long-time residents of the Decatur area, has compiled a short biography of her father, Levi Fuhrman and his descendants, which she has offered to the Republican for publication. It will be printed in two installments, beginning this week.

The Biography of Levi Fuhrman

Levi Fuhrman, my father, was a descendant of the Hohenzollerns, a German dynasty named for its ancestral castle in Sabia.

His grandfather Fuhrman came to this country to avoid having his sons waste years (as he thought) in the German Army. He settled in Pennsylvania, so he and his descendants became Pennsylvania Dutch. But for all he did not sanction that German law, he loved his homeland, and was proud of his German blood, for he insisted on retaining the German spelling of the name Fuhrman, by leaving the letter "h" in the name.

My father was self-educated, as the community into which the family moved when he was a child did not speak German. He would not go to school where he was laughed at because of his language.

Apparently his parents thought that he would change his mind and go back to school. But he never did. However later he saw his mistake and did all that he could to learn after he was grown up. Then he became an avid reader of the New Testament, other books such as natural history, the Life of Garfield, D. L. Moody, and other books, magazines and newspapers. He liked to have me read my magazine, "The Youth's Companion," on Friday nights after I came home from high school for the weekend.

Nevertheless, he never quite made up for his lack of early years in school. But his common sense came to the rescue when stock buyers (for instance) tried to give short weight, or tried other ways of getting the better of him.

Although he left school too early, he learned to work, and when he came to Van Buren county, Michigan, he came with his young wife and baby son Wilson, and his father and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Flagg — Jesse Flagg, an Oliver plow salesman. They arrived in a Prairie Schooner, as many other pioneers did.

The hills of Lawrence township looked good to him, for they reminded him of Pennsylvania hills which he had left, never to see again. So he bought a 40-acre farm in Lawrence township, three miles from the village of Lawrence.

Later, the second child came, a daughter, Barbra May, and that year the Civil War began. In duty to his country, he enlisted but was rejected because of heart disease, they said. But he did not believe it. "Why, I've never been sick a day in my life," he said. He thought that the examiners had mistaken his excitement and worry over leaving his wife and two babies with the stock to take care of. And although he did not have to leave home then, the draft came and he was called — at the most inopportune time for they had gone on having their family. Then it was that a good friend got him a furlough so that he could return home and sell off the stock.

After attending to that sale made at a sacrifice for whatever he could get, he returned to the barracks at Kalamazoo. Then he learned that his Company had been sent out during his absence, and not long afterward, the news came that Lincoln was killed. Then as he looked out of the barracks' windows, the sad and most solemn occasion was brought home to him, for as far as he could see in the young city of Kalamazoo, every building was draped in black.

Soon after, the War ended, and Levi Fuhrman returned home with that historic memory of Lincoln's death forever in his memory.

Incidentally, the first time that I saw Kalamazoo, the scene had completely reversed. Where my father saw black bunting drapes, I saw red, white and blue ones, flags flying everywhere, and bands playing. It was "Old Soldiers" day, and Grant's son rode horseback in the grand parade, while the still numerous Civil War soldiers in their blue uniforms marched down the street. It was a historic memory, too.

After The War

On returning home, my father-to-be many years later, had to buy back his stock at whatever price charged. Also the big barn that he had begun and had to wait, was then continued and completed. But for all his sacrifice he was not given even his Army overcoat, but he did not complain.

That June his son Jesse was born and five years later, his daughter Cora. And she completed my father's first family of his marriage to Wealthy Jane Flagg.

As he had started out by buying a 40-acre farm, he added to it another 40 acres. Then an 80 and last of all, a 212-acre farm in Allegan County. His aim then was to give each of his four children a farm some day.

However, the last purchase was a nightmare for years. The beginning of the nightmare was forest fires that burned the fine timbers there. The next one was an unexpected drain tax of a hundred dollars (when a hundred dollars was as hard to get as five hundred dollars would be now) and no immediate benefit was ready to offset that extra expense. The farm adjoined Judge Severn's farm which needed draining, and the drain ditch had to continue through my father's farm. And added to the expense of the drain tax, he was paying eight per cent interest on the mortgage that he had given on the 80 acres.

I overheard my father and mother talking about that interest, and I said, "Papa, my arithmetic says six per cent is the legal interest in Michigan. You are paying two per cent above the legal rate." Right after that, my father and I drove to Paw Paw, for then Lawrence had no bank. My father went to the bank there and said to Frank Parks, the banker, "My daughter says that six per cent is the legal rate in Michigan. Haven't I paid eight per cent long enough?" And the banker thought that he had and he did lower the interest. But he did not know that "his daughter" was just a kid in the grades who had put her father up to getting his interest rate lowered.

As soon as he could, my father sold off two fifty-acre farms, and turned the rest over to a realtor. And that was another nightmare, for one man who bought the place went insane, and that sale was lost. Then other sales were at-

tempted, but "no sale." Then one year there was a frost every month that year, and it killed the crops on the lowland or muck, and the first two families sold out and left.

By then Lawrence had a piano dealer, and I wanted a piano.

Having been to a party at the home of Mr. Pritchard, the piano dealer, I had seen the piano that was their demonstrator. It was a beautiful walnut cabinet grand, trimmed with four Acanthus leaves that looked as it they were hand carved. I got my mother to go and look at it. The result was that she had that piano sent out to our home on trial.

But when it came to purchasing that piano, the dealer and his superior, a man from Holland, Mich., came to our house and my father said that he would buy his daughter the piano if he could sell his "North Woods" farm. The man from Holland asked if the farm were in the hands of a realtor. My father said, "Yes, but he isn't doing a thing to sell it, it seems." Then the man from Holland said, "I know Hensel, and I will get him on the job."

However, when the trial period for the piano was up, there came the old dray to take the piano away, for the farm had not been sold. Then my father asked me, "Do you want that piano?" and I said that I did. So, when Mr. Pritchard arrived, my father said that he would buy it, and just as he had done many times before when he wanted farm machinery, he gave his note, and the piano stayed.

We were all very happy, for now I could play. I had previously learned to play on an old reed organ that my aunt left me when she moved to Washington State. The reeds stuck in places and squealed, the bellows leaked and the pedaling had to be done fast to make that organ play. But, by pulling out the squealing reeds with a button hook and with the help of the old organ book, a hymn book and a school song book, I learned to play "Nearer My God To Thee." And after that, other hymns and school songs.

As my piano was so much better than the old organ, I doubly appreciated it. But school began in two weeks after the piano was delivered, so I could not take lessons and go to high school. I was then a senior and had to continue high school. The lessons could wait, and they did for several years, until I took a year off from teaching school to have a very fine music teacher, a student of Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler of Chicago, a teacher who ranked with Padareska, as both were students of the same great piano teacher in Europe.

But for all my father had bought the piano on faith, the realtor did make a sale, and at last my father's worries about that investment were over. But the piano was the last gift my father ever made me, as he died before I graduated the following June.

The Story Of Donnie

Although one would think that a farm producing corn, oats, rye and wheat, two apple orchards, two peach orchards, and small fruits, and several gardens, was quite enough to keep a farmer busy. It wasn't, so my father added hogs, sheep, cows and chickens enough to lay thirty dozen eggs per week, and finding that with all those chores, that there was still more that he could do, he took up the raising of fine horses.

A man named Woodman, near Paw Paw, introduced the splendid French Percheron breed of horses into Van Buren county, and my father, who loved horses better than any other animal, built a horse barn, and took up the raising of Percherons. One of his favorites was Perchie, and she was his pet. She bore three beautiful colts. The third one was a "black beauty" for sure. An admirer of the then four-year-old Donnie advised my father to exhibit him at the Dowagiac Fair. So he did and put Donnie into the hands of a groom who knew how to take care of a horse. The result was when Donnie, shining like black satin, and his dull black mane and tail in contrast, was led forth for the exhibit, Donnie won the blue ribbon. And then a sale was made there on the Fairgrounds. Donnie brought more money than any of the other horses that my father ever raised.

The Period of Job-like Sorrows Of Levi Fuhrman

When Wealthy, my father's first wife was in her early forties, she became ill. The doctors could not tell what was the disease, and she passed away. Then my father-to-be had a post mortum and it was found that she had cancer of the stomach. The summer after her death, my father's wheat crop failed, for it rained too much and the shocks turned green in the field. Then the only thing he could do to save a little from all his hard work of growing that crop, his main one, was to feed it to the hogs.

Meanwhile, his mother-in-law and father-in-law resided with him and his two teenagers, Jesse and Cora, to make a home for them. But dear, sweet grandma Flagg had arthritis in her hands, and the hired girls were inexperienced and hard to manage, so grandma did the best that she could to keep house.

One day a man came from near Decatur to buy a horse, and he saw how very sad and discouraged my father was, and he said, 'You need a wife," and I know of a woman who might make you a good wife. She's a dressmaker and sews for my wife. She's a good cook, too. Come to dinner at my house and my wife will get her to come, too."

And that match-maker succeeded. My father married the dressmaker, a daughter of a Cass county pioneer from Cincinnati, Ohio, and almost two years later, I was born. As my mother lacked only a month and a day of being forty, it was even more of a worry, for beginning to have a family at that age was more dangerous than had she been a younger woman. But that worry was only the beginning of more worries and sorrows, for about then my father's older son lost his wife who left two little boys, Joey, aged five, and Eddie, aged two, and they had to be brought to our home. Then, my older half-sister, May, who had married Chauncey Rice and had borne him three children (losing the first one) moved to Janesville, Wis. There, the little four-year-old Neal jumped and dislocated his hip. The seriousness of the accident was not known until the examination showed that the little hip socket had closed up, and then those parents knew that their only son would be a cripple for the rest of his life. But that was not terrible enough. May fell down stairs and her daughter Nettie was born a month before time. Then childbed fever set in and May became dilirous. Then Chauncey sent a wire to my father to come at once.

Such a request to a man who had never taken a train but once before, when he and his first wife visited my father's sisters, Elizabeth, Sallie and Beckie in Illinois, must have been almost as much of a dread as taking off to the moon might seem to one of today's astronauts, but his darling daughter needed him. He would get there somehow, and he did. But when he arrived she did not know him and would not let him into the house. But he understood, and with Chauncey's help, May was put into the only hospital then in Janesville, an insane asylum.

My father brought home his little two-year-old granddaughter, Wealthy, and grandma Flagg brought Nettie, the infant, and later when May, under the good care of the hospital, recovered fully, both mind and health, came home with Chauncey and little Neal. Later they settled in Lawrence

Probably because of all the sor-

row that my father was having, right after my birth my mother had a congestive chill that made her feel worse than she did at my birth.

By then my father's Job-like sorrows were over, and from then on he prospered as he never had before. But Donnie was the financial turning point, and he went on raising horses and selling them for several years.

As I grew older, I begged for a baby sister, but my father settled that by calling Nettie and me his twins. (Nettie Rice was born 25 days after I was.) And to make the role of twins more real, Nettie always spent two weeks with me every summer until she married at the age of twenty-two.

My Father's House — A House Of Refuge

After my father and mother had been married a year, my grandfather Goble came to live with them. He was then 80 years old, and his daughter, Aunt Belle, came too, to help take care of her father. Grandfather lived there until his 87th birthday, and passed away on that day. Aunt Belle continued to make her home with us.

But just before my grandfather died, a homeless boy of ten, Artie Myers, was brought to our house, to find a home for him. He had been shifted around from uncles and aunts for six years and never had a steady home until then, and as much as my mother had to do on a general farm, a child of six and her aged father, she decided that Artie could stay with us. And how glad I was to have a little brother. And, I may add, I could not have had a better own brother than Artie was through the years.

After Artie grew up and went on "his own," he got to be a moulder at the Round Oak foundry in Dowagiac. Then he got married and right away the foundry closed for an indefinite period. Then the young couple could not pay bills with no income, so the only place to go was home. And one winter's day here they came across lots from a neighbor's who had gone to Dowagiac after them. And once again our home was a house of refuge in the storm of life.

The only work on the farm in the winter time besides doing the chores, was cutting firewood. So Artie and wife stayed and Artie helped with the chores and cut wood so that when the shop opened he had money to start over, for of course my father paid him for his work.

But there were nieces and nephews who also found our home a place to live for a short time when they needed a home. One was Dell Goble who stayed there when his

family went to Missouri. He did chores and went to school. But my father paid him for his work so that when his family needed money to come back from Missouri, Dell was able to send it to them. Later when a niece of my mother was left with her two younger children she came to our house with the two youngsters and stayed to help my mother until she had earned enough money to go on alone. Still later another niece was there from Decoration Day until in October, until her father could return from his visit to his sons in California. Then there was my mother's nephew, Wilbur Goble, who having lost his mother (and his father had gone to California) came in the fall and stayed during the winter and spring to help do chores. He was through school, and my father paid him for his work. Thus it was that someone always found a house of refuge at my parents' home, and those nieces and nephews loved Uncle Levi as if he had been their own uncle rather than one by marriage, as he was. This summer when Wilbur Goble returned from California for a visit, he came to see me and he had not forgotten Uncle Levi, for he said, "Uncle Levi was a grand man." And I quite agreed.

Levi Fuhrman Always Doing Something For Someone

One instance was when he passed a neighbor's house when bringing up the cows and his old neighbor came out to the road and said, "Levi, Johnnie has gone off somewhere with his girl, and I don't know when he'll be back. I'm out of wood and it's getting colder. Could you let me have some wood?"

"Of course, John. Just as soon as I can lock the cows in the stable, I'll bring you some wood." Then when the cows were stabled, he loaded up a farm push cart with wood and wheeled it to his neighbor, built a fire for him, and made the lonely old man comfortable until Johnnie came home.

Besides being neighborly, he was always being called upon to be a pallbearer for some old settler, as he was one himself. He never was too busy to attend a funeral, no matter how much work he had. It was dropped until after the funeral.

Two Memories Of Historic People

Had it not been for my father I would have missed having the memories of two historic characters who represented a part of Van Buren county's history, as well as that of our nation.

One Sunday my father drove my mother and me to Children's Day at the Prospect Lake school house. I remember a big boy, Jimmie Abrams, spoke a piece, "Nobody Knows But Mother," and I thought that he was going to cry any minute. But after the exercises were over and we were driving home in an open two-seated buggy, a shower overtook us. So we drove into the driveway of a deserted farmhouse. The woodshed door was open so we got out and went inside the shed for shelter, and there we found a stranger. I never had seen a black man before, but there was one sitting there. He was the blackest Negro one could ever see, and so very short that it looked as if his legs had been cut off at the knees. I began to cry. The black man said, "Oh little girl don't be scared of me. Why you ought to see me in watermelon time. How the boys and girls do come to see me and eat watermelons."

The watermelons and all those boys and girls helped some, but I was glad when the shower was over and we got out of there.

When we got back into the buggy my father said, "That man was Darkie Banks. He was a slave freed by the Civil War and Abraham Lincoln."

Although it meant nothing to me then, I remembered about the former slave, an innocent old colored man, that I had had the privilege of seeing and of hearing him talk — a privilege now forever gone to the present generation.

Another character that I would have missed seeing was an Indian who came to get bark for basket weaving. My father offered to give him the bark, but he would not take it unless he could pay for it with baskets. So my mother ordered a market basket and a clothes basket. When they were delivered I saw two ponies hitched near the driveway. Then my father brought the Indian in with the baskets and had him sit down in the living room so that I could see an Indian. And by the way, the baskets were perfect. As to the Indian, I was too young then to realize that I had seen Chief Pokagon, the best educated Indian in America. He read both English and Greek. Later when I found that he had written a book, I got it and read it — a beautiful story entitled "The Queen of the Woods." The Queen was his

wife, and the setting was the wild woods of Michigan. It was a very lovely glimpse of Chief Pokagon's romance and his later sorrows.

So once more my father had given me a chance to see one of America's Indians of a bygone age. A man above reproach, despite the firewater that would have wrecked his own life, had he not had the good sense to let it alone after one experience of getting drunk.

Another memory that I had at an early age was that of listening in my high chair to Talmage's sermons.

When the Lawton Leader began publishing Talmage's sermons, my father subscribed for the paper, and as I was too little to take to church, every Sunday morning I was locked in my high chair to keep me quiet while my mother read Talmage's sermons to my father. The only one that I remember was about Daniel in the Lion's Den on a Snowy Day. I was not sure that I knew what lions were, but I knew what a snowy day was. However, I realized that I had been introduced to one of America's greatest ministers of that day, and even if I did not comprehend the sermons then, I was curious to read them later when I could understand them.

How My Father Favored Uncle Jake Flagg

My father's brother-in-law, Jake Flagg, was just a boy when my future father married his sister, Wealthy Flagg, and it seems that Uncle Jake became attached to Levi Fuhrman as if he were an only brother. And when Jake grew up and married he had become accustomed to roving over Indiana and Illinois as he traveled with his father on his Oliver plow sales trips. Consequently it was hard for Jake Flagg to stop roving after he married. He would sojourn a while in Illinois, then back to Van Buren county and Levi's for a new start. As Uncle Jake had learned the carpenter trade he was always sure of a carpentery job at Levi's, and that roving back to Illinois or Indiana continued so that some building for my father became a monument to each return to Michigan. Once it was a kitchen with two bedrooms and two porches; another time it was a granery with a tool shed attached. Later a chicken house, and still later a wood house. But the last of Uncle Jake's carpenter work was when he made a large kitchen cupboard just like the little one that he made for me when he build the barn (granery). I still have that cupboard as a remembrance of dear Uncle Jake.

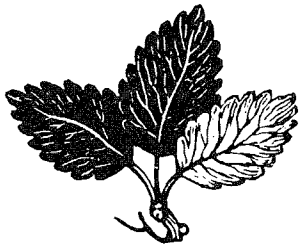
The Last Days Of My Father Levi Fuhrman

He had looked forward to seeing "his twins" (Nettie and me) graduate, but six weeks before we finished high school he was taken by a stroke. He lived just from Tuesday a.m. until Thursday a.m.

Having been born on Christmas and dying so near Easter that his funeral was the day before Easter, it was as if his life had paralleled that of the Lord, to that extent. However he was a Christian, and before he came to Michigan he joined the Church of Christ. As there was no Church of Christ in Lawrence, my mother's minister and mine, Rev. Walker of the Lawrence M. E. church preached his funeral sermon. The church choir from the Baptist church to which Chauncey and May belonged came from Lawrence and sang his favorite hymn, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."

The family flowers, a large sheaf of Easter lilies, covered the top of the casket.

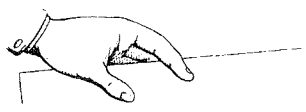
And while it seemed impossible to give up my father, when I looked on his face for the last time it was as if he had just closed his eyes on a heavenly vision. No words could then or ever have consoled me as seeing that radiant expression on his face. And now I still remember Levi Fuhrman, my father, as the kindest man that I ever knew.



The Gold Mine Under The Decatur Swamp Discovered And Utilized

A man who had been brought up near Decatur, but on the south side of that swamp, was the man who started, not from "scratch" but from the ideas of Albert M. Todd (later a Congressman), and his name was J. P. Warner. Somehow he got people to buy the land, drain it, and grow peppermint, and as a distillery was necessary to get the oil out of the plants, he built a distillery and distilled the peppermint oil.

Quite a number of people bought the swamp lands and grew the peppermint that on the rich, black muck produced more oil than any other land could.



75th Anniversary Of First Church Of God Oct. 23

Rev. Paul Aurand, pastor of the First Church of God, announces that the ministers who will assist the church in the observance of its 75th anniversary service will be Rev. Henry Houseman, local pastor and teacher; Rev. Robert Hurt of Marion, Ohio, pastor there and a former pastor of the local congregation; and Dr. Walter Doty president of Gulf Coast Bible College, and the tenth pastor of the local church.

The open house will be held at 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening, Oct. 23, followed by services. There will also be special services Sunday at 11:00 o'clock, followed by a basket lunch.

The public is invited to attend these services.

A brief history of the church is as follows:

In the autumn of 1889, the first meeting of the Church of God of Decatur, was held in the East Decatur school. The first meetings were held in private homes, and at times grove meetings were held in what was then known as Simmons Grove near the East Decatur school house.

In 1906, a building was donated by Uriah Rumbaugh for services. This building was at 408 George street. By 1928 a larger building was needed so the Free Methodist church at the corner of St. Mary's and George streets was purchased. The dedication of the building was on June 10, 1928.

During the pastorate of Rev. Swecker, the parsonage at the corner of George and Prospect streets was purchased. It is today's present parsonage.

In January, 1952, it was decided to build an addition to the church. In this sixteen-foot addition was an enlarged pulpit area, pastor's enlarged pulpit area, a pastor's study, choir dressing room, choir loft, and additional classrooms.

The present pastor is Rev. Paul Aurand, and he has served the congregation for seven years. Fourteen pastors have preceded him.

Mrs. Mettie Beardsley, 304 W. St. Mary's street, is the oldest member of the present congregation. Her father was Uriah Rumbaugh who gave the first building to the church. Her great great granddaughter, Debrah McBride, is the youngest member of the congregation.

Decatur Physician

Dr. Bope Still Practicing at 94

By VERNE BERRY
Gazette Staff Writer

DECATUR — Dr. William P. Bope of Decatur modestly admits he may be the oldest practicing physician in the state of Michigan.

He will be 94 years old April 22 and has been practicing medicine since graduation from medical school 68 years ago.

"I guess everything has happened to me that could happen to a doctor. It's been a good life and a full one. I wouldn't change a thing if I had it to do over," he says.

Dr. Bope accepts office calls each afternoon from 1 to 5 in his office on Decatur's main street. Visitors usually find him sitting in a rocker in front of the romanesque windows reading the latest medical journals.

Or callers may find him at his desk typing poetry, an interest that ranks only second to medicine. "I have a file drawer full of these things," he says pointing to a couple typewritten pages of poetry.

He is still able to read without glasses, although he uses them most of the time. A hearing aid dangles forgotten over one ear. His movements are sure and his step is confident as he moves about his office. His face reflects a full life but wears the years well. His hands are smooth and strong, but the doctor says they are no longer steady enough for surgery or making sutures.

Stepping into the office is like stepping back half a century. High glass-front bookcases along one wall hold medical volumes of today and yesteryear. A black divan lurks in one corner, and a sturdy desk commands the center of the room.

On the desk are the doctor's worn leather bag, four or five medical journals and a small slate on which "In Soon" is chalked in a spencerian script.

Facing Dr. Bope's chair is a companion rocker. Here generations of Decatur patients have sat as they described their symptoms and heard the doctor's words of assurance and counsel. To the rear of the reception office is the doctor's treatment room, and in back of that is a small laboratory where bottles of chemicals and medicine line the shelves.

Dr. Bope was born in 1871 in Shelby County, Ill., and when he was six years old his parents bought a farm and the boy attended a country school, and later a Normal Academy in a nearby village.

Securing a teaching certificate, he taught in country schools including his home district for three winters, leaving teaching, he enrolled in the Starling Loving Medical School in Columbus, which was later absorbed by the Ohio State University.

He was graduated in 1897, an era, he says, when "doctors were a drug on the market. They should have plowed some of us new graduates under.

"There were no requirements of internship or state board examinations in those days. The state gave medical graduates a certificate which stated, 'You are now qualified to practice medicine and surgery in all of it's branches.' "

"That was not true," Dr. Bope says. "It was a crime to turn us loose on the public."

He says young graduates soon learned cities had all the doctors they needed, and the villages were in about the same situation.

Dr. Bope selected a village with the charming name of Lilly Chapel, Ohio, to try his hand at this new profession. The community was in a prosperous farming area with a population of 300.

One of his first patients was a maternity case. Dr. Bope says he never delivered a baby, and when trouble developed he sent for a Dr. Quinn in a neighboring village.

Dr. Quinn arrived and asked, "What's the matter young fellow, having trouble?" Dr. Bope admitted he was. Dr. Quinn told the young medic to take care of the delivery while he administered the chloroform, the only anesthetic available in that day.

Dr. Bope paused, then suggested they switch ends. The older man gave him a knowing look, agreed to the change and all proceeded well. "It was a breech presentation, but the baby and mother did fine," Dr. Bope says. The doctor doesn't know how many babies he has delivered, "I just didn't keep score. That was one of my weaknesses, keeping of records."

At the end of his first year he found that after paying his board bill at a small hotel, his livery stable bill and rent for a "less than ordinary office" his net profit was not much better than he realized in teaching country school. He decided to seek greener pastures to practice his profession.

He relocated in Lawrence, Mich., where he established an office and became interested in community affairs. He served as a member of the school board, was physician for the county infirmary and was county coroner.

"In January of 1902 I married the queen of the village down, Mayme Rockwell," Dr. Bope

says. Two daughters were born to the couple, Louise and Lynwood.

In 1907, Dr. Bope moved to Decatur where he has been actively engaged in practice ever since. He occupied the office of the late Dr. G. L. Rose. Within a year he had a home built at 112 W. St. Mary's where he and his wife and Louise still live.

With the advent of the automobile, Dr. Bope bought a car to make his calls in the village and countryside. He kept his horse and buggy and also a sleigh for emergencies. He recounts several races with the stork through blizzards and towering drifts to snowbound farm homes.

Two years ago, he realized that he had not seen traffic signals at a couple of points and he mailed his driver license to Secretary of State James Hare. Hare responded with a letter

Dr. Bope's poetry often has a whimsical touch. One is an ode to his Dodge written at the time he traded it in after using it 12 years. Another is about Eve in the Garden of Eden which remarks "her attire left much of Eve to admire."

Among Dr. Bope's prized items are photographs of himself with his friend Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, a certificate of commendation from President Eisenhower and pictures of his celery farm.

After settling in Decatur, Dr. Bope acquired a tract of muck land and became engaged in growing peppermint and celery, boom crops in Decatur at the time. The doctor says that he marketed his celery by the carload, and some years shipped out a dozen carloads, "a small part of the local crop at that time."

Dr. Bope says that in 10 more weeks he will have been in practice a full 63 years. When does he plan to close shop? "I'll be here as long as my patients need me," he says.

MICHIGAN'S ONE FOREIGN COUNTRY'S WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT

By Bessie Fuhrman

Michigan's only foreign World's Fair exhibit came from Holland, or The Netherlands, many years ago, and not expecting to be a World's Fair exhibit in Michigan. Nevertheless, the growth and progress of Holland, Mich., has resulted in a three-day tulip festival that appears to be of World's Fair stature. This is because it seconds Holland country in its national tulip celebration, when the tulips of Queen Juliana's most beautiful tulip garden (given her as a wedding present by her countrymen) is exhibited. So if that does not make Holland, Michigan's tulip three-day presentation a World's Fair exhibit, what else can it be?

This year our only foreign country World's Fair exhibit had added emphasis for two reasons: the shipping here of the Swan, and the placing of it on Windmill Island, and the centennial of Hope college. Still further consideration from Holland country came when Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands took time out of his extremely busy life to dedicate the 200-year-old Windmill, and to give the centennial speech at Hope college. And each of the two events took place right on schedule. If the tulip festival had occurred then, it is likely that Prince Bernhard would have taken it in his stride, all on that same day. However, he found time while he was here to give a speech at an honorary convocation at the University of Michigan and to receive an honorary doctor of civil laws degree from the U. of M. Later, he returned home, right on schedule.

It seems that all the reporters on the Prince had the same reaction, "The Prince is a likable man, and down to earth."

What Further Is There About Prince Bernhard?

As someone may ask, "Who is Prince Bernhard?" I am reminded of a little girl whom her mother took to see President McKinley. When the child looked up at the President, she exclaimed, "Why mama, he's just a man."

Yes, President McKinley was just a man, but such a very good one that his country gave him its highest position — the Presidency of the U. S. A. Thus God blessed McKinley exceedingly.

And has God blessed Prince Bernhard exceedingly?

Judge for yourself. He married the only daughter of Queen Wilhelmena, one of the best loved queens in Europe, and when that daughter, Princess Juliana, became queen, Prince Bernhard became the husband of a queen, and later, when the first child was born, he became the father of the future queen of Holland, now Princess Beatrix, and three other queenly daughters. Besides, Prince Bernhard has been most helpful to his country, both in war and since. His great adaptability to the task in hand appears almost miraculous, but everything he does lies in the line of duty to his family and to his country.

Anyone desiring to read a book on the life of Prince Bernhard should get Alden Hatch's work, "Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands," (1962).

Holland, Michigan's 1965 World's Fair Exhibit

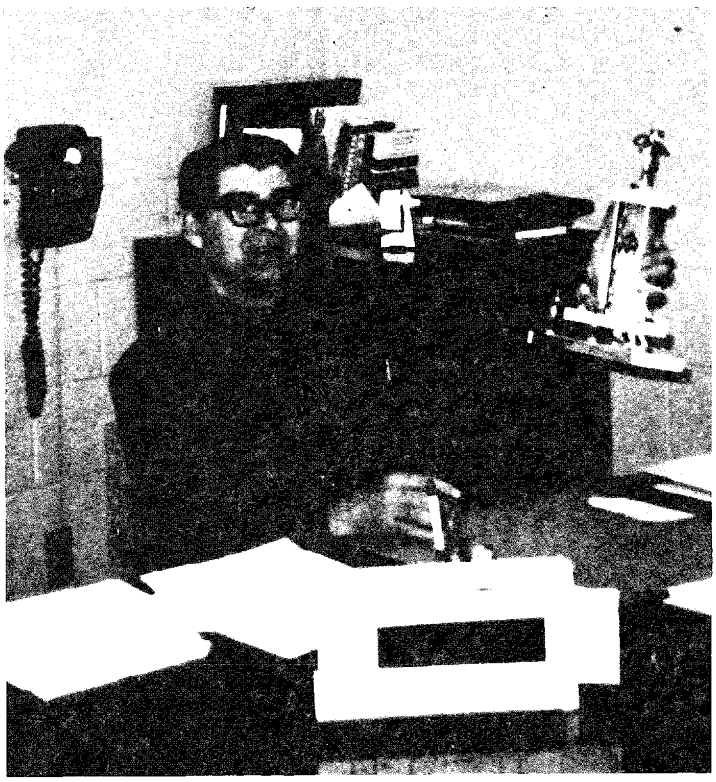
This year, the great tulip display and Dutch events opened with 50,000 people rushing in to see the unique event. Governor George Romney was there helping to clean the streets Dutch fashion as in the old days. In the Cloppen Dance all the dancers were girls because the boys were not in the mood to put on wooden shoes and dance. But since half the girls dressed like boys, it was all the same in appearance to the audience.

There is no question about it that the old Windmill drew its share of visitors during the three-day festival which is said to have had an attendance of 300,000 people, and 1,500 more arrived afterward on Sunday.

While Michigan is proud of her great tulip center, it is seen that the tulips are but another case of the great hand of Michigan, handing out benefits. This time it is sheer beauty through the distribution of the tulip.

Now that we have seen something of the wonder of that ancient Windmill in connection with the tulips, I wonder if the age of that 200-year-old building is not a great item of interest to all of our country.

Being 200 years old, it was 11 years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Hence, it is older than our country, and about a lifetime older than Michigan as a state. Thus we can see from it how very young our nation is, and how amazing is the growth of both the United States and Michigan, the latter from under 22,000 people when it became a state to its present 7,866,000, which is expected to reach 10,000,000 by 1970.



Mr. Harold E. Groendyk, Principal

High School Principal Named

Decatur schools superintendent, Wayne Hellenga, has announced the placing of Harold E. Groendyk as principal for the high school, replacing Noble Arent who has accepted a position in Ludington for the coming year.

Mr. Groendyk, 40, is presently employed as director of guidance and assistant principal at the Byron Community schools near Grand Rapids. He has been in the Byron Community system for 10 years and has also served as athletic director there. Prior to teaching at Byron Community he was with the Frankfort Public schools.

Mr. Groendyk is married and has five children. He served in the Air Force and received his B.S. and M.A. from Western Michigan.

Letter to the editor

Dear Editor:

I want to thank the Webster Memorial Library of Decatur through the Republican for the gift of a very rare book. The title of it is "Atlantis: The Antidiluvian World" and it was copyrighted in 1882 by Harper and Brothers of New York.

Apparently it was written at the cost of a very long research period. It claims that the Atlantis was described in Genesis.

Of course Atlantis and its tragedy is the main part of the story but there are other very interesting stories, too, such as the mystery of the Mound Builders who built their mound and pyramid shaped homes in the Mississippi River Valley as far north as the banks of Lake Superior where they discovered copper and turned it to account; also where they built great earthen ramparts, and then after a considerable population had become established, those Mound Builders suddenly and mysteriously disappeared to some unknown location.

Another very interesting story is that of the invention of bronze, and of the bronze age in Europe as well as after it became worldwide. Besides much, much more on other subjects such as ancient pottery, the gold of Peru, and the discovery of tin and zinc that made the invention of bronze possible.

Thus Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the author, painted on the mind of the reader a world that now seems strange enough to have been on another planet than ours.

The gift of this rare book resulted because of my several loans of it by the library, loans which undoubtedly helped to put it into the discard, as a book no longer repairable.

Nevertheless, this book should never be discarded, for its vast view of the earliest civilization makes it invaluable as a chance to see how civilization, as of today, has advanced since then.

I am, therefore, very grateful to have had the gift of this great book.

Bessie B. Fuhrman.

APPRECIATION

We have received from Mrs. Lydia Bartholomew of Kalamazoo, and a former resident of Decatur.

Just a word of appreciation in memory of Arou Moulton.

His daily life is spoken of a man of sterling qualities.

He would not print an article that might hurt his business associates. Once upon a time, many years ago — 1902. An account came thru "The Republican" criticizing those who patronize Sears Roebuck mail order houses. We had often found it convenient to write mail orders, receiving good service and some courtesies. I answered it. He returned the item with apologies stating it was a good article. He would not publish it as it might hurt the business men. We felt it was not giving the country people an equal voice. However, we could see his position in the case and have been a regular subscriber for many years.

The letter which follows was written by Clyde Herrick of El Cajon, California in tribute to Mr. Moulton.

Your last edition brought me very much sadness, for Decatur and all who knew him, lost one of its and their greatest friends for Arby Moulton was one of the best men Decatur ever had or will ever have. He was always true blue and always ready and willing to help. He never wandered away from the old sod like many of the rest of us.

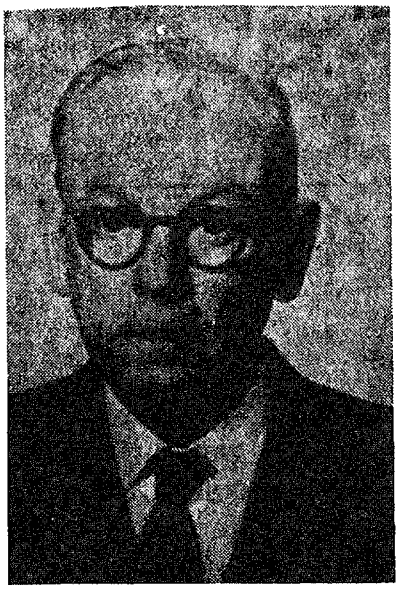
He spent his whole life in the one place, the place of his birth. I knew his father and Arby was an exact picture of him. I can not find words to express my sympathy of or for him.

His last editorial was of a request I asked of him. He did it for me and got results. I had promised a letter telling him about the Morris Murder and who committed that terrible deed but I just put it off too long. That shows we should not put things off

as we may be sorry.

Since I have subscribed for the paper, I have lost several old friends. Arthur Marks, Calvin Millard, Beulah Hemenway and now, Arby.

Well, when God is ready, we must go and He sure has been kind to us all for to let us live so long. The old farmers and mechanics, masons and builders and publishers have hued and paved the way for the young in heart. Now let's see if they too can be as great as those who have answered the last call.



Max D. Rose

Vice-president of the American Radiator Company

Max Donald Rose was born in Decatur in 1885 and was a member of the 1903 graduating class of the local high school.

Following his graduation he attended the University of Chicago and later became associated with the American Radiator company, its affiliates and Successor Company, for more than 40 years.

Mr. Rose is now retired and lives at the Carlton House in New York City, where he has resided for 30 years. Mr. Rose likes to travel and spends a portion of each year in Europe.

He has no family, except for his brother, Dr. Dalton Rose, whom he visits frequently and Dr. Rose's daughter and family, the Joseph McLain Stewarts, who live in suburban New York. He greatly enjoys the children, Alice and Molly.

Mr. Rose has always been a devoted Republican and he feels that we badly need the "continuing guidance of President Eisenhower's able hand."

Supervisors Draft Resolution Honoring Lyle Parker For 28 Years Service

Lyle Parker who completes 28 years on the Van Buren County Board of Supervisors this month, was honored by his fellow board members, for his varied and valued services.

The Board of Supervisors drafted a resolution noting his long term of service on behalf of the people of the county, and his outstanding work while in office.

Parker did not run for the office of Decatur township supervisor this year, His term expires April, 1965.

The resolution suitably drafted and presented to Parker by the Legislative Affairs Committee, is as follows:

March 10, 1965

TO: The Honorable Board of Supervisors, Van Buren County, State of Michigan, meeting in its regular session on Wednesday, March 10, 1965, in Paw Paw, Michigan

WHEREAS: Our good friend and fellow Supervisor, Lyle Parker, has decided to retire from his very fine active service as duly-elected Supervisor from Decatur Township, County of Van Buren, effective at the end of his last term of office, this 10th of March, 1965, and

WHEREAS: Supervisor Parker has served 21 consecutive terms from his Decatur area in a total of 28 years on the Van Buren Board of Supervisors, and

WHEREAS: Supervisor Parker has the splendid record of near perfect attendance during those many years together with having presided as Chairman of this august Board as well as doing outstanding work as head of its many busy committees

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: That the Van Buren Board of Supervisors pays tribute to Lyle Parker for his outstanding record and in honor of this occasion we request the County Clerk prepare a suitable copy of this resolution to be given to Mr. Parker as his permanent and cherished record along with our best wishes for his continued life of good health and happiness!

LEGISLATIVE AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

H. M. HEUER
HOWARD McDOUGALL
LEONARD HILL
RAY B. FOWLER

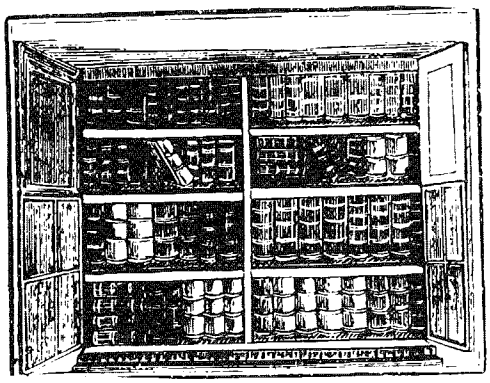
Traffic officer: "When I saw you come around that corner curve I said to myself, 45 at least." Woman driver: "Well, you're wrong. It's this hat that makes me look older."

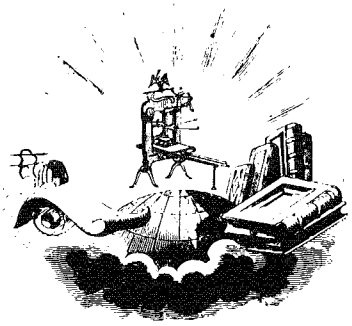
Break Ground for New Funeral Home

MR. AND MRS. WESLEY NEWELL turned the first shovel of ground Tuesday morning, beginning the construction of the new O. W. Newell Sons Funeral Home. Mr. Newell purchased the brick ranch style home on M-40 in Evergreen Park and adjacent land from Ted Lapekas. The new and completely modern funeral home and chapel will be built directly behind the residence. Pictured at the ground breaking are Mrs. and Mr. Ted Lapekas, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, and Dalton Kinney, the general contractor. The new funeral home is expected to be finished by Nov. 1.

Plan Open House at Medical Building

PUBLIC IS INVITED to the open house next Sunday, Jan. 23, at the Decatur Medical Center in the W. P. Bope Medical Building. The facility was built through public subscription to provide offices for two medical doctors, and was completed and occupied last December. Shareholders and the public in general are cordially invited to attend from 3:00 until 6:00 p. m. and look over the $30,000 addition to our community. The facility was built by D. & E. Construction Co. and is located on Delaware St. (M-40). Refreshments will be served.





HONOR ROLL FOR SERVICE MEN

Jim Jewell on behalf of the American Legion wishes to thank Laddie Larva of the Veterans of Foreign Wars for their help and cooperation in sponsoring the erection of the honor roll for servicemen which was dedicated at the village hall Monday following the "ringing of the bells."

This plaque will list the names of the men in service since the inception of the Vietnam confict. New names will be added as additional persons go into service. Residents are asked to contact Doug Hazzard, American Legion Adjutant; Ben Davidonis, V. F. W. Adjutant; any member of the Mothers club; or Decatur township supervisor Ted Lapekas, to report any names which have been overlooked, or when someone you know becomes eligible.

During the dedication ceremonies, Jim Jewell introduced Ted Lapekas, Mayor Andy Broekhuizen and Rev. Abe Koolhaas who delivered the main address concerning our freedoms which have stemmed from the signing of the Declaration of Independence on that memorable occasion back in July of 1776.

In the evening, preceding the fireworks display, the American Legion sponsored a short talk by Rev. Thomas Bruno on the meaning of the Declaration of Independence and its relation to our present times.

Lions Club Helps at Youth Camp

VAN BUREN YOUTH CAMP cabin No. 8 received the attention of a group of Decatur Lions Club members Sunday afternoon. The club took over the responsibility of repairing and cleaning up the cabin. The group painted the cabin both inside and out, replaced the screens, spread a load of gravel in front and cleaned up the immediate area. The members' families also helped and a potluck lunch was enjoyed in the dining hall. The Van Buren Youth Camp is located near Bloomingdale on Great Bear Lake.

—Decatur Republican Photo

Honored for 50 Years On Fire Dept.

RAY BOWERS was honored Monday night for his 50 years as a member of the Decatur Volunteer Fire Dept. Chief Myron Southworth presented him with a $50 bill and Ass't Chief Al McAdams is shown here pinning on the 50-year pin. Mr. Bowers was honored following the firemen's annual roast corn and chicken dinner at the fire hall which was attended by firemen from the Keeler, Paw Paw and Lawton departments.

—Decatur Republican Photo

Mott Fellowships To Ted Vliek, Phillip Clark

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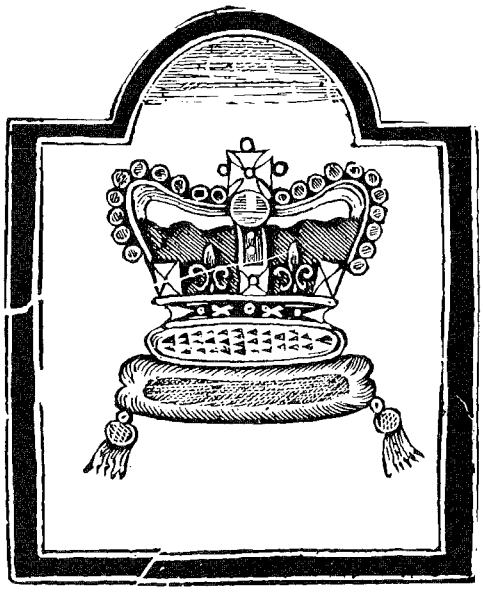
Two former Decaturites have received notable honors this past week by being awarded one-year $8,000 Mott Foundation Fellowships. They are Ted Vliek, who is presently the assistant principal at Portage Northern high school, and Phillip Clark, assistant principal at Gull Lake high school.

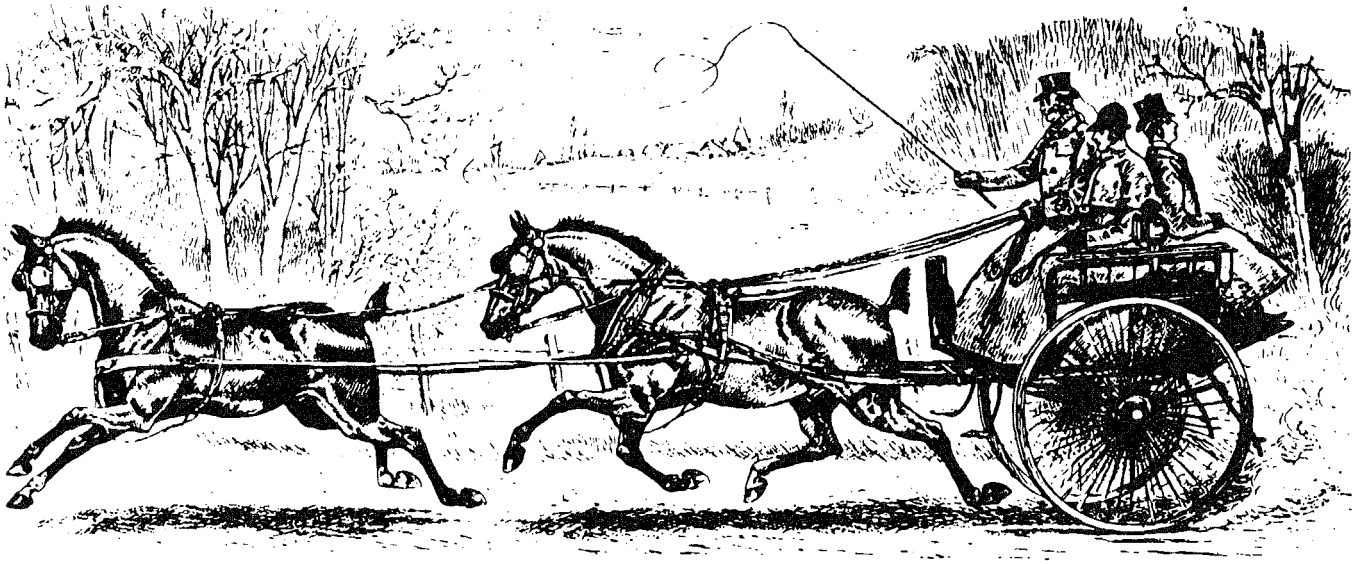
The fellowships are the largest of their kind. They were awarded this year to 50 educators, selected from about 2,000 who applied, representing every state and some foreign countries. The educators who have received the fellowships will participate in the Mott Inter-University Clinical Preparation Program for Education, Flint, for nine months. They will complete their degrees at one of the state universities.

Ted Vliek is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Vliek. He was a 1948 graduate of Decatur high school and is a graduate of Western Michigan University. He received his Masters degree Apr. 16 from Western.

He will take a leave of absence from Portage Northern for a year to study at Eastern Michigan University. He will reside with his family in Flint.

Phillip Clark is the son of Mrs. Mildred Clark and the late Truman Clark. He was a 1957 graduate of Decatur high school, and a 1961 graduate of Western Michigan University. He will receive his Masters degree from Western this summer. He has been with the Gull Lake community school system for five years. Besides being the assistant principal there, he is also director of community education for the system. He is in his fifth year as director of the Van Buren Youth Camp.





Fancy Rig Gets Around

CHUCK ELLIOTT, pony team enthusiast and harness-maker, has one of the slickest and fanciest rigs in the area. He showed his matched ponies and wagon at the Allegan Fair this week and later this month will provide a service for the Bloodmobile. He will take kids for rides during the day while their mothers (hopefully) are donating blood. Chuck's rig is sponsored by C. W. Krum & Son Chevrolet agency.

Tom Mathias Only American To Place In Sled Dog Races at Inlet, N. Y.

★

The setting for the All American Sled Dog Race could not be any more beautiful or perfect than in the Smoky Mountains by Inlet, New York. The race drivers found themselves accommodated in a $600,000 lodge set in a valley with a chain of four lakes running the length of the valley. The scenery and excitement of the weekend race will not easily be surpassed by any other event.

The 31 rugged miles of the race trail were practically melted away under the dog paws and sled runners of Eddie Sylvain of Canada in 1 hr., 55 min., .01 sec. in total elapsed time. This means his team ran each mile in less than three and one-half minutes per mile. Mr. Sylvain is this year's champion of Ottawa City, Canada.

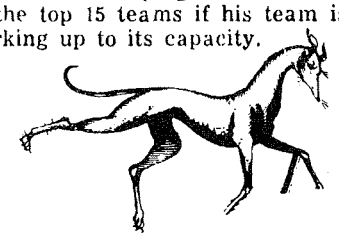
In second place was Guy Charconneu from Quebec City, in 2 hrs., 57 min. He is this year's champion of Quebec City, Canada.

In third place was Gene Bastian of Quebec City in 2 hrs., 1 min., 38 sec.

Twelve seconds behind him, and the only American to place in the race was Tom Mathias of Decatur in 2 hrs., 1 min., 50 sec. Tom lost time when he made the decision to grab the lead dog of the runaway team of Bill Bogenrieder of Niles after his team flipped him off the runners on the icy lake trail.

In fifth place was a former North American champion from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Art Allen, in 2 hrs., .02 min., 33 sec.

On Feb. 24, 25 and 26 in Laconia, New Hampshire, will be the world's championship race. There will be 45 top teams from all over North America. There will be many former world championship teams entered. Competition will really be keen during the three days of the endurance runs for a total of 60 miles on drivers and dogs. Tom is hoping at least to be in the top 15 teams if his team is working up to its capacity.



A Musical Family

The 500 Club owes a debt of gratitude to Frank Smith of Chicago, for the rare musical treat at the last two evening parties. Musicians are born, not made and Mr. Smith is of the real type. The pleasure was not all ours, for he enjoyed it equally well. He isn't engaged in concert playing now, however; his business is piano tuning and he is very incessantly busy and in Decatur once in a while when his business calls him.

Frank's father was one of the o.' renowned violinists of his day, the well remembered Homer Smith, who tapped the back of his violin with the bow to call attention to the proper execution of the dance calls, until there was a groove worn in the back of his violin. His family of two children, Frank and Florence, were musical progenies and Frank's family has inherited the same gift.

We hope to still be having 500 parties when he returns again to Decatur. Mr. Smith was very pleasantly entertained at the Fassett home.

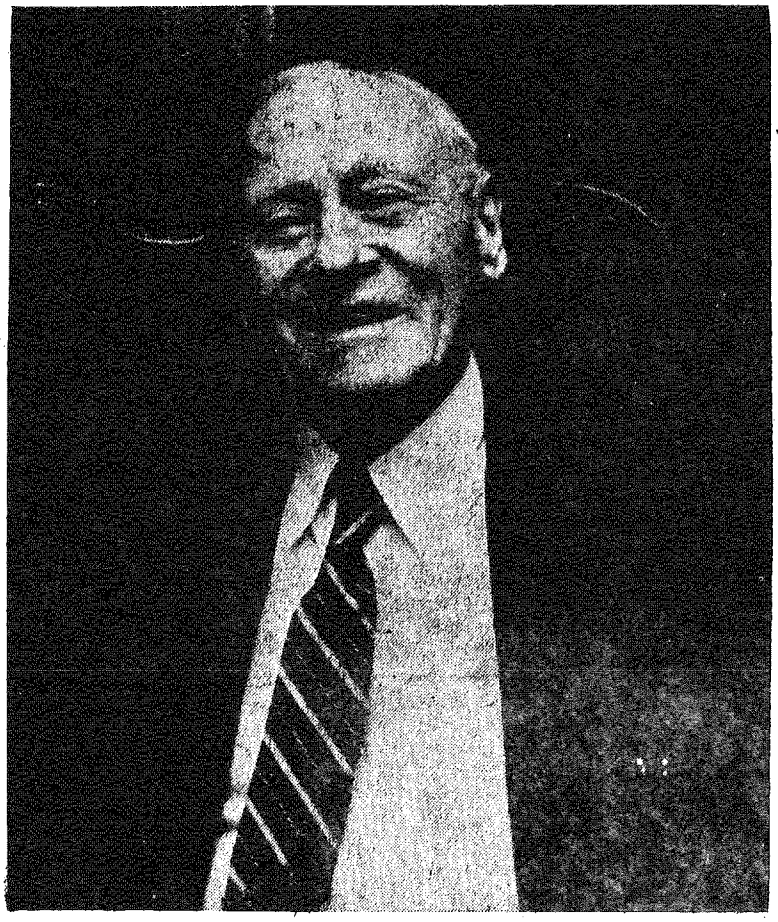
An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were indulging in reminiscences of sporting occasions.

"The closest race I ever saw was a yacht race," said the Englishman, "in which one of the boats that had been recently painted won by the breadth of the coat of paint."

"The closest race I ever saw," declared the Scotchman, "was one in which a horse, stung by a bee, won by the height of the swelling on his nose."

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "is the Scotch."

Death Takes Dr. Bope Monday at 96



Dr. Bope in 1959

Dr. William Perry Bope, 95, long-time Decatur resident and probably Michigan's oldest practicing physician, died Monday at 10:00 a.m. at his home on St. Mary's street.

Dr. Bope, named Michigan's Doctor of the Year in 1957, practiced medicine for 70 years, 60 years in Decatur. He had continued to see his patients on a part-time basis until about three weeks ago.

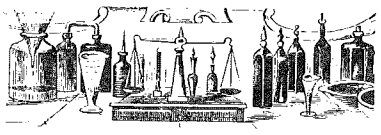
He was born Apr. 22, 1871, in Shelby county, Ill., the son of Perry and Elizabeth Bope. He attended Starling Loving Medical College in Columbus, Ohio, which was later affiliated with Ohio State University. Following his graduation in 1897, he began his practice in Lilly Chapel, Ohio. The following year he moved to Lawrence, Mich., where he remained until 1907 when he moved to Decatur with his wife and two daughters.

He served at one time as village president, was a member and physician for the Decatur Fire Department, and was a life member of the Decatur Masonic Lodge No. 99. The Decatur medical center built last year was named the William P. Bope Medical Building in his honor.

Dr. Bope is survived by his wife, Mary Rockwell Bope; two daughters, Miss Louise Bope, at home, and Mrs. Lynwood Cudlip of Detroit; five grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

Funeral services were held at 2 p.m. Wednesday in the First Presbyterian church. The Rev. John Osborn officiated and burial was in Oakwood cemetery. The members of the Decatur Masonic Lodge conducted Masonic rites at the grave. Sevrel funeral home was in charge of arrangements.

PRESCRIPTIONS



The Chavileer House At The Foot of The Big Hill

Pictured here is the large house at the foot of the hill South of town, as it looked probably at the turn of the century. The house was built by the Chavileer family and later owned by the Fifields. The photo was provided to the Republican by Ransom Kinney, who once lived in the house.

Aye Strain

We made a Great Discovery this week.

For years we have listened to old-timers tell about the trials and troubles (and sometimes fun) connected with "Fifield Hill, and we just couldn't believe some of the stories. But the hill they talked about isn't the same hill as we see it today.

In 1914 the hill was cut down and flattened out considerably. The buttes overlooking the Decatur marsh (muck land) were cut down and the dirt was used to gently slope the road at the foot of the hill. The incline, nearly a mile long, was tamed to a grade of six feet to the 100, from a "hill so steep that even a foot passenger found it difficult to travel it," as was reported in the Dowagiac Daily News in 1914.

The work back in 1914 was done with 10 or 12 teams. One cut five feet deep for 200 feet was made and at one point 25 feet of fill was put in. A sizable task for horses and men.

Much of the work of lowering the butte was done with dynamite, the papers at the time reported, "the terrific detonations following the explosions swell across the marsh into Decatur township on the north and surrounding townships on the south."

Picturing the hill as it was before 1914, we can believe the stories told of teams slipping on the ice and rolling to the foot of the hill, suffering broken legs and general serious abuse. One fellow told us of his father who would stop his carriage at the top of the hill and stick a rail through the wheels of the carriage so it would slide down the hill rather than roll and could be controlled.

The name of the hill is generally pronounced by strangers and newcomers

(In regard to "so-called" Fifield Hill.)

A story in the Republican of Feb. 8, 1945, begins as follows:

"The big hill two and one-half miles south of Decatur, over which the New Swamp Road takes the traveler into Volinia township and Cass county, is commonly called Fifield Hill after the man who lived at the foot of it in the 80's and 90's.

"Before it was known as the Fifield Hill, it was Chavileer Hill, named for the equally prominent farmer who lived in the same place a generation before him."

The family name in its French form "Chavalier" is not uncommon in this country. It may be found in many city directories. There is a family tradition that the father of farmer Chavileer was a Chevalier when he came here from France, but his Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors changed his name.

The hill was known as "Chavileer Hill" for years before Fifield moved into the neighborhood.

Norman Webster, who was a direct descendant of the Chavileer family, deeply resented the transition in names regarding the big hill.

Following the printing of an article in the Republican last week about the big hill south of town, we have been informed that our information was scanty at best, and some facts were in error.

We are grateful to some longtime residents, Ransom Kinney and Catherine Howland in particular, for straightening us out on some facts about the hill, the house and the names.

We have been referring to the hill as "Fifield" hill and we still see nothing wrong with that, but we hasten to add that the house was built by the Chavileer family and later owned by the Fifields and also by the Lannings and the Masuras.

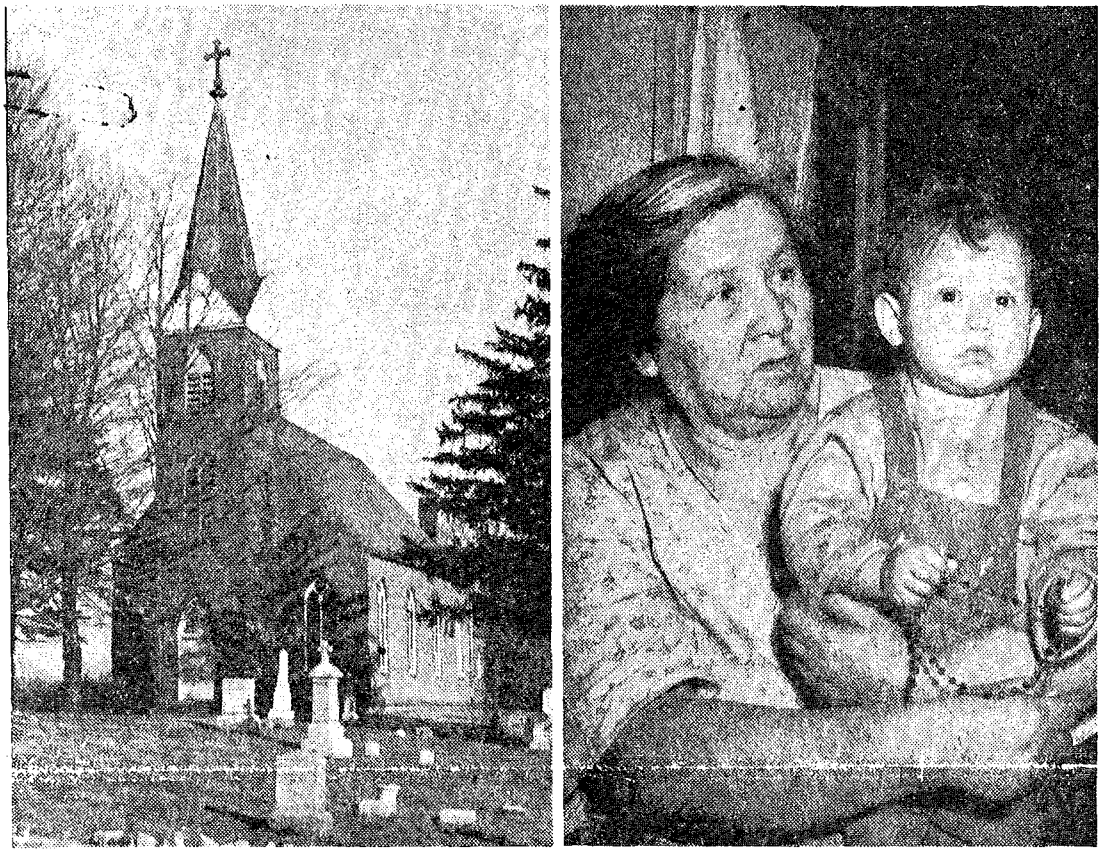
Why the name "Fifield" seems to have stuck on the hill, we don't know . . . it could just as well be called Chavileer Hill, or Lanning, or Masura or Loeser Hill for that matter.

Ransom Kinney in speaking of the hill, mentioned that about the turn of the century he lived in the house and he has many recollections of the house and the hill and incidents surrounding it. Among other things, he mentioned that he and Freddie Smith were the only two boys who were able to ride their bicycles all the way up the hill without stopping . . . apparently an enviable feat in those days.

The history of the house, as well as the families that lived in it, is fascinating, particularly the story of Francis or Frank Fifield. Before moving to this area, he was a state representative and big in the mercantile business, at one time having four schooners on Lake Huron.

For strangers to Decatur, like ourselves, these facts of history surrounding the area are extremely interesting and if errors arise they are the result of enthusiasm more than anything else.

Church Endures as Memorial to Pokagon.



The Sacred Heart of Mary Catholic church, Silver Creek township, Cass county, Michigan, stands on 40 acres of land given to the church by Chief Pokagon of the Pottawatomies. The right corner of the edifice was built over Pokagon's grave. The cemetery, largely Indian, is still in use. At right are the oldest and youngest direct descendants of the chief living in the Silver Creek area. Mrs. Libbie Alexis, great-granddaughter of Pokagon, holds her 18-month-old granddaughter, Karen Wesaw.

—Photos by Swierz—Cassopolis.

Indians Still Worship on Historic Site

BY BEATRICE BROWN.

DOWAGIAC, Mich., Jan. 3.

Those who use the term "Indian giver" slightingly have never heard of Pokagon, wise leader and beloved chieftain of the Pottawatomies.

North of Dowagiac, the people in Silver Creek township know that the red man could be generous as well as brave. For here in their midst, on a rise of land overlooking the countryside's jeweled lakes, is the Sacred Heart of Mary Catholic church, behind which is a long history of Indian devotion.

On Original Site.

It stands on the site of Pokagon's log chapel, built in 1835 as a mission for his people. The golden spire of the present edifice bears aloft the cross of the red brick church, a corner of which was built over the great chief's grave. The church stands protectingly on the rim of a saucer-like cemetery where rest side by side the Indians and the white settlers, who later came to live and worship in the Silver Creek community.

The church was built on 40 acres of ground given by Pokagon to the bishop, the chief of the Black Robes, as the priests were called. Pokagon journeyed to Detroit, then at the edge of Michigan territory, to ask the bishop for a priest to lead his people to the Great Spirit. Two years elapsed. The chief made a second journey. This time his request was granted. A young Belgian, Father Deseille, came to instruct the people.

Snow Covered Altar.

The Indians built a crude log chapel, one end of which was open to the winds. Here the missionary took up his priestly duties. Oftimes during the winter the altar was covered with snow.

The youthful Black Robe was truly an ambassador of the Great Spirit. Pokagon was pleased.

Priest Stricken.

In 1837, after two years of strenuous service, the young priest was stricken with a fatal sickness. He drew himself to the foot of his crude altar to pray for his beloved "children of the forest," and then turning to bless them, he died.

The next day when the news reached South Bend, people came out to find the Indians sorrowing and praying, but Father Deseille was not touched, for they were afraid to touch the body of the priest.

Later, a new missionary, a Father Petit, came to Silver Creek, and Pokagon took heart

again, setting about the building of a bigger log church. This was accomplished in 1838 with the aid of a white man named Barney and two helpers, who provided the tools and technical skill which the Indians lacked.

Calamity Hits Tribe.

A year later, calamity struck the Pottawatomies. The government demanded that they give up their lands and migrate to Missouri, according to the terms of the treaty of 1833 which their chiefs had signed in Chicago. Pokagon, however, had signed only with the provision that he and his tribe be exempted from the exile.

In 1839, he was to see the four other Pottawatomie tribes driven by soldiers with bayonets on the long migration. He was to learn that his own Father Petit, who had accompanied these hapless tribesmen, had died with scores of others as a result of the frightful marches. He found himself and his exempted people persecuted by government agents who offered $50 to any person who could "persuade" an Indian to migrate to Missouri.

Pokagon Dies.

Bowed by woes that had befallen his race, Pokagon lived only to be united with the Great Spirit. He died in 1872 at the age of 62. Could he have foreseen the sequence of events, his heart would have been lighter.

In 1846, Rev. Louis Baroux assumed the pastorate and with the exception of seven years spent in Bertrand, devoted his life until 1870 in the service of the mission. Only one year after Pokagon's death a school was started by priests of Notre Dame, and from 1874 to 1879 taught for five years supported by funds which the government had stipulated should remain with the government for that purpose.

One of Pokagon's sons, Simon, was educated at Notre Dame, and succeeded in collecting for the tribe a claim of $150,000 against the United States for sales of Indian lands.

Church Is Crowded.

Pokagon's descendants, with their white neighbors, still attend the present Silver Creek church, erected in 1886 after Father Baroux's church burned. In the summer their attendance is swelled by resorters from the surrounding lakes. So crowded is Pokagon's church then that many must kneel on the steps outside.

Because of Chief Pokagon, there is a corner in Cass county that will remain forever Indian, 40 acres hallowed by his labors and his devotion, and dedicated throughout time to the Great Spirit of all mankind.

ANNUAL TRIP TO SUGAR BUSH

Indian Chief Weesaw Had King Sized Sweet Tooth

By BEATRICE BROWN

CASSOPOLIS, Mich. - Weesaw, Potawatami chieftain, like the rest of his Indians had a sweet tooth. Perhaps on account of his position in the tribe, he had a king sized hankering for sweets.

In his day, A. D. 1825, only a few white men had set foot in his domain, and things were still in the produce-it-yourself stage. So of course, Weesaw had his own sugar-making industry.

In his village on the banks of the Dowagiac creek, near Volinia, Weesaw and his tribe passed the winter moons. Then came March, Onambini, the moon of the crust on the snow. Onambini was also the moon of sugar making. Did not the loud cawing of the first crow announce the fact?

Breaking Camp

Weesaw called his band together and gave the order to break camp. The bark wigwams, and the winter shacks would be abandoned. The tribe would gather up its small supplies of clothing and skins, its assorted tools, its meager possessions of cooking pots, together with the remnants of their food supplies, and move a day's journey northward to the maple groves.

Weesaw, proud warrior, led the march, followed by his three wives in order of their preference. The favorite of the great chief Topiatoa was his favorite. She, forsooth, scorned him nor would her pillow be to carry heavy packs as did the other squaws.

Weesaw walked erect and statelily as befitted his station. His six foot stature was clad according to the true Indian concept of grandeur. Over his deerskin tunic he wore a silvered breastplate, highly polished, and his leggings were trimmed with small bells that tinkled with his every step.

His moccasins were fine, made, adorned with brightly dyed porcupine quills. Around his waist he wore a bright sash, and on his head a turban of matching color. From his nose and ears depended large silver rings.

[illegible] in March

[illegible] the chief and his [illegible] the lodges and then [illegible] and children, about [illegible] all. Upon reaching the [illegible] wigwams were hastily patched. As the leaves crowded shelters [illegible] were built [illegible] and provisioned.

The [illegible] while day the trees were tapped. Weesaw had learned the process from his forebears. Now he had but to give the orders. Men of the tribe chopped the trees with an axe. Elderberry branches, with their pithy centers pushed out, were sharpened and driven into the tree. These conveyed the dripping sap into troughs hewed out of logs.

When these filled, the squaws collected the sap and emptied it into a large iron kettle that swung on a pole over a continuous fire. As the scum formed, they skimmed it off, watching in happy anticipation as the syrup boiled and thickened. At first the tribe would have their fill of the syrup. Then they would cook down the rest until at last it crystallized into sugar, enough to last many days.

Sugar-making time was the happy interlude between the cold monotony of winter, and the busy work days of later spring when the tribe would move to their summer village on Little Prairie Ronde where the squaws made gardens and planted corn, beans, melons and pumpkins.

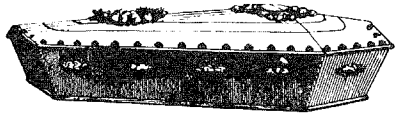
No Claims to Fame

Unlike his great contemporary Pokagon, Weesaw laid no claim to fame. Records tell only of his sugar making and give him credit for befriending the white men who came to his encampment seeking food and provisions. Beyond this there are few facts, except his tragic death.

In 1832 he had removed his band from Cass County to Berrien. Not long afterwards, Weesaw's son, crazed by alcohol, shot his father. But perhaps Providence was not entirely unkind, for thus the proud chieftain was spared the calamity that was to befall his tribe a few years later when they lost their lands and were exiled to the [illegible] stretches beyond the Mississippi. For an Indian king who loved to make maple sugar, such a fate would indeed have been unbearable.

A kiss is the only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun—or the moon, either.

Lies slumbering here
One William Lake
He heard the bell,
But had no brake



WHAT WEESAW WROUGHT

CASS COMMUNITY OF VOLINIA — NEVER VERY LARGE, ITS REMARKABLE SETTLERS WERE ITS LONGEST SUIT

By: B.C. Hibbard, Gazette Correspondent, Kalamazoo, Mich.

An Indian chief who liked white men's whiskey.

A family who preferred letting trees rot into the ground rather than make a fortune by cutting them.

A miller who built his mill more than a half mile from the dam.

And a group of farmers who organized a society which almost eliminated horse stealing at a time when such thieves were hard to catch.

These were some of the remarkable people who have lived in and near the small village of Volinia since 1825.

The village itself is remarkable. It was never platted nor incorporated. It just grew and took the name of another community named Volinia five miles away. The people who lived in the original Volinia insisted on calling it "Huycktown".

The new Volinia didn't grow very large. It now totals a dozen houses or so, two stores, a church and a school. It is set in one of the most beautiful spots in southwestern Michigan; a flat, park-like expanse, ringed by glacial hills, about half-way between Marcellus and Dowagiac in Cass County.

The Indian chief was Weesaw, a Potawatomi, whose village of about 20 families was situated on the north side of the Dowagiac Creek just northwest of present Volinia.

Although Weesaw, like all Indians, was nomadic in nature and moved around in several counties, he seemed to regard the Volinia area as really his home. He is known to have resided there in 1825, and possibly years before that.

Weesaw was consistently friendly to the white men even though they were taking over his ancestral lands. In 1827 a party of government surveyors working about 10 miles north ran out of food.

Knowing Weesaw's friendliness, they sent a couple of men to his village for a supply. He not only furnished the food but helped carry the provisions back to their camp.

Weesaw tried to get a patent from the government for himself for three square miles that included the present site of Volinia. Not succeeding he moved into western Berrien County where he died in 1834, reportedly murdered by his own men in a drunken brawl.

The family who loved trees were the Newtons. The first of this line was James Newton, who arrived by wagon through the woods in 1832. His deeded land included Weesaw's old village and he slept his first night on his new tract in an abandoned wigwam belonging to one of Weesaw's braves.

James Newton was a member of the Constitutional Convention that framed the first document for the State of Michigan, and later served in the legislature. His son, George, held various local offices and also served in the legislature.

The Newtons had a patent on 660 acres of land, of which they only cleared 260, leaving 400 acres of virgin timber, untouched by axe or plow.

Major Newton, son of George Newton and a bachelor, continued the family tradition and refused all offers for the timber which, as the years went on, became extremely valuable.

In 1896 he was tricked into selling 40 huge walnut trees. The selling price was $10,000, an enormous sum for forty trees then. But Major Newton was heartbroken to see axemen working in Newton's woods, as the tract was called at that time.

The buyer was a German firm that imported woodsmen from Germany, cut the trees close to the ground and then afterwards dug out the stumps. All the wood went to Germany where it was made into gunstocks for the German army.

Major Newton never sold any more trees. Some time after his death, the property came into possession of Fred Russ who presented it to Michigan State University for a forestry school. The university has done some cutting and has cleaned up the fallen trees, but otherwise the land is just as Weesaw left it.

Russ Forest, as the woods are now called, snuggles up to the west side of the village of Volinia. The old Newton home is now the area headquarters of the Forestry Department of Michigan State University.

The miller who built his mill so far away from the dam was named Amos Green. Some time in the 1860's, he built a mill on the creek just north of the village and dug a mill race from a dam upstream.

The mill race was a deep ditch about 10 feet wide at the bottom and 3,000 feet long. The labor to dig the trench through the trees must have been tremendous.

Why Green the miller chose to locate his mill at this point on a rapidly running stream which had dozens of better mill sites is a mystery to the modern generation.

The mill, however, prospered for many years. In 1889, after Green's death, it was sold to Irvin M. Skinner, who installed new machinery for making flour and also a cider press.

Skinner operated the flour and cider mills for about 20 years until his accidental death on October 7, 1909. He accidentally backed into the revolving main shaft and a cog caught his clothing, pitching him against a beam. He died a few hours later.

The mill never ran again as changing conditions made operations unprofitable. Hardly a trace is left of the old mill. The long mill race, which once was the best fishing spot in the township, has been used as a dump and much of it is filled up. Some of it has escaped the dumping but the fish are gone.

The Volinia Anti-Horsethief Society was organized in 1852 at a time when thieves were causing great losses to the farmers of the township. It was so successful in catching the thieves and recovering the horses that horse stealing died out in the area. The society was continued as a social organization for many years.

Today, Volinia does not appear on most maps and it no longer has a postoffice. Residents get mail from Decatur, telephone service from Dowagiac, and send their children to Marcellus schools.

Nevertheless, it has a very vigorous life on its own. The people still show the independent spirit that animated their ancestors, the early settlers.

1967

First Local Serviceman Killed in Vietnam

Word was received Tuesday morning of the death of Army Specialist Clarence Gipson, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gipson, Route 1. Clarence was killed Monday in Vietnam while on patrol as a member of the Airborne Infantry, Co. A, 25th Division.

Clarence had served in the Army for 14 months and was sent to Vietnam in August 1966. The report stated that he was hit by small arms fire while on night ambush patrol and was admitted to a field hospital where he died Monday.

He was a 1965 graduate of DHS and was quite active in sports. In 1964 he was named the most valuable player in DHS athletics for the year.

Clarence was one of 13 children. The youngest is a daughter, born Tuesday, Apr. 4, at the Gipson home. She has been named Maxine Rose.

Funeral services are incomplete at this time, but it is expected that the body will arrive in Decatur in about 10 days for burial here.

Funeral services were held Tuesday for Specialist 4, Clarence F. Gipson who was killed in action in Vietnam on Apr. 3. The services held at the First Presbyterian church were conducted by the U. S. Army, American Legion and V. F. W. Burial was in Harrison cemetery. Rev. Henry Houseman officiated and Newell funeral home was in charge of arrangements.

Word was received here after notification of his death, that he had been awarded the Silver Star in Cu Chi, Vietnam, on Mar. 19. Spec. Gipson earned the medal on Feb. 26, when his unit, Co. A of the 9th Infantry's 4th battalion, was attacked by numerically superior Viet Cong force. The 21 - year - old specialist constantly checked with his men and encouraged them as they tried to hold the company perimeter. As they were forced to withdraw, Gipson remained behind to cover them.

Gipson was awarded the Silver Star by Major General Fred C. Weyland, commanding general of the division.

Spec. Gipson was a 1965 graduate of Decatur high school. He entered the Army in January, 1966, and was stationed at Ft. Benning, Ga., before going overseas in July, 1966.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gipson, Route 1.

DEATH OF CARL SQUIER

Bad news travels fast, and I am sure that many of you already have heard that one of our most respected and, indeed, beloved associates, Carl Browne Squier, died yesterday. He was 74 and had been a pivotal figure in the growth of Lockheed for nearly four decades.

The passing of a member of the family is always a shock, and it is particularly so in Carl's case. It is no exaggeration to say that had there been no Carl Squier, there quite conceivably would have been no Lockheed today.

It was he, you will recall, who came to Burbank in 1929 as general manager of the Lockheed Aircraft Company division of Detroit Aircraft Corporation, and who struggled so valiantly — but futilely — to prevent its being dragged into bankruptcy, along with its parent firm, in the depression year of 1931.

It was Carl who depleted his own savings and mortgaged his car and home to meet payroll demands in 1932. It was Carl who, believing that "the Lockheed name is too good to die," refused to sell the Burbank plant itself on a piecemeal basis. It was Carl who took the late Robert E. Gross on his first tour of the factory, a tour that led to purchase of the assets of the company by Gross and a group of associates for $40,000 in June 1932. Out of that purchase came formation of the present corporation.

In those years, Carl became the world's best known airplane salesman — a title richly earned in a period when his wide acquaintance with sportsmen aviators, private operators, and airline people, as well as his ability to sell unknown and untried Lockheed products, kept the hopes of the struggling new company alive.

But salesmanship was not his only talent. Carl was a good administrator, both in the pre-1932 days and later. He demonstrated a broad capacity during World War II years when, as Lockheed Overseas Corporation's executive vice president, he oversaw the building and operation of our military aircraftre assembly and modification base at Langford Lodge, 20 miles west of Belfast, Ireland. Within four months Lockheed employees under Carl's supervision had built a modern industrial city that reassembled and modified 3250 airplanes, serviced 11,000 more, and overhauled 450,000 components — a tremendous contribution to ultimate allied victory. And it was only one link in a Lockheed service empire that ranged also to Africa, China, and remote island outposts in the Pacific, all under Carl's stewardship.

Vice president-sales from 1932 to 1956, Carl in the latter year became assistant to the president. He retired from that position in 1958. He was a member of the board of directors from 1934 until 1963, when he was elected an honorary director and continued to be available for consultation.

Carl was the 13th licensed pilot in the U.S. In World War I he was a combat pilot with the 90th U.S. Aero Squadron, formed a friendship with Eddie Rickenbacker that continued through the years, and earned the Croix de Guerre — which, typically, he never discussed. He counted among his friends many flying greats — among them Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Wiley Post. But most important to him, always, was Lockheed — its people, its plans, its prospects.

Carl's memory and spirit will live with us always. We all extend our deep sympathy to Mrs. Squier and to his two daughters, Mrs. Robert L. Henry of Mexico City and Mrs. Gilbert Jones Jr. of Los Angeles.

Funeral services are scheduled at noon Wednesday at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. Burial will be at Valhalla Memorial Park close to the Lockheed airport and location of the Portal of the Folded Wings. The family asks that no flowers be sent, but contributions may be made in his memory to the Cancer Research program at the UCLA Medical Center.

D.J. Haughton
Chairman of the Board
(Corporate Management Memo)
November 6, 1967

Researching Centennial Farms In Hamilton Township

LETTER TO EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I was asked to research the centennial farms in Hamilton township because I live here and have had so many relatives who took up land in the township. In inquiring for the number of centennial farms, I learned several interesting things about the 1800's, as everybody was so helpful.

The Howard's great grandparents came from Buffalo in 1837, and took up land near Hamilton township. They first built near a spring. They thought the good road would go past their new house, but it didn't. It was the Territorial Road and it went through where there was a streak of oak trees with very little underbrush. Many have called it an Indian trail, and perhaps it was. They knew where there was less work to making a trail or a road for wagons or the stagecoaches.

In about 1861, the Celery Center Road was made ahead of the two teams of oxen and two of horses when Aunt Jane Brooks and Silas Mumaugh came from Ohio with four little children and her brother Nelson. They came to Decatur and six Indians came ahead of them and cut the stumps off even with the ground to make a road for them out to their new farm. While men were working at the railroad track about a half-mile from the house, Aunt Jane used the handcar to go to town for groceries on the railroad track.

After a couple of years, Nelson went home and great grandma said to Ruthie, "Janie needs you. You had best go to Michigan and help her." So she did, and when then Civil War soldiers came home she undoubtedly met grandpa at the Grange dances as she spoke of them many times and named over many people she was acquainted with in Hamilton — Bullards, Byers, Broadhurst, Comley, Haydon, Hager, Guntles, Osborns, Rosevelt, Gwilt, Roth, Mead and Sturr, just to mention a few that probably gratefully enjoyed the dances and fairs here.

Then great grandma sent her youngest, Sophia, to help Janie, and after a while, she married Jim Comley, a widower. His daughter Hattie married George Tisdale, a resident of Hamilton.

Several cousins came and took up farms nearby. One was John Brooks and others were Mary and Orin Maxon.

Most farmers in the 1800's did general farming to raise a year's supply of food. When they had nice things, they enjoyed showing them at the Grange Free Fair. One told me she remembered seeing the fruits and vegetables in one end of the hall and flowers in the other. I understand the last Fair was about 50 years ago, and that the hall was built in '76. Before that, the dances were held over the tavern.

Selling logs was not only the way they cleared the land, but also the way they paid for their places. The Nesbett saw mill in this township sent lumber by train to New York, then by boat around to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Millard purchased their place in 1837 and came from Connecticut with a baby girl. Not long afterward Calvin passed away, but even though Lucy had been raised in the city, she stayed, and it was in her house the first Sabbath school and day school were taught in this township, and by her.

Frederick Knickerbocker took up ground near the lake that has been named for him. He was buried on the island. The estate appraisers in September, 1841, valued 160 acres of his land at $400. This is now owned by Ward Cady and Millard Phillips, our township supervisor. He also owns the most of what was called the Waldo Phillips place. Waldo's wife inherited it. It had changed hands three times in York State before her grandfather bought it in 1854 and settled on it.

The Charles Byers farm is a centennial farm near the Field school and the Reason and Sarah (Sloan) Comley place now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Mead was purchased in 1841 by Mr. Mead's great grandparents. This is another of the few centennial farms in this township.

The Haydon farm near this township was noted for fancy horses. This township was noted for peppermint and the best flavored celery. They are also of the past now.

One of the letters loaned for the Hamilton Grange centennial display was quite interesting. "1845, This letter will enclose $3 for my taxes. You will please pay them and if there is any money left, keep it as your own. I hope you will have an eye to my lot that no depreciations are committed. I understand your Central Railroad will be completed to Kalamazoo this winter. When it is completed to St. Joseph, it will be a noble thing for Michigan.

Patrick Creagan
built house.

Bought land from
Robert Nesbit
1867.

James Creagan
bought the farm
in 1898 from heirs.

Art Creagan
bought the farm
from heirs about
1940

Jim Sowa Is Killed In Vietnam

Pfc. James A. Sowa, 21, became Decatur's second victim of the war in Vietnam when he was killed by the rotary blade of a helicopter on Saturday, Oct. 12, according to word received by his parents from the U. S. Army last Friday afternoon. He had been working in demolition service. He entered the Army in April and took his basic and advanced training at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., and went to Vietnam on Aug. 26.

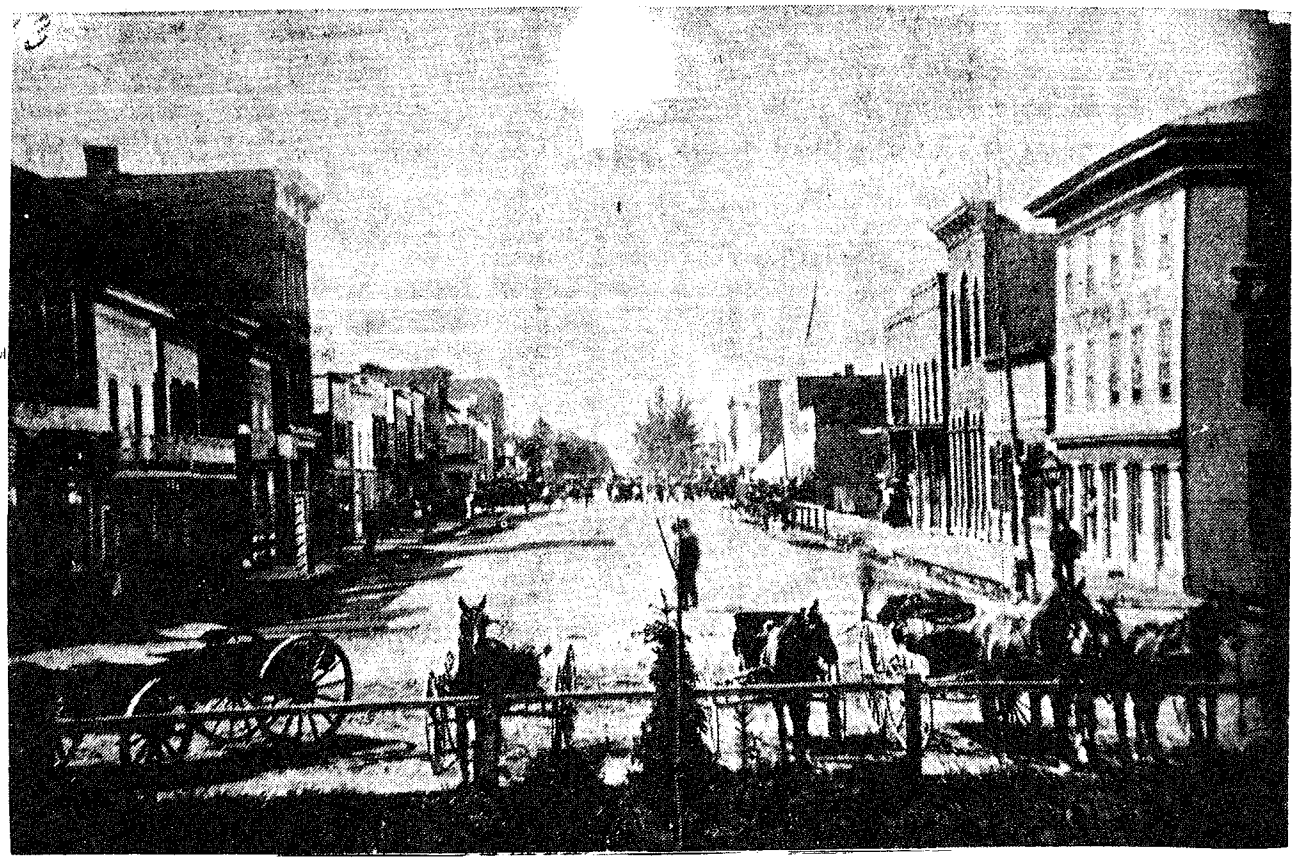
He was born Nov. 7, 1946, in Chicago, the son of Andrew and Eleanor Dyrcz Sowa, and moved with his parents to Decatur in 1949. He was a member of the 1965 graduating class of Decatur high school and served as vice president. He then attended Michigan Technological University at Houghton for two and one-half years. He was a member of Holy Family Catholic Church.

He is survived by his parents; and one brother, Steven. Other survivors are his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Sowa of Arlington Heights, Ill.; his grandfather, Joseph Dyrcz of Dowagiac; and aunts and uncles, Mrs. Helen Urbanowicz of Arlington Heights, Walter Dyrcz of Lexington, Ky., Stanley and John Dyrcz of Decatur, and Mrs. Don Overley, Decatur. He also leaves 13 cousins.

Pfc. James A. Sowa

The Rosary will be recited at the Newell funeral home at 7:30 o'clock tonight (Thursday), and funeral services will be held in Holy Family Church at 11:00 o'clock Friday morning. The Rev. Leo Taubitz will celebrate the Mass, and officers from Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, will conduct military services. Burial will be in Harrison cemetery.

"First Things In Decatur"



PHELPS ST. DECATUR 1893 — The photo above is from the collection of Miss Grace Weeks. This was taken from the village park looking north up Phelps St. The large building on the right is the Duncombe House which is now a vacant lot next to the News Stand. The other buildings can all be identified by Miss Weeks.

(Because of the unusual interest in the early days of Decatur by many of the students of the local school, the following article is being reprinted from the Republican files of March and April, 1916, written by William H. Tuttle.)

Who Named Decatur?

Until the year 1847, the village of Decatur was not, and its site was simply a fine hunting and fishing ground.

In that year Beers and Sherwood of New York City obtained a government grant of 5,000 acres of land hereabouts, and when the Michigan Central Railroad was completed through to Niles, they donated the present ground used by the Railroad to get a station established here.

I have never been able to find out who it was that named the place, but all accounts agree that it was called Decatur after the celebrated Naval officer of that name.

The village was first platted and named in the year 1849, and the first store was opened in the same year by Col. T. E. Phelps, on the corner of Sherwood and Phelps streets, where the Brigham building now stands, and for a year this was the only store in the village.

First Excursion On The M. C.

The first train over the Michigan Central railway passed through Decatur some time in the fall of 1848, probably in October, but I can find no definite date, and the first excursion train was run over the road on Oct. 7 of this year, from Detroit to Niles, and this was probably the first passenger train over the road and it carried excursionists from all way stations. Probably not many from Decatur went on this first excursion, for there were very few people here then.

The first station agent for the M. C. Ry., was a Mr. Goddard, and the first telegraph operator I think was Billy Weed.

The First Buildings

The first building in Decatur, that I can find any record of was a shanty put up by C. T. Tucker in 1347. It stood south of the railroad, and was used by Tucker as a boarding house for the railway hands.

Decatur was first incorporated in 1859. E. P. Hill was the first president, and Orrin T. Welch was the first recorder. But the village had been platted for a number of years before this time. Hiram Lee bought the first lot in 1848, even before the ground had been platted. This lot was designated as the

third lot west of the village square.

The first school house was the "Old Red School House," built in 1848, on the north end of what is now Wally Greenman's lot, and the first teacher was Miss Sarah Cook, with twelve pupils, and the first school was opened in the winter of 1848-49. Probably not one of those first scholars are now alive.

The first postoffice here was established in 1852, and George Sherwood was the first postmaster.

The First Newspaper

The first real newspaper in Decatur was "The Van Buren County Tribune" published by Chas. P. Sweet. I can find nothing to show the date when the Tribune was born, but from my own recollections I think that it was some time in 1860. It was discontinued

(Continued on page 4)

in the summer of 1864. It was never much of a newspaper.

But there had been before this a few numbers of a supposedly Decatur paper — printed in Paw Paw by Rufe Nash — and brought over here for distribution, but it only lasted a few weeks. It never had any printing office of its own in our village. Does any old inhabitant remember anything about that short-lived paper, and what it was called?

The Oldest Swamp Road

The first road across the big swamp south was built by Beers and Sherwood in 1849 and was completed in the fall of that year. It was estimated to cost $2,000, of which the Railroad company contributed $500, and the village $300. The records do not say who paid the balance, but probably it was Beers and Sherwood.

A small section of this road was planked but the greater part was made of split logs laid on stringers. It was a rough road to travel over and for years after it was built, whenever a team passed over it, one could see it weaving up and down, ahead of and behind the load.

The first passenger to pass over the new road was a Miss Hathaway (afterwards Mrs. A. B. Copley) who was taken across by Mr. Goddard, the station agent, on Nov. 6, 1849, only three days after the road was completed.

Beginning Of The Churches

The first church society in our village was the Presbyterian organized Feb. 1, 1852, by the Rev. Marcus Harrison with only three members besides himself. There had been before this time traveling Methodist ministers through here and they probably preached in the village.

A Methodist organization was effected in 1834, but the records do not say where, and it was probably somewhere in the country, as the first Quarterly Meeting was held in July of that year at George Tittle's.

About 1853 or 1854, Mr. Harrison bought a lot and presented it to the Presbyterian society and a building was begun, and completed in 1856, and Sept. 18 of that year it was dedicated, the sermon being preached by the Rev. A. C. Tuttle of Paw Paw and that was the first church building in Decatur.

The first church bell in town was bought by subscription and was hung in the Presbyterian steeple about 1858 or 1859. I was going to school here at that time, and I remember that after the bell was put up, it was rung almost constantly all day long, every person that had helped to buy the bell being entitled to ring it so many minutes, according to the size of his subscription. Everyone rang it every moment of his allotted time and it was kept going all day long. This is the same bell that is in use today.

The first regular pastor after the completion of the church edifice was Rev. Samuel Fleming, who succeeded Mr. Harrison in August, 1855.

The first Methodist church building was erected in 1860. I can find no record of the first minister's name but from my own recollection, I think that it was the Rev. Mr. Jones.

The first Catholic church service in Decatur was held at the residence of Henry Brown by Father Koopman of Marshall. He preached there four or five times, about 1855 and then Father LaBelle took charge and the meetings were held at the home of Dennis Jordan during the next ten years.

The first Catholic church building was started at the west end of Delaware street about 1867. The walls for the building to rest upon were put up and dedicated with considerable ceremony, but for some reason, unknown to me, it was given up and not completed. The society afterward purchased the Universalist church building, which they still use.

Decatur's Only Distillery

The first mill of any kind, inside or near the village limits, was a saw mill put up by Beers and Sherwood in 1850, near the western limits of the village and the railroad.

The saw mill did not last long, but was converted into Decatur's first, and it is hoped the last, distillery. I can remember being in this distillery, when I was a child. They made what was called high wines, which I suppose is the same as alcohol. They also kept a large number of cattle and hogs and fed them the distillery slops.

I have seen that low ground just west of the village fairly covered with cattle. The hogs ran loose, and were as wild and savage as wolves and had to be shot to catch them.

I was at the distillery with my father one day when a fight broke out among a drove of hogs feeding there and you may believe me it was a fight to the death. Some of the swine got hurt so they bled freely, and as soon as one would begin to bleed the rest would pitch onto him and literally tear him all in pieces and devour the remnants. Several of them were eaten in that way.

Father said that they were all crazy drunk from eating the distillery slops. Anyway, it was a bloody battle and scared me nearly into fits.

They had a good many accidents in the distillery, too. The first one that I remember hearing about, was when Will Harris — afterward a resident of Hamilton for many years — undertook to explore one of the vats with a lighted lantern, causing an explosion and burning him badly. He had to be kept swathed in cotton, for quite a long time, but finally recovered. There was said to have been some very high times around that old whiskey mill amongst the young men working there with the town boys to help them. But the old distillery was finally given up about 1859 or 1860, and the building was torn down and carried off piecemeal, leaving nothing but a hole in the ground and the ruins of a trench, leading under the railway track, to Mud lake, where the pipes were laid to obtain water for making the high wines.

In 1862 I saw the bare frame still standing, but that was gradually carried away for fuel.

The First Business Places

The first drug store was kept by Harry Canall at the corner of Phelps and Delaware streets, — where Mosier's store now stands. The building was erected by Dr. Bartholemew some time before 1854, but what it was used for before Canall occupied it I do not know.

A. H. Dixon & Co., were a close second, after Col. Phelps in having the first store in town, as their store building was put up in 1850. It was considered very fine in

those days.

Ira Nash and W. C. Tucker were also among the very first business men in town in those early days.

The first lawyers in town were George Sherwood and William N. Pardee. Sherwood is said to have been the first Justice of the Peace in town but the town records of these years are very imperfect and are not to be relied upon wholly.

The first hotel in town was put up by L. R. Barker on the old Duncombe House lot at the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets. It was called the Decatur House. I can find nothing to show in what year it was built, but I feel sure that part of the building at least, was put up by Charles Tucker as early as 1850, and used as a boarding house for railroad hands.

Barker added to the building later and made it into a hotel. This hotel burned down about 1860.

Dr. Bartholemew was our first physician and in 1848 he put up a small building on Sherwood street, about where the Paddock Hotel now stands, and some say that he had a small stock of drugs there, but he only remained in town a short time, going to California during the early gold excitement there.

Occasionally physicians from other towns visited Decatur in those days, but our first permanent resident doctor was J. T. Keables, who settled here in 1851.

School And Bank Opened

Our first high school building was erected in 1863-64, and was dedicated in the fall of 1864, and school began on the 25th day of November of the same year. The first principal was Prof. C. F. R. Bellows.

The first town hall was built in 1870 at a cost of $11,000.

Our first saloon was kept by Bob Willis in 1851. Willis was said to have been at one time the wealthiest man in the village. He built quite a number of houses to rent and made money fast by buying and selling real estate, but whiskey, bad speculations and false friends got the better of him at last and he finally died in great poverty in his old age.

The first bank in town was a private concern owned by John Tarbell, but I can find nothing to show when it was first started or how long it lasted.

I can remember being in this bank with my father when I was a child and I think it must have been about 1856 or '57.

Tarbell's bank was in a small wooden building located somewhere near where Charlie Rawson's store is now.

Our first regular bank was our present "Old Bank" and that was organized as a National Bank Oct. 15, 1870.

The First Fire

The first passenger depot was completed in 1848 and was used as such until Sept. 8, 1886, when the present depot was completed. The old depot was moved away at that time and is now used by Sol Schpok as a warehouse. A whole lot of people must have passed through that old depot during the thirty-eight years that it was in use by the railroad.

The first fire in Decatur, so far as I can find out, was in a log or part log store that stood on the corner where Brooks' store is located, but I do not know who occupied the store or what kind of a store it was. It must have burned in 1849 or 1850.

When the water pipes were put in along Phelps street, over 20 years ago, the workmen said that they struck some of those old half-burned logs buried in the ground, but I cannot find out anything certain about the fire.

The First Brick Buildings

The first brick building in Decatur was the one occupied by the Racket store, and for a few years it was the only brick building in the village.

It was put up about the year 1860, by Chas. N. Poore, and used by him as a hardware store and post office on the north side and by Chadwick Bros., as a dry goods and clothing store on the south side.

The "Tribune's" printing office and Poore's tin shop occupied the second story, with Decatur's first billiard hall in the third story.

The other two brick buildings in this block were put up by Poore a few years later.

The first brick residence in town was built and occupied for a time by Tom Brownbridge at the corner of Delaware and William streets and is now occupied by Thomas Graham.

The first hardware store in town was started by Chas. N. Poore in a low wooden building where "Van the Harness Man" is now located. I cannot get the date this store was put in, but it was somewhere about 1855-56. Poore also had the post office in the same building after he was appointed postmaster and the store and Post Office remained there until he completed his first brick store when they were both removed there.

The First Wedding

The first carpenter and joiner to locate in Decatur was L. T. Olds, who came here in July, 1849, and who, with one other carpenter, were the only mechanics in town during the following five years.

The first couple to be married in the village was this same Mr. Olds and Mary Elliott, who were married by Esquire George Sherwood May 18, 1850.

The Old Stave Factory

The old stave factory was first started by Uncle George Bennett as a saw mill in 1854, but in 1858, it was turned into a stave factory, by Jones & Chapin and from this time on until it was finally destroyed by fire almost every young man in our town worked there more or less.

When the war broke out some of the factory boys went into the army, while those who stayed at home, to show their patriotism, put up a high pole at the factory with an imitation musket on top of it — full cocked and pointed south and that pole with the musket on the top of it, stayed up there for many a year after the war closed.

Masonic Lodge Organized

The first secret society organized in Decatur seems to have been either the Good Templars or the Masons.

There was a Good Templars lodge here at some time before the war but I can find no date when it was started.

The Masonic lodge was organized Jan. 14, 1855, with nine members and Henry Canall was the first master.

Before 1855

Our first — and last — brewery, was conducted by Wm. Griffin in a building on the Brownbridge farm just outside the village limits on the north. Griffin must have established the business about the year 1866 and ran it for several years.

In 1851 the business center of the village was made up of the following stores: Col. Phelps on the Brigham lot at the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets; A. H. Dixon & Co., on the corner of Phelps and Delaware streets, — where the Brooks store is now; E. Ingalls located on the Fletcher lot; Bobby Willis' saloon and Tucker's store where the hardware store of W. A. Wood is now, and soon afterward H. Canall established his drug store, and Ira Nash a dry goods store, on the corner now occupied by the Durkee store. These with Barker's hotel and about 75 dwellings constituted the whole of Decatur, until after 1855.

In 1849 the whole village was made up of Col. Phelps' store, the passenger depot, the kitchen of what was afterwards Barker's hotel and three dwelling houses.

I cannot find out where Willis' saloon was located, but I think it

was near where Hamilton's furniture store is now. Neither can I say certainly where E. Ingall's business was but I used to see him draw beer with an old fashioned beer pump, that worked something like a cross cut saw. I also think that he had a meat market.

I have heard Ed Carney say that before the war, he used to sell beefsteak for three cents per pound and I think that he worked for Ingalls.

George Nesbitt tells me that when he first began to drive his father's team to the village he had to hitch the horses to the oak grubs on Main street, as there was not a hitching place in town, and one day when he started for the village his father put a post in the wagon and told him to ask someone to set it at the corner of Phelps and Sherwood streets at Col. Phelps' store. That was the first artificial hitching post in Decatur.

This is a rambling and disconnected account of very early Decatur, but it is the best that I can pick out of the rubbish heap.

Most of it has been taken from old histories, old papers, etc.

Some of it from the talk of old inhabitants and some from my own recollections, although I was too young to remember much about things until after about 1856-57.

The different histories and papers do not all agree as to the dates of certain things, and even the old inhabitants do not always agree in their recollections of the happenings in early Decatur.

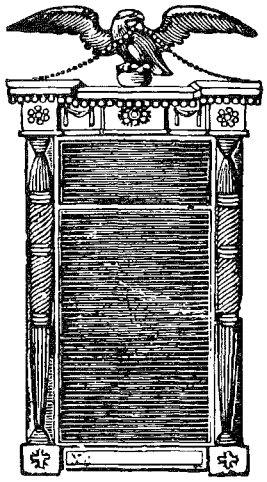
There are some other "first things" that I can get no sure information about at all, so I have had to leave them out entirely.

If I have made mistakes in my dates or in any other way, I shall be very glad to have anyone that can, correct me.

I do not know of a single person living here now who was living here from 1849 to 1954. We have two citizens, Geo. W. Nesbitt and myself who were living in Hamilton in those days and who live in the village now and that is the nearest I can get to it.

If there are any others whose residence goes back that far, I wish they would speak up and tell us about it.

W. H. T.



Decatur's Newest Industry

ED SMOLA is well on his way toward establishing Decatur's newest industry. It is organized under the name of Decatur Quality Glass, Inc. Ed has been making custom aluminum doors and windows for commercial buildings for some time while he was working for Cupples Corp. in Dowagiac. Now that Cupples has been purchased by another company and left Dowagiac, Ed is making his part-time work a full-time business. In addition to this, he has gone into the making of custom doors and windows in a large-scale way. He has at present a contract to provide 45 doors for a new savings bank in Buffalo, N.Y. He is pictured here with the doors ready for shipment.

The old Lapekas garage on M-40 is the location of the shop, which was started up last month.

These custom fabricating jobs are obtained by Ed thru Cupples and are jobs they can't do. Ed gets the extreme-hard-finished aluminum stock from Cupples and using some of his own designs and special tools, provides the finished doors.

Board Honors G. R. Gale For 24 Years Service

G. R. Gale was honored recently by the Decatur School Board for his 24 years of service and membership on the board.

Mr. and Mrs. Gale were guests of honor at a dinner at Glenwood Inn attended by the present members of the board and their wives. During the evening the following resolution by the board was read.

Resolution

WHEREAS, G. Raymond Gale has faithfully served the Decatur Public Schools as a member of the Board of Education from 1944 to 1968; and

WHEREAS, this service has been distinguished by diligence, efficiency, forthrightness, and integrity; and

WHEREAS, the growth and the development of the Decatur Public Schools and its programs reflects his interest and concern;

THEREFORE, be it resolved that the Decatur Board of Education express its deepest appreciation and commendation to G. Raymond Gale for services rendered to the community and school; and

BE IT further resolved that this resolution be published in the Decatur Republican and that a copy be presented to Mr. Gale.

Landmark Falls in Friday's Wind

FOR 300 YEARS, according to Wilhelm Vondrak on whose property the tree stood, this giant oak was a landmark for the Indian trail, then later the stage line from Chicago to Detroit. There are actually two trees, between which the trail passed, one on the other side of the road by Charles Guy's home. The trees are located at the intersection of Co. roads 215 and 352, across from Watson's Grocery.

Observes 101st Birthday

Mrs. Henry Gish

Mrs. Henry Gish observed the 101st anniversary of her birth on Feb. 3. She lives in Huntington Park, Calif., with two of her daughters.

Another daughter, Mrs. Florence Paul of Volinia township, spent three and one-half months this winter with her mother and sisters, and with her daughter Harriet and family in Redlands, Calif.

Former Glenwood Teacher Honored

Miss Pearl Drumb was the guest of honor last Thursday in the Glenwood Union Seventh-day Adventist school where she taught during the years 1918-1922 and 1944-1948.

Some former students who attended during those years were: Janet Scribner, now Mrs. David Larimer of Berrien Springs; Jennie Mullard, now Mrs. Phillip Crawford of Dowagiac; Harold Sibley of Hartford; Beverly Hill, now Mrs. Arnold Velting of Benton Harbor; and her mother, Mrs. Earl Hill, formerly Violet Springsteen of Dowagiac. These former pupils told recollections from school days under Miss Drumb, and cards and letters came from others unable to attend.

Miss Drumb, a long-time resident of Decatur, plans to make her home with a niece in Texas. She will move there during the holiday season.

LIVERY STABLES

In the late 1800's when "Old Dobbin" was at his best, there were two livery stables in Decatur. One was located east of the Duncombe House on Sherwood Street and was operated by Henry Creagan. The other was a large building which stood where the Royal Blue Grocery store now stands. Tom Brownbridge, Bill Graham, and Bert Hinckley were three of the proprietors. Charlie Tase, who had assumed management of the Duncombe House for a number of years, was also proprietor of the livery barn at one time. Livery rigs were as common as taxis are today. Business was brisk as fares were set at a nominal price. Many of the townspeople were without transportation and this service was appreciated by those who had business in the country or in the neighboring towns.

The horse stalls were in the back part of the building, while the buggies and the surries "with the fringe on top" were kept along the sides of the building. The harnesses were neatly hung on the wall back of the horses' stall. Sway-back cutters and sleighs were used in the winter-time. Hay was sotred in the hayloft and was lowered to the stalls through chutes.

One livery rig, rented by a stranger, was never returned to the Hinckley Stables. No trace of the horse, buggy nor man were ever found.

The livery man enjoyed life. In the summer time he had several chairs in the front part of the barn, and his cronies would "stop by" to chat. Many of the village problems were settled in this forum.

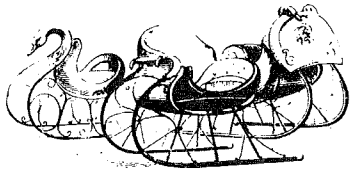
Lime Rawson owned a frame building south of the livery stable (where the Broekhuizen Storage now stands). He bought and sold wheat; also coal. His son, Ed, ran the business after his father's death.

The young men of the village hired livery rigs to squire their ladies fair, and to take them on such outings as picnics, house parties, ball games, sleigh rides, etc. It cost little to hire a rig, so it didn't put too much financial strain on the pocket books of the young men. Then, too, there was Dad's old gray mare and buggy which could be borrowed in an emergency.

Sometimes as many as six or seven livery rigs would be seen on Sunday morning, with as many young couples, on their way to a near-by lake, for a day's outing. A great deal of fun and hilarity was enjoyed on the way, and much clowning took place on the part of the fellows. At times they would jump in and out of the buggy, while it was in motion, to impress their dates with their dexterity. Quite often they were left behind to walk a half-mile or so as their friends had "whipped up" their horses to a lively trot!

Theirs was a life, marked with a leisurely way of living, and I daresay they enjoyed themselves more than do the young people of today. With less tension, nervousness and speed — life was enjoyed to capacity.

1968



A Tribute of Recognition

There comes a time in the life of an individual, or the togetherness experience of a community, when the pause should be made to pay recognition for outstanding accomplishment. Especially for the worthwhile contributions made by persons, whose lives at one time may have been intimately associated with the scenes of the quiet pathways of Decatur.

In this sense of saying and doing something to tell to ourselves, and to the world beyond Main Street, we are aware of the distinguished achievement of former Decatur persons and the existence of community pride of a background identification with lives of such unusual worth.

The selection of the ones thus to honor, apart from the many of very genuine achievement, lies in the final determination of those who have distinguished themselves apart from the majority of their contemporaries. Their particular greatness lies in their own contribution in shaping laudable developments in their chosen area of life's endeavor.

This is a special tribute, therefore, to four persons, who have directed their lives and accomplishments to that ultimate of success that has merited the attention and honor of national recognition.

Norman E. Webster: headed an accountant firm in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Webster received country-wide eminence through the gift and endowment of a fine library for the community of Decatur.

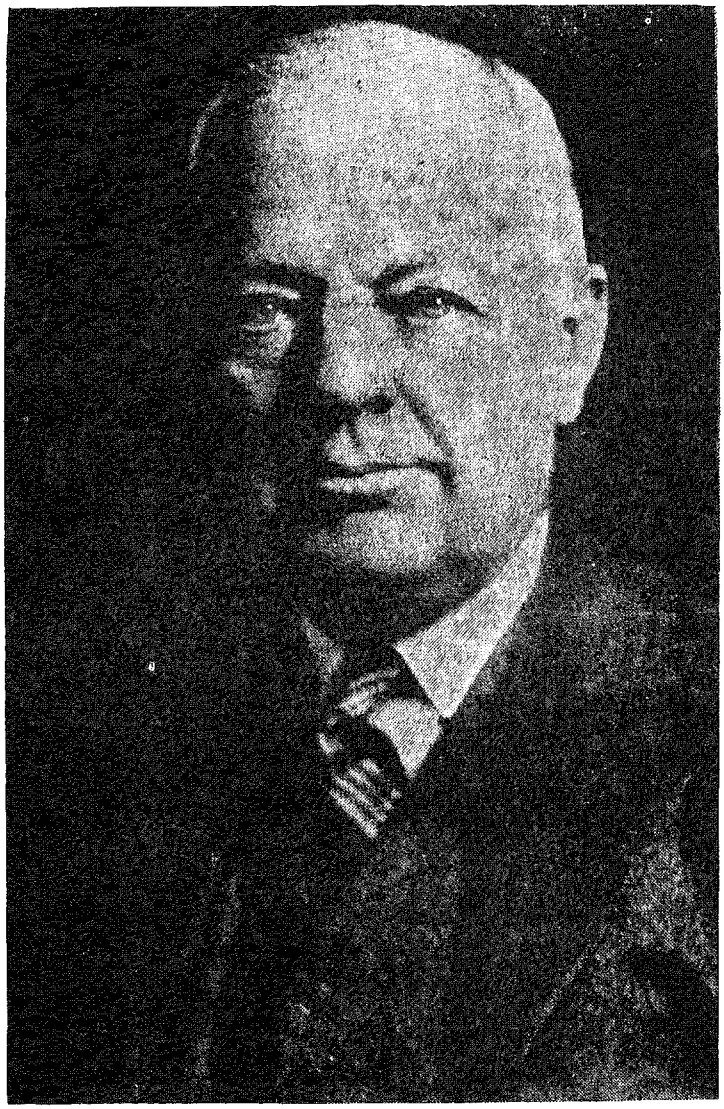
Carl B. Squier: was a pioneering personality in aviation and aircraft manufacturing. He was co-organizer and executive officer of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Edgar Bergen: is outstanding in the entertainment world. He is a famed ventriloquist and creator of the inimitable personality, Charlie McCarthy.

Charles H. Mahoney: was a lawyer and civic leader in Detroit. He was founder of a life insurance company, and the first Negro appointed to the United Nations from the United States.

Decatur has reason to remember these men who have reflected an impressive record of accomplishment, together with a worthy example of character.

In order that this recognition may have lasting significance for our tomorrows, as well as a contemplation for a today, framed portraits of these men are being placed in the Memorial Room of Webster Memorial Library.



Norman E. Webster

The event that brought the spotlight of national [illegible] to Norman E. Webster was unique, from the ordinary conception of [illegible] from the accumulation of things and [illegible].

The fame that came to Mr. and Mrs. Webster was conceived during the later years of their useful lifetime, when the arrangements were completed for an impressive library to be their bequest to the community of Decatur. Following their death came the wide recognition of the scope of their gift and the endowment that was destined to bring lasting good to this community. A gift from a benefactor who never lost sight of the inherent worth of a small home town. An environment where neighborly good will and fundamental value seems to be the enduring basis for the traditional characteristic of the worthwhile citizen of a great country . . . America.

Norman Webster was born in Decatur on March 27th, 1859. His early life and education was in this village that had its own beginning less than twenty-five years earlier. He was ever appreciative, it would seem, for the opportunity of betterment through education. An outstanding influence in this part of his [illegible] years was the support of a Decatur educator and [illegible] of the school, Mr. [illegible] Norman Webster

graduated from the local high school in 1896. A year later he was married to a Decatur classmate, Rose Rezeau. His further education was in the field of Accounting, marked by graduation from Union College, Class of 1896.

He was admitted to the bar and worked with the Treasury Dept. at Washington, D. C. While in the nation's capitol, he was instrumental in the formation of the University Club of that city. It may be noted that Mr. Webster was an honored participant in the 45th Anniversary of the distinguished club in February, 1949.

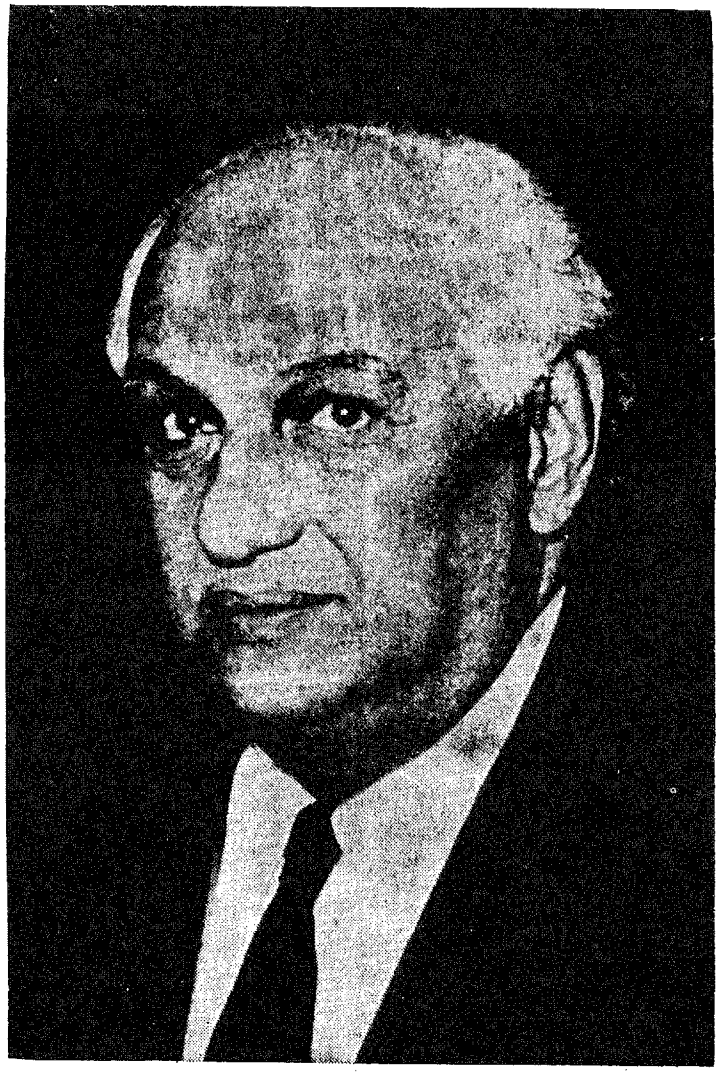
The successful accountant partnership that was headed by Norman Webster was located on Broadway, New York City; the firm name: Webster, Horne, and Elsdon. In the later years of this gentleman's lifetime, he was keenly interested in developing history background for the progress and position of the profession of Accounting. He was chairman of this phase of American Accounting Association. A luncheon hour celebration honored his 85th birthday at the Recess Club, New York City. A worthy demonstration of the affection, esteem, and appreciation of his contemporaries. Throughout his busy career he allotted occasion for relaxation. He was on the membership roster of the Higby Club, Big Moose Lake, New York. He belonged to the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarsborough On The Hudson.

Throughout his lifetime Mr. Webster maintained an interest in the home-town of Decatur through visits and a mutual friendship with Arba Moulton, publisher of the local newspaper. Mr. and Mrs. Webster had no children. The material product of Norman Webster's work and investments were impressive and the community of Decatur became the beneficiary. Mr. Webster passed away in 1956. Mrs. Webster preceded him in death two years earlier. The terms of the Webster will were implemented by the appointed trustees and the construction and equipping of the Webster Memorial Library became a reality.

National recognition came to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Webster through their generous gift to a community that held endearing memory for a most remarkable man and woman. This home town, DECATUR! The community that should never lose sight of the qualifications of an image, an image worth remembering.

Rolland Haefner for
DECATUR LIBRARY BOARD

A Tribute of Recognition



CHAS. H. MAHONEY

The great valedictory in the very name of Chas. H. Mahoney was an appointment to service, based on a particular quality of leadership and a demonstrated concern for his fellowman. As his widow suggested to this writer, "It was a long and upward climb from weeding in the fields of Decatur, to a presidential selection as the first Negro representing the United States at the United Nations, there to have a voice in the deliberations for peace and world betterment."

So many years ago Chas. Mahoney demonstrated with simple determination, the fundamental recipe for advancement that can reach beyond the bounds of color, financial aid, or ethnic sense of heritage.

It may have been Mr. Mahoney's good fortune to have experienced his childhood on the land of Decatur and to be among friends and neighbors of those days, and today, where one is measured by his own contribution to a neighborly way of living. Adequate schools here never have used any measure of entrance or advancement beyond a growing mind's ability to learn.

Graduation from High School in Decatur, Class of 1911, enabled Chas. Mahoney for entrance into Civil College, where application and determination marked his rule and guidance. During his three years at this college he was the only Negro student. The next year he enrolled at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn., and studied there one year. There he received his degree and taught in the University's elementary school to finance his education.

He received his law degree from the University of Michigan

in 1911. In later years he was awarded honorary degrees by Wayne State University, Great Lakes College, Olivet College, Virginia Union University of Richmond, and Central State College in Wilberforce, Ohio.

Mr. Mahoney entered the practice of law in Detroit where he established a highly esteemed reputation. Other business interests, over the years, were a developing part of his ambitious career. He was president of Great Lakes Mutual Life Insurance Co., one of Michigan's oldest life companies. He organized the Great Lakes subdivision at Holly, Michigan. In 1955 Mr. Mahoney became one of the organizers and member of the Board of Directors of the Public Bank of Detroit. The Urban League of Detroit was a devoted interest.

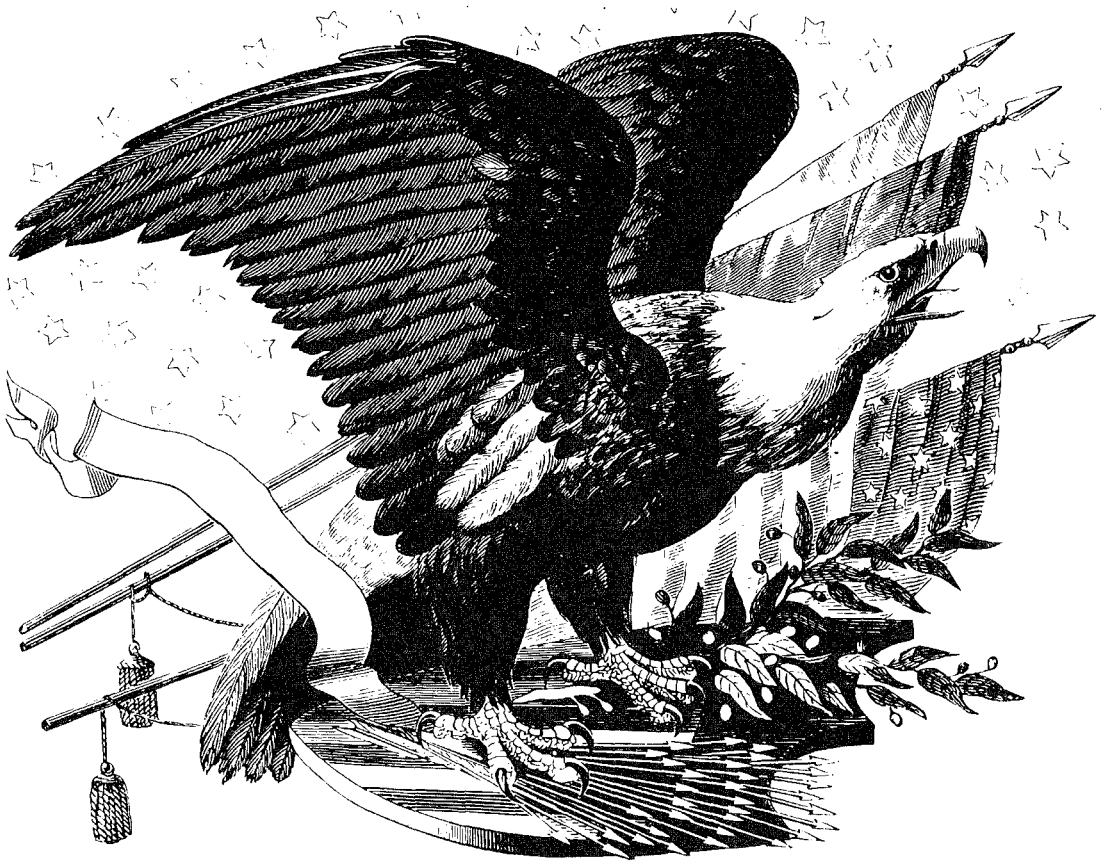
His public career was especially notable and the field of public service was an area where he established a most exemplary record. He was the first American Negro appointed to the Detroit Planning Commission. He was a member of Wayne County Board of Supervisors for ten years and the Michigan Labor Commission for seven years.

What was considered by Mr. Mahoney to be the highlight of his remarkable career, was the appointment by Pres. Eisenhower as the first American Negro delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1954. In this responsibility he served on numerous committees with intense interest and effort.

The people of Michigan, through the State Legislature and Memorial resolution, held deep appreciation for the honorable contribution this distinguished public servant, business man, and esteemed gentleman made in his service of humanitarian principles. The Hon. Chas. H. Mahoney was born in Decatur, Mich., May 29, 1886, and reached the end of his earthly career Jan. 29, 1966.

Somehow the thought continues to prevail, "that the stars may illuminate the dreams and ambition points the way from any humble origin."

Rolland Haefner for
DECATUR LIBRARY BOARD



A Tribute of Recognition

CARL B. SQUIER

"This is the place where I grew
This is the place that I knew."

Thus in initial simplicity, there is nothing more fundamental in the earthy background of one exceptional man, Carl B. Squier. His climb of the exacting stairway to national fame in his chosen field of the skyways and their exceptional vehicles, bore a particular magnitude in concept and unfolded rewarding service in the full accomplishment.

As a youth, Carl Squier saw no promise in the dairy farm of his father. Indeed a family interest in local politics may have kindled a subconscious attraction to people and person relations. From Decatur schools the upward trail led to a page boy stint in the Michigan Legislature, and there a deepened insight into the horizons of individuals of special know-how developed. Carl possessed the endowment of a magnetic personality, which in turn forged a salesmanship potentiality. Detroit was an initiating arena for his beginning work.

World War One found United States seeking personnel for a "borning" military use of the airplane. Carl enlisted into this employment of specially minded young men, where a daring skill not only was the key to survival, but also provided advancement of this type armed weaponry.

Over the skies of France and Germany he shared in the drama that brought fame to an associate named Rickenbacker. The experience was the opening door to the vocation attuned to his particular imagination. The close of this war brought Carl Squier

back to Michigan. groomed by officer advancement. Number 13 pilot license was civilian recognition in the pioneering industry of aviation. For an interval of time he became assocated with a firm, the Detroit Aircraft Company, that was building and selling airplanes. This company acquired a California based concern known by its founder, whose name — "Loughead" — was altered to LOCKHEED.

Carl was sent to Burbank, California, to manage this struggling aircraft activity. He was accompanied by his wife and two young daughters. The Lockheed plane was sleek in appearance and proving a pioneering leader in performance. Flying friends of Carl Squier selected the craft to bring eminence in aviation to United States and progress in faster transportation. Amelia Earhart and Wiley Post opened the way around the world in a Lockheed Vega, and a Lockheed Orion carried Col. Lindberg and his wife on trans-Pacific trails. The famed slogan "Look to Lockheed for Leadership" came into being and was truly prophetic.

These were the formative years in Carl Squier's identification with the pioneering aircraft industry. He was the Lockheed Company and truly there was the ecstasy and the agony. It was the hour of history when the Depression brought about the survival of the fittest. It was also near to a time when a crash of a commercial passenger plane claimed the life of Mrs. Squier.

A deserved memorial tribute to Carl Squier was best written by the Chairman of the Board of the present day great Lockheed Corporation. Simply this was his reminder, "It is no exaggeration to say that had there been no Carl Squier, there quite conceivably would have been no Lockheed today."

Personal sacrifice, faith in flying and his particular plane, and persuasive sales skill brought men and money to Carl Squier's side for the reorganization of the Lockheed Corporation in 1932. The world's best known airplane salesman of the time was being readied for the unbelievable demand for specialized aircraft as a consequence of World War Two. The famed "Hudson Bomber" and the fast twin-tailed P-38's from the Lockheed factories of California became a contributing factor in gaining air supremacy for the Allied cause.

In addition to selling, Carl Squier's administrative skill was demonstrated at this war time. He headed Lockheed Overseas operation, entailing reassembly and modification of planes numbering into the thousands, this in Europe, Africa, and the Orient.

The subsequent growth of the Lockheed Corporation was noteworthy. Expansion into bigger jet aircraft building and development of the fantastic missile system arming Polaris nuclear submarines are a part of the Lockheed hall of fame. Such a company of great importance reached its impressive eminence through a shared guidance of Carl Squier, administrative officer and Board Director. He retired from executive participation in 1963 to an honorary post of advisory capacity.

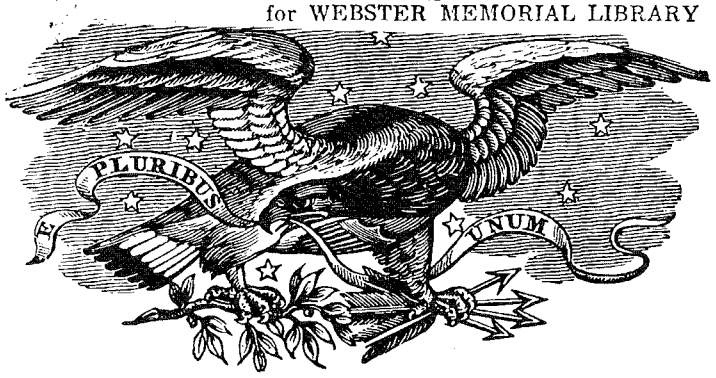
In his private life a remarriage had brought again a sharing of his interesting activities and family. In California, high above the hurries and demands was his home, overlooking both San Fernando Valley and Hollywood. Here was restful hospitality, for a while. His death came in October 1967.

Perhaps a single picture, that hung on the progressive wall of Carl's Lockheed office, was symbolic of the upward reach of this unusual man and his mission. It was an impressive photograph of the tower of a New York City skyscraper, reaching through and above the endless blanket of billowy clouds.

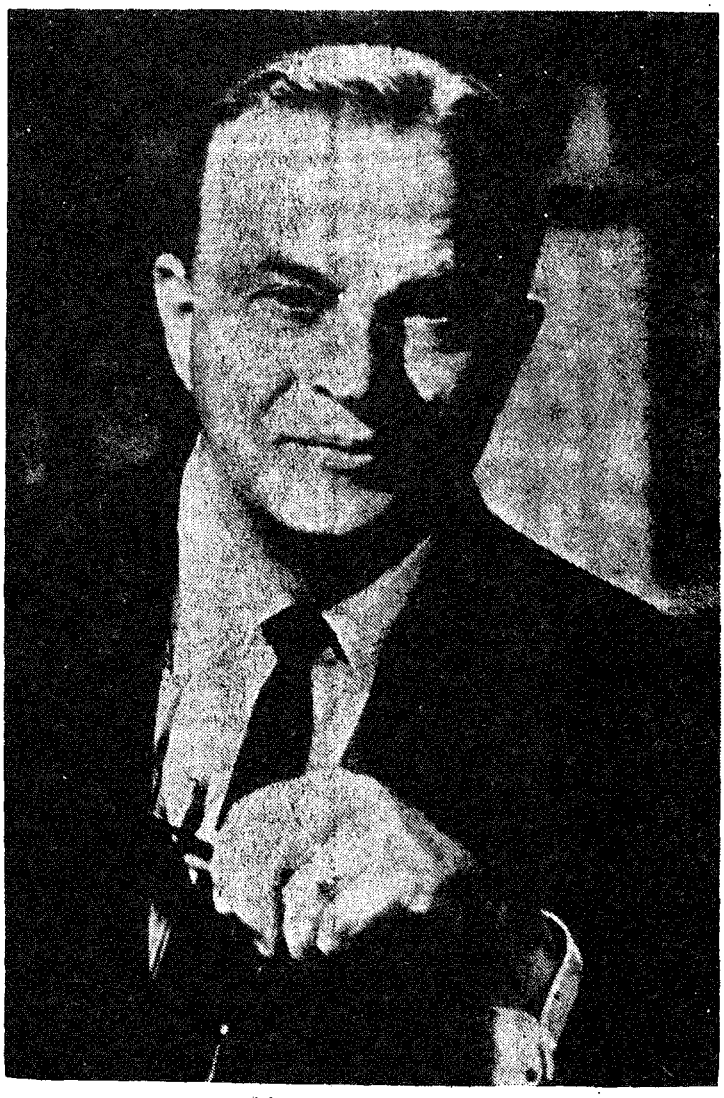
The earthly remains of this famed Decatur personage lie just beyond the massive gateway and portal of Valhalla. A chosen resting place contiguous to his beloved Lockheed enterprise. Overhead soar ever great and pioneering aircraft from Lockheed . . . symbolic but remindful

"This is the place where I grew
This is the place that I knew."

—Rolland Haefner
for WEBSTER MEMORIAL LIBRARY



A Tribute of Recognition



EDGAR BERGEN

The sophisticated and scholarly posture of the [illegible] man" [illegible] the deftness of sarcasm and wit from the realm [illegible] a top-hatted piece of most delectable wood [illegible] the footlights [illegible] Carthy, and [illegible] said packed [illegible] Now Booking of a baronial [illegible] the peck at the comic conventions of [illegible] entrance [illegible] an apt salute to one of the most popular [illegible] of radio history. And [illegible] built of one name [illegible] Carthy, Mortimer Snerd, and [illegible] children that of [illegible] for the breath of life the world knows [illegible] gen. This we are reminded of the [illegible] Carthy hour, Sunday evening [illegible] through 1957, of the [illegible] years yesterday.

[illegible] in the [illegible] family [illegible] to Decatur, [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] perch [illegible] on farm living. [illegible] new true comedy [illegible] law. Some [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

wood carver, who made ventriloquist figures, produced Charlie McCarthy, who was to share in an international fame. Together they played theatres in the United States, Canada, and Europe. In Sweden, Bergen did an entire performance in the Swedish language.

In 1936, Elsa Maxwell arranged a guest spot on the Rudy Vallee radio show, after Edgar had made repeated efforts to reach this special audience. His act was a hit and after three months he had his own program. It proved to be a most popular show with the biggest rating of all time. For twenty years the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy hour was synonymous with the best of national radio entertainment, and appeared at the prime listening time of Sunday evenings.

Without mention of television shows and appearances in twenty motion picture features the eminence of Edgar Bergen as an entertainer ranks with the gifted great. His fine sense of humor and comedy writing skill found a popularity in the universal audience, who seem to yearn for a laugh from wholesome everyday American situations. Through the years he has received the merited respect of his entertainment and business contemporaries.

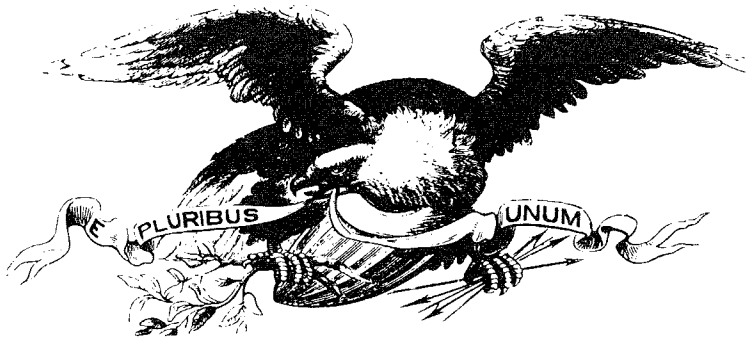
Decatur has remained his "home town." In 1948 this community observed its one-hundredth centennial. Edgar Bergen returned to Decatur to share his talents to make the centennial event a memorable success. Special Decatur friendships have endured over passing time and Edgar has found the time on occasion, to maintain a thoughtfulness by a returning visit with them.

In private life Edgar Bergen has his Hollywood, California, home in a on a mountain-side. In 1945 he married Frances Westerman, a former Powers model. Their daughter Candice has a promising career as an actress and recently appeared in leading role in the motion picture "Sand Pebbles." The Bergens have a son, Kris Edgar.

Many worthwhile interests have supplemented a busy Bergen career. Little known facets of Edgar Bergen's life deserve mention. He is a really veteran flyer for nearly 30 years, owning private aircraft and flying them about the country. He is a skilled amateur magician and collector of steam propelled machines. A farming operation near to Indio, Calif., is a part of his diversified interests. A scholarship at the Northwestern University School of Speech bears Bergen's name. Nearly 25 years ago he established the Bergen Foundation for Student Nurses, opening the way for many hundred girls to become R.N.'s

'Tis said "that a light heart lives long." A man cannot leave a greater legacy to the world than the much needed laughter to lightenone's heart. Thus Edgar Bergen will be best remembered in the millions of memories that have shared their moment of laughter lift, provided by an entertainment great . . . and a wooden dummy.

Rolland Haefner for
DECATUR LIBRARY BOARD



FINANCIER'S GIFT TO DECATUR ' SPARKED BY TEACHER'S INTEREST

Norman E. Webster started school in Decatur in 1875 and completed the elementary grades there. After he moved to Sturgis, he returned to Decatur where he finished school in 1884 at the age of 16.

Influenced by two local teachers, Webster left his home town to seek his fortune.

Following a six - year stop in Kalamazoo and a job with the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, he worked in the office of the auditor for the U.S. Post Office in Washington.

He married Rose Rezeau, a former Decatur schoolmate in 1895, and the newlyweds moved to New York City where they remained for the rest of their lives.

Webster entered Union College in Schenectady, N.Y., and graduated in 1896 with a degree in accountancy. He added a law degree 10 years later.

Although he never practiced law, he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court and wrote numerous articles on various phases of law.

After graduating from law school, he returned to New York City for his interest was still in the world of accounting. He founded his own business and expanded to several other eastern cities. His CPA firm still bears his name.

Webster maintained an interest in Decatur and the school from which he graduated. He secured and entered chronologically in scrapbooks scores of graduation programs and other items connected with his home town.

He corresponded regularly with a few close friends, among them Earl E. Copley and Arba Moulton, publisher of the Decatur Republican. With frequent visits, he kept close ties with Decatur.

As he and his wife were facing their declining years, they began to think about what they could do with the modest fortune they had accumulated. The Websters were childless.

Firmly believing that it was the community of Decatur that gave Webster his impetus toward success, they began to think of something to do for the village. A public library was the perfect gift.

Webster selected Moulton, Copley and Marvin McWilliams to start the wheels moving locally. When the veteran newspaperman died, Lyle Parker replaced him. Webster died in 1958 and the library opened four years later.

KALAMAZOO GAZETTE SUNDAY, OCT. 20, 1968 DECATUR'S WEBSTER LIBRARY A MAN' LEGACY TO HIS HOME TOWN

DECATUR—This small comfortable Van Buren County Village has a big-town institution . . . Webster Memorial Library.

Dedicated on Oct. 30, 1960, the library is nearing the end of its first decade of service to Van Buren County. The dream of its benefactor is being realized.

The library, costing $250,000, is part of a half-million dollar memorial gift to the community of Decatur from Mr. and Mrs. Norman Webster.

Webster, a native of Decatur, attended the local school system and was influenced in his career by two Decatur teachers, Henry Upton and Abigail Pearce. Encouraged to leave Decatur for larger enterprises, Webster became a prominent and wealthy New York financier.

He never forgot what his two former teachers did for him. Both educators left Decatur many years ago but their faith in a boy who seemed above average to them, returned to benefit Decatur in the form of an educational tool whose value today and tomorrow is unlimited.

Today, Webster Library has 81,000 volumes to serve its 50,000 potential customers around the county.

Under the direction of its librarian, Curt Bohling, it is regarded as a strong rural library. For example, few similar institutions around the state can match its collection of volumes on Michigan and area history. Even larger libraries are a little green-eyed.

Decatur itself has a population of only 1,827, but Webster draws its readers from all over the county. Branches are located in Bangor, Bloomingdale, Covert, Gobles, Lawrence and Mattawan. A bookmobile also distributes Webster volumes.

Even if books are not your cup of tea, the building is still a valuable asset to the community. Its community room offers spacious room for important meetings and organizational gatherings.

The library also features films and records that can be borrowed. The record collection spans the classic to true jazz to the Beatles.

A library is a diary of the human race. It mirrors the past, the present, and offers a key to the future.

"The duty of a public library is to preserve pictures, books and reports about an area," Bohling said. "If a library didn't do it, no one else would."

And knowledge would go the way of the dinosaur.

FORMER RESIDENTS RETURN TO MICHIGAN AFTER YEAR'S STUDY IN NEW GUINEA

★

by Mildred Howe Pritchard

A former Decatur resident and her husband have recently returned to Michigan after more than a year of study of a primitive New Guinea people.

Patricia Woods Townsend, a 1958 graduate of Decatur high school, and her husband, William, went to New Guinea in January, 1966. Mrs. Townsend was awarded a fellowship from the National Institute of Health and a National Science Foundation research grant for the study.

Pat is a Ph.D. student in Anthropology at the University of Michigan, where she was awarded the B. A. in 1962 and the M. A. in 1963, both in Anthropology.

Cultural Anthropology, she explains, is the study of the way of life of the peoples outside the

Western world.

The Sanio people which she selected for her project, who live in the Sepik River district of New Guinea, had not previously been studied. Learning the local language, which is spoken by only the approximately 500 Sanio people, and which also has never been studied, was a major task for the Townsends.

"At first I could just point and learn a word like 'house,' " said Pat, "but later when I heard a word like 'opanaria'i,' I really had to puzzle out that it meant 'stingy.' "

Bill, a Ph.D. student in Civil Engineering at the University of Michigan, assisted Pat in the project with "the more practical side of the research," she stated. He was responsible for photography, surveying, mapping, building and repairing, operation of an outboard canoe, and measuring rainfall, which amounted to more than 200 inches a year.

He also undertook some specific projects of his own. One was a study comparing the effectiveness of stone adzes with the steel axe, which has been in use by these people for only about five years. This involved counting the number of strokes needed to chop down trees of various sizes.

The native diet was one of Pat's prime considerations in her investigation. The staple food is sago, which is produced from the sago palm. Bill's job was to measure and count all the sago which came into the village for a time to determine land yield.

Pat accompanied the native women as they worked the sago, which is found in swampy areas requiring them to walk in deep mud at times. To derive the starchy substance from the pithy part of the tree, the women pound the fiber with a stone-headed hammer and then rinse it in troughs which they have constructed. The starch is allowed to settle and later is prepared for eating as a pudding or by baking it in leaves over coals. This bland diet is supplemented by wild game and other foods which are gathered in the area.

In addition to subsistence and language, family and community life were a focus of the study. Pat made long lists of the visitors to the community, relatives taking part in weddings and funerals, and the number of children that had been born to the women she met. The people discussed with her their beliefs in spirits and sorcerers who caused illness and death. They also told stories, which they called "dream talk," including the tale of how man originally emerged from a sago log.

During the major part of the 22 months the Townsends were away, they lived in a hamlet, Yareno, on the Wogamus River. There were 14 permanent residents there along with constant native visitors in the community house which made its average population about 30. A separate house was built by the village people for the Townsends of sago stems and leaves, logs tied with rattan, and palm-bark flooring.

To reach this community, it was necessary to fly from Sydney, Australia, to Lae, New Guinea, and then on by single-engine plane to the Australian government post of Ambunti. From there it was a two-day trip up-river in a 40-foot dugout canoe powered by an outboard motor. The canoe also carried all their supplies, including canned food and kerosene for lighting and cooking.

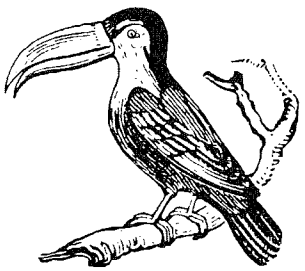
While in New Guinea, the Townsends also visited other areas of the territory to discover cultural and language differences. Some of these trips were by houseboat or canoe. They also spent time at the Summer Institute of Linguistics (Wycliffe) base at Ukarumpa.

Pat states that they were received in New Guinea with great enthusiasm and friendliness. Since most of the natives are small in stature, they were amused to learn that they were being called "the big people."

The medicine they took along "has assured the welcome of the white man," she stated. They gave 214 doses of penicillin for treatment of yaws, a disfiguring tropical skin disease which is prevalent. The penicillin offers a dramatic cure, and the people greatly appreciate it, she said.

On their return trip in November, the Townsends visited Thailand, Switzerland, France and the Netherlands. They now reside at 1101 Maiden Lane Court, Apartment 105, Ann Arbor 48105.

The information gleaned during their New Guinea stay is now being worked into Pat's doctoral thesis and several articles for publication. Upon completion of the Ph.D, she hopes to enter college teaching and undertake further anthropological research.



MEMORIAL DAY ORIGINATOR—This portrait, painted by Katherine Karl, is of Mrs John A. Logan, who originated the idea of Memorial Day. Mrs. Logan was the wife of Gen. John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. The portrait now hangs in the Tucson home of her grandson, John A. Logan III.

—Associated Press Newsfeatures Photo

General's Wife Conceives Memorial Day in 1868

By MURRAY SINCLAIR

TUCSON, Ariz. — Memorial Day may mean more to a retired Tucson cavalry officer than anyone else in the nation — his grandmother conceived it.

John A. Logan still has General Order No. 11 issued by his grandfather on May 5, 1868, which designated May 30 as Decoration Day for "the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in the defense of their country during the late rebellion."

Logan's grandfather was John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. But the inspiration for the order originated with the general's wife, a small, compassionate lady with a will of iron.

May 30 was chosen because the wildflowers would be blooming. Children and their parents could go into the fields and woods to gather the flowers, and then place them on the graves.

"In the early spring of 1868, Gen. William T. Sherman took a party of friends on a tour of Southern battlefields," Logan explained. "My grandfather was invited, but he had recently been elected a senator from Illinois and felt that he could not take the time away from these duties. His wife — my grandmother — went in his place.

"She was impressed by the fact that the graves of the Confederate soldiers were decorated with flowers. Most of them had been placed there by children.

"When she returned to Washington, she told my grandfather that it would be nice, and fitting, if the graves of the men from the North also had flowers placed upon them.

"My grandfather agreed at once.lHis order designated May 30 as Decoration Day for all G.A.R. members.

"The idea took hold at once. The day was celebrated all over the North. Then, in 1871, I believe, my grandfather introduced the bill in Congress that made it a holiday. When the bill was signed, the name was changed to Memorial Day, although many continued to use the name Decoration Day."

Patchwork Quilt

Laurel Dobbs

A piece of white satin from a
wedding dress,
A piece of blue linen that came
from Aunt Bess,
And even some green from my
old silk belt,
All that to go in our new patch
work quilt.

Mother's bright gingham, my
old pinafore,
Sonny's gray knickers (the
old ones he tore,)
Father's old trousers his
once good old shirts,
And even Aunt Bessie's old
underskirts.

Mother's been working from
morning 'till night,
Sewing up pieces, some dull
and some bright,
I'll surely help her when the
work is done,
For to sew patchwork quilts
is lots of fun.

REASON FOR LIFE

I don't know how to say it but sometimes it seems to me
That maybe we are stationed where God wanted us to be;
That the little place I'm filling is the reason for my birth
And just to do the work I do
He sent me down to earth.

If God had wanted otherwise,
I reckon He'd have made
Me just a little different, of a worse of better grade,
And since God knows and understands all things of land and sea
I fancy that He placed me here just where He wanted me.

Sometimes I get to thinking, as my labors I review,
That I should like a higher place with greater tasks to do
But I come to the conclusion, when the evening is stilled
That the post to which God sent me is the post He wanted filled.

So I plod along and struggle in the hope when day is through
That I'm really necessary to the things God wants to do.
And there isn't any service I can give which I should scorn
For it may be just the reason God allowed me to be born.

Author Unkown

COUNTY MIGRANT AFFAIRS COUNCIL SEEKS FUNDS FOR RETURNING MIGRANTS

The Van Buren County Migrant Affairs Council composed of agencies, growers and migrants sent the following telegram Aug. 13, to the following:

Donald Rumsfeld, Director, — O.E.O., Washington; William Milliken, Governor, Lansing; Wendell Verduin, Regional Director, O.E.O. Lansing; J. C. Kasper, Regional Office, Dept. of Labor, Chicago.

The telegram said:

"Be it resolved that the Migrant Affairs Council of Van Buren county, Michigan is very concerned with the impending crisis of migrants returning home. We, therefore, strongly request that the Office of Economic Opportunity allocate immediate emergency funds to make it possible for destitute migrant farm laborers to return to their homes. The funds allocated to be distributed by the local CAA Financial office upon request of an agency representative of the Area Migrants Affairs Council, with a minimum amount of paper work (red tape)."

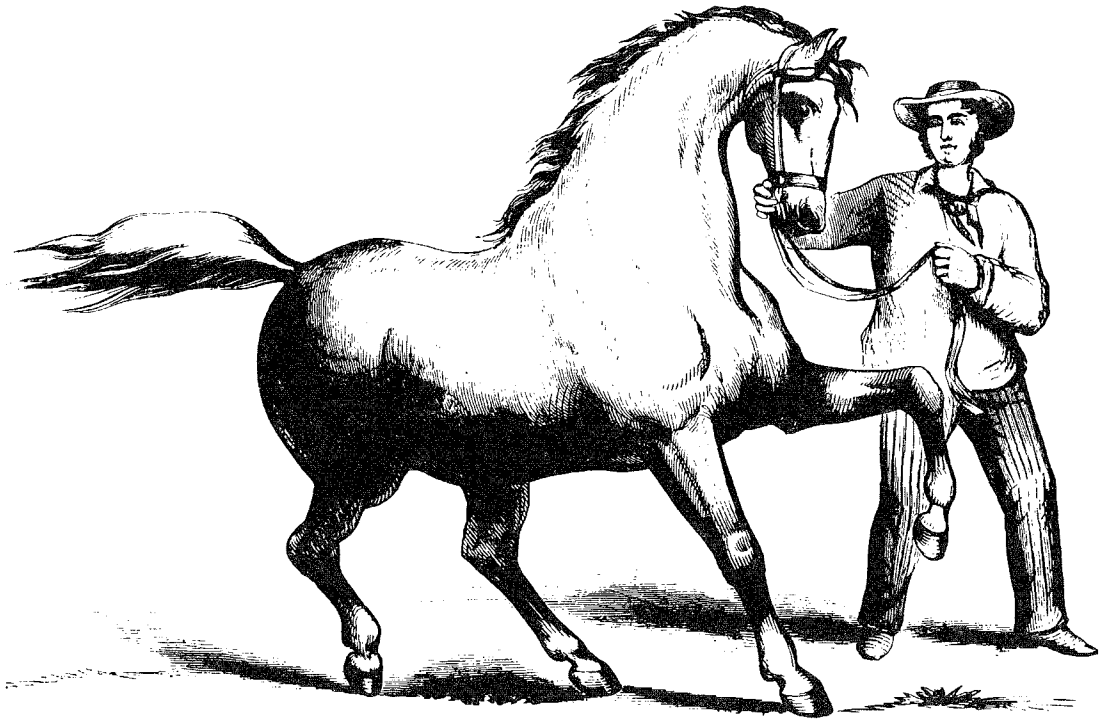
Governor Milliken asked that Migrant Affairs Councils be formed where there was a concentration of migrant farm laborers and said that he would listen to the councils. This is the first council to make demands of the Governor. The Governor responded that he had referred the matter to a member of his staff on Aug. 18.

The Council had not received a reply by their Aug. 18 meeting and ordered chairman Rev. Meredith Rupe to pursue the issue by calling all parties receiving the telegram. The response from the Governor's office was that there were no funds to help destitute migrants home. M.E.O.O. reported that there was no money available. The Regional Office Dept. of Labor in Chicago, said they had no resources. The Regional O.E.O. office said in response to our request that they were releasing emergency funds to U.M.O.I. in Michigan for emergency food and medical help for migrants, but they had nothing to help with transportation.

At this point the only possible help lies with Tri-Cap, which voted to submit an emergency proposal to shift $5,000 from other grants to go into transportation for destitute migrants. This has to be approved by the Regional O.E.O. office in Chicago.

Many may ask why some migrants do not have money to return home if they made $600 or $700 in a month. Much of their money goes to pay off debts they had for the winter back home. They have had to repay loans to get up here, besides maintaining themselves while here. There are other reasons, but these seem to be the most common areas where the money is spent. Others say they should go to Social Services, but the laws governing this department are very rigid on when they can help the migrant for transportation back to their home. The farm labor office points out that because of the lack of work for workers in other areas, there has developed an underemployment situation for migrants.

The Council feels that the problem is urgent and the need for help is now. The number who are asking agencies for help was 45 in this area during one week alone, but there was no help available.



Allan B. Copley

100 YEARS FOR FIRST STATE BANK

Decatur, Michigan

— Introduction —

September 20, 1970 marks the 100th anniversary of the organization of the First State Bank in Decatur, Michigan.

Originally chartered as the First National Bank of Decatur, the bank took out a charter from the State of Michigan when the original charter expired on September 20, 1890.

The 100th anniversary is unique, not only because it is one of the oldest banks in the State but it has remained in the hands of the Copley family since its organization. This continuity of ownership has gained the First State Bank an outstanding record as a conservative and sound institution serving the people of the community and is known as one of the best banks in southwestern Michigan.

At the organization of the First National Bank of Decatur, September 20, 1870, the capital was $75,000. From the group of original subscribers, A. B. Copley was named president, E. P. Hill was cashier and directors were C. W. Fisk, Charles Duncombe, L. B. Lawrence, O. S. Abbott and A. S. Hathaway.

Following the taking out of a state charter in 1890, A. B. Copley was again named president and A. H. Huyck was cashier. The capital at that time was reduced to $50,000. In the published statement of December 19, 1890, the deposits were $68,000.

An early morning fire on March 25, 1895 destroyed the bank building along with other adjacent structures. A notation in the minutes of the directors' meeting of that day stated that "banking operations were resumed at 2:00 p.m. in the Browning Drug Store," located across the street.

A. B. Copley died in 1899 and was succeeded by his son, Edwin B. Copley as the president.

After the death of A. H. Huyck in 1900, L. D. Hill was made cashier. He continued in this capacity until 1913 when he was succeeded by L. E. VanAntwerp who served as cashier until he resigned in 1939 after 33 years.

Following the sudden death of Edwin B. Copley in 1916, his son, Earl E. Copley was elected president and has served in that capacity ever since.

On February 3, 1954, a lone bandit held a gun on cashier Marvin McWilliams and demanded the money from the drawer, amounting to $243.00. Fortunately the safe was still on time lock or it would have been more. He made good his escape.

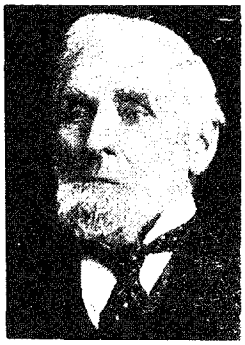
In 1955 Alfred E. Osmick, son-in-law of E. E. Copley, joined the bank and is presently vice president and cashier, representing the fourth generation of ownership and management of the bank in Decatur.

The First State Bank in its 100th year has combined capital accounts, including undivided profits, of over $400,000, with additional reserves and non-book assets of another $100,000 which do not show in the published statements.

The bank has never entered into the bank card business and has confined its operation to that of a strictly commercial bank, not joining the intense competition of bidding for savings accounts and certificates.

Sound business practices and a conservative outlook which is even reflected in the bank building and fixtures, have enabled the First State Bank to weather the highs and lows of the business depressions that have occured many times in the past 100 years.

During the week following the 100th anniversary on September 20, there will be many items of interest on display, and anniversary mementoes for those who visit the bank.



Hon. E. P. Hill

State of Michigan }
County of Van Buren } ss.

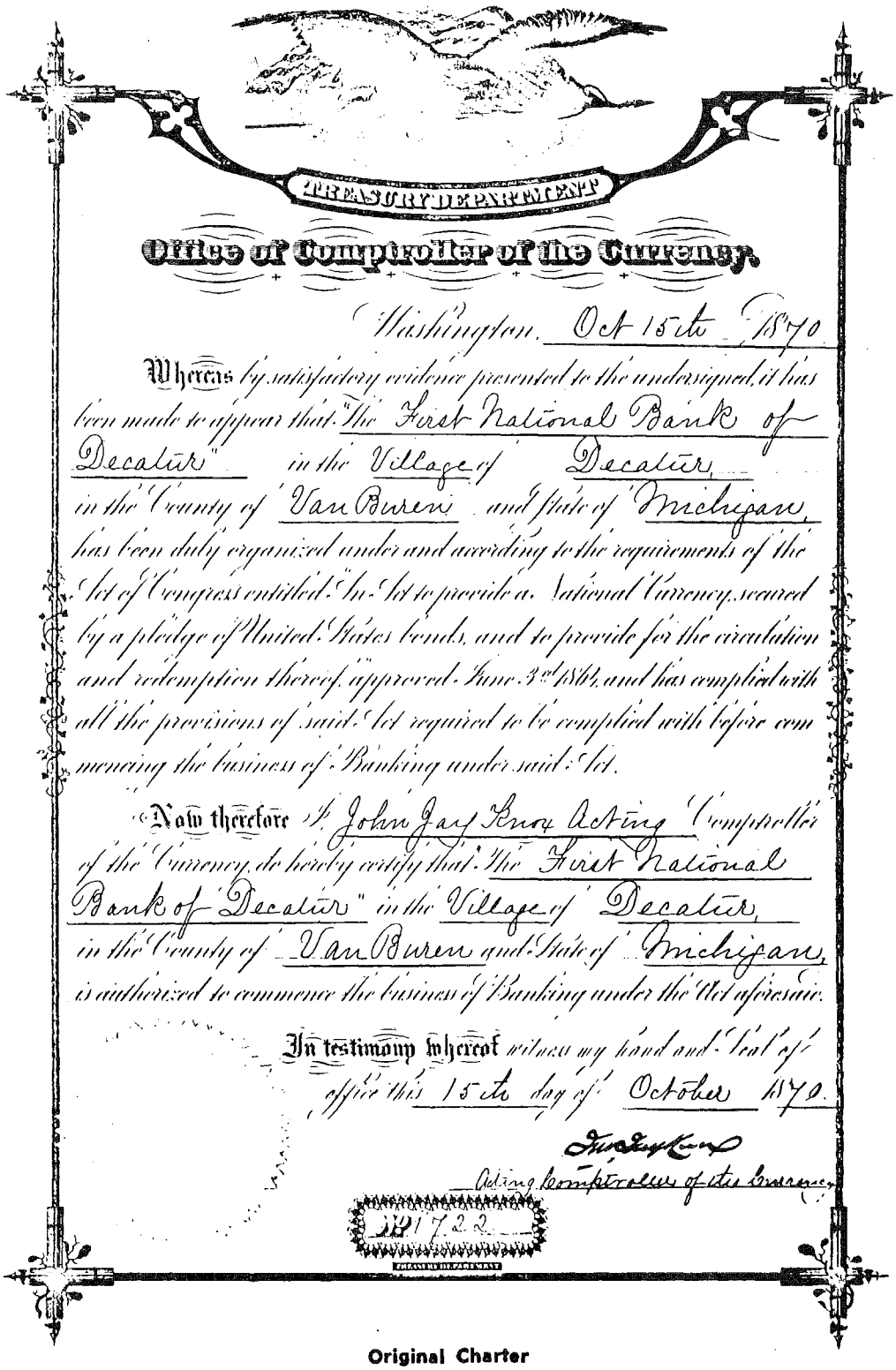
We, the undersigned, Director of The First National Bank of Decatur, of the State of Michigan, do solemnly swear that we are citizens of the United States, and residents of the State of Michigan, and that we will severally so far as the duty devolves on me, diligently and honestly administer the affairs of said Bank; and that we will not knowingly violate, or willingly permit to be violated, any of the provisions of the act of Congress under which this Bank has been organized; and that we are the bona fide owners in our own right, of the number of shares of stock subscribed by us or standing in our names on the books of the said Bank, and required by said act; and the same is not hypothecated, or in any way pledged as security for any loan or debt.

Subscribed and sworn to this 21st day of September, 1870, before the undersigned, a Notary Public of said county.

Martin Porter
Notary Public

A. B. Copley
E. P. Hill
C. W. Fisk
Charles Duncombe
L. B. Lawrence
O. S. Abbott
A. S. Hathaway

Officers' Oath.



TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

Washington, Oct 15th 1870

Whereas by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Decatur" in the Village of Decatur, in the County of Van Buren and State of Michigan, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3d 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.

Now therefore I, John Jay Knox Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Decatur" in the Village of Decatur, in the County of Van Buren and State of Michigan, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this 15th day of October 1870.

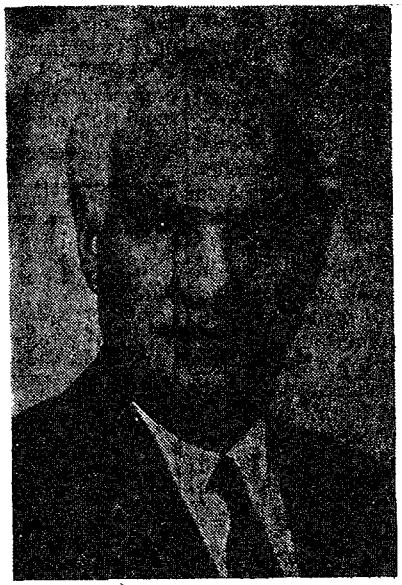
John Jay Knox

Acting Comptroller of the Currency

No 1722

Original Charter

Leader with Vision



Dr. Charles H. Mahoney

Full time U. S. Delegate to the United Nations.

The name of Charles H. Mahoney is familiar to most Decaturites as the name of one of our most notable citizens. Mr. Mahoney, born and raised in Decatur, is the subject of an extensive article in the Detroit Historical Society's February bulletin. The article is written by Gail Artner, and is reprinted here in two parts, the first appearing this week.

Faces — flushed in caucus debate; celery farms — mucky, mosquito infested; a desperate loneliness; a cherished wife — molders of a man — a true leader: Charles Mahoney.

The second of three children, born in 1856, Charles became a side-line politician at an early age. As a small lad, trying desperately to keep apace of his father, the town's Justice of the Peace, Charles strode down the dusty main road of Decatur, Michigan. The two had a mind of one accord: Barney to join the discussions at the party caucuses; young Charles to listen intently from the sidelines. Politics of the 1890's fascinated Charles. He grew up with it, witnessed all the foibles and mistakes of various administrations, the animosities of campaigns, and the frigid politeness of vanquished oppositions.

Politics, however, was not to be the forte' of Charles Mahoney. In the political arena, he met defeat. His national prominence came via law, business and government positions.

Education paved the way for Charles at a time when few parents could afford to provide this opportunity. In rural America farmers needed their sons; high school to them usually meant residence in a distant town. However, Barney Mahoney was an established independent entrepreneur — a skilled carpenter and construction contractor. Decatur had a local high school. Thus, Barney could afford to give his son a chance to change — and Charles took it.

Charles' mother, Viora, was the daughter of Jacob Simpson, a Decatur farmer since the 1830's. All four Simpson children had grown up on the present Orr farm, north of Decatur Village. Yet Charles detested farming. His periodic exposure to that of the worst type — weeding and thinning local onion and celery swamps, mosquito infested and damp — continually restored his determination to study, to achieve, if possible, a different life.

Olivet College opened the door to knowledge but also to the bitter life of social loneliness. The comradeship of college life — especially in the first decade of the 20th century — was closed to Mahoney, the only Negro student. Volney R. Hungerford, principal of Decatur High School and th eschool superintendent, made it feasible for Charles to enter Olivet College in 1904. In gratitude Charles later established the annual Hungerford Award at Decatur high school honoring forensic ability.

"Shoe - string" finances forced Charles to work as part-time campus janitor. Summers, he pitched hay and weeded celery and onion swamps. His economy "dorm" was the attic of the Adelphic Society's activity building. Unheated and unfurnished, Charles finally did get a bed his second year, but it was hard going.

Yet Mahoney achieved, scholastically and athletically. His oratorical ability won him the College's most coveted award, the Drury Prize, in 1907. Competing against five other contenders, Mahoney captured the audience with his speech, "The Negro, A Man." The peculiar social condition in which Charles found himself, as Olivet's only Negro student, was for the first time fully appreciated by his fellow students. A news reporter commented that he had "seldom heard or read a more exhaustive, correct statement." Charles discussed the often proposed solutions such as education and moral development then showing the treatment the Negro was receiving from trade unions, railroads and other industrial groups, he declared that, "The Negro might be physically perfect, intellectually a giant, and morally a saint; and if these groups did not change their attitude toward him, the problem would not be solved." By pure and simple logic, he drove home his solution — "Give him a man's chance. It is all he asks."

After the program, Charles sold his speech to purchase books. With it, the buyer took the national prize in oratory the following year.

As Decatur's "Diamond Dandy" Charles held down first base on the Olivet College team. "Few people played it with such fascinating ease and grace," was the Olivet Optic's report. His third year — 1906-7 — the team elected him captain, despite the fact that only one other team in their league had a Negro player.

Charles transferred to Fisk University Nashville, Tenn., for his senior year (1907-8). The offer of a post at the preparatory school, teaching English, coupled with the social opportunities of a Negro student body, prompted the move.

Music interested Charles; he was given free voice lessons at the Fisk Conservatory, and was accepted into the glee club and became an enthusiastic member.

At the University of Michigan Law School (1908-11), only one other Negro student was in his class. They sat together. An island of empty seats separated them from their fellow students. Charles graduated and passed the Bar examination in 1911.

Faculty and honored guests awaited his arrival some 40 years later to confer the first of his five honorary Doctoral degrees, awarded him: Great Lakes College (1944); Olivet College (1949); Virginia Union College, Richmond, Virginia (1952); Central State College, Wilberforce, Ohio (1955); and Wayne University (1955).

Throughout his career Mahoney helped scores of students through college. He was an active member of the Southern Education Foundation and was elected to the Board to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Father J. W. Daniels. As the Detroit chairman of the United Negro College Fund Drive which supports 33 accredited Negro colleges with an enrollment of 30,000 or more, Mahoney won unique honor by carrying Detroit 37 per cent above its goal. Of the $1,018,000 national 1947 total, $44,265 was subscribed in Detroit — the highest achievement at that time.

Poor as a church mouse, Charles Mahoney came to Detroit in 1911, with $12 in his pocket. Beginning his law practice as a full partner of Francis H. Warren, an estab-

lished lawyer on Randolph Street, his thrifty and thorough transactions before the various courts soon attracted the attention of Detroit's legal lights. After only six months in the city, he was appointed Secretary of the Fraternal Insurance Company by the executive committee.

During the Sweet case, Charles served as associate counsel to the renowned attorney, Clarence Darrow. In 1919, desegregation was achieved in Ypsilanti public schools through the free counsel of Mr. Mahoney, its prime mover. One of the earliest school segregation cases before the Michigan courts, the suit was started in October, closed in May. Thereafter, Charles took up the question of employment of black teachers.

Mahoney's law career proved to be anything but lucrative. Hard times prevailed and his clients often considered his services to be free for the defense of a minority cause of mutual concern. Mahoney saw the need of insurance for Negros since local companies considered them as "too much of a risk." Thus he formed the Great Lakes Mutual Life Insurance Company in 1923.

The 22 charter members were not men of wealth; and, for a time, officers dipped into their own pockets to pay the claims on their "nickel" policies.

An astute businessman with a social conscience, Mahoney built his nationally famous financial institution with a single objective. "We have to decide," he constantly reminded his associates, "that the thing we want is to make a company as strong, solvent and efficient as it is possible to do." But Great Lakes was not to be entirely a sales venture. "You help out," he urged, "you take part, you encourage because that makes a community great. Unless a business does something else besides make money, there is no justification for its existence."

Guided by this philosophy Mahoney initiated a training program including classroom work and field training to build competent people, to build a foundation "upon which generations yet unborn can build." Mahoney provided the impetus for his staff to become sports minded, forming basketball, track and bowling teams. His advice to young business graduates was double barreled and practical: "Play active parts in sports — concentrate on one phase of business."

The board members of G.L.M. branched into two other fields: the Great Lakes Land and Investment Company, owners of two apartment buildings; and the Great Lakes Agency which developed extensive acreage in Holly, Michigan, as a resort area. Virgin land on three spring-fed lakes was subdivided for cottages. Elegant dining and dancing facilities and extensive athletic equipment were but a "stone's throw" from the cottage lots at the Agency's clubhouse. At a time when few recreation establishments welcomed Negro patrons this happy nook offered a welcome retreat from the industrial center, suffering the crucial problems of cramped, inadequate housing!

In 1918 Detroit revised its 1908 charter, replacing among other things a council of 42 aldermen with a non-partisan nine member body. While the new charter eliminated "vote swapping" and provided for civil service reforms, it also meant that minority groups had little or no chance to be elected or included in the new city government structure. In 1918 Mahoney became a candidate but lost. For all practical purposes, the election of a minority representative to a city office was closed.

Defeat at the polls — 1918, 1932, 1940 — by no means silenced him. A grass-roots Republican, Mahoney won the confidence of his district, the backing of his party, and by 1940, the leadership of Michigan's Republican Negro vote. However, it was a bleak era for Negro Republican leaders and rewards were few.

Dead — or almost — was the 1940 Michigan Republican Party. In 1932 the Democrats ushered in the greatest and most fruitful era of political opportunities in the city's history. Hundreds of Negroes had found positions under the new regime, only compounding the difficulties facing Republican Negro politicians.

In 1932 and again in 1940, Mahoney's hat was twice thrown into the political arena as a Republican Congressional candidate from the First District. Both times he lost. The great boom of the 20's had collapsed; hard times and unemployment replaced the roaring twenties.

Yet within Detroit's Negro Republican ranks a fierce, factional contest was coming to a head. Mahoney, Roxborough, Toodle, and Rowlette — there was even rivalry between these men. The factional showdown between Mahoney and Roxborough came with the September, 1940, bid for leadership of the official Wayne County Republican delegates to the national convention. Charles H. Roxborough, the established leader for eight years, held a tremendous advantage by winning the majority of candidates in the past four elections. In the 125 precincts in which Negroes were running, Roxborough's delegates were personally known to the voters. Seventy delegates had been re-elected more than once. This meant that only 55 precincts remained with Mahoney forces having an equal chance of victory. Yet with the backing of Attorney Paul P. Colombo, Fred M. Alger, and Don Marshall of Ford Motor Company, Mahoney's delegates were elected; and he, their leader.

The September victory was doubled by October unification — in an all-out effort to rebuild and to carry forward the Republican Party; to hold incumbent Michigan offices and to put Wendell Wilkie in the White House.

At a dinner given by Mahoney at Great Lakes Mutual in honor of Republican national committeeman, Perry W. Howard, the machinery to unite the Negro vote in the Midwest took form: the Midwest Republican League with Mahoney as chairman.

The contemporary scene of 1940 was sobering the minds of the people confronted with a war threat, a defense budget, a gigantic world crisis almost beyond comprehension or imagination. "The situation," Chairman Mahoney declared, "is too big for any man or any set of men to control." His leadership stressed unification and cooperation. His continued political commitment, together with countless other Republicans who weathered the Democratic era, kept the opposition party viable and effective.

Ford's five dollar day started Negro immigration from the South in 1915. The auto industry went to war in 1917 and for the first time in history it became a major factor in the production of munitions and supplies. Even the tin hats of the doughboys were produced in huge quantities. Detroit had jobs, high pay, a chance for improvement for members of a minority group. Laborers by the thousands from the South were met at the trains and rushed out to jobs before they even had time to rent a room. The Armistice, of course, marked a change, but it did not keep people from streaming into Detroit.

From the start, John C. Dancy, executive director of the Detroit Urban League, tackled their problems by earnest cooperation with voluntary groups and city officials. It was due to his recommendation that, in 1918 Mayor Couzins appointed Mr. Mahoney to the City Planning Commission as the only Negro member and the youngest.

During the next decade, 1922 — 1932, Mr. Mahoney's civic service focused on a broader area, Wayne county. Appointed to the Board by Governor Groesbeck and reappoint-

ed by two subsequent governors. He worked strenuously to help settle and establish Negroes still arriving from the South. From 1916 to 1920 the colored population had increased seven-fold but numerically this was only an increase of 15,000. Between 1920 and 1930, however, the rate accelerated to total 50,000. Most were from rural areas accustomed to agricultural work. Most had scant education or factory work experience. Few had any means for support except the promised job in the big city of Detroit. During World War I, and in the booming 20's, employers advertised and sent agents to rural areas workers. One most important accomplishment, that of persuading Governor Groesbeck to establish a State Department of Negro Welfare, resulted in Mr. Mahoney being its first director.

Traveling became Mr. Mahoney's address from Monday to Thursday in 1926. That year Governor Fitzgerald appointed him to the Compensation Commission of the State Committee on Labor and Industry. The commission, employing some 45 people, shouldered a monumental task. As Michigan's employment figures had soared to record peaks with the demands of war production, thousands of inexperienced men and women suddenly found themselves part of a fast-moving production line. Consequently, compensable injuries increased, creating a mountain of red tape. For the fiscal period, 1943-4, compensable injuries numbered 23,117, a record for Michigan.

For eight years Mr. Mahoney spent his week in Lansing on this work — this was not a nominal office — a major personal commitment. His resignation in February, 1947, was prompted [illegible] state regarding full-time [illegible] boards, necessitating the [illegible] the salaries, the [illegible] and his own private [illegible], he resigned.

Travel became a [illegible] element in his way of life. A [illegible] condition which [illegible] him [illegible] concern for a number of years finally forced Mr. Mahoney to adjust his work [illegible] to avoid excessive [illegible], he and his wife, dodging [illegible] affairs and [illegible] guest [illegible], simply lived [illegible] in their city apartment for six months, enjoyed the summer at their Holly cottage.

Their social retirement ended abruptly and unexpectedly on July 23, 1951. The phone rang. The voice was that of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, inquiring Mahoney of his appointment by President Eisenhower to the American U.N. Delegation. It was a time for his many [illegible] never [illegible] expressed this mind. He merely wanted to do his best and to "leave the door open" for his successors.

Charles Mahoney [illegible] premonitions about the new role he would play except to say, "I'll have to learn everything. At my age (63) I know how little I know. But I'll do my best. And this service for my country is the highest service a man can give."

His grasp of world affairs, his congeniality, and his infinite patience served him well. As the head of the 59 nation Legal Commission, Mahoney shouldered the tremendous responsibility of directing the U. N. redefinition of aggression. Difficulties developed when powers narrowed the definition to purely mechanical terms of armed invasion, air attacks, and bombs. The U. S. position insisted that infiltration and subversive propaganda be included. His diplomacy here won the unstinted praise of his colleagues and both official and unofficial observers.

Most important among his numerous addresses before the General Assembly were his statements on the evacuation of foreign troops in Burma, on high seas problems, on disarmament and on collective security.

Now at long last, Mahoney could [illegible] "Stock [illegible] by this." [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Vandals Destroy Grave Markers At Anderson Cemetery

DESTRUCTION of many 100-year-old grave markers at Anderson has occurred twice in the past few months. Last week the Morris monument was desecrated again by some free-wheeling beer-drinkers who also smashed a number of pre-Civil War markers. One group of the vandals has been identified and the damage of last week is still under investigation.

Obituaries

MRS. RAYMOND GALE

Anita Evelyn Youells Gale, 79, died Sunday in Lake View hospital.

She was born Dec. 4, 1892, the only daughter of Churchill Eugene and Edith Wise Youells, pioneers of this community. She was graduated from Decatur high school, Eastern University and the University of Michigan, specializing in dramatics and child welfare. She taught in the city schools of St. Johns, Detroit, Niles and Ann Arbor, and for ten years was the kindergarten teacher in her home town. In 1926 she was awarded a scholarship to the Merill-Palmer Nursery School in Detroit, in view of her work in the university and teaching experience, to do research there along the line of child welfare.

She gave this up in order to marry her friend of many years, Raymond Gale, on June 30, 1926, who this same year started his career as an International Harvester dealer and hardware merchant. One son, Randolph Churchill Gale, one daughter, Evelyn Morris of Highland Park, Ind., one foster daughter, Nina Jean (Edie Lou) Powers of Sewickley, Pa., along with her husband, survive. There are also 11 grandchildren, Kenneth Gale, Anita Evelyn, Colleen Marie and Harschel Edwin Morris of Highland Park, Ind., Eugene, Debby, David and Christy Powers of Sewickley, Pa., and Mark Raymond, Candace Marie, and Scott Randolph Gale of Decatur, and two great grandchildren, Scott Raymond Morris and Brent Michael Van Prooyen who were the joy of her later life.

In her younger days, Mrs. Gale was well-known as a dramatic reader and appeared many times on the stage of the old Opera House in plays, Red Cross benefits and church programs. She first met her husband at a Red Cross benefit program on which he served as one of the judges.

Early in life she was baptized into the fold of the Presbyterian church and was an active member over 60 years. In recent years her activities were necessarily much curtailed, but with the backing of her husband she lent what aid she could in any church project. She was a charter member of the Mothers club, Study club, Brush and Palette Guild, past president of the P. T. A. and was elected as a library trustee for six years.

She, with two other Decatur women, was chosen to represent Decatur at the University of Chicago in December, 1938, at a two week conference sponsored by the Kellogg Foundation in the interest of child welfare.

Never too strong after a major operation and serious illness, she rejoiced to see her son grow into manhood, and was thrilled with every day of life with her family as a gift from God.

Funeral services were held in the Newell funeral home at 2 p.m. Wednesday. The Rev. Henry Houseman and the Rev. Theodore Neely officiated, and burial was in Lakeside cemetery. The pallbearers were Robert Dillenbeck, Verne Daniels, Willis Vlick, James Hall, Max Graham and Edward Schreuder.

ANECDOTE OF CIVIL WAR

Two Confederate soldiers, by the names of Worrix and Cotton were involved in this tale.

On the night before a battle, young Cotton came back to his room, to find his room mate, Worrix, busily engaged in reading his bible.

With a little inquiry Cotton learned that Worrix was worried about the fighting which would take place the next day. Cotton, trying to cheer him up, said — jokingly, "If you are killed in the battle tomorrow — I'll go home and marry your widow!"

And — that's exactly what he did!!

Lewis Goens (deceased), of Decatur, Michigan, married one of the Cotton daughters (DeLora). They reared eleven children. Several of them and their descendants still live in and around Decatur.

Contributed by Mrs. Bert Goens

Landmark Being Razed

DECATUR IS LOSING another landmark with the razing of the old blacksmith shop on Sherwood street. The building built by Nels Rasmussen, expert buggy maker, probably in the late 80's. The front part was the blacksmith shop. Back of that the woodworking room, then the paint shop. In addition to buggies, Mr. Rasmussen worked on all sorts of farm machinery and general repair work. Lon Secord was the painter of the finished work. Hans Christensen was also a helper in the business. Later occupants of the building included Bert Kidman, Ed Schuler and Lyle Congdon.

Winery stakes claim to fame

Let's learn about wines

By Ruth Ellen Church

HISTORICALLY, Bronte Champagne and Wines Company of Keeler, Mich., has several unique claims to fame. The Michigan chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was chartered in a building that is now a part of the winery facilities.

The vineyards are spread over the site of a famous annual harness race of the early days of this century, known as the Keeler Donnybrook. Racing fans from all over the Midwest gathered for the fashionable event which heaped fame and fortune [all of $25 to $50 per race!] on participants.

The owner of the racetrack site was Dr. Ray Morris, who planted the first vineyards in the area, 100 acres of concords. Bronte has replaced the concords with French-American grapes which make much better wines.

Another interesting bit of history is this: German prisoners of war planted Bronte's present vineyards in 1944 and 1945.

STILL ANOTHER claim to fame: Robert Wozniak, president of Bronte and son of the founder, Dr. T. W. Wozniak [who is retired but still on the board of directors], bottled the first cold duck. This last achievement may not go down in the annals of the winery as the company's greatest achievement; cold duck has been outgrown by today's more discerning wine drinker, but in its day it was very, very big, as everyone knows.

Of Bronte's 230 acres, 150 now are planted to hybrids. Forty acres of niagara, an eastern grape, are grown for the company's white port and there are 22 acres of catawba, another eastern grape which Angelo Spinazze, vice president in charge of vineyards and winery, believes adds a pleasant taste to champagnes. Catawba, a popular Ohio grape, hasn't been grown much in Michigan. But Bronte has some vines that are 18 and 19 years old. Delaware grapes also are used in Bronte champagnes. Delaware is queen of eastern varieties.

Credit for planting the first baco noir grapes in Michigan goes to Angelo Spinazze, who was doing it 20 years ago, in 1954. This is one of the best hybrids for the Michigan climate. Lake Michigan and the cluster of small lakes known as Sister Lakes temper the climate in this southwestern Michigan grape-growing area, but young vines still may need winter protection from cold. Young vines are protected from winter freezes by painting them with latex, Spinazze says.

Spinazze learned his viticulture and winemaking in his native Italy where his family had vineyards, but overlaid that basic training with professional training as an enologist. Now in his sixties, he can boast a good many years of experience. He is ably assisted by Curtis Frick, chemist.

SPINAZZE AND FRICK have experimented with vinifera grapes, but believe the land in this fruit belt is too level for the more delicate vines and that the future of midwestern wines is in the hybrids. In addition to red and white table wines and champagnes, they make ports and sherries of which they are proud. Bronte Hartford Cream Sherry, always a popular wine, now is given more age in bourbon barrels, which has improved its flavor, Spinazze believes.

"In a couple of years we are going to have beautiful wines," he declares, "particularly if we have mild winters like the last one."

Bronte wines under their Sister Lakes label are sold mainly in Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Ohio, but gradual expansion is anticipated.

Travelers eastward and westward on Interstate 94 will be welcomed at this modern midwestern winery if they drop off at the Hartford exit No. 46 between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. weekdays, year around. From June thru October, tours are available also on Saturdays. The trip from Chicago takes about two hours.

WEDDING COMING UP? The Taylor Wine Company, Hammondsport, N. Y. 14840, has a handy free booklet, "Here Comes the Bride." All pink and pretty, it tells how to plan, who pays for what, suggests a "vice" shower for the bridegroom [bar fixings, wines, garden tools], offers recipes for punches and reception food.

MOGEN DAVID Wine Corporation, now a subsidiary of The Coca-Cola Bottling Company, Inc., started life six months before the end of Prohibition as The California Wine Company, bottling medicinal and sacramental wines in $45-a-month rented quarters in Chicago, with $5,000 borrowed as a deposit on 50 barrels of wine.

Now celebrating its 40th year, Mogen David has only a little more than a million dollars to go to rack up a 1974 sales record of $40 million. Last year this third largest of the country's wineries sold nearly $39 million worth of wines from its two plants in Chicago and one in Westfield, N. Y. Only about 3 per cent of the wines sold by Mogen David today are sacramental wines.

J. Myron Bay, president of the company, believes there are no limits on the growth of the wine industry. He says that Mogen David's 40th year celebration commemorates such important steps in the company's development as when Mogen David actually became Mogen David. The company, on Sept. 23, 1917, then operating as Wine Corporation of America, dumped 40,000 gallons of its unpopular "Barloma" wine down the drain and took the name of the new wine just introduced, which was "sizzling in the marketplace." Prior to that time the company had been bottling private label wines. Salesmen took orders during the day on a store by store basis, the labels were printed overnight, glued to the bottles and the wine delivered next morning.

Yes, you've come a long way, Mogen David!

An Era Ends

Decatur's Henry Houseman Retires After 47 Years As A School Leader

News Palladium

By ETHEL PAUL
Decatur Correspondent

DECATUR — Henry Houseman ended 47 years of dedication to Decatur public schools this summer, but he plans to continue to serve.

A spry, studious 74, Houseman says he "still gets a thrill walking into the classroom and facing the challenge of teaching students so that they understand."

A native of Decatur, Houseman started his working life as a bookkeeper in the local bank where his father worked.

Two years later, he entered Valparaiso College to study law, but soon changed majors and colleges, transferring to what is now Western Michigan University. He received "graded" and then "life" teaching certificates and taught a year at Augusta before returning to Western to get his bachelors degree.

In the fall of 1965 Houseman started teaching at Decatur, and has since taught more subjects offered in the high school. He majored in English (his native language is Dutch) speech and social science.

He was named principal of the high school in 1927 in addition to his teaching duties, and continued as principal until 1962. At an age when most people retire, Houseman was appointed assistant superintendent and entered graduate school at Michigan State University to study sociology.

He also found time to study at Winona College in Indiana, where he received a master of religious education degree.

The last degree was the natural result of another longtime interest. An ordained minister, he served the Pokagon Methodist Chapel for eight years, Harmony Chapel (south of Lawton) for eight years and spent a year as minister of the Oronoko Church at Berrien Springs. For the last 10 years he has been minister of Trowbridge Methodist Church near Otsego.

He has written two books: one, entitled "Orientalism" which he describes as a key to understanding the Bible, and the second, "Our Templed Back Pastures," which is a study of rural churches.

Houseman's devotion to education carried over to other members of his family. His wife, Beth taught at Hamilton, Decatur and Lawton schools before her death a few years ago. His son, Henry F., is adult education coordinator at Portage; Elsie teaches at Paw Paw, Louis is a teacher and assistant athletic director at Decatur, and Dorothy just received her bachelor of arts degree from WMU in June. Son Henry's wife Patricia will teach at Decatur starting this fall.

He isn't having any trouble finding things to keep himself occupied these days. "Being a minister has a way of becoming a full time job, don't you know," he told a visitor one day last week between house and hospital calls.

He's also looking forward to writing another book, and this fall he'll be back to Decatur high now and then as a substitute with the title of "teacher emeritus."

Supt. Wayne Hellenga says of Houseman's teaching career, "Certainly a greater devotion to any cause could not be given."

But perhaps Glenn Hayes, local newspaper publisher describes best the feelings of Decaturites (more than two generations of whom have been taught by Houseman),

"He's a tremendous guy . . . really an institution here. It's hard to know where to begin to tell his story."

Henry Houseman Receives Doctorate

Reverend Henry Houseman has recently been awarded the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Tennessee Biblical. His field of study was practical theology, and his dissertation title was "The Role of the Church in Today's Society."

Dr. Houseman's undergraduate work was at Valparaiso University and Western Michigan University, and his graduate work was at Michigan State University, Garrett Biblical, and Winona Lake School of Theology. He had previously earned the A.B., M.A., and M.R.E. degrees.

Reunited as State Champs '42

MEMBERS of the 1942 DHS State Champion class C basketball team were honored Saturday night at the Raider-Watervliet game, and at a dinner following the game. Pictured here after 30 years are (back) Ward Klinkers, Richard Vanderveen, Edward Klinkers, Marvin Overley and John Cerven; (front) Eugene Nelson, Oscar Newell and coach Kenneth Higgins.

HISTORY OF VANDALIA, MICHIGAN

The first white people who came to make their home in the vicinity of Vandalia were mainly from Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Virginia and the Carolinas. Many of these were Quakers, the fundamental principles of whose faith made the system of human slavery one of great repugnance. For this reason, more than any other, they left their native state and sought homes in the great Northwest Territory where slavery had been forever prohibited.

In loving memory of the great "Apostle of Peace" (William Penn) whose religious teachings they so earnestly endeavored to follow, they named the region Penn.

Scattered bands of Pottawattomi Indians partially occupied the territory at that time. These Indians had been influenced, to a greater or less extent, by coming in contact with Christianity, and gave the settlers no serious trouble.

Among the first of these sturdy pioneers were a Mr. McIntosh, George Jones, John Price, John Rhinehart. Martin Shields who, in 1829 made the first land entry, Joseph Frake, reputed to be the first settler in the township and Stephen Bogue, the latter being, more than any other one person, instrumental in the founding of the Village of Vandalia.

At that time the land was mostly forest covered, the only roads being the old Indian Trails. For several years the settlement grew slowly owing to rumors of Indian troubles, the most serious of these being that caused by the Blackhawk War in 1832. Another cause which affected immigration was a very severe frost which occurred about June 19, 1835.

In the period between 1836 and 1840 the county filled up rapidly with settlers. Better houses were built and new industries and new methods were introduced. The first grist mill in the county was built on Christiana Creek in 1828 by a man named Daniel Carpenter. It was a very crude affair, not a foot of lumber being used in its construction, except for the bolting chest which, together with the buhrs and irons, were brought from Ohio in wagons drawn by oxen. This mill was later purchased and operated by John W. O'Dell.

Later settlers who made their home nearby were: Amos Smith, James E. Bonine, James O'Dell, (who later represented his district in the State Legislature) Reason Pemberton, Thomas Kirk, George Longsduff, George Green, John Hollister and George Townsend.

At the time of the Kentucky raid in 1847, one of the families of fugitive slaves was living on the west side of the Mill pond in a log house owned by a Mr. Shugart, who lived nearby, who together with Stephen Bogue and a number of other kindly disposed Quakers, had assisted many of the slaves fleeing in their journey to freedom. The little Quaker settlement being one of the stations of the Underground Railraod.

The O'Dell Mill figured quite prominently in the Kentucky Raid of 1847 — an attempt by a group of Kentucky slave owners to regain their runaway slaves. The Raid was made at night in Calvin and Penn Townships, where many Quakers lived. Three slaves were kidnapped at Josiah Osbornes in Calvin Township. The slave owners

had divided into two groups. One group was to get the fugitive slaves in Calvin Township, and the other group to get the fugitive slaves in Penn Township. Then they were to meet and return to Indiana. The slave owners who had gone to Calvin were quickly surrounded by a group of angry men who decided to go and meet the slave owners who had gone to Penn. The slave owners had captured three men, a woman and a child at the William East home, then went to Vandalia and captured a slave living in the log cabin. Owned by Mr. Shugart, who quickly went on horseback to the home of Stephen Bogue and on to Cassopolis to give the alarm and have the raiders arrested. The Raiders had captured one slave in the Stephen Bogue home, and they then turned back to join the group in Calvin. They were followed by a group of angry citizens. The two groups met at the O'Dell Mill near Vandalia. By that time a large number of people from Cassopolis had joined the group of people at the Mill.

The Raiders were given to understand they could not leave unless the fugitive slaves were set free. The Raiders were armed with pistols and knives. The Abolitionists were armed with clubs and possibly other weapons.

A battle was imminent but the Quakers (Bogue, Osborne, and Shugart) finally persuaded the Raiders to go to the county seat and submit their case to a Justice of the Peace. At nine o'clock the next morning they reached Cassopolis where they were met by a large crowd of excited citizens. Here the Raiders were told that even if a Court would give an order it would be impossible to take their slaves out of the county. Three days elapsed before the Court Commissioners decided against the nine Kentucky slave owners and the slaves were set free. The slaves were taken to the home of Ishmael Lee near Cassopolis and a few days later, with more than 40 other fugitives left for Canada. They were escorted by Zackariah Shugart, a Quaker, by means of the "Underground Railroad."

When the Kentucky slave owners left Cassopolis to return to their home, they were preceded by a Mr. Osborne, who surprised three Negroes waiting in a cornfield with shot guns to kill the slave owners.

At the O'Dell, a group of people waited to escort the slave owners to the Indiana State line for fear they would be attacked by angry citizens.

The Mr. Shugart mentioned here had a store in Vandalia. He kept an Account Book. In this book are the names of a large group of refugee slaves. At the Library in Niles, Michigan, there is a Photostatic Copy of the contents of this book, owned by a grandson (Mr. Smith of Iowa).

The little Mill built during the early days of settlement soon proved inadequate to the task of supplying the rapidly increasing population with material for the staff of life. Stephen Bogue was urged by his neighbors to build a larger mill. Owing to numerous other responsibilities, twelve years elapsed before he finally yielded to the wishes of his neighbors and the mill was completed in 1848-1849. It was built by Stephen Bogue and C.P. Ball. David Ward was the millwright. Gideon Osborne was the first miller, assisted by Jesse East. This was the real beginning of the Village which was laid out January 3, 1851.

In 1849, the town was surveyed by a Mr. Ward. In 1851, the plot of the Village was filed, the name "Vandalia" being chosen by Mr. Stephen Bogue, Sr.

The original site extended east from the Creek to the street just west of the Quaker Church. The northern limit was the alley north of what was later the Town Hall. The southern boundary was the street now known as Mill Street. The first two houses in the Village were built for the men who operated the Mill. They stood at the west entrance to the Village on the north side of the street next to the Mill race (M-60). The first Post Office was in one of these houses and the first Postmaster was a Mr. Monroe.

About the time the Mill was built a blacksmith shop was built between these houses and the Mill race. A Mr. Sigerfoose was the first blacksmith. The first merchant was Asa Kingsbury, and the first physician was Dr. Evan Bonine.

Mr. Bogue gave ten acres of land to Mr. Wiley Wilson on the condition that he would build a sawmill. This was located on the east bank of the Mill race near the flour mill. For many years a cooper shop operated by Barnum and Honeyman, employing about thirty (30) men, was located at the west end of Wood Street.

Eight additions were made to the Village. Many lots were donated by Mr. Bogue from his farm to residents. The only condition being the promise to build a house thereon. Another donation of eight (8) acres was made to a Mr. Boarts for the building of a handle factory in the east part of town. This factory was destroyed by fire shortly after.

Two hotels were built: The Vandalia Town House in 1852, located at the west entrance to the Village and another one built by George T. Townsend in 1871. Also, a bank was built by Mr. Townsend the following year, 1872. The first store was located on what is now Water Street, near the flour mill. Years later a Creamery was built on this location. As the population increased the business section was extended to Main Street and the Village was incorporated in 1875. Some of the early merchants were: J.M. Bonine, John Lutes, Peter Kiblinger, Mr. Oppenheim, H.R. Shilling, William Merritt, M.B. Lewis and William Green.

The construction of the Railroad in 1871 gave an important impetus to the growth of the Village.

Three (3) churches were built: The Christian Church in 1854; The Methodist Church in 1877; and the Quaker Church in 1879.

The first school was built in 1835 by John O'Dell and Thomas J. Kirk. It was located on the corner of White Temple Road and Black Street. Later it was moved to the Village of Vandalia and used for some time for the lower grades. The lady who taught lived in part of the house. A school for older pupils was built on the lot east of the Quaker Church. When the new brick school was built (1873) a Mr. Ed Ely bought this building (near the Quaker Church) and moved it to the west block using part for a residence and part for a barn.

In plotting the Village, Mr. Bogue gave to the town the entire block where the brick school stood for a Public Square and it served that purpose for some time. When the School Board decided to build a graded school, they took the Public Square as the best place and the new school was built in 1873. They had to get permission from the State Legislature to build the school. Amos Smith was one of the board members and he sent away for the clock which was used many years. Jesse Borton was the first Superintendent in the new school and did much to raise the school to a better standard. A regular course of study was established in 1879 by Mike Pemberton. This high school was in opeeration until 1945, when the high school students were taken to Cassopolis, and Vandalia High School became an eighth (8) grade school.

In 1958, a new school was built about ½ mile east of town. In 1958, the Vandalia School District, which had been organized in 1865, became a part of the Cassopolis School District.

Vandalia has been particularly unfortunate in sustaining loss by fire, two grist mills, a depot, a livery barn, a hotel, a bank, five store buildings and a number of residences being destroyed in this way.

The first newspaper was published in 1881 by William DeGroot. Later editors were: Joseph Sturr, C.L. Pemberton, Cross Brothers and F.M. Vail.

At one time the population numbered about 850, and Vandalia was a busy little town. After so many places were destroyed by fire, and later the railroad was taken away, the town ceased to grow and now the population is less than 450.

I once read in an old History, that William Penn was planning to make a new settlement in Pennsylvania when the Revolutionary War broke out he gave it up. He intended to name the new settlement "Vandalia."

It is possible that is how Mr. Bogue got his name for the town of Vandalia.

Contributed by Marion Davis who attended Vandalia High School and later taught 4-5-6 grades 1932-38.

Obituaries

HELEN A. HATHAWAY

Helen A. Hathaway, 91, was born in Volinia township, Cass county, Dec. 6, 1881, the daughter of Benjamin and Amelia John Hathaway. She died in Laguna Beach, Calif., Feb. 21 and burial was in Ann Arbor.

Helen's mother passed away less than a month following her birth. Her father married Katherine Richmond who was known far and wide as "Aunt Kittie," and she did a fine job raising Helen, whose father died, too, when she was only 15 years old. Helen was graduated from Decatur high school and also from the University of Michigan. She took employment in the upper peninsular copper country working in the office of the Quincy mine. She made a trip to Europe and saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Later she returned to Marcellus where she worked in Lowry's State Bank, until it closed. During this period she lived with the Frank B. Curtis family, and with Mr. and Mrs. Clemens on West Dibble street, and attended the Methodist church.

The residence on the farm in Volinia where Aunt Kittie still lived was destroyed by fire in about 1923 which was a tragic loss of the original antique furniture and a library of valuable volumes. At this time, both of the Hathaway women moved to Ann Arbor where they lived for many years, renting rooms to students, sometimes Japanese and Chinese young people. She became secretary to a Mr. Stevenson of Ann Arbor who spent time in China. She took care of his office and mailed daily reports and clippings to him. Later she became legal secretary to Judge Pray, Probate Court, Washtenaw county.

She worked at the Courthouse in Ann Arbor until her retirement in the late 1940's.

She always felt that she was the daughter of a famous father so it is fitting that some explanatory and biographical remarks be made about the late Benjamin Hathaway, nurseryman, farmer and poet. He was born in Cayuga county, New York State, Sept. 30, 1822, and died Mar. 21, 1896 and was buried in Nicholsville cemetery.

He was the eldest of eight children and was taken from school and put to work at an early age. But he was one who always made the most of opportunities for culture. He wrote poems with chalk on barrellheads while employed as a cooper, later copying them on paper, mostly done after 9 p.m. when his work day ended.

He spent ten years in intellectual pursuits in Ann Arbor, several more years in Chicago, and 30 years as a nurseryman and farmer. He developed the "Hathaway grape." He planted a chestnut grove in rows of which some trees still stand. He loved Bunker Lake which bordered his farm.

According to the biography by Mrs. Esther Laughlin, he published "Art Life and Other Poems," "Researches of the Iroquis," and "The Finished Creation."

Helen's cousin Roy Hathaway and his wife Ruth live in Marcellus on Reid street. She came there to see them in later years, also was a frequent guest of Jay and Maud Lyle of Decatur. She frequently furnished articles about her travels to the Decatur Republican when Arba Moulton wa editor. He and Oscar Newell, Sr., and Hans Christensen and wife were lifelong friends of the Hathaways.

Grace Weeks Marks 50 Years In Business On Main Street

Grace Weeks began her second half-century of business on main street this month in her G. W. Photo & Gift Shop.

Almost an institution over the years, Grace is a familiar figure to those who want excellent and specialized photographic work and school children with a sweet tooth.

Over the years she has kept her prices realistic and maintains a stock of items for sale that strains the imagination.

As a 14-year-old school girl in Chicago, Grace Weeks was given her first Brownie camera and developing outfit by her grandfather. Then other people began to ask her to do their pictures.

Upon the death of her grandfather in 1911, she came to live with her grandmother, and went to school in Decatur for one year.

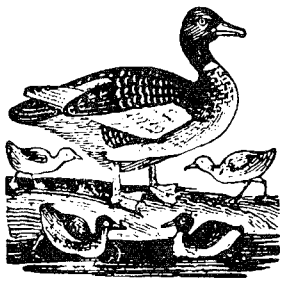
After a few years of chicken farming and gardening, she decided to open a photo shop. It was located in the basement of the present Gale Farm Store. It was in the front part of the G. A. R. hall, for which she paid the whole sum of $5 a month and the light bill for the hall.

Several years later, Grace and her father, George Weeks, bought the building where she is now located. To the photo line she added gifts, cards and novelty items, and candy.

Grace's mother was a great help to her in the early years. And Nettie Halsted has been a faithful helper and friend for many years.

Grace has seen lots of children and their children and their children grow up over her candy counter.

A remarkable thing is reported this week in the news columns. Grace Weeks who has been in business for 50 years in a proprietorship of a small store in a small town is noteworthy. The small business fatalities in the country are high and the ridiculous regulations, taxes and difficulty of small businesses to get supplies any more make her tenacity to be independent, a remarkable thing. She is to be congratulated and admired.



ENTERTAINMENT

Decatur has always been a great entertainment center. The school house was the nucleus, with its lyceums, plays, and spelling bees. Many home talent plays were produced by the Dramatic Club and other organizations, and these were presented in the old town hallan i te opea oue. h town was fortunate in having the great actor and impersonator, Howard Hall, who played once in Decatur in "The Michado." Frank Tucker, who performed at Medicine shows, was a great entertainer too!

Dancing and partying were favorite pastimes among the country people. For the most part, the parties were held in the homes, where groups of neighbors congregated. Many times the men "took down" the kitchen range and set it outside, while the women were busy pulling the tacks out of the rag carpet which was layed over a layer of straw.

Another group would sweep up the straw and the floor would be ready in no time for a square dance. Sometimes the young people rode horseback to the dancing parties — returning home at three or four o'clock in the morning. Nobody seemed to mind the inconveniences, in fact, it was all considered a part of the fun!

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Earl E. Copley

Earl E. Copley Succumbs at 85

First State Bank President for 66 Years

EARL E. COPLEY

Earl E. Copley, 85, passed away Thursday morning, June 1, in Lake View Community Hospital, after a short illness. He was born Dec. 1, 1886, on the family farm in Volinia township, Cass county, the youngest child and only son of Edwin and Esther McKain Copley.

He had been president of the First State Bank since the death of his father in 1916. The bank was established by his grandfather, Alexander Bennett Copley, and celebrated its one hundredth anniversary two years ago.

In May of 1912, he was married to Loretta Hughes of Chicago, who passed away Nov. 7, 1925. In September, 1927, he married Miss Margaret Conway, daughter of William and Ella Conway.

Mr. Copley opened one of the pioneer Ford automobile dealerships in Decatur in 1916, and in 1931 he changed to the Chevrolet agency, which he continued until 1949. He was also active in the Michigan oil explorations in the 1920's and '30's.

He is survived by his wife, Margeret; one son, Allan of Dearborn; two daughters, Mrs. Alfred (Virginia) Osmick of Decatur and Mrs. Robert (Mary Lou) O'Connell of Jackson; also by 11 grandchildren and two great grandchildren; and one sister, Miss Lotta Copley of Ann Arbor.

Funeral services were held Sunday, June 4, at the Newell funeral home, with the Rev. LeRoy Cabbage, former pastor of the First United Presbyterian church officiating, and assisted by the Rev. Theodore Neely and Father Leo Taubitz. Burial was in Lakeside cemetery.

KAPLAN'S STORE

1922 – 1972

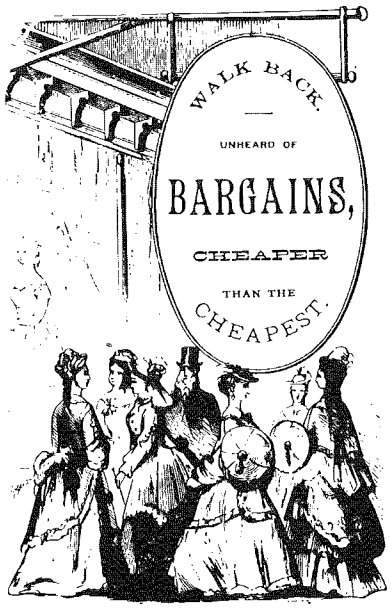
For me the fiftieth anniversary of Kaplan's store is the old story of the American dream. Corny? Out-dated sentiment? Not to me. Here is a store started by pioneers in 1863... they had faith in the town and in the American way of life.

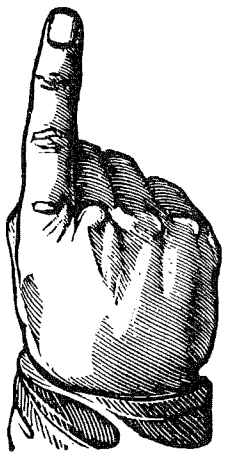
Near the turn of the century a young man fled the wretched life of Czarist Russia (not the romantic Russia of Nicholas and Alexandra, but the very real misery of famine. The threat of pogroms, and constant overwhelming poverty). He joined his father in the promised land of America, and they started out selling brooms door to door. The Jewish Agricultural Society helped him to buy a farm, and from there his path led in 1922 from another continent and another culture to the store in Decatur.

I remember the late twenties when every evening train brought another family from central Europe, many of them speaking no English. They were met at the train by Red Woolfe who brought them to the store where my father translated their destination and my mother gave them supper, and sent them on their way in the new land.

We've come a long way from the cracker barrel, the open bags of sugar, salt, and beans to the rows of refrigerators and freezers, the NCR cash register that sometimes spits out more information than we know what to do with, the digital computer scale that works most of the time. Some things have changed... and some haven't. We have always believed in honest values with a minimum of frills, but we have not accepted the current warehouse concept that expects customers to do our work including their own bagging and carrying. Service is still a part of our store.

We have in the little gallery an exhibit of photographs through the years, together with other memorabilia including ledgers and invoices and other treasures from the early years of the store.





TEACHER RETIRING

'Marion Davis Day' Planned In Decatur

DECATUR — Sunday will be "Marion Davis" day in Decatur.

A program will be held at 3 p.m. in the high school cafetorium honoring Davis on his retirement after 50 years in education. He has taught at Decatur 28 years.

Residents in the Decatur area and other friends are invited to attend. A guest book will be presented to the guest of honor at close of the program.

Marion Davis Honored for 50 Years of Service

In recognition of the work accomplished by Marion Davis during his fifty years in education, the Parent Teacher Organization of Decatur Public Schools sponsored a "Mr. Davis Day" on Sunday, May 21, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Marion Davis.

Included in the activities was a program "This is Your Life, Marion Davis." Mrs. Wendell MacKellar gave the welcome for the P. T. O. and Keith Leighton gave the welcome for the community. Wayne Hellenga gave the welcome for the school and acted as narrator.

Mrs. Jan Pollock served as the pianist during the program, playing appropriate selections to typify various events in the life of Mr. Davis.

Many people were present to recall various events of the past. Included were Mrs. Sherman Cropsey, a classmate at the Newton Woods school; Lloyd Keesler, a brother-in-law and friend; Lela Sheline and Ina Hollenbeck, his sisters-in-law; Pearse Hollenbeck, a brother-in-law; Nellie O'Dell, a friend from Vandalia; Iola Holtz, a student of Mr. Davis at Newton Woods; Mrs. Otto Springsteen, a high school classmate.

Vere Hodges, a student at the White Temple school; Harold Gebhard, a former neighbor; Howard Jessup, former student; Vivian Bartack, former student at Vandalia; Lamar Davis, a nephew; Beverly Marks, a Decatur teacher; Ervin Krenn, a former teacher at Decatur; Martin Mang, superintendent of the schools at Pelston; Joe Gossler, elementary custodian; Janice Schonbok, a former student; Arlene VanderGeest, former student and now Decatur teacher; Mrs. Florence Houtman, former secretary to Mr. Davis.

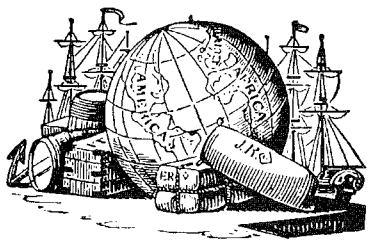
Mack Jones, a teacher in Decatur; Mary Lou Shroyer, library aide in Decatur schools; Jim DeGraaf, a former student; Noble Arent, principal of Ludington high school; Marion Snell, a retired teacher; and Jane Schleeter, a teacher in Decatur schools.

Tom Gibson, basketball coach, presented a plaque named in honor of Mr. Davis on which the most valuable player in basketball is recognized yearly. Mr. Davis then made the 1971-72 most valuable player award to John Overley.

Other participants in the program included his wife, Faye; children, Mrs. Fred Pogue (Miriam), Mrs. Donald Adams (Beryl), and Mrs. George Bradeen (Joyce), daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ryan Davis (Debbie), and his grandchildren and his two great grandchildren. Ryan Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, was unable to attend as he is serving in the U. S. Air Force overseas.

Credit for the research and coordination of the program go to Mrs. Walter Curran and Mrs. Wendell MacKellar. Frank Popp video-taped the program.

Refreshments were served following the program.



HUGE LAKES WIPED OUT OVERNIGHT

Ancient Area Indian Tribes Once Faced Reverse of High Water Problem Today

Editor's note: The following account of a little-known Indian legend was made possible by the late Joseph Chigno of Paw Paw, who, before his recent death, gave the writer permission to use the personal records of his great-great-grandfather, Potowatomi Chief Simon Pokagon.

By LOUISE ENGLE

HARTFORD, Mich.-Rising waters in the Great Lakes and Michigan's inland waterways is causing no end of concern because of the huge toll it is taking in lakeshore property and buildings.

But, according to an ancient Indian legend recorded by the famed Chief Simon Pokagon, the Potowatomi tribe which inhabitated this area a thousand years ago, encountered just the reverse of the high water problem.

QUIRK OF NATURE

The Indians, according to the legend, witnessed a huge quirk of nature which overnight removed much of the expanses of water which provided them with their livelihood.

Pokagon told in his legend, that Paw Paw river was once a noted river called "Si-bi-gan" or River of Lakes. In fact, it appears that the river was a succession of small and great lakes, from its source to its mouth.

Chief Pokagon described a great inland lake, called "Nib-i-wa" (Lake of Plenty), which covered all the lands where the city of Paw Paw now stands, except for the higher rolling hills, extending as far as the village of Lawton and westward near the village of Decatur.

To the west of Lake of Plenty, was another and larger lake, called "Ki - tchi - git - a - gan" (Earthly Paradise), which covered the valley of the Paw Paw river, including the area where Watervliet and Coloma, are located, extending from the foothills south of Hartford, covering the lands of Lawrence, on the east, to the foothills north of Bangor.

At this time, Rush and VanAuken lakes, north of here, were bays connected with this great body of water on the [illegible] Paw Paw lake a large [illegible] on the extreme west.

The village of "O-de-na," on the shores of Lake of Plenty, and the village of "Waw-kwin," at the lake of Earthly Paradise, were inhabitated by a race of Indians who manufactured flint arrow points. They have been designated by the whites as the "Mound Builders."

The great trail of all the northern and western tribes passed these villages, to and from the great prairie, beyond Lake Michigan.

It was indeed an abundant place, according to Pokagon's records. Moose, buffalo, bear and deer in their autumn and spring migrations passed around these great bodies of water.

WATER FOWL PLENTIFUL

Swans, geese, and ducks moved like clouds over their surface, while myriads of fish swarmed in waters close to the shore. The tribes also came from the east, south and west, to exchange corn and tobacco, for flint work and maple sugar, of which large quantities were always kept in store. Sugar was generally used by many tribes in place of salt.

This ancient tribe of Indians lived in luxury and ease. The chase was abandoned, for they could procure all their food within bow shot of their wigwams.

All was calm and serene, until one night in early spring, the wealthy inhabitants of the two large villages, were aroused from their slumbers at midnight by a strange terrifying roar.

Starting in the direction of the sound, men, women, and children, followed by a multitude of dogs, moved cautiously, southward until they finally reached the headlands north of where Watervliet now stands. Gazing into the valley beneath, they saw by the feeble light of the moon that the shore at the outlet of their beautiful lake, which for ages had held it fast, had given away. A deluge of water, roaring like a windwind, was sweeping down great trees and rocks towards Lake Michigan.

The next morning the people were confronted with a slimy mass of mud alive with struggling, dying fish. The canoes that were left unanchored the night before were swept away, and those that were tied to the shore, were on dry land, far from the water's edge.

TOTAL UP DAMAGE

Runners were sent out by the chiefs of the two large villages, to report on the damage done to other lakes downstream.

When the runners returned they reported that all the lakes in the Paw Paw river valley below had been swept into Lake Michigan, and only the lakes such as Paw Paw, Rush, VanAukens, Christy, Prospect, Merrimen, Scott, Brownwood, and numerous other lakes, found in Van Buren and Berrien Counties, were remaining, much as they are today.

GLENWOOD STORY

Have had a number of phone calls and comments on the article about Glenwood, so decided to write a later one. Have had some fine help from Mrs. Ransom Kinney, who, while she enjoyed the article, mentioned that I forgot to say that in Glenwood now, there is a very nice Adventist church and school, also a three-room parochial school that includes pupils from Decatur and Glenwood.

These places in Glenwood were there around 80 years ago. A Mr. Taylor owned a cheese factory. E. E. Mott raised bees and was known as the bee king of the U. S. He shipped queen bees everywhere.

Also there was a large ice house in Glenwood, owned by H. M. Hampton, who also owned a large general store, which burned in later years. The ice for the ice house was cut from Twin Lakes. A huge amount of it was loaded in freight cars and shipped to places where needed.

A sorghum and cider mill occupied an important place there, too.

Hampton Brothers also maintained a large lumber yard, and it could be that the saw dust from the lumber yard furnished the insulation for the blocks of ice in the ice house.

James Gordon had a blacksmith shop and also made barrel staves and hoops. In later years, Sim Hodge and Son owned the blacksmith shop and also made hoops.

Charlie Mott raised ginseng, and Ed Hitchcock gathered holly berries and ferns which were shipped to Detroit, often employing six or eight men to work for him through the winter. In later years, Harry Mott gathered berries and ferns.

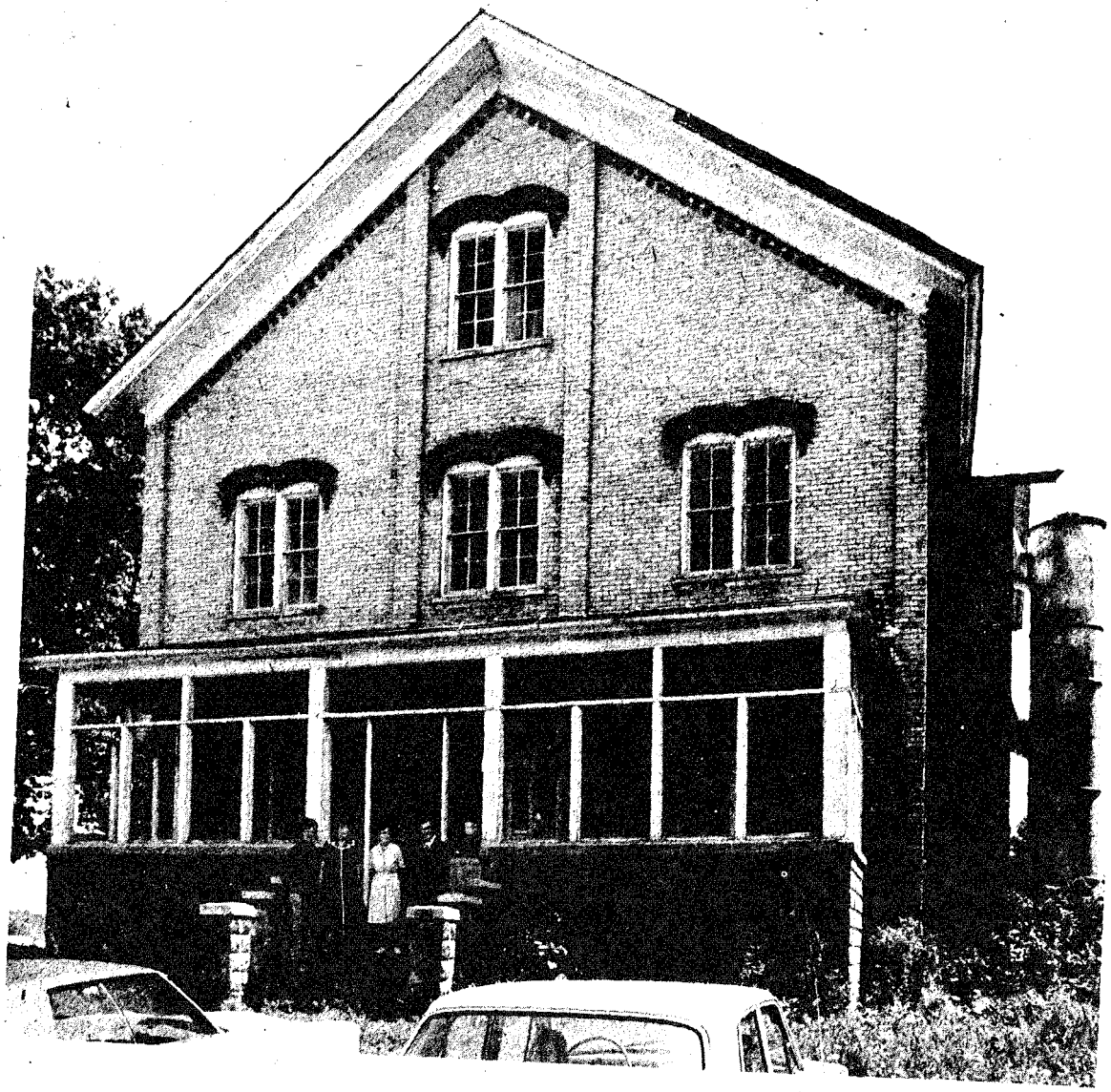
Glenwood was then a quiet, peaceful little village, with well kept homes and lawns, and we sincerely wish these hopes and ideals will continue down thru the coming years.

—Mary Ruple.

Michigan entered the Union on Jan. 26, 1837, as the 26th state of the nation.

Van Buren County Historical News

MUSEUM TO OPEN July 21st



From Left to Right - Pearl Sarno, V-Pres., Ruth Rosevelt, Pres., H. O'Malley, Displays, Robert Hollis, Museum Chairman.

Picture Courtesy of Kalamazoo Gazette

How About That?

By Marcella

I've been here in Colorado only two days and am already in love with the region. I've known mountains (growing up in Pennsylvania) and I think one never forgets his love of them. The people here are wonderfully friendly. I arrived Saturday afternoon and at one o'clock Sunday was having dinner with friends of Lyla's and Bill's. They make you feel like a long-time friend — beautiful hosts. They're from the west, here. Norm is from California, and his lovely wife, Julie, is from Utah. They're the natural kind of out-of-door folks. Norm was telling of an overnight trip he'd taken, back in Utah with his Scouts. They stayed overnight at a camp where "Jeremiah Johnson" was filmed. Jeremiah was played by Robert Redford, you know. Redford's own home is right there — an unbelievably beautiful (and costly) home on the side of the mountain.

Norm and Julie told about a news release that had gone out about Redford. We all know that publicity releases are exaggerated. In this one, Redford's home was described at being eighty miles from the nearest town. Actually, it's twenty miles from Provo and Provo is no squaw village. The article said that you could gain access to the place only by snow-shoeing in. In reality there is a road that goes right past his door. Bus loads of tourists pass by all the time trying to get just one look at their hero. One wonders how such statements enhance. For instance, "there is no going to some nearby stand for a hamburger." Sundance, Redford's own fabulous resort, is only two minutes from his home. Now does it make you love Redford any the less to know these truths?

I could foretell it all when I settled into my seat in the plane. The woman sitting next to me emitted clouds of perfume, but above the perfume was the fog of whisky. I could only hope it wasn't talkie-whisky. I was wrong. As we fastened our seat belts she released her jaw. She paid no heed to the fact that I was reading, or had hoped she'd think I was reading. She had been visiting her sister for two weeks. She numbered the rooms she'd papered and painted, the colors she'd used and how sore her knees were. She always "saved her sister a lot of money by doing these things for her," and a more thankless job you couldn't imagine. I didn't even try. I kept on looking at my magazine, but the voice chattered on. All of a sudden I found that I was really listening, for she'd said, "This is my sixth marriage." Now we've all read about these women, but here was one in the flesh. I gave her my undivided attention.

She was on her way to Cheyenne, Wyoming to be married, and hoped everything was going to turn out all right. She'd met the gentleman on her way to Honolulu three months ago and he'd asked her to stop off in his home town, Cheyenne on the way home. She did — for seven hours and they decided then that they were meant for each other. I didn't ask her if she had told him how many others she'd been meant for. She did tell me that the others were all losers. I decided from appearance she'd had a few marginal losses herself.

"Billie" told me that she is just crazy about negligees. She's got dozens of them. She had never owned an apron, for "men don't like aprons." I tried to picture Billie in some of the negligees she had described, frying the morning eggs and bacon. I couldn't picture her frying them at any hour of the day. She did say that "Curly" likes plenty of whisky in his coffee in the morning. Who's going to worry about the bacon? She told me, too, that she is going to wear a blue outfit this time. Heretofore she has always worn white. I can appreciate that it's a tough habit to break, but I'm with her — maybe the change will bring luck. I truly hope it brings good lqck, for Billie can't stand too many more dress rehearsals for the real thing. She's fifty-two now, and as she says, "Romance is all kind of up-hill now." I just hope that the morning brew is strong enough that Curly thinks all the wrinkles are laugh lines and the wrinkles in the negligees are due to having been packed for the trip.

Youth did abound in the airport terminal. Everywhere you looked there were young people with skis and poles. All had flown in for a weekend of skiing. When it was announced that the skiing was perfect, a yell went up that could have deafened you. There's a great bunch of young people coming on — not the least of which is Bill's and Lyla's baby, which is what brought me to Colorado. We're waiting —

As I started to write, I pictured you all and our main street back home. It's such a nice place. The memories are all good, so I send my love.

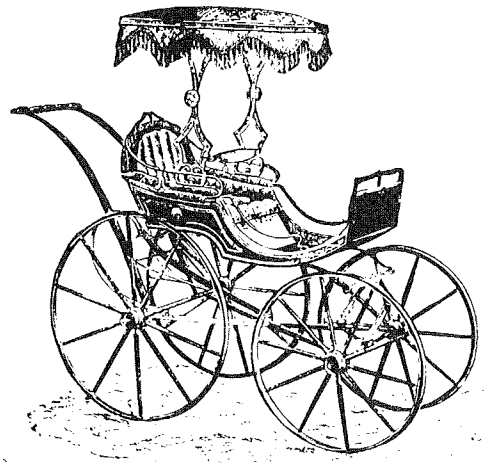
I've been reading "I Ain't Much, but I'm All I've Got." The author was a most successful business man, but gave it all up when the rat race got him down. I fully appreciate his writing of the philosophical bent his life took, but I always hold the thought in the back of my mind that he couldn't be so fully philosophical if he hadn't made his bundle first. It's a good book he's written, though a little sticky at times. One bit of advice he gives is to tell five people each day that you love them. These are to be five people who don't expect it. I'm agreeable, so I thought I'd give it a whirl. I was having my second cup of coffee with the book at my side. The front doorbell rang. When I opened it a very nice young man told me he was sell-

ing books. I never did get the title, but that wasn't my fault. I wanted desperately to try my author's suggestion. The salesman asked if he might come into the house. I said as how it was such a beautiful morning, we'd sit on the porch. He was a lovely young man, and agreed readily. I couldn't concentrate on what he was saying, for I was having a running battle, mentally. Should I, or should I not make this young man my first test? He had his paraphernalia all spread out around him on chairs and the porch floor. I was sitting exactly opposite him as he started to give his sales pitch. I leaned over at his first hesitation for breath and in what I hoped was a sincere voice whispered, "I love you." Well! Let me tell you that author doesn't know what he's talking about. The world just isn't ready for instant love. The young man not only tore some of his material as he made wild movements to gather it all up and run, he left a very nice pen behind. If you happen to read this, young man, the pen is on the front porch by the left-hand flower pot. I promise I won't take one step out onto the porch. I don't love you anyway. You're too scary. Nobody's perfect, but you've got to give Life more of a whirl than that. One thing is for sure, you're not selling the same books I'm reading. I'll wager I can guarantee some smiles because of this book. Don't say "I love you" aloud, but just picture what would happen if you did say it to the first five people you meet down town some morning — the first five people in the restaurant, for instance. Let me know if you try it. I want a photographer close by.

The world is definitely on the up-grade. Can you imagine that Mr. Ford said right out loud that "Yes, he is going to be a candidate in '76?" No intrigue, no hesitation — just "Yes." Mrs. Ford spoke right up, when asked her age, and told it. I've confused my age so many times that my birth certificate is known among my friends as my "swindle sheet." But not Mrs. Ford. I love to think how above board and truly honest our new White House couple is, then I am aware that the truth can't be hidden so they might as well ante up. It sort of takes some of the gospel trust out of their speeches. Telling all of the truth to people who misunderstand is only promoting frustration, anyway.

Truth or Falsehood — thank heaven we no longer march to that tune that once was so very popular — "Be Yourself." That is, in some instances, the worst cause for chaos and calamity that could befall the populace. We'd all like to think that if we would just be ourselves that we'd dance in divinity. Such is not the case. The only thing that holds the predicament together is that most of us assume attitudes and manners that are a whole lot better than our basic instincts dictate. We need not go abroad calling out "I Love You" to all whom we encounter, but better that than the asp-like venon that seeps from some.

The ideal situation would be, of course, when being one's self would be preferable to any sham we might assume. I guess that is what most of us are trying for, and what makes living and learning the excitement it is. I want no part of a deity that deals in dullness and dark. I'm the first in the class of "Let's Be Cheerful." If there is one of the Bible's teachings to which I am a solid convert, it's that one. I think that only by the cheerful and pleasant are lessons really successfully taught. I've never met a person who didn't love lightness and laughter, and it's rather scarce.



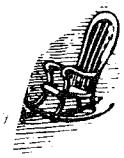
ROCKING CHAIR MEMORIES

I love it, I love it and who shall dare
To chide me for loving my old rockin' chair
I have treasured it long as a real prize
It's been covered with tears and lots of sighs.

I remember so well that my mother sat there
So it's a sacred thing, that old rockin' chair
I sat and watched her many a day
While her eyes grew dim and her locks grew grey.

She often told me that shame would never betide
With truth for my creed and God for my guide
She taught me to whisper my very first prayer
As I knelt by her in that old rockin' chair.

by Robert Pierrez



HISTORY FADES AWAY AS VAN BUREN COUNTY'S BRIDGES GO

By RAY McCLURE
Tribune Staff Writer

DECATUR — One by one, old and ramshackle bridges in Van Buren County are being replaced and, with each change, a little bit of history is lost.

So it is with an old concrete bridge over a branch of Dowagiac Creek that is scheduled for reconstruction this spring.

Known to older Decatur residents as Red Bridge, the one-lane structure long ago outlived its usefulness, even though the concrete that went into it seems to be as strong as it ever was.

Primary reason for the reconstruction is the width of the bridge, which is one-lane and means someone has to stop when meeting oncoming traffic.

50 Years Old

Estimated to have been built about 50 years ago, according to Deron Paul, who has lived many years in the Decatur area, the bridge is located in the middle of a low-lying area that residents still remember as a swamp, but now is farmland.

"That concrete bridge replaced an old wooden structure that could hardly be called a bridge," Paul said. "The old one always was dangerous, but it was the main road into Cass County, Niles and eventually South Bend. It finally wore out and became even more dangerous. Some of the wooden floor stuck up and you had to be very careful when crossing it. When cars and trucks came along later a newer span was needed, so they built the present bridge."

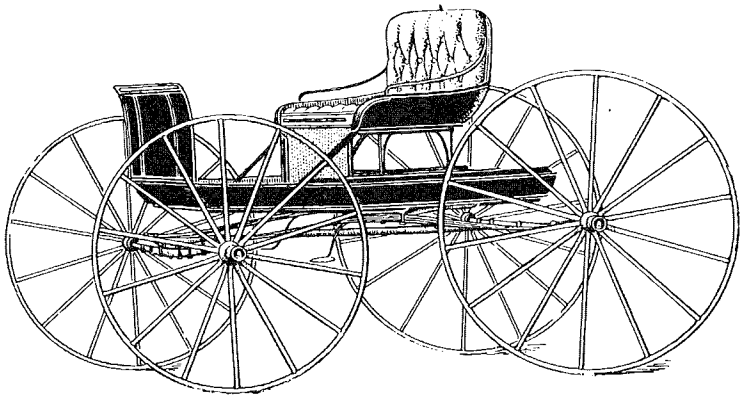
Large Trees Recalled

Paul recalled that the swamp area at the time had large trees that overhung the road, and in the trees millions of mosquitoes hid to plague travelers as they went by.

"They would cover you very quickly and you had to either run or be eaten," he remembered.

Located about a mile from the village limits, the bridge is in Decatur Twp. and crosses the north branch of Dowagiac Creek. Some residents know the stream as Pickrel Lake Creek.

Believed to have cost a few hundred dollars when built, a new bridge with twin tube arches has been estimated to cost about $22,000, more or less, depending on when the construction gets under way. With each passing day construction costs rise.



Reconstruction Planned

Planned eventually, and as soon as money is available, is reconstruction of 2½ miles of Old Swamp Road., which includes the area in which the bridge is located. The township planned to do both the bridge and road last year but decided only on the bridge because of the cost factor. Last estimate for the bridge and road project was about $60,000, more than the township believed it could afford at the time.

The bridge will be constructed by the Van Buren County Road Commission, probably with a private contractor doing the actual construction. The project has been approved by the Michigan Department of Natural Resources.

The road commission recently completed a bridge over the Paw Paw River on 59½ St. near Hartford at a cost of $78,000.

Former Bottleneck

The bridge replaced an aging span that was a bottleneck for motorists. Built on a sharp curve, the bridge was considered dangerous and had load limits for several months. Because of its age and ramshackle appearance, school buses were unable to use it.

The older span was about 75 years old and had been condemned by the township and state.

Not many motorists who use the Red Bridge on Swamp Road will be too concerned about keeping the old bridge because of its historical value.

Said one driver who stopped momentarily to watch and question the photographer taking pictures of the bridge: "Personally, I hope they rebuild it. But I have heard this many times before. So I guess I'll just have to see it to believe it."

102, AND COUNTING — There was a big cake, and an even bigger family gathering at the Hope Nursing Home in Lawton Wednesday as Mrs. Frances Conway observed her 102nd birthday. The spry and talkative centenarian was born Aug. 20, 1873, in Hamilton Township and has lived most of her life in the Decatur area. Numerous congratulatory letters included a note from Gov. William Milliken. — Gazette photo

Frances Conway Observes 100th Birthday

AUGUST 20, 1973

Mrs. Frances Conway will celebrate her 100th birthday on Monday, Aug. 20, and an open house will be held for her on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 19 from 2:30 to 5 p.m. at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Richard Conway with whom she makes her home. All friends are invited to call as no written invitations are being sent.

Mrs. Conway was born in Hamilton township, the daughter of Jacob and Cecelia Maxwell Knoll on the farm now owned by her granddaughter, Mrs. James Postello and her husband. She was married to Austin D. Conway who died in 1937.

She is the mother of two sons, Richard M., deceased, and Thomas J. of Crossville, Tenn. She has seven grandchildren, 12 great grandchildren and two great great grandchildren.

Mrs. Conway enjoys reading and can still thread a needle. She remembers her father using a team of oxen to plow. She spent 10 years in Tampa, Fla., before coming back here to make her home 10 years ago.

Centennial Lady

It was an unseasonably warm November morning. Mist lay in thick patches on County Road 352. Pieces of smashed pumpkins lay scattered from Halloween.

I was travelling through Hamilton township, flat farm country that's changed little in a century. I was there to interview its oldest resident, Mrs. Franceis Conway.

The area was unfamiliar to me and I watched carefully for the landmarks mentioned in my directions. Finally, I spotted Hamilton cemetery with its weathered tombstones and crooked iron fence. Across from it is the gray frame house in which Mrs. Conway resides. She was born less than a mile from here a hundred and one years ago. A post card cost a penny then, Ulysses S. Grant was beginning his second term as President, San Francisco was installing a fleet of cable cars, and a plague of grasshoppers threatened the Western frontier.

As I pulled into the driveway, I spotted her. She was seated, peering out at me through a picture window. I was the one under the microscope.

Mrs. Conway's daughter-in-law ushered me into the dining room where Mrs. Conway sat, back to window, in a straight oaken chair. Her skin was pale, her face and hands deeply furrowed, her hair all white curls. She looked as if she had more years on her than pounds.

She was surrounded by an accumulation. Lace doilies and painted porcelain. A chime clock that sounded the quarter-hour. A flowered tablecloth. And upon it shoeboxes filled with photographs and newspaper clippings. Tintypes and Polaroids.

"I love pictures. You enjoy looking at yourself years from the time you had it taken." She spoke in a weak but steady voice. "Here's one of me ironing. Not bad for ninety-five, eh?"

She grasped a large tintype mounted on stiff cardboard with both hands and held it in the light. "These are my relatives." They posed straight and grim in the tradition of the day. All high-collars, brooches, and watch-fobs.

"This is my mother, here," she said, pointing her out. "People say I'm a lot like her." She studied the picture a long while.

"Much of my family went to the university. I believe in education. I believe in college. I never got to finish high school. I took sick in my Senior year."

I asked her the obvious question. "Is there a secret to being a hundred and one?"

She, unhesitatingly replied, "Well, I have no habits. That's the one thing I'm most thankful for. I don't smoke or drink or lie or steal. Women today have so many habits. I didn't color my hair. I had a notion to, but I'm so glad I didn't. I don't know if that has anything to do with my age or not. But I've been careful. I eat everything and like everything and like everybody and God is good to me."

"My room is upstairs," she motioned as she spoke, "Up a long open stairway, a lovely stairway. But I can make it because there's a rail I can hang onto."

"I have a real nice, pleasant room," she continued. "I have beautiful flowers in my room, full of blossoms, and I enjoy them."

"There are a lot of things about life that I enjoy. I've had everything. I attended four grand operas in my lifetime and I lived in Florida ten years!"

"Do you prefer this area?"

"Well, this is my home. I was raised here and I think I'm very fortunate."

She lifted a yellowed clipping out of a box and smoothed out its wrinkles. The caption read: "Oldest Voter at the Polls."

"I've always voted Republican, but I've liked all our Presidents. I think Mr. Ford is doing a fine job. But when you're a hundred and one you're not interested in world affairs."

"I'm interested in business yet. I don't think I'll ever get over it. I was very active in real estate, the chicken business, and gardening. Seems strange, now I'm kind of helpless."

"I read a lot. So many women my age can't see, but I read a lot. My age has affected me physically but not mentally."

"I was a good cook. But I can't cook anymore. I don't do anything. I'm helpless, pretty near. But I can shop yet. The Social Security check comes today and I have to go to Decatur to cash it. My credit is good. I've been able to cash it so far, and I hope to go to Decatur this time, but I don't know how long I'll be able to shop."

She looked down and chuckled, "I've always had homely hands, big homely hands. I've done a lot of work, but I don't do anything now. I don't do a thing."

"I'd like to have a palmist read my hand," she leaned forward and confided. "That there's the life line. Looks as if its full of money, It better hurry up and get here."

Then she asked, "How old are you?"

"Twenty," I replied.

"When I was twenty I loved to dance. One time they had Beckworth Memorial Orchestra, a beautiful orchestra, in Dowagiac. And a man came down from the orchestra and said to the proprietor, 'Introduce me to the best waltzer in the hall!' Well, who do you spose he introduced him to? Yes, it was me."

"They used to have real nice parties in Decatur, too. Balls they called them, the Knights of Pithius Ball. Very formal. People came to these parties from Paw Paw."

"Oh, and I had a horse run away with me once. It was on a farm about a mile from us. I was in a road cart with my brother Max, who was three years old, and a friend of mine, Ella. We had gone to get a bushel of apples and a line on the cart came unhooked. The horse was a frisky horse and it ran off the road into a bean field. I managed to get out of the cart, but Max and Ella were still in it. 'Throw Max out!' I yelled to Ella. I was so worried. But the horses came to a fence and just stopped. I've outlived everyone I used to know." Her voice trailed off and a tear left a path down her freckled cheek. "My eyes water a lot," she apologized, and reached for a handkerchief.

"Have you noticed a change in people?" I asked.

"Yes, people are more afraid nowadays."

"Do you think the kind of rapid changes that have occurred in your lifetime will continue?"

"I don't think it will ever be the same."

"What do you think of being over a hundred?"

"It's no fun being a hundred and one. I don't know how I happen to be. I never expected it. I may live for years yet because I have a good appetite."

The fog had lifted as I headed back to town. The sun was shining brightly. The temperature was at least in the sixties. It could have been mistaken for early Spring. But the shattered bits of pumpkins thumping beneath my tires and the withered cornstalks waving to me from the roadside reminded me that it wouldn't last.

(Modern College English composition)

KENT ZELAS — 1975

Patriotic Woman Proud To Mark 100th Birthday

By LYLE SUMERIX
Tribune Niles Bureau

NILES — A Niles woman is especially proud to be celebrating her centennial birthday anniversary at a time when this country is celebrating its bicentennial.

The unusual occasion is being observed by Mrs. J. L. Slaughter of 1610 N. 11th, who will be 100 years old Aug. 9.

That date will be marked by a centennial birthday party in her honor from 3 to 6 p.m. in the social room of the Mt. Calvary Baptist Church, 601 Ferry, of which she is a member. A second party will be held Aug. 10 at the Masonic Hall in Decatur, where she lived before moving to Niles.

Born Aug. 9, 1875, on a farm in Yazoo County near Benton, Miss., Mrs. Slaughter was the third of 12 children of John and Ellen Johnson. She is now the only one living, after the death of a sister last year in California at the age of 104.

She left the family farm at the age of 15 to marry her fifth grade teacher, Hiram Slaughter. Ten children were born of that marriage, and she now boasts 22 grandchildren, 25 great-grandchildren, and six great-great-grandchildren.

She and her husband never really got very far from the land, moving to Michigan in 1930 to manage a farm at Decatur, owned by their son, Arthur. At Decatur they were active in the First Baptist Church, of which he was a pastor at one time prior to his death in 1958 at the age of 94.

She remained in Decatur busily tending her garden, until moving here in 1968 to live with her daughter, Mrs. Julia Clark, with whom she still resides.

Her unusually active life was slowed partially in 1968, when she suffered a fracture of the hip. She now requires the aid of a walker or a wheel chair to get around.

The accident did not, however, diminish her health generally. Mrs. Slaughter enjoys reading, and does so without glasses. She also enjoys reasonably good hearing and is the envy of her friends in being able to eat any foods she desires.

Synonymous with her work in the church, her favorite past-time is reading the Bible. She also enjoys cooking, and fondly remembers baking the holy bread served at communion at the Decatur church.

Mrs. Slaughter has a fondness for beads, especially white pearls and is seldom seen without a string around her neck.

Her formula for attaining the century mark is hard work and clean living, plus faith in God. In addition to her church, she is a member of the Church United Women of Niles.

Celebrating her 100th birthday anniversary with Mrs. Slaughter will be her six living children — Arthur of Decatur, Theodore of Dowagiac, Harvey of Detroit, William and Mrs. Clark of Niles, and Leonard of Momence, Ill.

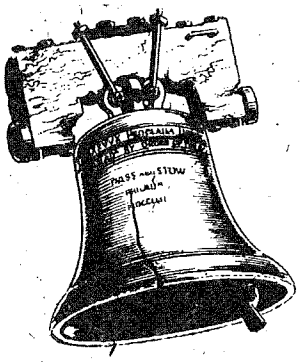
Luther Celebrates 98th

Over 125 people attended the birthday dinner for Luther Lundy celebrating his 98th birthday at the Decatur Frie Hall, Monday. This year marks Luther's 66th year in the Decatur Fire Department.

At the head table with Luther, were eight of his friends all over 70. Their ages average out to a mere 85. They included: Burt Kidman, Red Wolff, Ted Eckart, Ray Bowers, Fred McWilliams, Al Stepaitz, Howard Graham and Art Creagan.

After the fine wild game dinner, Luther was presented with many gifts and other surprises. He received a card and a letter from President Gerald Ford. Also letters from Senator P. Hart and Congressman Ed Hutchinson. He received resolutions from the Decatur Fire Dept., Decatur Village and Decatur Township.

Joe Miller was chairman and organizer of the banquet.



4TH OF JULY Bicentennial CELEBRATION

FRIDAY, JULY 2

Opening of Period Rooms Exhibit - Township Hall — 1:00 p.m.
Square Dancers and Rock 'n Roll Band - Downtown — 8:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 3

Parade - Decatur High School Band, Floats, Antique Autos
Horses, Decorated Bicycles, National Guard
(Note: Entrants should meet at 10:30 at the
Medical Center parking lot, 319 W. Delaware) — 11:00 a.m.
Softball Game - V.F.W. vs. M-40 — 1:00 p.m.
Horseshoe Tournament - Lake of the Woods — 2:00 p.m.
Waterball - Power House on School Street — Following Ballgame
Exhibit in Township Hall - open 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

Annual Charcoal-broiled Chicken Dinner - Holy Family
Church grounds — Noon - 4:00 p.m.
Exhibit in Township Hall — 1:00 p.m.
Boat Rides at Lake of the Woods — 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.
Connie Mack Baseball Game — 1:30 p.m.
Bell Ringing by Churches — 2:00 p.m.
Softball - V.F.W. vs. Fire Department — 3:00 p.m.
Ice Cream Social at Lake of the Woods — 4:00 p.m.
Finals of Horseshoe Tournament
Patriotic Program - at Raider Field — 8:30 p.m.
United Church Choir
Speaker: R.E. (Mike) Daugherty, a WW II,
veteran who lost a leg at Guadalcanal.
Subject: "Why Should I Celebrate the Bicentennial?"
Benediction - Father Walter Spillane
Fireworks — 10:00 p.m.
In case of rain, the program and fireworks will be held Monday.

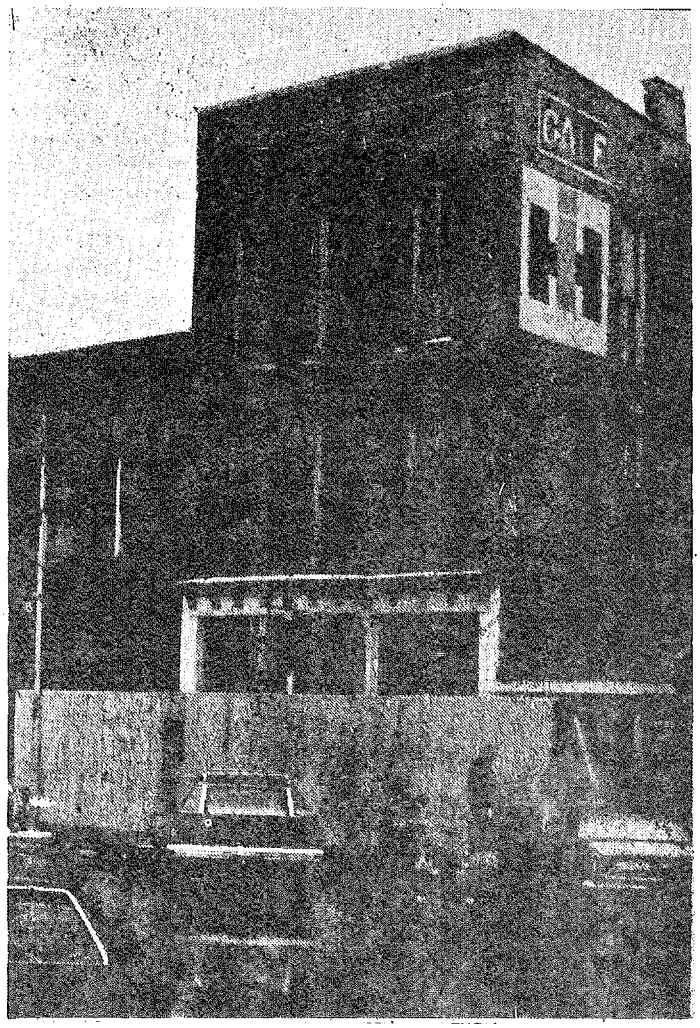
MONDAY, JULY 5

Exhibit in Township Hall — 1:00 p.m.
Baseball - Lake of the Woods Camp vs. Decatur Little League — 8:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 6

"America's Wonderland" - Movie at
Webster Memorial Library — 7:30 p.m.

Bank Expansion Begins With Trimming Decatur's Tallest Building



Decatur's tallest building is having its top floor cut off in an extensive remodeling program by the First State Bank.

The Gale Farm store building was purchased by the bank in order for them to enlarge their facilities. The third floor of the structure will be removed and the front will be faced. The lobby of the bank will be enlarged. The farm store will be moved to the rear of the Gale Hardware store on the same side of the street which will soon include the old post office building as soon as a new building for the post office can be built.

At the present time an addition is being built behind the post office building and a connecting doorway is being made between the Gale Hardware and the post office which is causing much noise and dust.

The bank and Gale Hardware hope that the dusty inconvenience caused to their customers will be worth the improvement once the remodeling and moving is completed.

OUTLINE — INDIAN AFFAIRS

Joseph R. Winchester
1975

1. TREATIES:
A) Treaty period between 1795 — 1833
B) Potawatomi signed 15 treaties with the U.S. Government, involving 33 million acres.
C) Land in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin.
D) Within the 15 treaties signed by the Potawatomi, Ottawa and Chippewa also signed in some instances.
E) Treaty of 1817 — 7 tribes signed including the Potawatomi.
F) Treaty of 1828 — "Treaty of St. Joseph" covers land in Twin Cities area.

2. MICHIGAN's FOUR FEDERAL RESERVATIONS:
A) Indian Reorganization Act (IRA) of 1934 established Michigan's four reservations.
B) The IRA is often referred to as the Howard/Wheeler Act.
C) Location of Reservations:
   1. Chippewa Reservation — Mt. Pleasant
   2. Chippewa Reservation — Bay Mills
   3. Chippewa Reservation — L'Anse
   4. Potawatomi Reservation — Wilson
D) About 1100 Indians live on the four reservations.
E) Michigan has 1 State Reservation located in Athens, which is Potawatomi.
F) The four reservations cover about 4400 acres of land.
G) The Indians living on these four reservations are not compelled to live there — THE CHOICE IS THEIR'S.

3. TRIBAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT:
A) In Michigan the 3 main tribes are: Ottawa — Chippewa and Potawatomi.
B) Each has its own Tribal Council type of governing body, which is chosen by its tribal membership.
C) Officers within Tribal Council:
   1. Tribal Chairman
   2. Tribal Vice-Chairman (some cases)
   3. Tribal Secretary
   4. Tribal Treasurer
D) Various Committees are formed: Policy, Education, Activities, Treaty and Cultural Heritage to name a few.

4. INDIAN EDUCATION:
A) Native American studies programs are being offered today at the State University, I.E., MSU, U of M, WMU, NMU and the like.
B) The above mentioned Universities have a Native American employed as a recruiter of Native American students.
C) Recruiters also give counseling and curriculum advice and financial aid — scholarship grants from the B.I.A., Bureau of Indian Affairs.

5. INDIAN EDUCATION ACT OF 1972 (HEW)
A) Title IV, Part A of this Act is established in local area school districts, I.E., Benton Harbor, Buchanan, Hartford,Kalamazoo, So. Haven, Dowagiac and Brandywine.
B) Indian Parent Committees are formed and have the say so as to how their monies will be utilized, they are not a so called Advisory Committee.
C) Programs are: Bead work, Basket making, Home School Coordinator. Their job is to work with the student and parents to decrease the drop-out rate of the Indian student's within their own district.

6 SOUTHWESTERN MICHIGAN INDIAN CENTER:
A) Established in November of 1974.
B) Committee of area Indians and with the help of Annie Green of the Michigan Commission on Indian Affairs, to whom we give a great deal of credit.
C) 11 member, Board of Directors
D) Non-profit Organization, tax exempt.
E) Occupy two (2) buildings, formerly St. Joseph's Parish in Watervliet, MI.
F) Old church building is used for various activities, I.E., meetings, cultural classes, bake sales, rummage sales and the like.
G) Rectory building houses the offices, staffed by 6 full-time Native Americans. I.E., Director, Secretary, Bookkeeper, Indian Aging, Community Health Representative (CHR) Program Director of Youth Work Experience.
H) All the above are Native Americans.

7. 13 INDIAN YOUTHS are currently employed in various communities, I.E., Benton Harbor, Dowagiac, Hartford, Watervliet and Bangor.
A) This program is designed to keep the students in school — financial assistance.
B) Some students work 1 hour before school and 1 hour after school.

8. HOUSE BILL NO. 4130:
A) Introduced January of 1975, currently with the Appropriations Committee.
B) Bill would provide free tuition for Indian college students attending both State and Private colleges.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY AMERICAN INDIAN PROGRAMS

SOCIAL SCIENCE TEACHING INSTITUTE

518 Erickson Hall
East Lansing, Michigan 48823

The U.S. Department of the Interior has the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) charged with administering Michigan's four Federal Indian reservations. The Great Lakes Agency with headquarters in Ashland, Wisconsin, has administrative jurisdiction over the following Indian reservations.

MICHIGAN

The Bay Mills Indian Community — Brimley
The Hannahville Indian Community — Wilson
The Keweenaw Bay Indian Community — L'Anse
The Saginaw Chippewa Tribe (Isabella) — Mt. Pleasant

All of these reservations for Indians were organized under the Act of June 18, *1934 (48 Stat. L. 984),* known as the *Indian Reorganization Act.*

Michigan has a field office under the Great Lakes Agency, located in Gladstone, Michigan, serving the Michigan Indian.

There is also a Forester who operates out of Wabeno, Wisconsin as well as Housing Construction Superintendents located at Lac du Flambeau and Oneida, Wisconsin, both of whom are under Agency jurisdiction.

The Great Lakes Agency occupies a part of the second and all of the third floors of the U.S. Post Office located in Ashland with the Branch of Roads Office on the lake front one block from the Post Office. Ashland is a harbor town situated on the South Shore of Lake Superior on Chequamegon Bay near the Apostle Islands.

The activities of the Agency radiate to all Field Offices and reservations in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. This work includes not only technical advice and assistance to individual Indians and Indian organizations but liaison and coordination of programs with other local, State, and Federal organizations and individuals involved in services to Indians. The Agency activities are the continuing services authorized by Federal Statute. The Congress of the United States provided for early dealings with Indians by setting up an Indian Affairs branch in the War Department in 1834. In 1849, the Bureau of Indian Affairs became a branch of the Department of the Interior and has remained in this Department.

Some of the activities carried on are in relation to the land held in trust for individual Indians, the tribe or band, and U.S. Government-owned land. This involves the administration of land and its resources. This includes the supervised sale of timber, sales and acquisitions of land and the leasing programs of the various tribes.

Education and welfare programs are carried out in cooperation with the States, counties, and private groups and individuals. Other activities include forestry, roads, employment assistance, housing and credit programs. The U.S. Public Health Service provides contract hospitalization and health assistance to reservation Indians by Act of Congress.

In the operation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the following are its long range objectives:
1. Maximum Indian economic self-sufficiency.
2. Full participation of the Indian in American life.
3. Equal citizenship privileges and responsibilities for Indians.

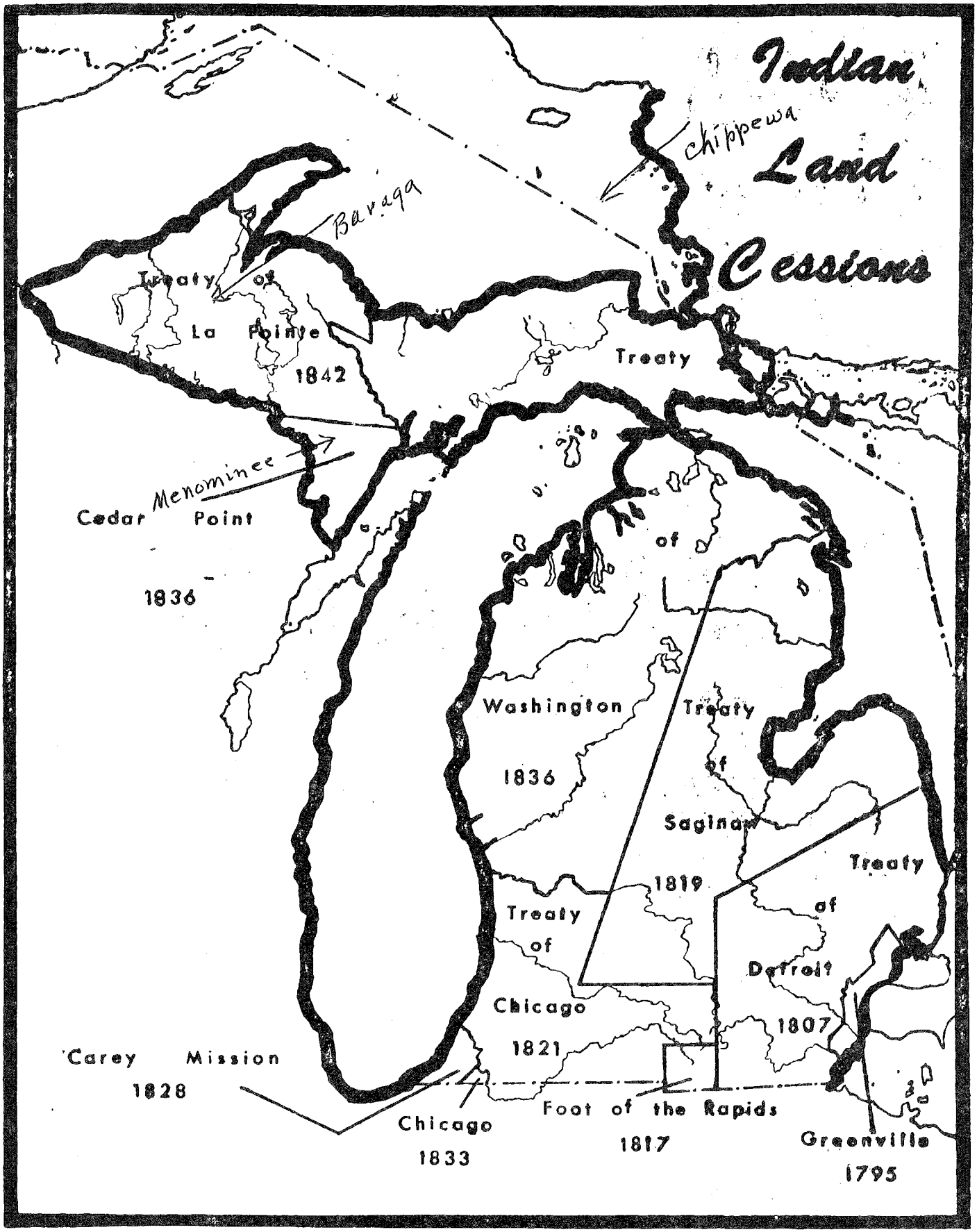
MICHIGAN'S FOUR FEDERAL RESERVATIONS

BAY MILLS INDIAN COMMUNITY: BRIMLEY

The Bay Mills Indian Community is located on the extreme northeastern side of the Upper Peninsula in Michigan and may be reached by traveling on State Highway 221. The village of Bay Mills is five miles west and north of Brimley, Michigan and 20 miles west of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Under the Act of Congress of June 19, 1860, this property was purchased by the U.S. Government to be held in trust for the Bay Mills' Indians. There remains today a total of 2,189 acres of tribal land and the forest cover of this community consists of 1,600 acres. There is considerable amount of lake frontage within this community. The population is estimated at 249. The general standard of living of most families is considerably below the average of the surrounding communities and many families are receiving general assistance. Income for Bay Mills is fishing and woods work and off reservation employment is in the urban area of Sault Ste. Marie on the Great Lakes ship lines.

HANNAHVILLE INDIAN COMMUNITY: WILSON

The Hannahville Indian Community is located just off State Highway 2, 17 miles west of Escanaba, Michigan. These lands were purchased in 1913 by an Act of Congress except 39 acres purchased in 1942. There is today a total of 3,408 acres of tribal land and 2,846 acres of forest land. The area is generally comprised of creeks and second growth timber. It is estimated that the population of the Hannahville Indian Community is 134. This community is located in a depressed area and the rate of unemployment is high. Many of the families, therefore, receive assistance from the State or county. Preferring woods work as their source of employment they sometimes travel as far as 100 miles to obtain it.


Indian
Land
Cessions
Chippewa
Baraga
Treaty of
La Pointe
1842
Treaty
Menominee
Cedar Point
1836
of
Washington
1836
Treaty
of
Saginaw
1819
Treaty
of
Detroit
1807
Treaty
of
Chicago
1821
Carey Mission
1828
Chicago
1833
Foot of the Rapids
1817
Greenville
1795

KEWEENAW BAY
INDIAN COMMUNITY: L'ANSE

The L'Anse Reservation is located in northern Michigan, 70 miles west of Marquette. It was established in 1854 by a treaty between the Lake Superior Chippewas and the United States. The reservation is made up of two districts Baraga and L'Anse. The Baraga and the L'Anse Communites are located on State Highway 41 on the shores of Keweenaw Bay. The Keweenaw Bay Community also has a small amount of land located in Ontonagon, Michigan. There remains today a total of 13,749 acres under the supervision of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Of this total 1,609 acres are tribal land, 8,124 acres are allotted land and 4,016 acres are U.S. Title land. Forest cover is approximately 11,440 acres. The village of Baraga is located on the west side of Keweenaw Bay and the village of L'Anse is located on the east side. There are two rivers that flow through the reservation and these rivers are nationally known for trout fishing. At the present time, there are 281 Indians living on the reservation. General employment is quite stable in the L'Anse and Baraga areas except for recreational connected businesses. The standard of living is low due to poor or inadequate housing on restricted acreage and lack of personal funds to build homes many, therefore, have moved to the villages of L'Anse and Baraga.

SAGINAW CHIPPEWA TRIBE
(ISABELLA): MT. PLEASANT

The Saginaw Chippewa Community is located at Mt. Pleasant on U.S. Highway 27. The Isabella Reservation is located in Isabella County in the north central part of the lower peninsula of the State of Michigan and approximately three miles east of the city of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. The Isabella Reservation was established by the Treaties of 1885 and 1864. Today there is a total of 1,223 acres of Indian land of which 506 acres are tribal land and 717 acres are allotted land. 373 acres are classified as woodland. The locale is predominantly a flat plain area best suited for agricultural uses. It is estimated that the current Indian population is 345. The majority of the Indian population is employed in neighboring industrial communities, but seasonal agricultural work seems to be the main source of income of semi-skilled and unskilled Indian workers. The skilled workers find little difficulty in obtaining adequate employment throughout the year. Compared to other Indian reservations in the State of Michigan, the general condition of Indian housing is considered good. However, when compared to non-Indian communities, the homes are in poor condition — repairs to most homes are needed immediately.

1975

Potawatomi Nation (Land Areas)

Governor Cass, Treaty Commissioner of the 1821 Treaty defined the location and land areas of the Potawatomi Nation as follows: (Plf. Exh. 20, p. 7, Treaty Journal).

"THEIR (Potawatomi Nation) COUNTRY *ON THE SOUTH* EM-BRACES BOTH BANKS ON THE ILLINOIS INCLUDING ALL ITS RICH TRIBUTARIES — *ON THE NORTH* IT REACHES ALONG THE WESTERN SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN TO THE LANDS OF THE MENOMONIES OF MILWACKY AND THOSE OF THE WINNEBAGOES OF GREEN BAY — *ON THE EAST* THEY HAVE ALL OF THE COUNTRY SOUTH OF THE GRAND RIVER TO THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE MAUMEE AND THE WABASH: AND *ON THE WEST,* THEIR TERRITORIES EXTEND TO THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. YOU ALSO STILL OCCUPY THE TRACTS OF LAND SOLD BY THE TREATIES OF ST. MARYS * AND ST LOUIS * AND WILL LONG RETAIN POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY NOW PROPOSED TO BE PURCHASED."*

(Emphasis supplied)

* *Treaty 1818, Area 98 Ill. and Ind.*
** *Treaty 1816 Areas 77 and 78 Illinois.*
*** Treaty 1821 Area 117 Mich. and Indiana.

Gone from the Business Scene

JIM ADDUCI is shown here on his last day in business last Saturday at the Citgo Service Station after 22 years in the same location. He started with a Cities Service station after he had been with Standard Oil in Paw Paw for eight years. Jim said when he began business the price of gas was 22 cents a gallon. The station has been taken over by Ed Vliek who had operated the Ed's Arco station on Phelps st. for many years. Jim plans to travel a lot and otherwise do nothing.

SIMON POKAGON: MAN OF MANY TALENTS

BY BERENICE VANDERBURG

Simon Pokagon, who was in his day, considered the nation's best educated, most outstanding Indian, was born in the spring of 1830 in Pokagon Township, between Pokagon and Sumnerville and north of the largest mound in that vicinity. He was the youngest child of Leopold Pokagon.

The Indians had come to Pokagon Township from their village in what is now Bertrand, to set up their sugar camp and to plant corn. Simon's birthplace was about a mile from that of Uzziel Putnam Jr., the first white child born in what is now Cass County.

He could only speak the Potawatomi language until he was 12 years of age. He studied for four or five years at Notre Dame, spent one year at Oberlin College and two years in school at Twinsburg, Ohio.

The balance of his life was devoted to his people and he often visited Washington, D.C. in the interests of his tribe and was devoted to his church.

He was deeply religious as were many others of his tribe, and also being gifted musically, played the organ in the old Catholic Church, St. Dominick's at Rush Lake in Van Buren County.

His accomplishments were many, he could read Greek and Latin. He taught the Indians to sing the Latin Masses which he had translated into their own language.

He wrote many magazine articles and his book, "Queen of the Woods," tells of his romance with Lonidaw Sinagaw, who became his wife. They had four children, Cecelia, William, Charles and Jerome. Their mother died in 1871 and Pokagon married second, Victoria, described as a "refined, educated woman who proved to be real helpmate, making a kind stepmother and devoted wife."

Numerous stories have been written about Simon Pokagon and his accomplishments. Because the Potawatomi Indians had no written language, he used the Algonquin langauge, from which the Potawatomi tongue stems, and created a written language for his people.

He died January 28, 1899 in a desolate cabin in the woods in Allegan County, and was buried in the Rush Lake Cemetery beside his first wife. Their four children are also buried there. His second wife died 19 months later and is also buried in the same cemetery.

The late Abner Moon of Dowagiac, who spent his boyhood among the Indians in Porter Township, Van Buren County, at one time served as their agent. He could speak their language fluently and knew the names of every Indian for miles around.

Abner Moon accompanied Simon Pokagon on his last visit to his birthplace in Pokagon Township. Moon wrote that the old chieftain sadly surveyed the scene, saying that if the Indians had killed Columbus and his men when they landed, how much trouble could have been avoided.

This statement was not in character as Pokagon was in no way bloodthirsty but a kindly, gentle man, eager to help his tribesmen adjust to the ways of the white man and make good lives for themselves.

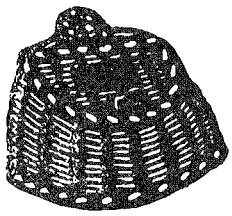
Animosity was felt toward the Pokagons and some of it still lingers today but that is another story and due to Leopold Pokagon's lack of understanding of the white man's ownership of property.

Here is the Potawatomi calendar as devised by Simon Pokagon:

January — Manito-gisiss — Moon of the Spirit; February — Mamehini-gisiss — Moon of the Suckers; March — Onabini-gisiss — Moon of the Crust on the Snow.

April — Bebokwedagiming-gisiss — Moon of the Breaking of Snowshoes; May Wabigon-gisiss — The Moon of Flowers and Bloom; June — Odeimini-gisiss — The Moon of the Heart Berries (Strawberries).

July — Miskwimini-gisiss — The Moon of Redberries (raspberries); September — Manominike-gisiss — The Moon of Gathering of Wild Rice, October — Binakwi-gisiss — The Moon of Falling Leaves: November — Cashkadino-gisiss — The Moon of Freezing; and December — Manito-gisissons — The Little Moon of the Spirit.



INDIANS' GOAL: EDUCATION

By ARLYS DERRICK
Women's Editor

Though the problems of the American Indian are many, the main concern of the Michigan Indian is education.

This is what Joseph R. Winchester, tribal chairman of the Potawatomi Indians of Indiana and Michigan, Inc., told members of Algonquin chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the November meeting held at Berrien Hills country club.

A full-blooded Indian who feels his place is in the dominant society and not on a reservation, Chief Winchester was born and raised and graduated from high school in Dowagiac. In addition to being tribal chairman he is currently president of Sister Lakes Lions club, is a former president of Sister Lakes PTA, and a former president of Sister Lakes Athletic association.

He and his wife, Joyce (who is a non-Indian) have three children, Paula, a sophomore at Central Michigan university at Mt. Pleasant under a scholarship from the Bureau of Indian Affairs; Scott, a junior at Dowagiac Union high school where he is class president, a member of the National Honor society, Varsity club, and of the varsity football team, and holder of a 3.6 grade point average, and Judy, a seventh grader in Dowagiac.

Winchester has been employed at Benton Harbor Engineering in the cost department for 16 years. His wife works parttime at the Sister Lakes branch of the Van Burén State bank.

Chief Winchester has become familiar with the problems of Indian education in his contact with Indians from all over the United States

through the National Indian Education conference in Minneapolis, a similar one at Michigan State university, and one at Notre Dame.

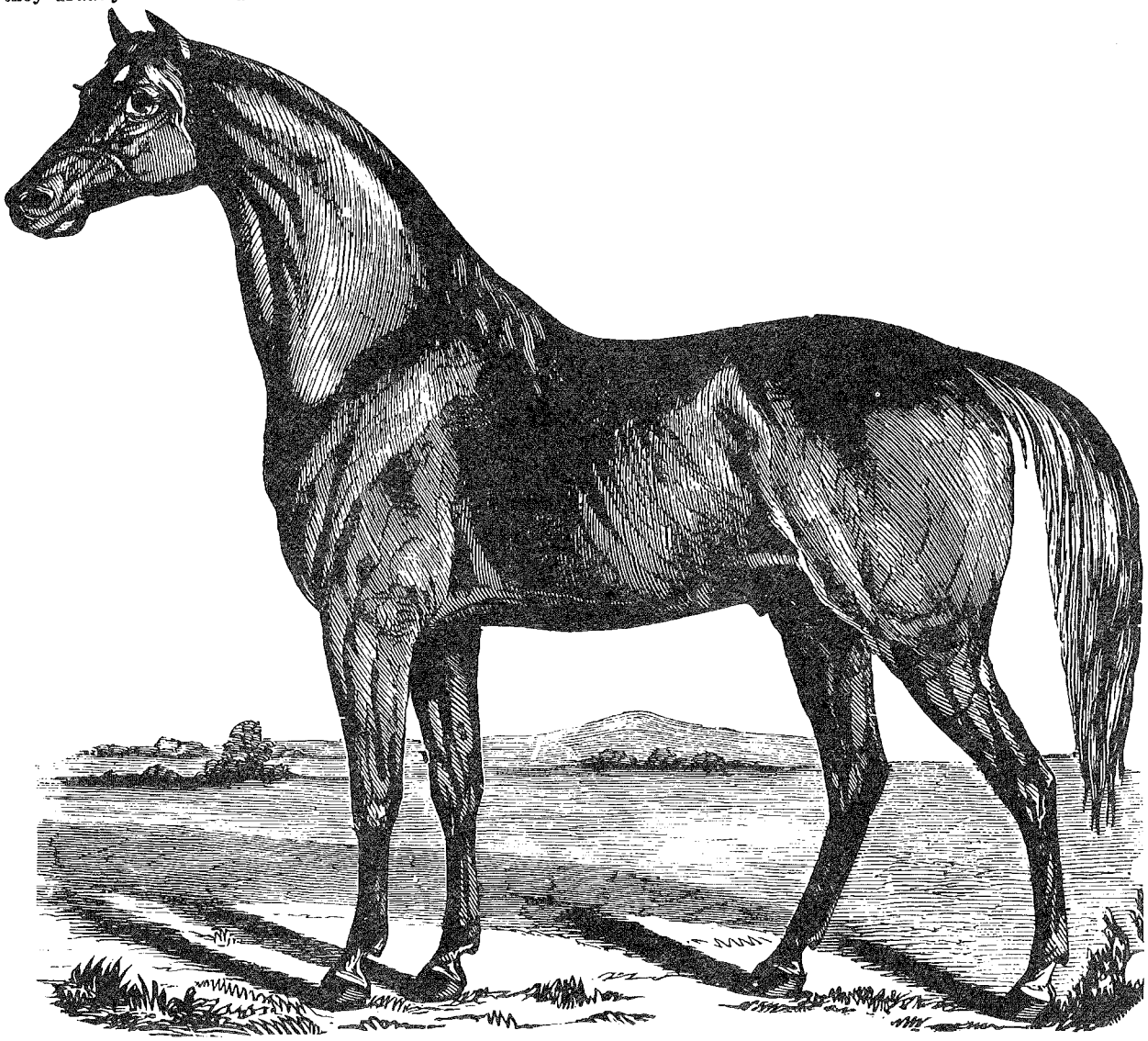
In the West, he said, especially among the 60,000 Navahos, transportation and teachers are the main problems. Some youngsters are bussed 50 to 70 miles to a BIA boarding school where they stay for a week at a time. Unfortunately, most of the teachers do not speak the language and the children do not speak English.

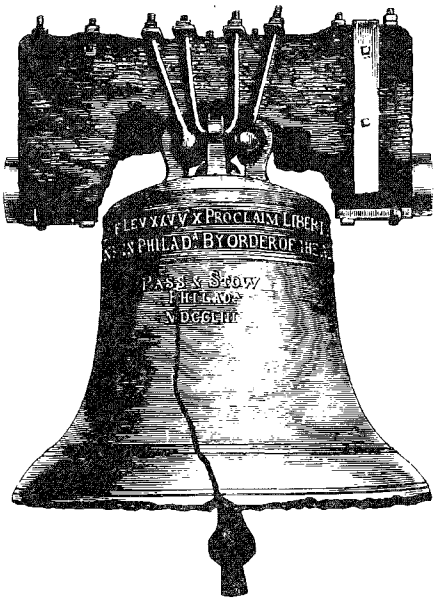
He also noted that jumping from high school to college in areas like Michigan where high school is available to the Indian, is a more difficult adjustment for the Indian young man or woman. They may speak English but they are afraid to speak up. However, the chief said, once they make the adjustment, they usually make the grade.

He said the Bureau of Indian Affairs is doing a lot of good but there are still many areas in which they could do more. He feels that a lack of communication in the past between the BIA and the Indian, has slowed the whole process of Indian education considerably.

Chief Winchester emphasized that a lack of pride in his heritage holds back many Indians. He says that he is proud of his Indian blood and is bringing up his children to feel that same pride. His daughter, Paula, works with the Big Brother group helping the Chippewas on reservation near Mount Pleasant while she is attending college.

There are four federally recognized reservations in Michigan, he said. The Chippewa one near Mount Pleasant, where 205 Indians live; one near Sault Ste. Marie, also Chippewa, where there are 270 Indians who are employed around the Locks area, at L'Anse in Baraga county where four years ago the government built up an resort as a main source of income on the 5,700-acre reservation and a Pottawata-





© COURTESY OF ELMER E. (RED) WOOLFE ©

FULL HISTORY OF THE LIBERTY BELL

Silver Tones Long. Rang Out in Joy and Sorrow.

Our Liberty bell was cast by Thomas Lester of Whitechapel, London

It arrived in Philadelphia, August, 1752.

It was first used in the State house, Philadelphia, August 27, 1752.

It was recast twice by Pass and Stow in Philadelphia, September, 1752.

It was muffled and tolled October 5, 1765, on arrival of ship Royal Charlotte, with stamps.

It was muffled and tolled October 21, 1765, when stamp act was put into operation.

It summoned meeting to prevent landing of cargo of tea from the ship Polly, December 27, 1774.

It summoned meeting of patriots April 27, 1775, after the battle of Lexington.

It proclaimed the birth of a new nation July 8, 1776.

It took its first journey from Philadelphia to Allentown, Pa., in September, 1777, to escape capture by the British. It returned June 27, 1778.

It announced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 24, 1781.

It proclaimed treaty of peace April 16, 1783.

It tolled for the death of Washington December 20, 1799.

It was rung on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July Fourth, 1826.

It cracked in the tolling death of John Marshall.

OLD GLORY

ITS 158TH BIRTHDAY

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land.
O tell us what its name may be
Is this the flower of liberty?
It is the banner of the free
The starry flower of liberty
– Oliver Wendell Holmes

BETSY ROSS

A dainty seamstress Betsy was—
Her work was of the best,
And folks were sure her loyalty
Would stand the hardest test,
So she was chosen as the one
To make from a design,
The Flag that long has symbolized
This land of yours and mine.

'Twas Betsy and George Washington
Who had the most to do,
With fashioning the Stars and Stripes
That flies for me and you;
For Betsy, true to womanhood,
By talking got her way,
And made not six but five-point stars
That grace the Flag today.

On field of blue she sewed the stars,
And red to white cloth stitched,
And soon rare magic was performed
By one who seemed bewitched;
But beauty so superb, sublime,
Our own Red, White and Blue,
Could only have been so designed
By patriots most true.

The artist's sketch showed a square flag,
But Betsy said oblong
Would prove much more symmetrical
And Betsy wasn't wrong;
And when she finished making it,
'Twas beautiful to see,
And may Old Glory ever wave
O'er people who are free!

—Alonzo Newton Benn
5000 East End Avenue
Chicago, Illinois.

Letter To The Editor

LETTER TO ED

Knowing how difficult it would be to try to get in touch with Edgar Bergen and being sure of only a few names of those responsible for Decatur Week, I am hoping this letter reaches all those who worked so diligently on last week's festivities. Coming back home for the celebration was a moving and worthwhile experience. It helped remind me of all that is good about small town living.

Only a man as big as Edgar Bergen could come home proudly to the small town where he began and so selflessly thank that town for leaving its mark on him. When he stated that there should be more small towns for kids to grow up in, it stirred in me those memories of my own years in Decatur and the strength and stability which I drew from it.

Sadly, so many small towns are dying. People are convinced that the city is the place to be. For a long time, I, too partially subscribed to this philosophy. Now, having lived and taught in larger areas, I believe that Decatur's school system is as good as any, no matter what the size, and surpasses many. Its students are more enthusiastic and honest and its parents more involved and truly concerned. Unlike the larger cities, its streets are safe and its people friendly.

Last week was a triumph and a large thank you is due people like the tireless May Kaplan, the responsible Chief Barney Ives, and Mayor Blaine Rex. They helped remind everyone how wonderfully unique Decatur is. All those raised in Decatur don't always remain, but, as Bergen illustrated, a part of Decatur remains with us. The friends made there are lasting friends and the security gained there helps us go forth to achieve new goals and realize our potential.

Saturday, watching the parade, I was so proud to be from Decatur. I thank Edgar Bergen for being part of the reason so many of us returned home for a visit. Most of all, I thank Decatur for remaining constant in an ever changing society.

Lyla Fox.

Newsweek—Vytas Valaitis

Odlum: Crippled himself, he spurred research

Floyd Odlum dies at 84; turned Depression to gold

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

PALM SPRINGS, Cal. (UPI)—Financier Floyd Odlum, 84, whose talent for reviving failing businesses made him a multimillionaire during the Depression, died [illegible] ranch.

Odlum was the husband of Jacqueline Cochran, woman aviator of the 1930s and head of the WASPS, women pilots who flew noncombat planes in World War II.

He was best known as the driving force behind the giant Atlas Corp., a conglomerate embracing scores of investment companies, Hollywood movie studios, railroad and aviation companies, public utilities, manufacturing, and real estate.

Bedridden with arthritis for many years, Odlum went into seclusion in 1972 when the huge Cochran-Odlum fruit ranch was sold for conversion to a real-estate development.

THE FIFTH AND youngest child of a Union City, Mich., minister, he worked his way through the University of Colorado Law School.

In his first job, for a Salt Lake City utility company, he made $50 a month. His second year out of school he made $8,000, a considerable sum in the 1920s. The following year he made $125,000.

He started an investment company—which grew into Atlas Corp.—with a partner in 1923, each of them putting up $10,000, a stake that grew into more than $100 million.

His special talent, which came to the fore in the economic collapse of the 1930s, was the ability to detect firms which had "bottomed out," their value sunk to its low point, but which could be revived. For decades he bought such firms, revived them with infusions of capital and management talent, and sold them at a profit when they were money makers again.

HE TOOK OVER the bankrupt RKO Studio in 1935 and sold it in 1947 to Howard Hughes for a $17 million profit. He bought Convair in 1947, put $10 million into it and sold it to General Dynamics for $20 million. He invested that in a uranium mine in Utah and five years later had five uranium firms that he merged into a single nuclear energy concern.

He had two sons by his first marriage, Bruce and Stanley. Stanley committed suicide in 1974.

Floyd Odlum Dies In California

Floyd Bostwick Odlum, self-made multi-millionaire, who at one time attended the Decatur schools, died recently in California.

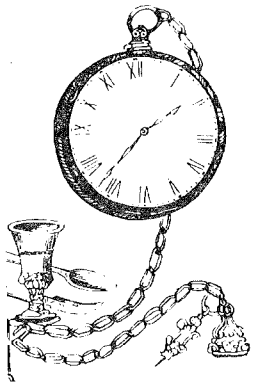
He was born in Union City, Michigan, and his father was pastor of the Methodist Church here, while they resided in Decatur. He was married to aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran, who survives.

Odlum was known for his success in converting various troubled companies into profit makers. He helped reorganize Paramount Studios in 1935 and took over the bankrupt RKO, rebuilding the studio and selling it 12 years later to Howard Hughes for a high profit.

He parlayed his first $50 a month job for a Salt Lake City utility company into ownership of the investment firm, Atlas Corporation, which held such varied enterprises as hotel companies, oil and gas firms and uranium holdings.

He bought the ailing Convair aircraft plant in 1947, pumped $10 million into the firm and sold it to General Dynamics for $20 million seven years later.

Odlum worked with Presidents Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman and was a special adviser to the War Production Board during World War II.



MOTHER MINE

Gone — it cannot be
For it was but yesterday it seemed to me,
She held me in her arms so tight
And pressed my lips in fond good night.

But still the vacant chair
In memory I can see her there.
Where oft' she sat by the fireplace
While sunbeams played about her face.

The open Bible on her knee
So often would she read to me,
In tones so sweet, so soft and low
Those wondrous tales of long ago.

Her voice no longer now I hear,
But still I feel her presence near.
Though many years have come and gone
Those memories sweet still linger on.

Her guardian angel hovers near
And whispers softly in my ear,
Your Mother dear has gone before
To welcome you on yonder shore.

Then when my task on earth is done
And when for me the summons come,
What joy it will be her face to see
For she will be there to welcome me.

—Joanna H. Abshagen.

OBITUARIES

MRS. GAY McGIBENY

Mrs. Gay N. McGibeny, 103, died Friday morning, Mar. 12, in Miller Merry Manor, Plymouth, Ind.

She was born Mar. 9, 1873, in Decatur, the daughter of George and Nancy Collins Nesbitt. She was married to Clarence McGibeny Oct. 7, 1895, in Decatur. He died in 1942.

She is survived by several cousins, among them Mrs. Samuel Perkins of Culver, Ind., Mrs. Eugene Collins of Bowie, Md., and Mrs. Fredrick Rogers of Kalamazoo.

Services for Mrs. McGibeny were held at 10 a.m. Monday, Mar. 15 at the Bonine Funeral Home in Culver. The Rev. Donald Bowman officiated, with cremation following. Graveside services for the cremains of Mrs. McGibeny will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday, Mar. 20, at Lakeside cemetery, with the Rev. Theodore Neely officiating.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON BECOMES EXTINCT

The short history of the passenger pigeon, a wild pigeon approximately fifteen inches in length with pinkish-tinted dark gray feathers and a long tail, is brief and due mainly to the foolish waste and greed of the hunters of the 1800's.

The records of people who saw, as did Alexander Wilson, 225 billion passenger pigeons pass in a single flock in Kentucky in 1808, was astounding! also, John James Audubon, who watched a flock of passenger pigeons pass over his place of view, in a continuous stream for three days, was equally astounding! The flock was so thick it all but blotted out the sun, and the sound of their wings was thunderous. They destroyed almost all other forms of life in their nesting areas. They were a threat to crops and somewhat of a pest in general.

In this atmosphere of bird abundance, hunters came to the large nesting trees, in which were dozens of nests and in the dark of night, knocked birds off branches with long poles by lantern light, which hypnotized or blinded the pigeons. Some were caught by burning sulphur which choked them; also, large nets were used to snare or trap them. Some pigeons were eaten, but most were preserved in barrels for shipment to Chicago or New York. During the height of the hunting season whole rail carloads went daily to these terminals.

The market price paid for the pigeons was one or two cents each, which hardly seems enough to incite wholesale slaughter, yet it accomplished total extinction by the year 1914 when what is believed to be the last passenger pigeon died in the zoological gardens of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The diary of Mrs. John Bennett indicates the common practice of hunting or snaring the passenger pigeon for profit and pest control, was alive and thriving, here in the Decatur, Michigan area, in the early 1800's. It shows how individual hunters, like her husband John and some of the neighbors and thousands like them, when added to the larger commercial efforts accomplished the sad end for these birds.

John Bennett and his thousands of fellow hunters were unwitting participants in the eventual extinction of the species.

The following accounts were taken directly from Lucy Millard Bennett's diary:

"He (John) has got his pigeon net nearly done. It is 16 × 32 feet."

Wed. Feb. 12, 1873

"Pigeons are flying today in considerable numbers. John and Andrew have caught 16 dozen since daylight."

Wed. Feb. 19, 1873

"John went to the net this morning but came back to breakfast. No pigeons flying today."

Fri. Mar. 21, 1873

"John has been off pigeon hunting all day. Willie Corwin brought me 7 that his father shot."

Mon. Mar. 31, 1873

"Yesterday Andrew and John caught about 40 dozen pigeons... We have been picking pigeons today — 28 dozen — will ship them tomorrow."

Tues. April 8, 1873

"We shipped our first BBl. of pigeons today."

Wed. April 9, 1873

"John and Andrew picked 6 dozen pigeons yesterday."

Fri. Dec. 19, 1873

"John and Andrew went off early this morning for the north to catch pigeons. Mr. Skinner took them to Hartford."

Fri. April 10, 1874

"John went pigeoning today and caught 9, he is fixing his net now."

Mon. Sept. 21, 1874

"John did not catch any pigeons today."

Tues. Sept. 22, 1874

"Saturday: John brought in his pigeons (8 in all) and put them in the cellar to keep them from freezing. He picketted off one corner and it makes them a nice place."

Tues. Jan. 12, 1875

"John is knitting another pigeon net."

Thursday Jan. 14, 1875

"Austin (Barney) came over early this morning to see if he could put his pigeons in the cellar with ours. They were nearly frozen when he brought them over."

Thursday Feb. 4, 1875

"John was in the house all day working on his net."

Monday Feb. 8, 1875

"John and I are alone for a rarity. He is working on his net."

Sat. Mar. 20, 1875

"We arose at ½ past 3 o'clock, got breakfast, then John and Peter took the horses and went pigeon hunting. Hope they will catch some... John caught several dozen pigeons today."

Wed. Mar. 31, 1875

"John caught some pigeons this morning, but not many. The wind bothers."

Thurs. April 1, 1875

"John and Austin have gone to hunt a good place to catch pigeons. They have caught 8 dozen."

Tues. April 6, 1875

"Today John caught 5 dozen pigeons. He goes to Abbots to get them."

Thursday, April 8, 1875

"John sent off 1 Bbl. of pigeons today... (10 P.M.) John came home just as I did. He caught 27½ Doz. pigeons today, Austin 7 dozen the first he has caught this season. I think all the money they will bring is dearly earned."

Friday, April 9, 1875

Contributed by Robert C. Traverse
1976

EDGAR BERGEN COMES HOME

EDGAR BERGEN WAS GRAND MARSHAL of the fantastic Decatur Week parade, which gave everyone the opportunity to see the guest of honor. Barney Ives drove the Grand Marshals' car, as he was the one most responsible for getting Mr. Bergen to come back to Decatur. Also in the car were his Decatur hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Haefner.

Decatur welcomes Edgar Bergen

By GENE WALDEN
Tribune Cass County Bureau

DECATUR — Like any homecoming, the Decatur towns folk proudly came out Friday night and Saturday to greet their local "boy-made-good" with cameras, autograph books and warm hospitality.

And when the aspiring young ventriloquists in town brought their manikins down to meet him, you knew the man they came to see could be none other than Charley McCarthy's own Edgar Bergen.

Saturday was designated as "Edgar Bergen Day" in Decatur as the ventriloquist-comedian returned to hometown Decatur for his first public appearance since 1948.

"I came in here quietly for just a short time about five years ago," recalled Bergen, "but I haven't been to anything like this since 1948."

He arrived here Friday night, attended an open house at the Veterans of Foreign Wars Hall Saturday morning and acted as parade marshal in the "Decatur Week" parade Saturday afternoon followed by a performance with some of his dummies.

Bergen stayed at the home of Rolland Haefner during his stay here.

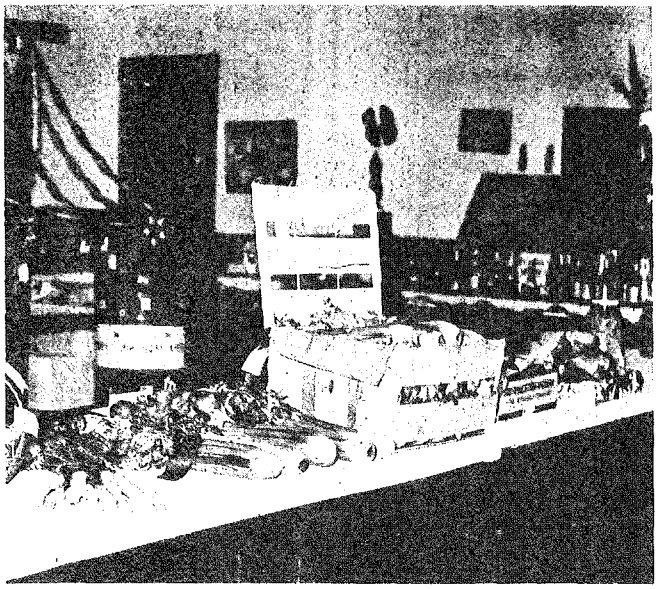
The years showed in Bergen's gray, thinning hair, but his sense of humor and love for children appeared timeless as he joked with the youngsters and took the time to pose with them while their parents caught some quick snapshots.

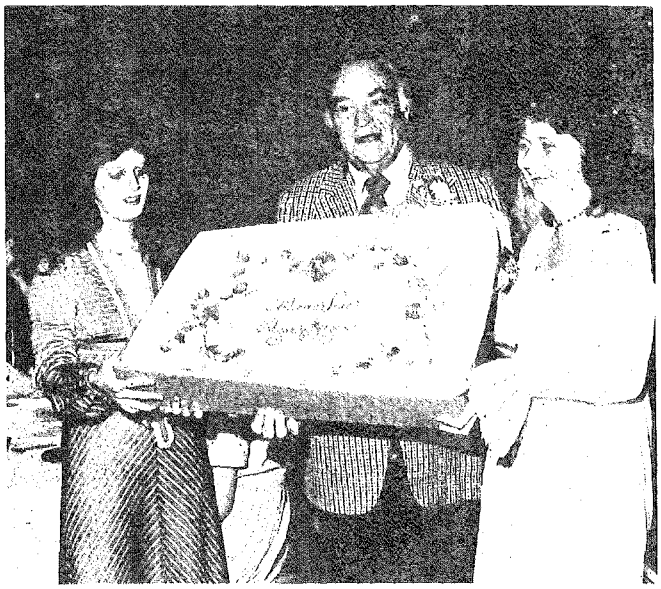
As he passed one young boy who was holding a manikin, Bergen smiled and said, "Good luck to you on that."

The Many Faces Of Edgar Bergen

LET THE PICTURES TELL THE STORY

N GOD WI
TRUST





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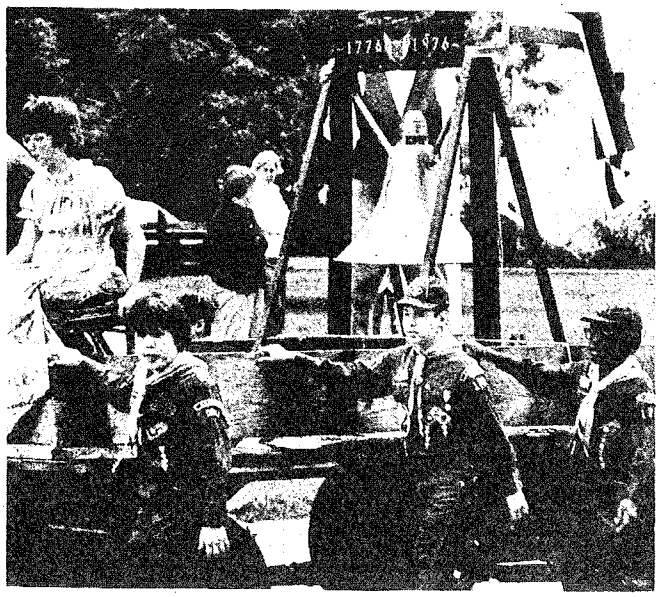

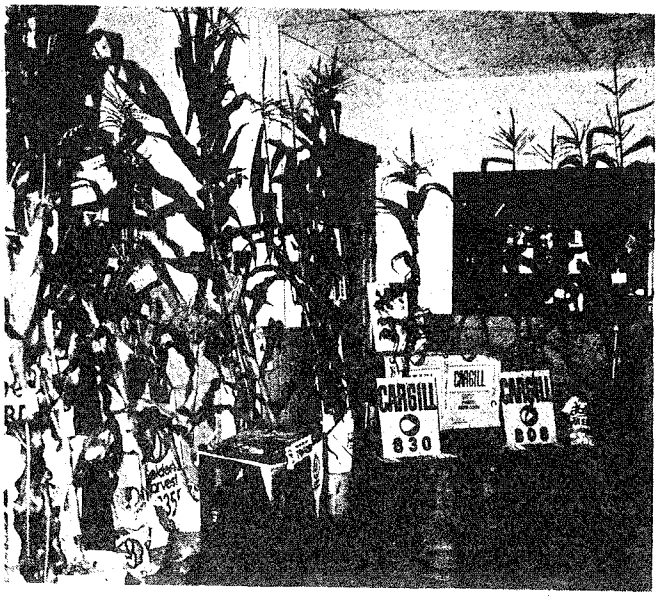
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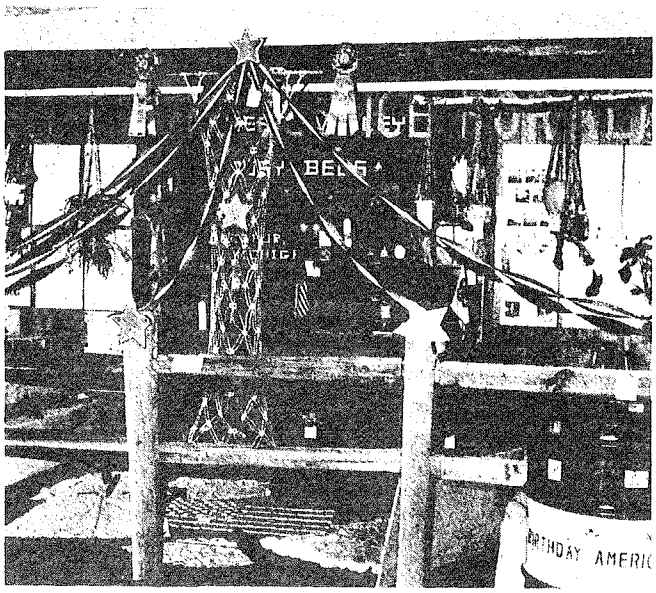
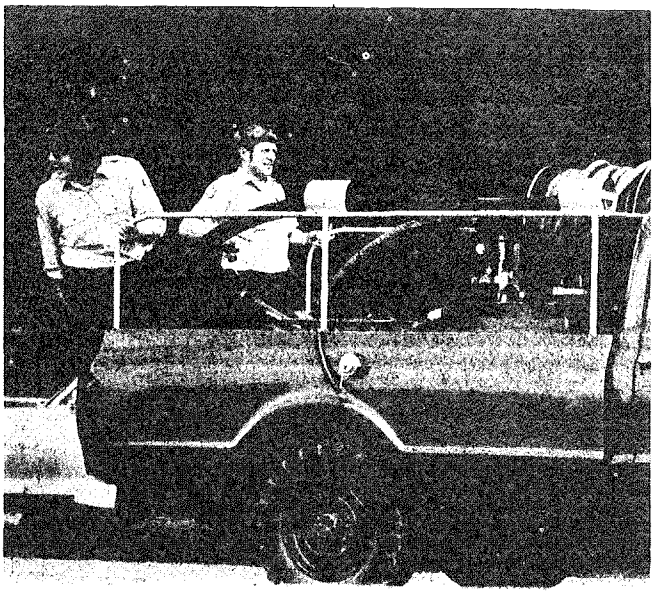
LET FREEDOM RING





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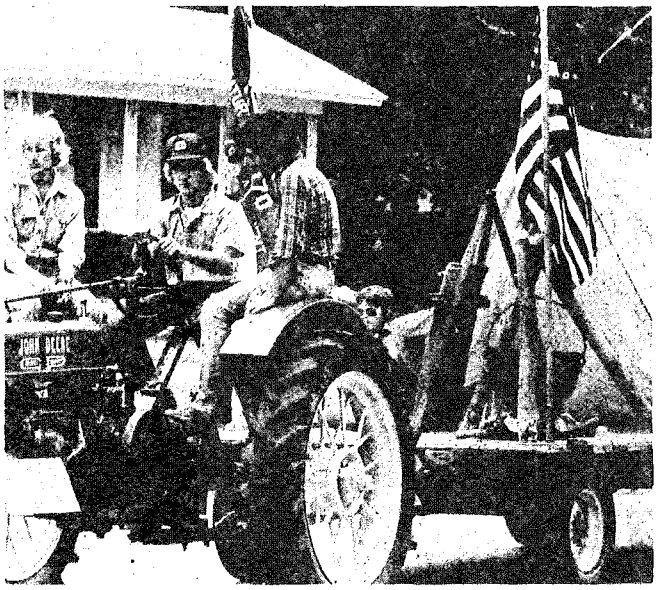
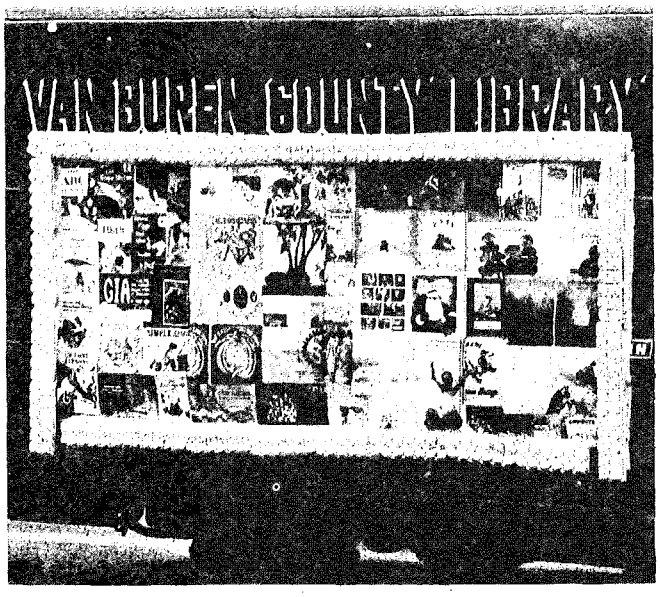



VAN BUREN COUNTY LIBRARY

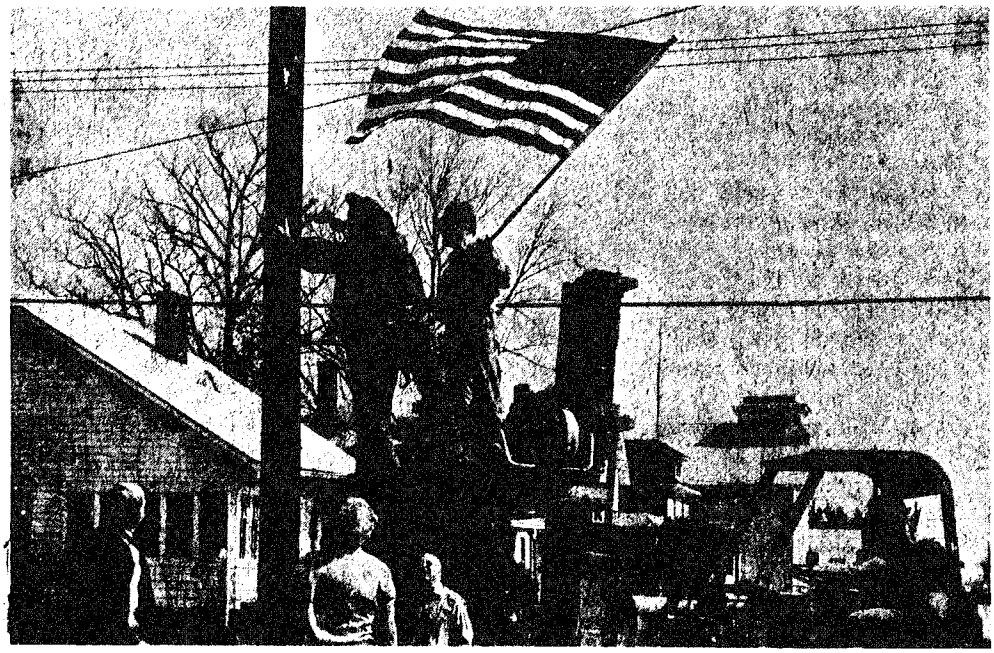
Class of '51 Reunion

The Decatur high school class of 1951 held its 25th year reunion at Stone Inn Dockside in Cassopolis on July 23.

The entire class of forty was contacted by mail across the U. S. A. and to Hong Kong. A group of fifty, including the husbands and wives, attended the gala evening.

Honored guests of the evening were Miss Catherine Howland and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Hellenga, their former teachers and class sponsor.

VFW Places Flags On Delaware Street



Anyone coming into Decatur from the east last Saturday must have been jolted into a patriotic fervor when they came upon a display of American flags flying on Delaware Street.

The eighty flags were placed there by V. F. W. Post 6248, Veterans of Foreign Wars, in observance and celebration of the bicentennial year. The display of flags went all the way from High's Marine on the east, to the Laundromat on the west edge of town. And to prolong the beauty and spirit, they will be flown on all holidays.

Post V. F. W. members who were out working on this project last Saturday were Max Laskovy, Charlie Tunis, Don Wiese, Bill Hoekstra, Byron Ives, George Kusmack, John Gaborik, Clarence Oatman, Bill Oatman, Myron Southworth, Joe Bajo, Bruno Dragan and Ireel Slack.

Mrs. Daniels Celebrates 99th Birthday

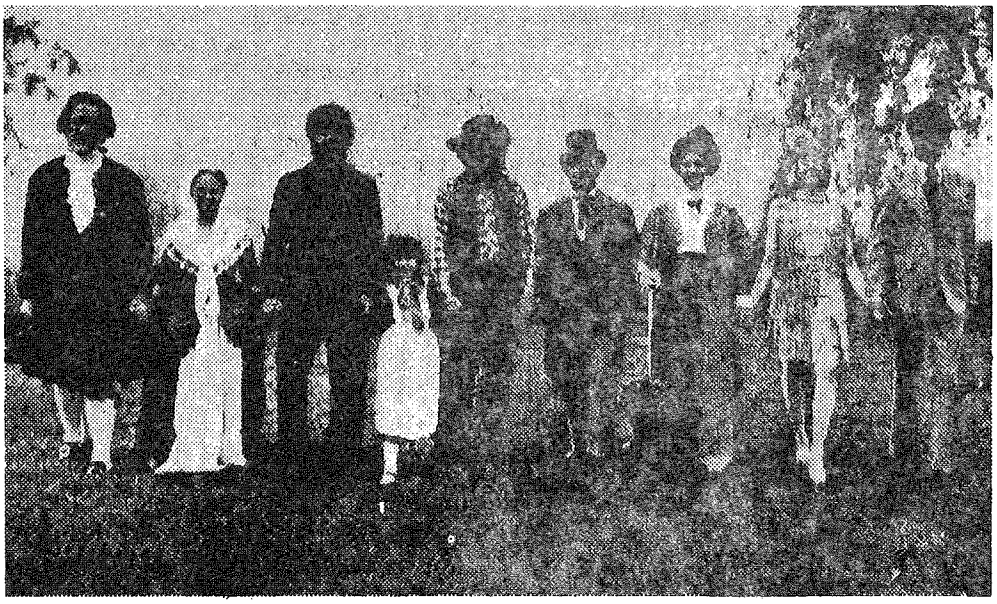
Mrs. Louise Daniels was honored with a family birthday party Saturday, Sept. 11. It was a special occasion, as it marked her 99th birthday.

The celebration was held in the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Daniels, Lake of the Woods, with whom she makes her home. Local friends called on her in the afternoon, with the family party in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pickavet and family of Walkerton, Ind., brought the birthday cake, and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Hellinga and son of LaPorte and Mrs. Katherine Bolenbaugh were also there to help her celebrate.

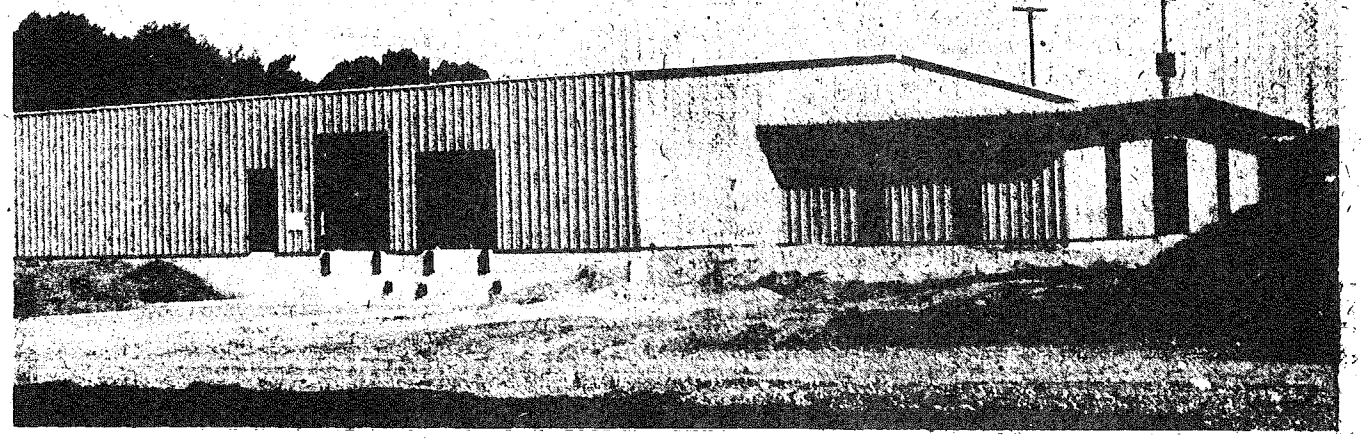
The Republican joins her friends in wishing her continued health and happiness.

Let's keep it growing for 200 more years.



Welcome God to America's bicentennial... practice what you pray.

New Special Lite Inc. Facility To Be Finished In October



Above is the new home of Special Lite Inc., of Decatur, manufacturers of aluminum doors and frames. Special Lite Inc., has been located on Beers Street for the past five years, and will move into its new facility on the Decatur-Cassopolis Road in October.

Edmund I. Smola, president of Special Lite, Inc., began his business in his garage back in 1964 as Decatur Quality Glass. He worked alone for a few years and in 1971 founded the corporation and named it Special Lite.

Special Lite custom builds heavy duty doors and frames including rail and tubular. They furnish their product to Kawneer, Amarlite, PPG Industries and Texas Aluminum, for resale.

Special Lite doors can be found all over the world, including Saudi Arabia, Belgium, Hawaii and the JFK Space Center.

Many of its doors are hung in the busiest places where abuse is greatest, including countless schools. The firm also does glass work and makes special panels. The installation done by the company is mostly in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, where it is practical to travel.

Special Lite doors will be found at Detroit Metropolitan Airport, O'Hare Field in Chicago, University of Michigan, Notre Dame, Western Michigan University and many high schools throughout Michigan.

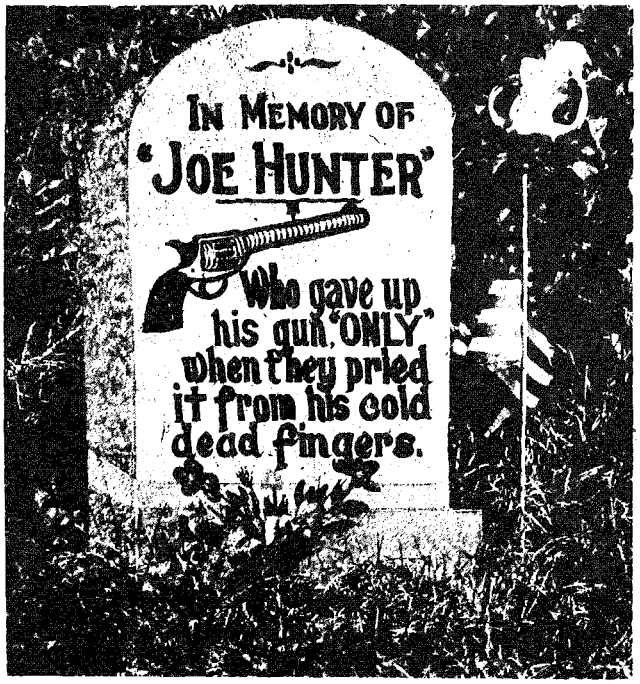
Several of Decatur businesses have store fronts and doors from Special Lite. They make regular size doors as well as jumbo sizes, all the way up to the largest they have ever made which is 12 feet wide by 24 feet high. It is located on the Federal Building at Grand Rapids.

The firm now has 13 employes, an engineer and stockholder, Donald Leets, and a vice president and production manager, George Deming. The company averages 200 to 250 flush doors a month, and around a hundred rail doors.

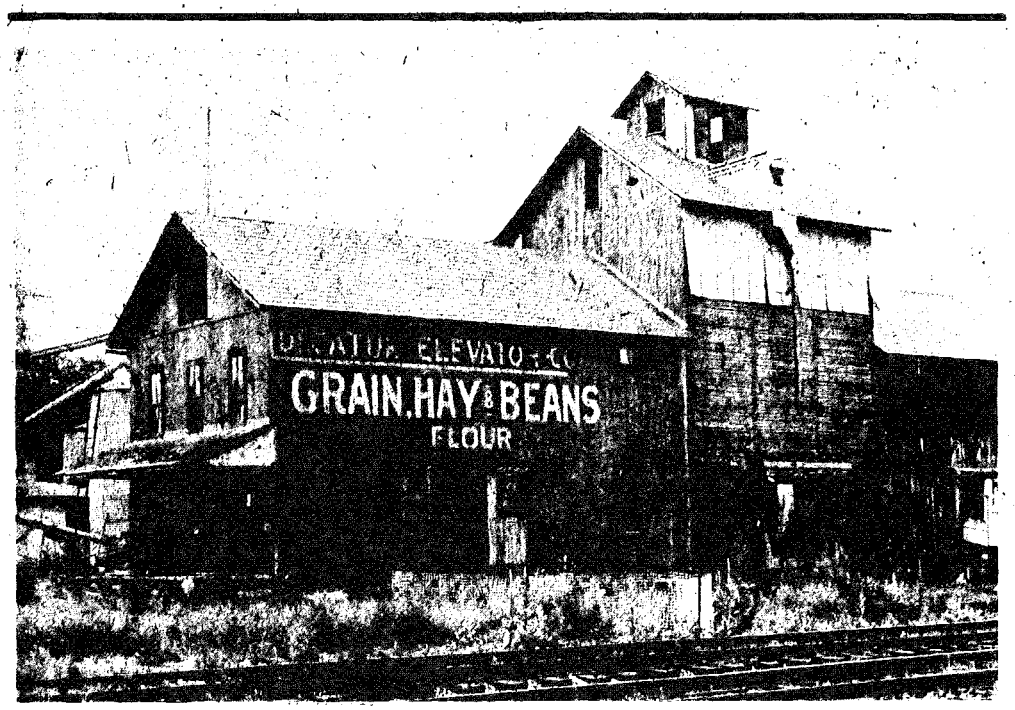
Occupation of the new facility should take place in October, according to Smola. The new building will have an 80 foot by 200 foot working shop area with a 30 foot by 40 foot section for office space.

The new facility is located on the former Bernard Kammeraad farm. Upon purchase of the property, it was necessary for Special Lite to get the 20 acres rezoned to commercial usage by Decatur township.

Because of the increase in sales, it was necessary for Special Lite Inc., to build a more modern and less crowded facility, according to Smola. The expansion will help increase both productivity and efficiency in handling the increasing market for their doors.



J. HOWARD GRAHAM of 306 Wheeler Street, Decatur, painted and erected this tombstone during the summer, along Old Swamp Road, near the business signs. According to Graham, he feels this reflects what will happen if the anti-gun movement continues. He said that he feels the outlaws will be the only people with guns and that this is no answer to the increasing crime problem.



The old Decatur Elevator Company building was erected before the turn of the century, probably about 1895 by the Lawrence brothers. It has been in continuous use until four or five years ago.

The Lawrence brothers owned what are now the Pollock and Westphal farms, southeast of Decatur, and the main timbers for the building came from there.

There were several owners before it was incorporated as Decatur Elevator company in 1928. Prior to that, it was known as Decatur Co-op. It was operated by Guy Curtiss from 1928 to 1940, by Howe and Oatman from 1946 to 1949, and by Harold Hutchins from 1949 to 1958, when Bernard Sherburn became the owner. These are approximate dates.

The front building which has now been torn down, was used for office space, grinding, cleaning seed, sacking and storage of supplies.

The tall part, still standing, was the storage area for grain, holding about 4,000 bushels.

No plans are in the offing for rebuilding or use of the space.

1976

8th Grade Exam Was Something In 1910!

TOUGH EXAM: Harvey Hough of Grand Junction, now 82 and retired, says he doubts many [illegible] students could pass the eighth grade exam[illegible] he took to complete his formal schooling in 1[illegible]

By JIM DeLAND
Assistant City Editor

Write a promissory note. How is a note endorsed?

Use a participle three different ways in sentences.

How is food changed in digestion? Describe quite fully the process.

Indicate by words and diacritical marks all the sounds of (the letters) o, c, s, g.

Those are just a few of the questions on the two-day examination Harvey Hough took more than 66 years ago in Grand Junction to complete his formal education.

The examination was for the eighth grade.

"When I look at it now, I wonder how I ever passed it," says Hough, now 82 and retired in Grand Junction. "Nowadays, I don't think a high school guy could pass them, could he?"

That thought was exactly what prompted Hough's son, Dale, to bring the examination to the attention of The Herald-Palladium after reading the recently-completed series of articles in this paper entitled "Johnny Still Can't Read."

"After reading those, I thought how much our educational system has gone to the dogs," Dale says. "We pass kids just because they attend classes. We give them attendance certificates called diplomas."

Dale, who works at the Michigan Employment Securities Commission WIN program office in Benton Harbor, says he daily sees applicants who "can't express themselves in written words — it seems to overwhelm them — and writing and reading go hand in hand.

"I know my parents weren't foolish — they both went through the eighth grade — but when I saw my father's exam, it really floored me."

The examination was given on May 5 and 6, 1910, in the Grand Junction school. The teacher who gave it was Harvey Hough's older brother, Harry, who later served as high school principal at Hartford and as Van Buren county school superintendent.

"It was easy for me then," Hough recalls. "I was supposed to take it the year before, but those were the horse and buggy days and the exam was given in Bangor that year. I didn't have the transportation, so I didn't take it.

"Because I wasn't 16 yet, I had to go back to school the next year and my brother was teaching then. He saw I wasn't idle. He gave me a lot of ninth grade work."

The examination was divided into nine sections — orthography, penmanship, physiology, grammar, spelling, geography, reading, arithmetic and civil government.

The reading section was based on the poem "The Lady of the Lake" and asked the student, among other questions, to write a sketch on the author's life and write a brief character sketch of the two main characters in Canto V.

Geography questions included "Of what is the atmosphere composed? What causes winds?" and asked the student to describe Michigan, giving size, latitude, longitude, drainage and soil.

Arithmetic questions included "What is the capacity in gallons of a cistern 10 feet wide and seven feet deep?" How many horses at $180 each can be bought for the money received for a quarter section of land sold at $90 per acre?"

"If I remember right, my score was in the 80's," Hough says, "but that was a long time ago. I do know I didn't have any trouble with it."

After finishing school, Hough worked for a paper mill in Kalamazoo and a steel mill in Gary, Ind., before enlisting in the Army during World War I. He served in France as a line engineer with the First Division and suffered poison gas burns that prevented him from continuing steel mill work.

He later did work in the Black River Foundry at South Haven during World War II and retired in 1969 from the Everett Piano Company there.

Looking back, he can find little fault with his education, which would seem limited in grade level by today's standards.

"When you had an eighth grade education back then, it was about like a high school education today," he says.

'When I saw my father's exam, it really floored me.'

'When you had an 8th grade education then it was like a high school education today.'

MRS. JULIA SLAUGHTER

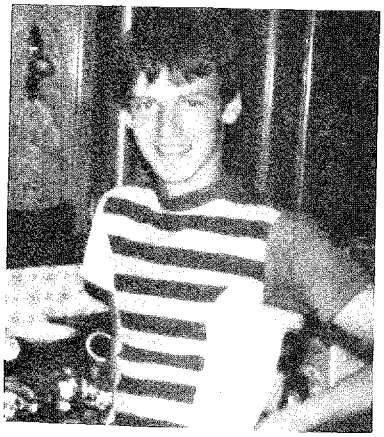
Mrs. Julia E. Slaughter, 101, 1610 N. 11th Street, died Wednesday at her home after a long illness.

She was born Aug. 9, 1875 in Benton, Miss., where she married Rev. H. L. Slaughter in 1893. He passed away in 1958. She moved to the Niles area from Decatur in 1963. She was a member of Mount Calvary Baptist Church, of which she was the oldest living member.

She is survived by five sons, Arthur of Decatur, Theodore of Dowagiac, Leonard of Momence, Ill., Harvey of Detroit, and Alvin of Niles; one daughter, Mrs. Julia L. Clark of Niles; 22 grandchildren, 24 great grandchildren, and seven great great grandchildren.

Services for Mrs. Slaughter were held at 11:30 a.m. Saturday in the Mount Calvary Baptist Church, Niles, with the Rev. W. L. Daniel, officiating. Burial was in Harrison cemetery, Decatur. The Halbritter Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

4th of July Parade - 1976



DESIGNING DECATUR'S BICENTENNIAL SYMBOLS

In November of 1974, the Decatur Bicentennial Committee announced a contest for a symbol which could be used on any Bicentennial material. The winner of this contest was Robert Creagan, age thirteen, who submitted a design in the form of a seal for Decatur which reflected our agricultural heritage, containing mint, celery, onions ad grapes.

Designer Robert Traverse, using Creagan's winning design, created the necessary commercial drawings for the official seal.

Also a Bicentennial design was later developed and commercial drawings were made for use in news releases, programs, booklets, bumper stickers and other commercial uses.

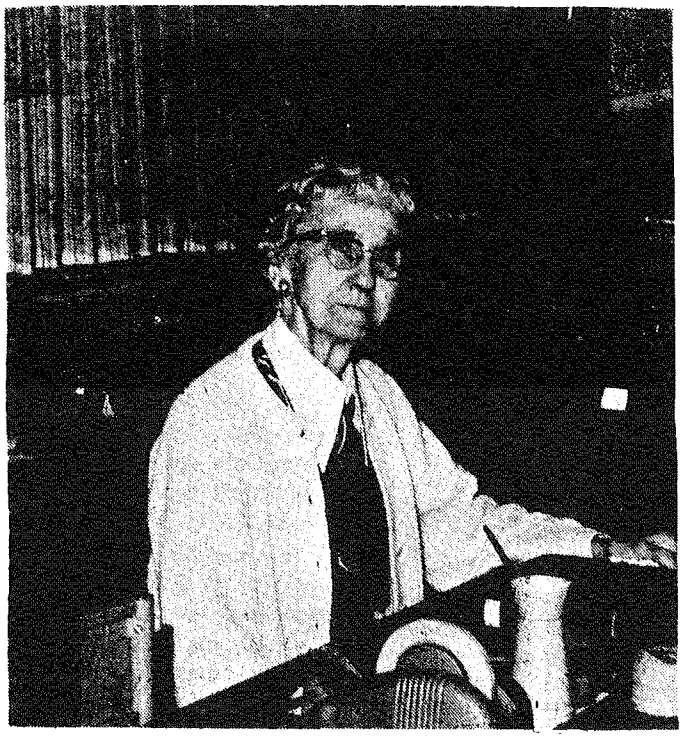
1976

JASON COPENHAVER - UNCLE SAM

DAWN COPENHAVER - BETSY ROSS

Grandchildren of

Mr. & Mrs. James Jewel



Open House To Be Held For Mrs. Viola Swihart

After twenty-two years of dedicated service, Mrs. Viola Swihart will be retiring from the Decatur Township Library of the Webster Memorial Library. Everyone in the community is invited to stop in and congratulate Mrs. Swihart at the open house to be held in her honor on Sunday, Oct. 17, from two to four o'clock in the afternoon. There will be a special presentation to Mrs. Swihart at 2:15, in the community room of the library.

Mrs. Swihart began working for the Decatur Township Library in September, 1954, when the library was located in the village hall. Many will remember visiting that one room which served as the library for so many years. Mrs. Swihart maintained an excellent library and was active in county and state library activities.

In 1960, Mrs. Swihart and the Decatur Township Library moved to the new Webster Memorial Library. At this time the Van Buren County Library also joined in occupying these new facilities, thus bringing the people of Decatur greatly expanded library services.

In recent years, Mrs. Swihart has worked part-time at the library, being involved in the technical processing of new materials. Her steadfast loyalty to quality library service has fostered a spirit that shall not be forgotten.

The library hopes that many people in the community will take this opportunity to stop in on Sunday to wish Mrs. Swihart well in her retirement.

Dr. Dalton K.Rose dies; Washington University professor emeritus

Dr. Dalton K. Rose, 89, professor emeritus of clinical urology of Washington University School of Medicine, died of infirmities Friday, Oct. 8, 1976, at his home in Clayton.

Funeral services will be private, with burial in Decatur, Mich., his birthplace.

Dr. Rose came to St. Louis in 1911 and graduated from Washington University School of Medicine in 1915, engaging in private practice until 1920, when he joined the medical school faculty.

He headed the urology department from 1938 until 1952, when he retired, but continued in private practice for several years.

Dr. Rose was an ardent conservationist. At 65, on retiring from the medical school faculty, he planted a 120-acre grove of walnut trees on property he owned at Pond, in West St. Louis County.

"The walnut grove was his pride and joy for the remaining 25 years of his life," a family spokesman said.

Dr. Rose would have been 90 on Oct. 28.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Cora Lee King Rose; a daughter, Mrs. Anna Lee Rose Stewart, New York City; Three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The family suggests contributions in Dr. Rose's memory be made to Barnes Hospital or Washington University School of Medicine.

The "Dr. G. L. Rose and Mary E. Rose Scholarship Fund" was set up by Dr. Rose, and this fund provides two weeks attendance at Camp Miniwanca for two young people from Decatur for an indefinite time. Two students (a boy and a girl) are chosen annually by the Decatur high school faculty to receive this scholarship from the Dr. G. L. Rose and Mary E. Rose Scholarship Fund.

Camp Miniwanca is owned and operated by the American Youth Foundation, a non-profit, non-denominational Christian organization dedicated to the purpose of assisting young people of capacity in life planning, leadership training and balanced four-fold living.

Dr. Rose is survived by his wife; one daughter, Mrs. Anna Stewart of New York City; three grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Dr. Dalton K. Rose Graveside Services

Graveside services for Dr. Dalton K. Rose, a prominent St. Louis physician credited with developing the cystometer, a fluid-measuring device, will be Wednesday in Decatur, Mich.

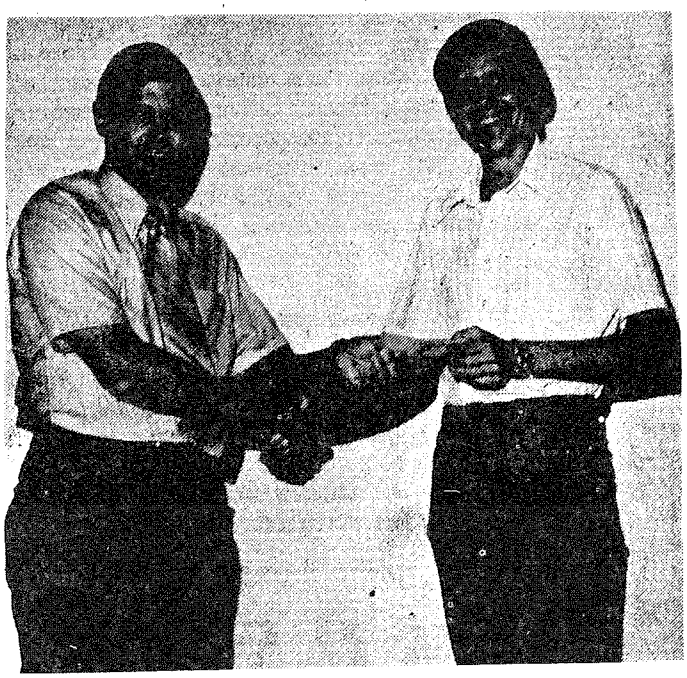
Dr. Rose died Friday at his home in Clayton after a long illness. He was 89 years old.

A graduate of Washington University in 1915, he joined the university's medical school staff five years later. He was head of its department of urology from 1938 until 1952 and then served as professor emeritus of clinical urology.

He was chief of urology at Barnes Hospital until he retired in 1956 and also was affiliated with Children's, Jewish and the Ellis Fischel State Cancer hospitals and the Los Alamos Medical Center.

In 1927, he developed the cystometer, an instrument for studying the bladder's pressure and capacity.

Awarded D.E.A. Scholarship



The Decatur Education Association president, Walt Wunderlin, is shown here presenting a check to Robert Dick, the recipient of the 1976 D.E.A. scholarship. Bob is a student in secondary education at Western Michigan University.

Each year Decatur teachers raise money for the scholarship by having a sloppy joe sale. Past scholarships have been given to Marc Bennison, James Creagan and Debbie Wiles Fosdick.

Hovenkamp Completes Ph.D.

1976

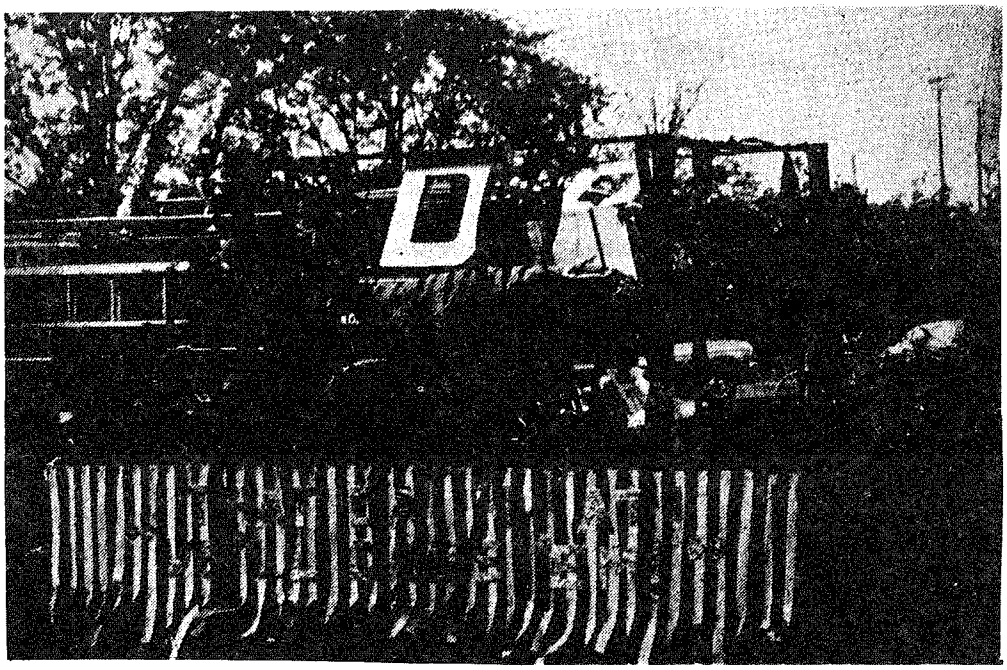
Herb Hovenkamp finished his Ph.D. in American Civilization last May, at the University of Texas, at Austin, with a dissertation on "The Conflict Between Science and Religion in America."

He is currently a lecturer at the University, where he gives courses on "American Intellectual History," the "Hisof American Science," and the "History of American Religion." He is also studying at the University of Texas Law School in preparation to teach courses on the "History of American Law."

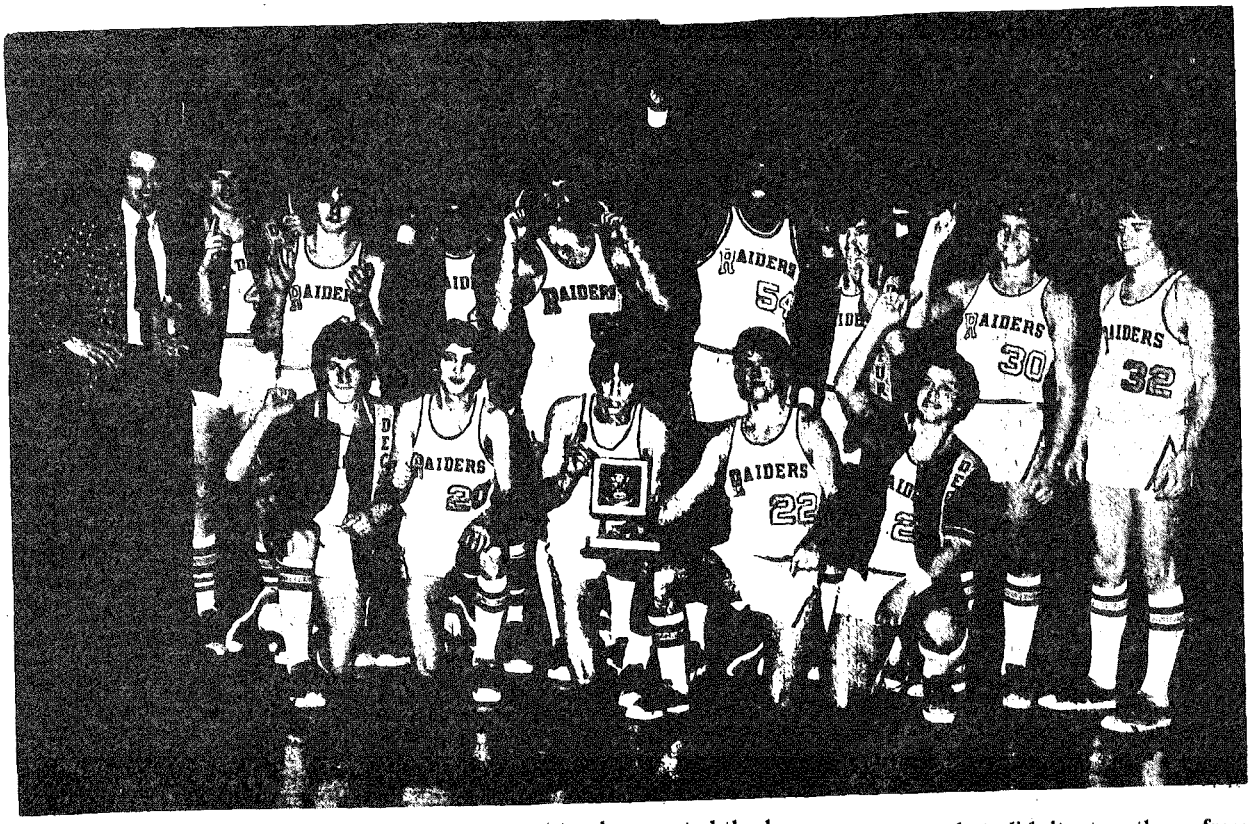
Dr. Hovenkamp is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hovenkamp. He and his wife live at 7300 Geneva Drive, Austin, Tex.

Seniors Win Float Competition

1976



DECATUR WINS DISTRICT



Not since 1962 has any Decatur varsity basketball squad won a district tourney crown. Well, our 1975-76 Raiders did it last Saturday night with a tremendous victory over Lake Michigan Catholic.

It took three tough victories last week over Watervliet, Hartford and L.M.C. for the Raiders to win the Class C District 60 Tourney at Watervliet.

When the team arrived home, carloads of rooters, village police and fire department trucks escorted the bus through town, honking their horns, blowing the sirens, and whooping it up. Decatur had a huge following at the game, as the Watervliet gym was stuffed with basketball fans.

Decatur had all they could do to fight their way to the final game. Watervliet gave them a good fight last Monday and Hartford proved on Wednesday to be an even bigger thorn in the Raiders' side.

Hartford may have had only a 5 and 15 record but that didn't stop them from nearly upsetting the Raiders. The Indians jumped off to a huge 16-4 first quarter lead and seemed to be unstopable. Decatur had its worst quarter of the year, making only four points. Cold shooting and turnovers contributed to that factor.

The scoring machine got going in the second quarter as Decatur made 16, but Hartford sped up and hit 20 more. They held an unbelieveable halftime lead of 36-20.

Coach Tom Gibson must have wakened the stunned Raiders up at halftime because they came out hustling and closed the gap slightly. Decatur outscored the Indians 14-12 and trailed going into the final quarter 48-34.

The Raiders came out in the fourth period and pressed Hartford. They made up eight points in less than two minutes, as they forced many Indian turnovers. At 6:13 the score was 50-44 and the Raiders were closing the gap.

With 4:46 left, a Hartford cager fouled out against Dave Mroczek. Mroczek hit both free throws and tied the score at 52-52. From here on out, Decatur held the lead, but only by as much as six points.

Kurt Wiese poured in 16 points and led the Decatur comeback in the final quarter. Wiese ended up the game with 29 points.

Decatur shot 25 of 63 for 40 percent from the floor. Hartford shot at a 39 percent clip, hitting 24 of 62. At the free throw line, Decatur made 12 of 16 for 75 percent. The Indians made only 10 of 20 for 50 percent.

Steve Groendyk was the only other Raider to hit double figures with 11 points. Dave Cerven had eight points and played a good defensive game.

Where Hartford had the big edge was on the backboards. They outrebounded Decatur 40-29. Groendyk hauled down 10 rebounds. Wiese and Jim Overley each had six.

Decatur committed 25 turnovers and 20 personal fouls.

On Saturday night, Decatur faced and conquered one of the area's better Class C basketball teams, Lake Michigan Catholic, 58-47 in the championship game.

The Raider defense was magnificant as they held LMC to only 47 points. It was a great performance on the part of the entire team and coaches.

Decatur opened the game with a strong first quarter effort hitting 19 points. The Raiders shot well with a good balance of scoring. The Lakers managed only 10 points, falling nine behind.

In the second period, Decatur again outhit their opponents 15-11. By the end of the first half they held a 34-21 lead.

After the halftime break, LMC came out hustling and began to put on a slight rally. They got within six points, but Decatur held their attackers off and kept a 47-37 lead going into the final stanza. Kurt Wiese had a 10 point quarter and controlled the Raider offense.

LMC did outscore Decatur in the third as they hit 16 points to our cagers' 13.

The Lakers were in serious foul trouble in the final period, as a result of their pressing man to man defense. They lost one starter early in the period, hurting their comeback hopes.

Decatur kept up its strong defense effort, despite having slight foul troubles of their own. The Raiders outhit LMC 11-10 in the lowest scoring quarter of the game.

Wiese led all scorers again with 29 points. He hit 48 percent from the floor and made five of six free throws.

Steve Groendyk did a fine defensive job as well as scoring 12 points. He hauled in seven rebounds.

Jim Overley tallied nine points and grabbed seven rebounds.

Decatur made more field goals than the Lakers, but shot a lower percentage. Decatur made 23 of 53 for 43 percent. LMC shot 20 of 43 for 47 percent.

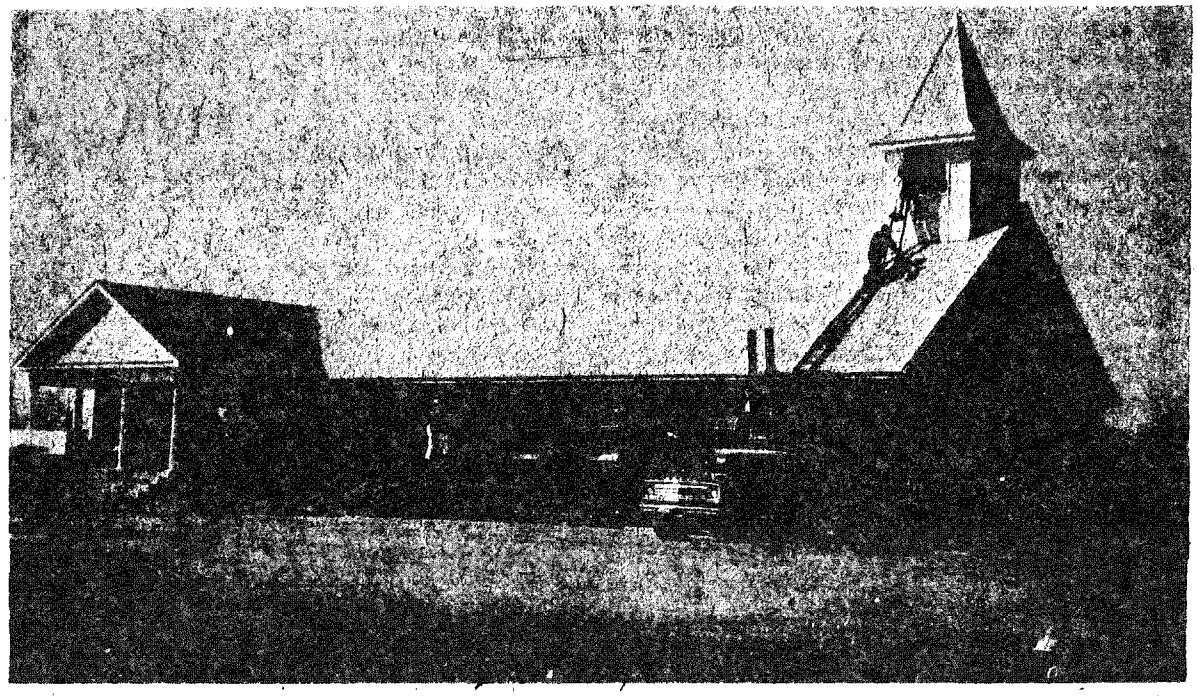
At the charity line, Decatur shot 12 of 20 for 60 percent. The Lakers only made seven of 14 for 50 percent.

The Lakers outrebounded Decatur 29 to 23.

Decatur committed only 14 turnovers, a big factor in their success.

It was one of the finest (if not the finest) performance of the year for the Decatur team.

Ball



An extensive building addition and remodeling project has been going on at the Christian Reformed Church, 708 S. George Street. Work began last October and will be completed the latter part of this month.

The upper level of the church will have a new all purpose room, an enlarged narthex, a relocated entrance, an enlarged sanctuary, new carpeting and new pews. The lower level will have seven new classrooms from the new addition and from the installation of folding doors on a track system, an enlarged kitchen, a complete new hot water heating system to replace the old heating system, and new restrooms.

The congregation has been having church services and other church activities at the Decatur town hall, but they expect to be back at the old location for services and all other church life in the last week of March.

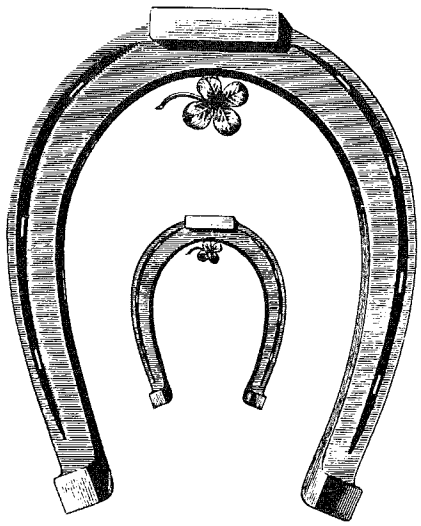
All are invited to attend services at 9:30 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

LeDuc Honored As Guest Speaker

Ernest LeDuc

Ernest R. LeDuc, assistant dean of Omega College, College of DuPage, Ill., was the guest speaker for the Wheaten Glen Ellyn branch of the American Association of University Women, on Mar. 3, in Glen Ellyn, Ill. His topic was "A Comparison Between the Humanities and Social Sciences."

Dean LeDuc, a graduate of Decatur high school, received his BA from Marquette University, and his MA from the University of Idaho. He is currently completing his PhD in education at Nova University in Florida. His area of specialization includes humanities, history, English and philosophy. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R, LeDuc, Route 2.



Pro-Life Discussion Held At Holy Family Church

Holy Family Church hosted a slide presentation and panel discussion dealing with Pro Life on Monday evening, Oct. 18.

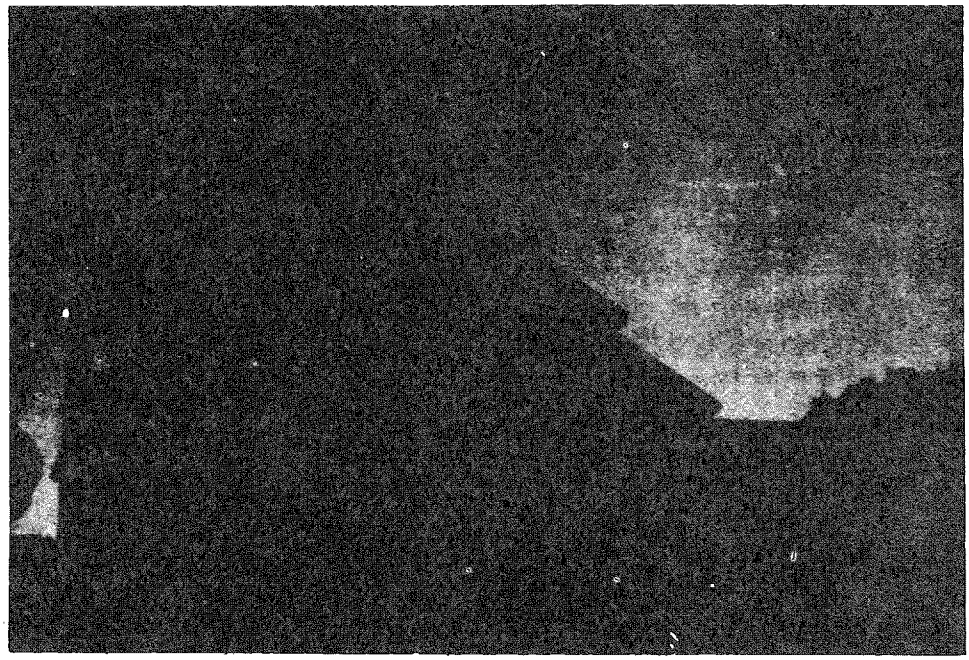
Moderator Debra Baer, the president of Porter County Right to Life program, explained statistics and legislation which have affected the current abortion situation. A slide presentation was shown by Caroline Phillips, dealing with the Pro Life topics.

After the visual presentation, there was a question and answer session. Individuals participating on the panel were: Karl Friske, Congressional candidate, 4th District, American Independence Party; Mark Siljander, candidate for State Representative, Republican Party; Dr. Robert Hedges; Elder Albert Parker of the Seventh-day Adventist Church; Rev. Roger Hendricks of the First Reformed Church; Rev. Ted Neely, United Presbyterian Church; and Father Walter Spillane of Holy Family.

Refreshments were served, following the thought provoking session.

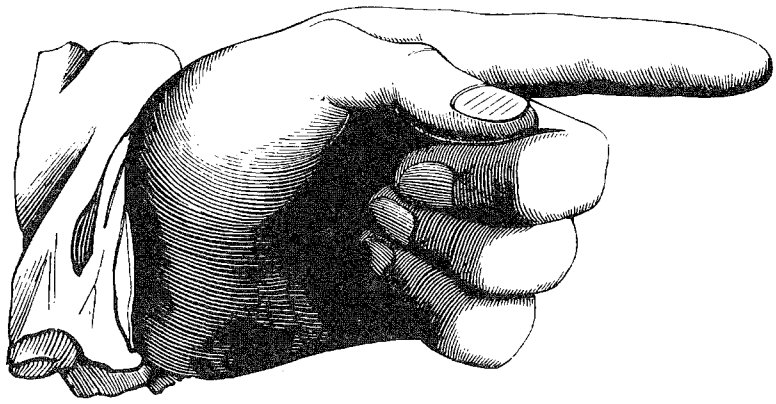
Mention must also go to Mary LeDuc, Caroline Phillips and Helen Kern who were instrumental in planning the evening's activities.

Photo and Story by KBM

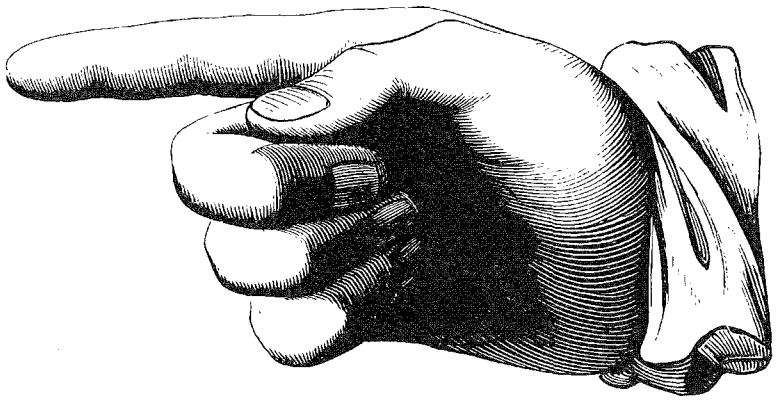


DECATUR BIBLE CHURCH

DECATUR MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION
Front Row - Rev. T. Neeley, Rev. J. McCoy,
Father W. Spillane
Back Row -- Rev. R. Hendricks, Rev. J. Bultman



HERE & THERE



REMEMBER . . .?

I remember Dr. Rose fairly well. When I had typhoid fever he visited me every day, making the trip out to the farm in the winter. I remember his sitting beside my bed, trying to get me to eat — holding a spoonful of soup, or whatever, and saying, "Now we'll eat like aa little sip . . . down the hatch it goes!" And then he would laugh. His negro driver, Grant Mabry, sent me oranges by the Doctor. Grandma and Grandpa would not allow Grant to wait in the buggy in the cold but would insist on his coming in to the kitchen. The Doctor told m3 a little story about a boy and his sister who were visiting their aunt. She offered them some apples. The little boy took the largest one. His sister complained that he was ill-mannered; that if she had been offered the plate first, she would have taken the smaller apple and left the other. Her brother said, "Well, you've got the smallest one so what are you kicking about?" After I had recovered from my illness and happened to encounter the Doctor anywhere, he would ask me to tell him that story and I can still, in memory, hear him laugh.

§ § § § § §

I REMEMBER:

Main Street, sans pavement?

The iron boot over Shaad's Shoe Store — and how it swayed and creaked in the wind?

The watering trough on East Delaware Street?

And the pump at Main and Delaware, with the tin drinking cup dangling on its chain?

The hitching rail on Delaware Street, on either side of Main?

And that occasionally an unwary pedestrian was nipped by a tethered horse?

Dr. Rose's high-stepping team?

And the Doctor's delighted and delightful laughter when something amused him?

And his faithful driver, Grant Mabry?

The hand-drawn fire fighting equipment?

And the spine-chilling wail of the fire siren?

The three-cornered pile of cannon balls in the park?

The band concerts on long ago Summer evenings?

The indescribable odor of water on hot dusty streets as the sprinkling wagon rumbled along its way?

The tantalizing aroma when you passed Treat's Ice Cream Parlor on a torrid summer day?

"Van the Harness Man" seated in front of his store, chair tilted comfortably back against the wall?

And his quips and sallies for all passers-by?

His Chihuahua dog?

The summer afternoon a runaway horse dashed across Main Street at Delaware, dragging a buggy which crashed into the traffic signal, causing the terrified woman driver and an assortment of fruits and vegetables to fly through the air?

Th3 Racket Store?

And the "Bull Durham" tobacco advertisement on its north wall?

The Nickelodium — forerunner of the LaPearl Theatre — located on the east side of Main Street?

The (in retrospect) sweet music of the school bell on old DHS?

§ § § § § §

Here's one, which Esther Creagan called "Your most embarassing moment." A bit of explanation is necessary. When I was in school at Nazareth, the Chapel was not finished so we used the future auditorium. The floor slanted, as in a theatre, the altar was up on the future stage and regular theatre seats had been installed instead of pews. We'd march into Chapel two and two, the Barbour Hall boys on the right, Nazareth girls on the left. Well, one time, the first night I was home from school on vacation I went to a show at the old LaPearl Theatre with Pat Carney. The back of the theatre was full; we had to go way down in front. I walked down the aisle at Pat's left and from force of habit, genuflected before going into the seat. Pat laughed so loudly everyone in the theatre turned to look at us, and brought Gertie Metzger out from backstage to see what was going on as the picture being shown was NOT a comedy.

§ § § § § §

When Nelson Thomas was a small boy, and Nellie Murphy was caring for him, they were out walking one day.passed a home which had a Crepe on the door. Nelson asked what it was and Nellie explained i5 to him.time later, a pet kitten of Nelson's died. Shortly afterward, people passing the Thomas house were shocked to see a Crepe on the front door. They wondered who had died as there had been no report of illness or accident. The identity of the deceased is easily imagined.

§ § § § § §

Edgar Bergen's recent visit to Decatur recalled to my mind some of his boyhood pranks. One was throwing his voice so that students in the opposite side of the school room from him were accused by the teacher of talking, and then were chastised when they deni3- it.

The Arnold family, who lived on the N.W. corner of Delaware and Williams Streets, had a very talkative parrot. In warm weather its cage hung on the front porch. Vines grew up over the porch so thickly that its interior was not visible from the sidewalk.

Passers-by were often greeted by a voice coming seemingly out of nowhere . . . "Good morning!! How are you today?" Or, "Hello; where you going?" Or perhaps, "Good-bye, come again." The bewildered individual would go on down the street shaking his or her head and mumbling "Was that Arnold's parrot or Edgar Berggren??" (that was before he shortened his name to Bergen.) I recall one incident in which I was going down that street . . . enroute to the Jones home, no doubt . . . when a voice called out, "Hello Margaret!" I looked all around but no one was in sight. For a brief moment I wondered, then decided the parrot would not know my name, so it must have been Edgar.

Chrystal Jones and I used to walk each other back and forth from school. One time we were standing on the corner by the Berggren house, talking, when Edgar came out with a camera. Said he wanted to take our picture. There was something special about that camera but I've forgotten what . . . either he built it, or else sent away for the parts and assembled it. Anyway, the picture turned out beautifully . . . flattered us; me, anyway. Ed. gave it to his brother whom I dated when Chrystal was "going with" Norman Michiner. Norman and Clarence were great friends. Worked together in the St. Germaine drugstore after school and week-ends. Chrystal and I wanted that picture but the boys did not want to give it up. We finally conned them out of it by promising to return it, tho' we did not intend to if we could help it. They asked for it several times, becoming more insistent until we tired of the subject. Decided that if they wanted it so bad we'd really give it to them. We wrapped it in jewelers' cotton, put it in a small box; wrapped and tied it, put it in a slightly larger box, wrapping and tying that, etc., etc., until we had a large package. Took it to the Postoffice. Mr. Carney was Postmaster and he waited on us. We told him we wanted it registered, insured, special delivery, with signatures of the addressees. Imagine all that, to be sent just across the street!! Mr. Carney looked at us suspiciously over the top of his glasses and asked, "What are you two up to now?" We expected a torrent words from Clarence and Norman and were quite deflated when they never mentioned it! I often wished I had that picture when Edgar's fame was at its height.

§ § § § § §

The James Howlands and the John Graham family were close friends and neighbors in East Decatur. The children of the two families attended school together. As Aunt Nell and Jennie Graham were walking home from school one Spring afternoon they saw three little kittens tumbling over each other along the edge of the woods which bordered the road. The girls were enchanted. "Oh" said Jennie, "Let's take them home!" "They probably belong to the Robertses," objected Aunt Nell. "No," Jennie said. "They're too far away for that." So the kittens were scooped up and carried to the Graham home. Mr. Graham was in the yard. "Pa, see the cute kittens we found!" exulted Jennie. Her father, trying to conceal an involuntary start of alarm said quietly, "Put the kittens down gently, girls. Put them down gently." The cute kittens were young skunks!

Grandfather always had an eye for a fine horse and in later, more prosperous years he owned several of them. He had a team named Sugar and Spice which, according to Aunt Nell, could outrun any horses in the County. They "just loved to race" Aunt Nell related. As a matter of fact, she said, Grandpa himself could not hold them behind another team on the road. Lyman Hinckley, who lived near Eagle Lake, had a pair which he claimed were tops, but Grandfather's were better. Aunt Nell recalled a trip home from town with him one day when Mr. Hinckley pulled up beside them with his team on the run. "All Father had to do was loosen the reins and we were off" she said. There was no end board on the wagon-box, and soon groceries and hardware items began to bounce out so Grandpa tried to pull his horses up but they were determined to outrun the Hinckley team. When they had done so and Grandfather had regained control of them, the wagon-box was empty. Grandfather and Aunt Nell had to retrace their route, hopping out to pick up packages and grocery sacks for a mile back along what is now M-51.

His horses ran away with him a f3w times. One memorable occasion was when a circus was moving from Decatur, where it had performed the day before, to show in Paw Paw. In those days many of the circus animals were driven or lead from town to town. Grandfather was going to Decatur after a load of lumber when he met this weird procession. Some huge elephants, several camels and giraffes crossed the road in front of him and the terrified horses took off at break-neck speed. Grandfather had no way to brace himself to hold them and they ran as if pursued by demons as no doubt they believed themselves to be. They ripped slats from fences and broke down small trees in their frenzied flight. Grandfather had hung grimly onto the reins all through this frantic race. How he ever managed to stay in the wagon is a mystery. By the time two men had managed to halt the frightened team at the curve in the road at Brown's, Grandfather had sustained two bad

cuts on his head, severely lacerated palms and painful bruises. He w3nt to the Doctor to have his wounds sewed up, got his load of lumber and drove home. Aunt Nell ended her recital of this exciting episode with a laconic "We got word at school that he was nearly killed."

§ § § § § §

OUR CHANGING TIMES

Lois Pritchard was coming to spend a few days with me, but writes that she is afraid to drive on th3 freeways because of the danger of assaults and robberies, if one has any sort of car trouble. She dares not drive to Ida's any more . . . only 40 miles from her, and Ida is afraid to drive to Detroit. The crime situation is awful here and getting worse. Big trouble at the Prison, too. Inmate nurse stabbed to death in Infirmary the other day. A prison doctor slain by 3scaped inmate . . . only two examples . . . many more!

Margaret McAndrew Henning
August – 1976

NOT TODAY BUT YESTERDAY

Going west to seek your fortune came with discovery of gold in California in 1848 — 1849.

Everyone wanted to take a chance but not everyone had transportation. My grandfather, Patrick Conway, of Decatur, Michigan was one of those. A little problem like that did not stop him. He bid my grandmother "Good Bye" and set out on foot. He reached California on foot.

He spent nearly two years prospecting; then returned — No gold!

He was one of many who tried and lost that gold.

THE WAY IT WAS

Let's go back to 1902 and be a member of a rural school as I was then. This particular school was the "East Valley School" which was located on a valley road running from Glenwood to Lawton. It was called the valley road because it ran between the hills or upland and the swamp.

This school was the usual rural school of that period; double seats, teacher's desk on a raised platform in front of room, blackboards on sides of room, with troughs filled with chalk and erasers and two long rescitation benches in front of teacher's desk.

There was a large pot-bellied stove in center of room which burned wood. It roasted you on one side while you remained cool on the other. On a bench there was a good sized water bucket filled with fresh water from a hand operated pump outside. In this bucket was a long handled dipper which served all in turn. And oh yes, we had out door plumbing located in two office size buildings, air-cooled, one for the boys one for the girls. They set a nice distance back from school building. In winter time or rainy days one must dress completely to make the trip. Let's not forget the lighting in school room. Small windows on sides of room provided the light. They were set with no thought of whether the light mught shine in teacher's or pupil's eyes. The print in books of that time was small and close together, so please tell me how those children and teacher after eight years were able to see at all.

Getting to school was each child's own problem. Many walked two miles to school and back each day through all kinds of weather. Winter months were hard. A father with a team of horses and sleigh sometimes helped out.

During that winter, Ida Crippen, one of the eighth grade girls died with diphtheria. It happened like this; girls in those days wore long skirts, ankle length, which trailed in the snow. She had a sore throat but walked to school in winter snow, her skirts were damp. She sat in them all day. The next day she was worse. Her father walked to town a distance of five miles to see a doctor. He brought home the medicine but it did not help. She was beyond help. She died, a casket was made, the body in a casket was set up inside a window so the neighbors could see her. During the night with a neighbor's help the father took the body to a local cemetery and buried it. In the spring her funeral was held in the school house. The teacher's desk had a black drape over it, a minister said a few words for the neighbors, the school mates and the family and it was over.

You must think now of how our children are cared for today. In the first place they have the necessary precautions of modern science to prevent spread of diseases. They ride in warm buses, traveling on snow plowed roads, they have modern school buildings with proper lighting, heat, and every convenience to make them comfortable.

But listen folks don't be sorry for those children back then, without roads, buses, telephones, electric lights, automobiles and T. V's. They are the ones who made this country what it is now. They lived for a purpose, they studied such subjects as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic. Sorry — no sex education and as for physical education they got that, walking to school, helping with chores and helping their mother in the home. They learned respect for elders. They learned to be busy. They did not know about dope, breaking and entering, etc.

I'm talking from experience. I attended this East Valley School until I entered Decatur High School and four years later graduated. I taught over thirty-five years in Rural Schools of Van Buren County. These schools improved, but there came a time when they were closed. Sorry to say. Those were the good old days. Parents lived in the home and knew their children.

ELEANOR MCVAY CONNAUGHTON

1976

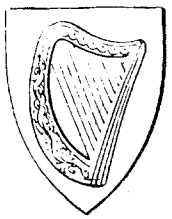
THE OLD MUSICIAN AND HIS HARP

Years have come and passed away,
Golden locks have turned to gray,
Golden ringlets, once so fair
Time has changed to silvery hair;
Yes, I've neared the riverside,
Soon, I'll launch upon its tide,
Soon my boat, with noiseless oar,
Safe will pass to yonder shore.

Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain,
Let me hear its chords once more
Ere I pass to yonder shore.

Oh, those chords with magic power
Take me back to childhood's hour,
To that cot beside the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee;
But that mother — she has gone;
Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,
While I wander here alone,
Sighing for a brighter home.

Soon I'll be among the blest,
Where the weary are at rest —
Soon I'll tread the golden shore
Singing praises evermore.
Now my boat is on the stream,
I can see its waters gleam,
Soon I'll be where angels roam —
Dear old harp, I'm going home.



THE ANGELUS (Poem)

Over the fields its silvery tones
Come floating soft and clear,
And the workers pause in their weary toil
And list the call to prayer.
And labor lightens with every thought,
Which comes from the world above.

Oh bell which calleth the mind away,
From the things of earth below,
How sweet to lay our burdens down,
In the shine of the sunset's glow,
And list the lessons of love and faith,
Which clear soft echoes teach.

We are never too far from the hand of God,
Or the love of his heart to reach.

In the fall of 1936 I came to Decatur from Marcellus to work for O.S. Chubbuck who had the Ford Agency here where Jim Adduci is now. We came to live here in 1937. In 1939 I came over to the John Sandberg building on Sherwood Street where I had my own garage. It was east of Bert Kidman's blacksmith shop. I worked there until the summer of 1940. I was away from Decatur for several years working for the United States Government. I came back to Decatur in June, 1943 and started working for Frank Cole.

The Sandberg building, Bert Kidman's Blacksmith Shop, Higrade Oil Station, and Frank Cole's Garage have all been torn down.

Gaylord Miller

Way back about 1910 or 1911, when I was a small boy, I rode to Decatur with my grandfather, Clarence A. Wright, who was a hide and wool dealer in Marcellus. We came to Decatur with two horses and a buck-board. He came here to pick up furs which were collected by Orlando Ball, Tom Culverhouse, Pete Vroegendewey and Luther Lundy.

Gaylord Miller

In the early twenties when Gerty Metzger owned the theatre in Decatur, Ronald Steininger operated the projector. He lived between Marcellus and Decatur. He prevailed upon me to ride over to Decatur on his motorcycle. The roads were plugged with snow across the swamp and we had to go to Newton's Woods and come down over Chevelier Hill. The hill was icy and much higher than it is today. As we started down he shut off the gas and the car started to skid so he had to feed it gas to keep it straight. When we reached the bottom we were going pretty fast. We got to Decatur and I got off the machine, turned right around, and walked back to my uncle's situated west of Marcellus.

Gaylord Miller

POEM

We old widows all forlorn
Wonder why we were born,
But here we are and here we must stay
Until Newell carries us away.
When the days are dark and dreary
Our old bones get mighty weary.

Ellen Schockley Goble

WEE BITS

Dr. Rose, the great philanthropist and humorist wrote in his ledger — "Gone to h..." — if the person who was indebted to him, died before the debt was resolved.

Dozens of unpaid bills were marked "Paid" in his ledger, particularly if the debtor was in poor financial condition and couldn't pay his bill.

Many people, today, in Decatur will remark, "Dr. Rose brought me into the world."

One winter night he was called to deliver a baby (Harold) at the William Lyle home. He tied his horses to a young oak tree at the edge of the grove near the house and it was observed the next morning that the horses had chewed the bark off one half of the tree. The oak tree grew — but with a crook in one side — a little reminder of the gentle country doctor's visit on a cold night in the horse and cutter days. There was ample snow for sleighing as he started out to the farm, but during the night, a thaw occurred and he returned to the village the next morning with cutter runners on bare ground.

LeGrande (Red) Anderson, one of the prairie pioneers, gave land for the Anderson Cemetery in Decatur Township. Unlike most cemeteries, the soil was rich, and the Andersons, like other pioneer families, were conservative; so they pastured their cows in the grave yard. The Lawrence, Thomas and Copley families were buried in the Nicholsville cemetery rather than the Anderson, because they disliked the idea of cows grazing over their final resting places.

Paul Lohroff, a few years ago, had a flat tire on a country road about five miles out from Decatur. By using common sense and good old Yankee ingenuity, he figured out a way to solve his problem. He removed the inner tube, stuffed it with marsh grass, and continued on his way to the village.

The Dexter Brigham house on the southwest corner of Williams and Sherwood streets, was the first house in the village to have modern plumbing.

ANOTHER MORRIS MURDER LEGEND

On a cold winter's day, several years after Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris met their fate, an old white-haired man, walking along the road, stopped at the home of a former neighbor of the murdered couple. He acted peculiar, but the family, with genuine pioneer hospitality, invited him to dinner. After the meal was finished they offered to take him in the sleigh to his destination. He refused their offer by saying that he preferred to walk.

The family became suspicious and decided to hitch up the horses to the sleigh and follow him. After they had gone a short distance they realized that he had vanished, apparently, in "mid-air." The family resolved the mystery with the old saying — "A murderer returned to the scene of the murder!"

RESOURCEFULNESS

One of the ingenious, conservative, old timers who lived on a farm, typified the proverb — "Necessity is the mother of invention." One day the bushy part of his cow's tail fell off into the gutter, so he retrieved it and made a shaving brush for himself. He was quoted as saying, "It was the best d... shaving brush I ever had!"

Charlie Dine's father-in-law drove a horse and buggy — with no reins on the horse — directed the animal with verbal commands.

Charlie Criffield, Decatur Dry Good's Merchant, in the building now called (Smith & Sons), was one of the first owners in Decatur of that new contraption — the automobile. The make of the car was a "Michigan," now, no longer manufactured. It had a collapsible top and genuine red leather upholstering. The year was about 1910. A few years later an enterprising young teen-ager, by the name of Harley Smith, started working in the Dry Goods Store as a clerk and eventually, with ambition and perseverance, became the genial and successful owner and manager of the store.

Susan Van Duzer had a bulldog named "Dammit." The neighbors were accustomed to her calling — Here Dammit! Here Dammit! She lived in the Parshall Van Duzer home on west Delaware Street — recently occupied by the late Isadore Mazur.

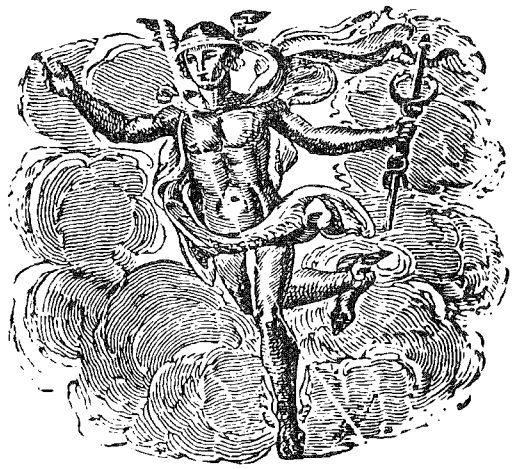
In the late 1880's, a partially deaf Decatur woman started to walk across the railroad track by the depot. A fast train was approaching and the ticket agent yelled at her to hurry! She stopped to hear what he was saying and was killed instantly.

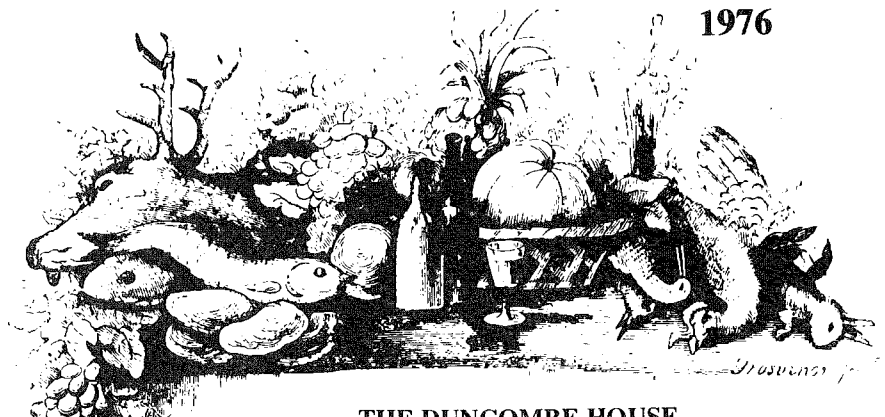
Before the days of the telephone, Ivan Keyes, who lived on a farm north of Decatur, yelled across the fields (about a mile's distance) to his buddy, Carl Squier, who received the message *with clarity!*

Mrs. Hobart Millard (Melissa Fulgum), who lived on the old farm north of Decatur, related to her children how she often had to pause from her sewing in the early afternoon because of the huge flocks of passenger pigeons. They darkened the sky sometimes for three to four hours, making it impossible for her to do fine needlework. Another old timer told how he stood under a tree in 1877, which was loaded with passenger pigeons. The birds were quite tame and it was easy for anyone to knock them out of the branches. That was another reason for their demise.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

There's a gathering in the village that has never been outdone,
Since soldiers took their muskets to war of sixty one.
And a lot of lumber wagons near the church upon the hill and a
crowd of country people, Sunday dressed and very still.
Now each window is preempted by a dozen heads or more,
Now the spacious pews are crowded from the pulpit to the door.
For the coverlet of blackness on his portly figure spread,
Lies the fierce old country doctor,
Lies the kind old country doctor
Whom the populace considered with a mingled love and dread.
Maybe half the congregation now of great or little worth
Found this watcher waiting for them when they came upon the earth.
This undecorated soldier of a hard unequal strife,
Fought in many stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life.
In the night time or the daytime he would rally brave and well
Though the summer lack was fifing or the frozen lances fell
Knowing if he won the battle they would praise their Maker's name,
Knowing if he lost the battle then the doctor was to blame.
T'was the good old faulty doctor,
T'was the faithful country doctor fighting stoutly all the same.
When so many pined in sickness he had stood so strongly by,
Half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die;
They must slowly learn the lesson how to live from day to day,
And have somehow lost their bearings now this landmark is away.
But perhaps it still is better that his busy life is done.
He has seen old views and patients disappearing one by one,
He has learned that Death is master both of science and of art.
He has done his duty bravely and has acted out his part,
And the strong, old country doctor,
And the weak, old country doctor
Is entitled to a furlough for his brain and for his heart.





THE DUNCOMBE HOUSE

About the time of the Civil War a hotel was built on the corner of Sherwood and Phelps Street, which was to serve Decatur for a number of years. It occupied the vacant lot directly across from the present Charles Brigham building, corner of Sherwood and Phelps. A very pretty view from the south windows was Decatur's "once beautiful" railroad park.

The building was painted white and had the words "DUNCOMBE HOUSE" printed in big letters on the south side, possibly to attract the attention of the passengers who stopped at Decatur. Charlie Duncombe built and owned the hotel. He was a prominent citizen of Keeler and had a family background of affluence and distinction. Our late townsman, Hart Welcher, married one of the Duncombe descendants.

The Teed House and the Shelter's House stood directly behind the hotel, the Shelter's House being replaced, after it burned, by the Hotel Paddock.

The hotel building was two-stories high. On the first floor and to the right of the front entrance, was a spacious room with many shelves. This was called the Salesmens' room because at that time the salesmen traveled on trains and brought big trunks containing samples of their merchandise. These goods were displayed in that room and arranged on the shelves for inspection by the merchants who made their selections and gave their orders for the merchandise.

A man by the name of Marsh Merwin operated the hotel for a time and there were several others and then Charlie Tase assumed management for a number of years. Previous to that he operated the Teed House, becoming proprietor after the owner, Mrs. Teed, was killed on the railroad crossing.

It was a standing joke among the villagers about Henry Shelters and Charlie Tase. They were accustomed to make a dash for every passenger train that stopped here. Then they would make a "ploy" for the transients with the argument that their hotel offered the best facilities. At times the terms of their friendship became "strained" when they got into heated arguments in the presence of the bewildered passengers. Their "friendly" competition was a source of amusement for the townspeople.

The office and a men's lounge were located on the left of the front entrance. The lounge was furnished with comfortable chairs and it was a popular place. Much discussion of politics took place there.

On the left-hand side, behind the office, there was a door which opened into a bar. Joe Rogers, son of "Banker" Rogers, owned it. The latter was a proud, dignified man and it irked him to know that his son was the owner of a saloon. In the early days a banker was held in high esteem and his was an exalted position. In a sarcastic manner he told his son that he would buy him a $1,000 coffin when he died. The son was tough and at one time he put a man out of the saloon by taking him by the shoulders and holding a revolver under his ear. He forced him into the street.

No women and no young boys were allowed to sell beer or whiskey, the former costing five cents a glass. There were plenty of fights in the saloon. These were considered as part of the entertainment of the establishment. Gene Labadie and John Ray nearly killed Barney Mahoney once, in a brawl. Barney was constable and was trying to arrest them. In the end, someone went their bail and when the affair was settled, Barney got a lot of money out of the fracas.

There were pool and billiard tables in the saloon and the air was blue with smoke from kerosene lamps and "roll your own" cigarettes.

Banker Rogers lived in the house which stands west of the Presbyterian church, formerly known as the Catholic Church hall. His second wife was Franc Casstro and she was one of the best telegraphers of the time. She worked in the telegraph office in the old depot for years. She and her sister, Mrs. Burlingame, lived in the old square house years after Mr. Rogers died. They were aunts of the Dodge Brothers (manufacturers of the Dodge car in Detroit).

The dining room was spacious and was located back of the office and the salesmens' room. There were two long tables and four smaller ones in it. They were always covered with white linen table cloths, that being the custom of the day. The chairs were black and had old-fashioned flared seats. The dishes were white and thick (iron-stone), and the coffee cups were designed to hold the heat. The silver was similar to today's service, with the exception of the knives, which had black handles. The meals that they served were good, but not fancy. On the menu was beef, pork, chicken and wild game (when it was in season). Wild duck and rabbit were favorite game dishes. Oysters were served in season and quite often real home-made sausage and old-fashioned buckwheat pancakes were served for breakfast.

The butter was purchased from the local grocery stores and it was genuine home-made butter. It was purchased in rolls and the top of it usually carried a pretty design, such as the interesting pattern of the Indian mallow. The flat tops of the seed pod were used by the early settlers and their descendants for printing butter. Other designs were made with the edge of the butter ladle.

The bread was purchased from Charles Rawson's bakery, the business having been established by his father, Silas Rawson, after the latter's return from the Civil War. Sometimes the cook made biscuits or old-fashioned "gems" (mufis)

The thick "pan" cream for coffee was supplied by a local farmer. (No cow palaces in those days).

The desserts were typical of the day — pies, custards, and brad an r ce puddings. The latter were served with cream or hard sauce.

For special occasions they served home-made ice cream, the cook preparing the rich custard and the choreman cranking out the finished product. Several gallons were made and then they were packed in ice. A Mr. Shoeman and his son worked in the capacity of "chore boys" for several years.

Stella Huff and Lucy Howland worked as waitresses one smmer.THE WREABUTFITEN EAS OF AGE AND WERE GLAD TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF MAKING A LITTLE MONEY FOR SCHOOL CLOTHES. Mrs. Esther Taylor was the cook at the Duncombe House and she was an unusually good one.

The kitchen was big and it contained a large cook stove, huge ice box and long, wooden tables. (There was no porcelain at that time.) Nearly everything was made of iron or wood. An old-fashioned wooden sink stood at one end of the tables with a drain pipe for waste water disposal.

The ice man brought huge blocks of ice twice a week from the local ice houses. There were two houses; one located on Beers St. and the other on the shore of Lake of the Woods — the latter being ownedbyIke Bagley. The swampy area around Lake of the Woods was considered worthless seventy or eighty years ago. No one ever thought of buying lake frontage — much less, building on it, so, if you wanted to build an ice, fish or boat house on the shore of the lake, no one objected.

The second floor of the Duncombe House was used for guest rooms and the front part was made into a public living room or lounge. The guests could use this room for reading or for relaxation. It was furnished with big, comfortable chairs.

There was no plumbing, but in the back part of the second floor, divided, chemical toilets were installed.

The guest rooms were simply but comfortably furnished. They had good beds and mattresses and each room had a small stand (which is a collector's item today), with rungs on either side for wash cloth and towel. A big china pitcher and wash bowl stood on each stand, each pitcher containing water for the morning ablutions. If any of the guests desired a "sponge" bath, it was necessary to make arrangements with the chore boy for hot water. It had to be heated in several large, copper teakettles and it was the choreboy's duty each day to bring water for the pitchers from an old-fashioned iron pump which stood on Sherwood Street south of the building. It was somewhat of a task to carry it every day to the second floor. The waste water was collected each day from the rooms and carried to the first floor for disposal. A long back porch which extended the full length of the building was an added convenience.

Kerosene lamps were filled every day and used in all of the rooms. On the main floor elaborate chandeliers were hung and they gave ample illumination.

The Alumni banquets and other school dinners, etc. were held at the Duncombe House.

The year before the class of 1894 graduated, the Juniors honored them with a supper which was served in the Duncombe House. The table was set for thirteen and one of the boys, Roy Morlan, (son of Lou and Minnie Morlan), was superstitious and didn't like the idea of a table set for thirteen; so he picked up his table service and moved to a side table. That summer he contracted typhoid fever and died. His mother had a life-size oil painting made of him and it was placed in the center of the stage, surrounded by flowers, the night of graduation.

Probably the most exciting time that the Duncombe House ever had was the night when Richmond surrendered, marking the probable end of the Civil War. The whole town celebrated and men rode their horses into the hotel and straight to Joe Roger's bar. They not only drank themsleves; they also poured the fiery liquid down the gullets of their confused mounts. Every town and city in the North celebrated that night.

Unfortunately, and like so many other wooden buildings of its day, the hotel "caught" fire one night in the early 1900's and burned to the ground. Perhaps it had served its time, because with the changes in the mode of transportation in the automotive age, there would be little demand for the accommodations which the old hotel had to offer. It is said that John Ray set it afire. The proprietor of Dun-

combe House owed money to John and wouldn't pay him. Joe Rogers, the saloon keeper in the building, was implicated too. The old hotel remains a pleasant memory in the minds of those who knew it in its "heyday."

Circa 1900

Information contributed by Lucy Howland who worked at the Duncombe House when she was a girl.

I REMEMBER

I remember — as a young boy, the quiet summer mornings between the hours 6:00 A.M. and 6:30 A.M. downtown Decatur, where the local children met to board trucks, headed for the nearby muck fields to hoe and weed the onions, peppermint and celery crops. Those were ten-hour days and most of the time was spent on the knees. To break the monotony each one was given a turn to fetch a jug of drinking water which was passed from one to the other, each one taking a turn to drink from the jug. (No individual cups). The jug was usually ornamented with a corn cob stuck in the neck.

I remember — my first job, which paid 7½¢ per hour (10-hour day — 75¢). I might mention here that most of this money went into the family budget.

I remember — the winter time, when the farmers came into town on Saturdays with their horses and sleighs to have their feed ground at the local mills. Each sleigh, entering or leaving town, had several sleds trailing behind, with the town kids enjoying a free ride. Even though the sleighs were loaded, and the boys were sneaking a free ride, making a heavier burden for the horses, the farmers never seemed to complain. Somehow they understood the need for us kids to have some fun! "God bless them!"

I remember — Charlie Rawson's Candy Kitchen — the tables of 1¢ candy exposed to the dust and to the kids — the empty pop cases — behind his store. Many of the empty bottles were taken from the alley by the boys, brought into the store through the front entrance, and the bottle deposit redeemed and used for candy. (Somehow I felt that Charlie Rawson knew that this was happening!)

I remember — how celery was planted! A rope (probably binder twine) was stretched across the field and then, with your foot, you slid over the rope to make a straight mark for the row. Then — down on your hands and knees, using a wooden peg, or your finger, to poke a hole in the ground for the delicate celery plant. It was necessary to press the soil firmly around the roots of the plant. This was a slow process, but the results were rewarding, as it produced some fine celery. Then along came "Progress' — in the shape of a machine called a celery setter! It was guided across the field by a small front wheel which followed a pre-cut groove in the ground. Two people rode backwards feeding plants into the chamber of the machine. Occasionally the wheel, guiding the planter, would leave the guide groove, and consequently it wandered out of its course. The machine moved quite slowly, and often travelled some distance out of control before being noticed as I remember. This was quite a contrast to the long, straight rows of celery using the old method. I recall another instance when a young man visited his father's fields one evening, after supper, to try out his Dad's new celery setter. He started the machine, and his efforts at planting celery were so successful that he decided to continue planting beyond daylight hours — even into the shades of evening.

Lo and behold! When his father went into the field the next morning, he found two rows of celery with their "feet" facing the morning sun. Oh well! I guess those things had to happen in the face of progress!

I remember — muck shoes on horses to keep them from sinking into the black soil.

I remember — street or pavement dancing in Decatur.

I remember — People rolling back the rugs in their homes, putting records on the victrola, and everyone's dancing!

I remember — Blueberry picking in the Hamilton Grange marsh!

I remember — Riding to Paw Paw for Catechism class in a Model T Ford, driven by Florence Creagan Knight.

I remember — The Decatur Standpipe overflowing periodically and the boys running under the downpour in their bathing suits in summer, and in winter, sliding on the smooth ice. That was fun for us kids!

Paul Lohroff
1976

Early recollections of Decatur (1876)

By Lucy Howland

As a child, I remember that we had no electricity, no telephone, no bathroom, no city water, no cement pavements etc., but we had fun and "a heap of freedom."

There were kerosene street lamps on every corner and the street man filled them in the morning and lighted them every night.

We never heard of such a thing as city water, but every home had an old-fashioned pump in the backyard which furnished water for the drinking pail. There was always an ample supply left for the Saturday night "wash tub" bath.

In the spring there was plenty of mud as there were no paved streets. The road on Main street was deeply cut with wagon and buggy wheels. Likewise in the winter time we had ample snow on Main street for sleighing — as there were no snow plows. Sleighs and cutters were hitched on the south end of main street and all around the park.

The post office was a brick building on East Delaware St. just off Main St. The first floor was used for mail and the second floor was used for public meetings etc. The city jail was in the back part of the building. There were no postmen and everyone went to the Post Office for his mail.

An old frame building stood on the southwest corner of Main St. It was known as the "Down's House" and had been a hotel in its day. Hathaway's Dry Good's Store occupied it for a time.

An old gray building which was used as an apple depot stood where the present Railroad Depot now stands.

The Duncomb House stood on the corner of Phelps and Sherwood Sts. While the Shelten's House and the Teed House stood directly behind it on Sherwood St. Mrs. Teed kept the Teed Rooming House and one night as she was walking across the railroad crossing near the depot she was killed in a train accident. Tommy Maxon called to her just as she had reached the middle of the track and she stopped to look back. She never knew what hit her.

Neal Rasmussen had a Blacksmith and Buggy Repair Shop also — on East Sherwood Street.

The west end of Delaware, Saint Mary's and Pine Streets was covered with oak shrubs down to Lake of the Woods. There were no houses on Pine St. except two cottages on the south side of the street.

As I recall, there were four churches, four dry good's stores, three grocery stores (the most prominent being Robert's and Stewart), two meat markets, two drug stores (Browning's and Carney's), one shoe store, two saloons, one hardware store, one jewelry store and the Peter Pardnette Harness Shop.

The industries were: Two grist mills, one Cooper Shop, one Tannery, five blacksmith shops, one buggy shop, two livery stables, and one foundry.

There were four doctors in 1876 — Doctors Baker, Dillon, Broderick and Keebles.

Jerome Colman and William Tucker were the lawyers at the time.

A few words pertaining to the foundry:

It was located on the south side of town and all kinds of iron castings were made there. Plow shares were made for the farmers and they had plough shares for all of the different kinds of plows in this area. Castings, grates and iron kettles were made also; the latter being used to scald the water for hog-butchering. They were also used for soft soap making.

The iron fence around the Earl Copley home was made in the foundry.

The iron columns (which looked like rope) on either side of the door of the Brigham building (Corner of Phelps and Sherwood Sts.) were made there too. The entrance has since been remodeled.

Recreation

For the most part we made our own fun in those days. Home made toys and sleds delighted us and an orange once a year in our stocking at Christmas time was a real treat.

In the summer time there was the Red Bridge on the Old Swamp Road. Many an hour of sheer joy and happiness was whiled away with home made fishing poles and baits.

As soon as the season opened the boys would "make" for the old swimmin' hole at Lake of the Woods. It was special fun to swim over to the second sand bar. Sometimes they looked around and gathered clams there and then roasted them on the beach. Barbeques as such, were unknown then.

One day, Freddie Smith was drowned while swimming with Leo Howland in Lake of the Woods. They were pals and the latter was so scared that he ran home and said nothing about the drowning to his mother. When he didn't eat his supper she questioned him and he finally told her about the accident. The boy's father called at the house shortly thereafter and he and another man went to the lake and found the body in ten feet of water.

Most of the boys were good swimmers and they thought nothing of swimming across the lake. The girls didn't swim in those days as it was thought to be unladylike.

Two other memorable events were the Donny Brook Fair and the Circus. The former was held at the present Grange Hall in Hamilton. A horse racing track near-by was an added attraction. We would arise at an early hour, do our chores, and then walk five or six miles or better — to the fair grounds.

The circus, of course, was a big attraction and the boys always got in free after carrying gallons and gallons of water for the elephants.

Decatur also had a roller skating rink on the corner of St. Mary's and Phelps Sts. — across from the Webster library. At a later date it was used for various purposes. At one time it housed a blacksmith shop which was operated by Charlie Upfield.

In spite of our simple way of life and our "horse and buggy pace" — I believe we lived in the best of times.

"THE STAVE FACTORY"

The stave factory, which was built for a saw mill in 1843, was located on East Sherwood Street a short distance from the corner of Sherwood and George Streets. Marvin Hinckley & Co. operated it with about twenty men employed.

The green wood out of which the staves were made was put into a box and steamed for about ten hours. The worker could make about ten of those boxes in a day. After the steaming, they were taken from the boxes and wheeled in wheelbarrows to the stave cutter. They were then sent to the equilizer who cut them into equal lengths. A two-wheeled cart drawn by a horse transported them to the drying sheds. It was quite a "trick" to stack them just right. They had to be over lapped to allow for air space.

In approximately three months the staves were dry, after which they were jointed and packed. The jointer passed them on to the packer who put them in a rack, then held them down secured with a lever and tied them at each end. They were placed in piles of thirty or fifty in the sheds and later were shipped to Chicago or Detroit or some other large city.

It took about a year to learn the trade of a stave cutter. It was dangerous work and one man did it. He cut the stave down to the core and then discarded the core. Elmer Labadie attempted to learn the trade but cut his finger off at the first joint and quit the job. Tom Burke was another worker who had some of his fingers cut off at the first joint. Homer Hinckley was one of the stave cutters. Patrick Howland, who was an apprentice at the age of fourteen as a stave passer, worked ten hours a day and received 30 cents for his day's work. His father died when he was nine years old and he had to discontinue school in order to help his mother support a family of six. No coffee breaks in those days and no paid vacations — in fact, no vacations at all!!

A cutter shop which made swell-back cutters was located opposite the stave factory on Paw Paw Street. It didn't operate for long when the stave factory absorbed it, at which time the factory started making butter tubs. This concern lasted for one or two years and then a big butter company bought them out.

The office of the Stave Company was west of the Cooper Shop on Sherwood Street. It was a small building of very simple design. Harley Squier worked there as bookkeeper for a time; also, Martha Van Duzer worked there for years in the same capacity.

The tramps or hoboes — as they were called at that time — were apt to wander in at any time of the night. The factory was on a twenty-four hour schedule and no one paid any attention to them as they were harmless fellows who were looking only for a warm place to sleep. A ledge along the side of the boiler was cozy and warm so they would quite often stretch out for a snooze.

One night one of the humorous workmen, with a stick, lifted the safety valve which controlled the steam in the boiler, and it let out steam that sounded like a cannon. The hobo was so frightened that he jumped off the ledge, ran out of the building and never came back.

The stave factory was in operation long before the Civil War. It burned to the ground once but was rebuilt. It operated again for many years and finally disintegrated as the timber in this part of the County became scarce.

(Information supplied by Patrick Howland)
1960

MEASURE FACTORY

In 1890 with L.D. Roberts as partner, the Hinckley and Roberts Measure Factory was started.

It was located on the site of the old White Mill which had been burned some years before. The townspeople believed that someone set it afire. An imposing brick chimney stood among the ruins for several years. This is the corner of George and Sherwood Streets, where the Huron Farms Plant now stands.

It was quite a large building and the factory employed about eight or ten men.

The first step was to cut the logs and put them in a steam box for about ten or twelve hours. Next they were taken out and the bark was taken off. Then came the veneering machine which peeled off great long strips. These strips were cut in the desired length, then taken to a planer and each end was leveled off to fit the other side. They were then steamed again to make them pliable so they would curve around to make the measures.

The measures which they made were used by various manufacturing companies such as tobacco, cheese, coffee, tea, etc. They were made in different sizes to fit the measures and were planed again after they were glued to make them smooth.

The body of the measure was put into a steam box so it would be pliable and bend to shape. They were then put into a machine in order that they would be round and would fit the heads. Next they were dried in sheds and then brought in and bottomed. The bottoms were cut out round to fit the measure, after which they were smoothed off and reinforced with iron straps. A hoop was fastened around the top and the finished product was crated and ready for distribution.

One bad accident occurred in the Measure Factory — Winnie Taylor, brother of Harve Taylor, was badly mangled when he became entangled in the belts of the machinery while it was moving. He died of the injuries a few days later.

(Information supplied by Patrick Howland)
1960

YE OLD TANNERY

The old Tannery was located about halfway between the present Harm Prak home and the old Darling homestead. The latter stood on the corner of George and Beers streets. Coop's Cold Storage now stands across the road not far from the Tannery's location. Horatio J. Hendryx owned the building which was built about 1856 or 1857. (Later Captain H.J. Hendryx, through fraud and misrepresentation, lost everything he owned, and he and his family were compelled to go West to the Dakotas in a covered wagon in 1880, to make a new start.) James Ellis was the foreman of the Tannery and the industry provided a great many jobs for the men of Decatur.

In 1859 Isaac Taylor, who was a tanner, moved to Decatur from Porter Township and worked in the Tannery during the period when it was operated by Ransom & Nutting (later owners). Isaac Taylor enlisted in the First Michigan Cavalry and the family never saw him again. He died in an Army hospital during the Civil War.

The building was a large, three-story construction, painted a gloomy, dark red, and it was a dreary, drab, spooky place. A lean-to was built on the south side which was used for storing hides. In the front part of the building on the first floor, a ramp track was installed and a car, operated by a windlass, was used to haul hides to the vats.

Also, on the first floor, logs were steamed, and the bark was peeled off and ground for use in the tanning process. A steam engine, fired by wood, was used to steam the logs. Instead of wasting the rest of the log, often the bark was removed. It was then taken to another part of the building and there it was peeled into thin sheets of veneer. Those sheets, sometimes many feet long, were then bundled and shipped to another company where some of them were made into berry boxes.

The vats that were used for soaking hides in a ground hemlock or white oak bark mixture, were installed on the first floor. The tanic acid in the bark of those logs, softened the hair on the hides and then it could be more easily removed. Much water was used in the process, and the used ground bark was carried on the car to the dumping place. The office was located in the northwest corner of the first floor.

After the hides were soaked, they were removed to the second floor by means of a pulley, and then scraped by hand to remove the hair and also to smooth the surface.

In 1877, many years after its closing, the town's children played in the old, deserted building. The ramp provided a good place for sliding in the winter time. The empty building was also used by the Hinckley Stave Factory for storing pork barrels. Following that, for about a year, it was used by a veneering company for turning out very thin veneer.

Patrick Howland, who is now ninety-one years old, remembers much about the building because he lived near it and used to play in it with other neighborhood children. He relates that it was closed because the supply of logs had greatly diminished, and in order to keep the Tannery in operation, a large supply of wood was needed. At that period there was an enormous demand for wood.

The following is a remembrance as related by the late Arba Moulton of Decatur, who knew something about the Old Tannery. "I remember very well the night of the old Tannery fire, which occurred in 1880, as I was right there to see it! I have often wondered about the history of that old landmark — why it was built, by whom, and when and why so big? I never dared to go through it and all I ever knew about it was that Grant Mabry, a colorful old darky of an early day, once lived in it and I feared for his safety."

The old Tannery was one of the ancient evidences of Decatur's wealth and prosperity, but its wealth faded away and its end, as related above, was disastrous.

OLD RAILROAD DEPOT IN 1876 (Decatur)

The original passenger station was a large building on the south side of the railroad track. The telegraph office was in the east end of the building and an apartment for the Station Agent and his family was located in the west end. The passenger waiting room was in the center of the building. At that time a Mr. Gibbs and his family occupied the apartment, and he served as Station Agent.

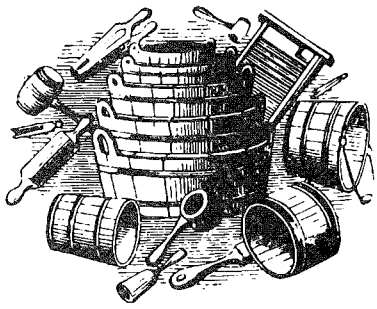
There were round, red brick buildings on each side of the depot which housed the well for water and the *tread-mill* engines. The baggage room was separate from this well house. The water was pumped by a big bay horse (John). The west red brick building was used to pump the water for the engines and the tread mill w$s attached to the machinery that ran the pump. The stall was elevated and the horse kept moving on cletes in the floor which were revolving while he walked. A blind horse was used at one time. Occasionally he would stop and had to be prodded into action.

Tommy Maxon was the over-seer and placed the cars on the side tracks with the aid of the big bay horse. In order to get the car moving, he used a lever which started the wheels rolling. The horse took over from there (hitched to one side) and kept the car in motion. The cars were placed in front of the freight house or the stave factory or wherever they were to be loaded or unloaded.

The freight house stood north of the railroad. It was two stories high and had a bridge running up the west side and down the east side. This enabled the horses to draw the grain up to the second floor.

Decatur was an enterprising little town at that time. It had more industries than it has at the present time.

(Information supplied by
Lucy and Patrick Howland)
1960



CEDAR-COOPER.

COOPER SHOP

This shop was a part of the Stave Factory and was owned by Marvin Hinckley, Dave Squire, and Parcel Van Duzer. It was located on the opposite side of the road from the Stave factory on East Sherwood Street. Austin Dwight, Sr. was the head of it. He was an inspector also. There were four or five men in the shop and they made barrels of all kinds, including pork, apple, and flour barrels. In the fall they made more apple barrels but pork barrels were made the year around.

In very early times the men split the barrel heads and the staves out of rough logs. The cooper would then dress them down and shape them, or refine them for use.

The hoop poles were cut in the woods (about as big as a man's arm). The cooper took the hoop off either side of the pole and left only the heart of the pole. The latter was waste wood and the employees took loads of it home for firewood at no cost.

To make the hoops for flour barrels the men used black ash because it had a course grain and it was easy to split. They had a special implement for the work of splitting the hoops out of wood. The resulting hoops were just the right thickness for flour and apple barrels.

They were put in bundles of about one foot square then soaked in tanks of water and when the cooper was ready to use them, he took them out of the tanks and shaped them. This had to be done while they were wet — because if they dried, they would break. He put a "lock" on each hoop and this secured them around the barrel.

They sawed the heading bolts out with a heading saw. (Circle Saw.) They could saw about twenty cords in ten hours. Next they stored them in a shed to dry (about three months in the summertime). If they needed them in a hurry they put them in a dry kiln. Next they were planed and circled to fit the head of the barrel. The barrels were ready then for shipment or for sale to the local farmers.

(Information supplied by Patrick Howland)

ROBERT BRIGHAM

His Ancestors

This letter was sent to my great-great-grandmother by her husband, John G. Sparks, at the height of the gold rush to California, having been written in 1853 it is over 100 years old. The family at that time lived in Marion, Illinois, where my great-grandfather, Francis M. Sparks, Sparks, son of John G. Sparks was first child born in that town. Mary E. Sparks, daughter of Frances M. was my grandmother. She married Corwin H. Walbridge who was the son of another Illinois pioneer family. They moved to Michigan in 1911 and it was there that my mother, Mary L. Walbridge Brigham was raised. The letter has passed down through the family these several generations and is in the possession of my family at this time. The letter was written and sent back to Illinois by Steamship.

"Panama South America March 6th, 1852"

Dear Rebeckah,

I take the last opportunity. I shall have until I arrive at the mining Region of writing to you, you perhaps have received a letter I wrote on my arrival at this place in which I informed you that I had not got with Dr. Johnson since the writing of which, he has arrived here and we are now together and have both taken passage to San Francisco on the Sail Ship, Bark Emerly and we will probably get there in about 6 or 8 weeks at which time I will write if I am spared to get there. Dr. Johnson sends you his best wishes and requests you to let his wife know where he is and that his health is good, he has also wrote to Mary this day if she receives it. My health has been here and hope it may continue if so you will hear from me, though don't be uneasy for letters are very uncertain, do the best you can and be assured as soon as possible. I will assist you and if I have good luck will send Mary money to pay for sending her off to school in your letter to me know whether her and Francis are going to school or not and whether there is any at Murphysboro, and all the other information you can, tell Nelson not to be uneasy that he shall not suffer that I will make up any loss he may sustain by my not paying him his money and that I will send it as soon as I can make it, the prospects in the mines are very flattering we have met a great many persons from there and they all seem to have a plenty of the gold dust, and say any man can do well if they will save it. I was so hurried I did not write to neither of the Schartzes if they came to see you tell them not to foreclose the mortgages, that I will send the interest due as soon as I can, I will also send Brush his money as soon as I can get it and for them not to be uneasy, I will send money to pay all my debts as quick as possible, we will be off from here today. Don't fail to write once in every two weeks whether you receive mine or not.

With the greatest Respect
I remain your effectionate husband,
John G. Sparks

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

A mother's gift to her Country's cause is a story yet untold,
She had three sons, three only ones, each worth his weight in gold,
She gave them up for the sake of war, while her heart was filled with pain,
As each went away, she was heard to say, he will never return again.

Chorus —
One lies down near Appomatox,
Many miles away,
Another sleeps at Chickamauga,
And they both wore suits of gray,
'Mid the strains of "Down in Dixie,"
The third was laid away,
In a trench at Santiago,
The Blue and the Gray.
She's alone tonight while the stars shine bright
With a heart full of despair
On the last great day I hear her say,
My three boys will be there.
Perhaps they'll watch at the heav'nly gates
On guard beside their guns,
Then the mother true, to the gray and blue
May enter, with their sons.

1900

THE OLD SWAMP ROAD

O the swaying trees and branches
and charm of the old Swamp Road,
As we waited at the turnouts,
for the farmer and his load.

The little thicket dwellers,
Swiftly sped across the way
When the measured tread of horses,
Broke the stillness of the day.

Back among the weaving shadows,
Booming half-hidden herbs and flowers.
Luring us to pleasant dreaming
Heeding not the passing hours.

'Till some sudden chance remembrance
Spoke to us of our delay
Along the cross-roads,
Warned us to be on our way.

Lovers driving through the twilight,
In the horse and buggy days,
Or gaily riding to mass meetings
With their patriotic ways.

Not thinking of a horseless age,
With tractor to the plow,
Were quite content with what they had,
And happy then as now.

Yes they have improved the roadway,
And drained the wet swamp land,
Now — 'tis known from coast to coast,
To the wandering tourists' band.

Madly rushing o'er the pavement,
The next town to quickly reach,
And beyond it hurry forward
To the sandy ocean beach.

So now our simple blessings,
We have managed to outmode,
But in our hearts and memories,
Of the old Swamp Road.

1910

CHEVELIER HILL

(Erroneously Known as Fifield Hill)

At the turn of the century Chevelier Hill, south of town, was very steep — much steeper than it is today. Because of its great height, it was necessary to build two roads spanning the hill. The ascending road was graveled, making a hard surface. The descending road was made of sand and it was used chiefly for wagons and teams. The sand prevented the wagon from rolling too fast down the hill.

Bernice Creagan and Florence Creagan Knight remember riding with their father in a buggy, climbing the hill on the gravel road. On the return trip they descended on the sandy raod. Their father, Dr. Henry Creagan, was a veterinarian and made frequent trips to the farm homes to care for sick animals.

Circa 1910

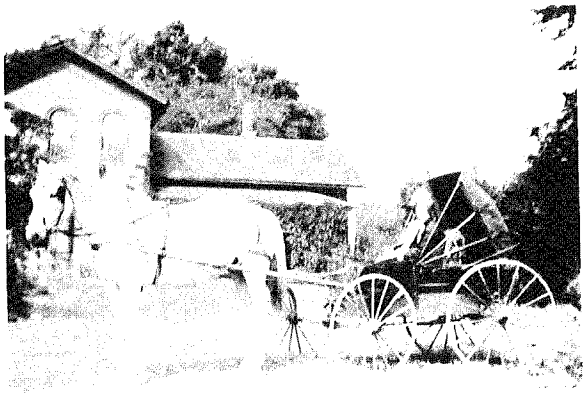
GRADING CHEVALIER HILL

Because of the obvious advantage of having a "possible" road over the big hill — leading to points south of Decatur, the decision was made to grade the hill. A 10% grade was decided upon as adequate and this meant a one foot rise in every ten feet of distance.

The cut was initiated at the top — and the teams used, were called wheel scrapers, pulled by two horses. The workers probably had eight-ten scoops, which looked like buckets mounted on an axle with wheels. Two men would pull a lever on the axle to raise the bucket. It was filled with earth, raised up, and then sent on wheels to the bottom of the hill. The bucket was tripped and turned and the load was deposited on the fill. This was repeated until the desired grade was attained.

Even with the ten percent grade, the hill was dangerous for logging wagons or any other heavy load. A device called "slip shoes" and fitted to one rear wheel prevented the load from sliding down the hill. The shoes were made of heavy forged metal by a blacksmith; then secured to a "log bank" so it would not turn. (The latter was fastened to the side of the wagon). The first back wheel formed a brake, so the wagon went down gradually. Our townsman and veteran blacksmith, Bert Kidman, has forged many a slip-shoe for logging wagons. And so — the big hill became a connecting link with the vast areas south of Decatur.

Information supplied by Louis Hall



MALLORY SISTERS

Samuel and Ermina Mallory came to southern Michigan from Vermont. They had two daughters, Jennie and Della who never married, and lived on the farm long years after their parents were gone.

The father was a stern man, sometimes to the point of being mean. Needless to say, he was a great disciplinarian in the home; nevertheless, his daughters loved him. Because of his disposition, he and his neighbor, Milo Youells, were continually engaged in arguments.

Jennie was a brilliant girl and was also talented in drawing animals and birds, mostly in pen and ink. Both of the girls did a man's work on the farm. Della did most of it. They ploughed, dragged, and also pitched bundles in threshing time. They always wore overalls under their skirts and both of them wore night caps at all times.

The father believed in light lunches for the evening meal, and, as the girls were hungry after a heavy day's work — they set up a stove in their room upstairs where they sneaked food from the kitchen. As their father slept downstairs, they had no problem.

At one time one of the girls visited in a nearby town. She came home on the train at a late hour, walked home, and slept in the haymow the remainer of the night.

In their declining years they lived in a brown-shingled house on West St. Mary's Street, which their aunt had given them.

The Mallory homestead and farm are now owned by Donald Drenth.

1901

WASSMAN'S GRIST MILL BURNS

The grist mill built by Robert Nesbitt in 1857 and one of the oldest landmarks in Hamilton Township was destroyed by fire last Saturday night.

Mr. Nesbitt sold the mill to Charles Wassman and eleven years ago it was purchased by his son, John Wassman, who has gradually improved by installing new machinery until it became one of the best of its kind in the state. Only last spring its flour won second prize in a national competition.

The cause of the fire is not definitely known but the building was undoubtedly struck by lightning. Mr. and Mrs. Wassman, whose home was nearby, were awakened by the bright light caused by the flames, at 3:30 Sunday morning. The building was then enveloped in flames and nothing could be saved.

The building and its contents are insured in the Millers Mutual of Lansing for $2,500.00. The machinery alone invoiced $2,600.00 and there was also a loss of eight hundred bushels of grain.

The total loss to Mr. Wassman is $6,000.00. Neighbors and customers from that vicinity in large numbers have offered their services to help in rebuilding the mill and construction of a new mill will begin immediately.

GRIDLEY TOOF

He came to Decatur in an early day and his first work here was in the capacity of horse trainer. Breaking colts was part of his work. Later, he studied to be a lawyer, and practiced law, in our town several years, starting about 1909. His wife, Adelaide, was one of the better teachers in both rural and town schools. They had one daughter, Frances, who was exceptionally talented in music.

Gridley Toof became blind in later years, and in his loneliness, penned the following poem concerning his affliction.

ON MY BLINDNESS

The saddest word that ever was said,
And goes to one's heart with awful dread,
Is when the oculist speaks his mind and says
Dear man you are going blind.

How long, how long dear Father in Heaven
Must I stay here and wait for sight to come
To help me out; or is it far too late.

If I am doomed to sightless be and
Blind the balance of my life,
Dear Father grant me grace and strength to
Battle through this life.
When one has lived a long life thru,
And has done for others what he can do,
And his eyes go blind and his ears go deaf,
The only comfort is in death's relief.

I sit in my chair day after day,
And the weeks, the months and the years go by,
And I pray to my God — I wonder why I am still
on earth only waiting to die.

I have read the promise God has made
To all the blind now living here.
When we enter our heavenly house,
We shall see all things bright and clear,
God has said in His holy word —
"Eye hast not seen, nor ear hast not heard
Of the wonderful things that God has made
For those who love His Blessed Name."

The Legend And Lore Of Our Indian Trees

Legends tell of these strange trees as signs and symbols with which the Indians could express their unique way of life.

These trees were formed by bending a tree, when it was still a tiny sapling, and bowing it toward the ground tying it securely with a strip of leather or a piece of reed. The Indians then allowed the tree to grow a little while longer. The part which had grown was then again forced to bend so it was pointing upward. At the bend of this step the tree was reinforced so it would grow erect.

Legend and lore tell us that these trees were used as a means of indicating the power and being of the Great Master above.

The age is seen by means of the diameter of these trees. Another way to tell the age of an Indian tree is to see how it grows parallel to the ground with no support and then turns upward again with no support at all.

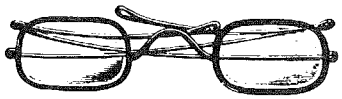
One of these Indian Trees is located on the Wooster Farm in Hamilton township. This farm is today owned by Mrs. Phelps, Mr. Wooster's daughter.

Another of these trees is found just a short ways from M-40 going from Decatur to Tea Pot Dome. It is on the George Lindsley farm.

Others are located near Buchanan, Benton Harbor, the outskirts of South Haven, and one is found near Bridgman. The tree near Buchanan has a Marker that tells about it.

Near the old "Doc." Mark's Farm by the Lee School is still another of these old trees. One other is found on the old Territorial Road going to Keeler. As you can see there are many of these marvelous works of Nature to be found in our own town.

These trees are living Monuments to Our Michigan Legend And Lore.



I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

Wouldn't this old word be better
If the folks we meet would say,
"I know something good about you!"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy
If each handclasp warm and true
Carried with it the assurance,
"I know something good about you!"

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If the good that's in us all
Were the only things about us
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy
If we praised the good we see? —
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too? /
You know something good about me!
"I know something good about you!"

THE PENCIL — KING OF EVERYDAY THINGS . . .

The common lead pencil is said to be king of everyday things. It is used by every member of the family—father at his work, mother in the home, children at school, and even baby to decorate the walls and furniture.

The pencil was called "the most used and least appreciated five-cent merchandise in the world." Even though the price has gone up a bit the statement still holds. An illustration is given to defend the statement. During a baseball game the average number of balls used is 48. Yet the dollar value of the baseballs per game is far less than the pencils used by the fans in scoring the game. The pencil is the most necessary accessory at the race tracks. Many times the horse players are seen desperately searching for a pencil and then madly dashing toward the pencil concessionaire.

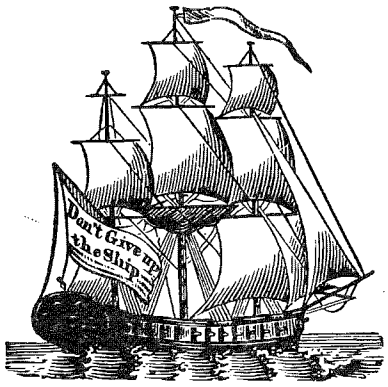
Strange as it may seem many social changes have increased the use of pencils. The telephone which was expected to decrease the use of the pencil only tended to increase it — not only for taking down messages but for "doodling" while talking. With the coming of bridge, canasta, crossword puzzles and other brain teasers, the use of the pencil was again increased. Golf, the famous outdoor sport, was another boost for this industry. To further increase their sales for this game a short pencil with no eraser was produced.

The lowly wood pencil seems to be here to stay as it has survived the fountain pen, mechanized pencils, ball point pens, dictating machines, teletypewriter, and the typewriter. There are those in big business who must have a dozen freshly sharpened pencils on their desks every morning and once they are sharpened for these big wheels they are not re-used by them but are rather passed on down to vice-presidents; etc. There are also those who like a shorter pencil and whose secretaries must be finding those who have lost more than two inches at the pencil sharpener. Thomas Edison used a pencil about 3½ inches in length — one that would fit into his right hand vest pocket. It is said he actually persuaded a pencil company to turn out short pencils especially for him.

The lead pencil is perhaps the only article of commerce in the world to carry a "misnomer" for four centuries. Everyone knows it contains no lead. Another misnomer is that rubber does not erase—"it is simply the binding agent for the pumice which does the work."

The first making of the pencil was a by-product. Near Borrowdale up near the Scottish border a graphite deposit was found by the English which was so pure and solid it could be cut into sticks. Lumps of it was used by the shepherds to mark their sheep. However its primary use was for the precision molding of cannon balls and secondary for pencils. Now years later the cannon ball is obsolete and the lowly pencil is demanded by all of the armed forces.

Today for top quality pencils clay from Bavaria is used with graphite from Madagascar and Ceylon. The wood for the pencil must be free of knots and have a straight grain. At one time the wood used was red cedar grown in the South. Later it was discovered that the wood from the incense cedars grown on the West Coast in the High Sierras was very good and has now become the standard wood. In using this light wood the manufacturers received many complaints from their customers who were used to seeing red wood when the pencils were sharpened. Thus this wood is now dyed red.



The Ship That Never Returned

On a summer's day, when the waves were rippled
By the softly sighing breeze.
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden
For a port beyond the seas,
There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals
Whilst a form could be discerned;
Ah, they little thought 'twas a solemn parting,
For the ship it ne'er returned.

Chorus
She ne'er returned, she ne'er returned,
Her destiny none ever learned;
And for many years there were fond ones mourning
For the ship that ne'er returned.

Said a gentle youth to to his loving mother:
"Let us cross the wide, wide seas;
For they tell me that in a land far distant
There is health and wealth for me."
And the mother listened with fond affection,
And her heart for her darling yearned;
And she sent him forth with a smile and blessing
On the ship that ne'er returned.

Chorus

2m020."Only one cruise," said the gallant sailor, As he
kissed his weeping wife;
"Only one more bag of the golden treasure
And 'twill serve us all through life.
Then I'll spend my days in our cozy cottage
And enjoy the rest I've earned";
But, alas! his bright hopes were doomed to perish
With the ship that ne'er returned.

Chorus

m020."Do not leave me, love," cried the anxious
maiden,
"Do not cross the angry sea,
For my heart will break in its lonely sorrow
When thou art far away from me."
But he sailed away, for he dared not linger,
Though with her to stay he yearned,
And for years she wept, vainly waiting, watching
For the hsip that ne'er returned.

PENNINA COTTON

Pennina W. Cotton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winburn, was born in 1836, Indiana, and died in 1914 in Paw Paw Township. She was a namesake of a Quaker woman who befriended the family in the days of the Underground Railroad.

She was married at the age of eighteen to William Worrix, whose life was taken in the Civil War in 1864. Three children were born to this union. In 1866 she was married to Joshua Cotton and they were the parents of four children — Stella, Dora, James and Chloe. Dora Cotton Goens lived on a farm north of Decatur. She married Lewis Goens and they were the parents of eleven children. Chloe married John Bradley and together with her brother, James Cotton, they lived in Decatur for many years.

LOOKING BACK ON SIXTY YEARS IN EDUCATION

My education began in Chapman School, a rural school in Newburg Township, Cass County, Michigan. In those days most children were considered ready for school when they reached seven years of age. I was unfortunately born on December twenty-fourth. My parents planned to enter me the following year, but the teacher, a friend of the family, suggested that I start in January after the Christmas holidays. So, in January, 1911, a new first grader enrolled in Chapman School.

Actually, my formal education began at home. Books and stories fascinated me. With some help from my mother I had already learned to read, count, and recite the alphabet when I was five and six years of age. School became an easy, pleasant, and interesting experience. In six and a half years I had completed the eight grades of the rural school. Reflecting on those years, it convinced me that parents were enrolling children too young in the past twenty-five or thirty years at five years of age. This opinion seems justified when we hear the complaints today that students are unable to read, write, spell, and do simple mathematics.

With most children enrolling at about seven years of age, some boys and girls were fifteen and sixteen years old in the seventh and eighth grades. This could be a discipline problem for the teacher if the permissiveness of the present day had existed. However, strict discipline was the rule. Most students probably were given the same warning my father gave, "If you must be punished at school, you can expect the same when you get home." That was a great deterrant!

I recall the day a big, strapping sixteen-year old decided he did not have to obey the teacher, a little lady about five-feet-two with her hair done up on the top of her head. She wrestled that young man to the floor, slapped him up real good, then sat on him while she did up her hair. It scared the daylights out of us little folks, but she was well respected by one and all the rest of the year.

In September, 1918, I entered Vandalia High School. There were about twenty-five freshmen, mostly boys, and four years later twelve of us graduated. Many parents thought a high school education was not important to girls, and many of the boys dropped out of school before reaching their senior year.

I lived five and a half miles from Vandalia. During my freshman year I stayed with Mrs. Nellie O'dell, a widow and teacher in the school. For the next three years I rode a bicycle in the fall and spring and drove a horse and buggy during the winter. When the snow was on the ground a one-horse sleigh replaced the buggy. It took about an hour to make the five and a half miles. This meant leaving home about 7:00 A.M. During basket ball and baseball season I arrived home very late in the evening after practice.

In late May, 1921, the twelve seniors graduated. For the next year I remained at home helping my father with the farming, not knowing what I would like to make my life work. My mother kept urging me to become a teacher. In the following spring it was announced in the Cassopolis Vigilant that teachers' examinations would be given at the Court House the next week. Mother begged me to go. So, for two days I drove the ten miles to Cassopolis. I passed the exams, and in July and August I stayed with friends in Kalamazoo, attended Western Normal School, now Western Michigan University, for six weeks to learn Theory and Practice in teaching. Lo and behold, I was a teacher!

That Fall, September, 1922, I began my career at White Temple, a rural school in Penn Township about two miles from my parents' home. I had all eight grades, which was really a challenge for an eighteen year-old teacher with pupils from six to fifteen years of age. But, I loved it. We became a happy family in the classroom and on the playground. I remained in that school for five years.

I recall a couple of incidents during those five years. On a weekend in winter several of the boys went to a nearby lake to skate and fish. It was quite cold, so they built a fire with poison sumac which grew along the shore. Enough said! Monday morning the boys came to school with swollen faces, eyes nearly closed, smeared with a greasy concoction to stop the itching. They didn't want to miss school, even though the mothers thought they should stay home.

On a serious side, I cannot forget Mabel, a girl about ten. Mabel had not learned to read nor do simple arithmetic. When I asked the children about this, their reply was, "She can't learn so the teachers just let her look out the window." Before that year was over Mabel learned to read the Primer and work with numbers. To this day, when I meet Mabel, she introduces me to her family and friends by saying, "This is Mr. Davis. He was the best teacher I ever had." Coming from Mabel, there can be nothing to make one feel better about his work. That experience affected my teaching for the rest of my fifty years in education.

At the end of the first year I had saved enough to buy a 1923 Model T, the first car in our family. About a year and a half later I gave that car to my parents and purchased a 1924 Model T roadster. I more than owed that to my parents for the sacrifices they had made.

In 1928 I accepted a challenge at Newton Woods, now known as Russ Forest. They had three different teachers the previous year. They said they wanted a man-teacher to straighten things out. Although reluctant to leave the children and parents of the White Temple community, it seemed here was a challenge to be met. After the first month of school the students came to believe that school-time was work-time and recess-time was play-time. We had a wonderful time with few problems for the next five years.

We organized a Liberty Bell Bird Club. Each Friday afternoon we held our club meeting. The big Newton Woods was an ideal place for bird, flower, and tree study, and the school building stood at the edge of the woods.

Newton Woods was named after the owner, Colonel Newton, who took up about 770 acres in the early settlement of that area. He had a daughter, Jane Newton, who married Henry Crego. When Colonel Newton died, Jane Newton Crego inherited this land. At the time I was teaching there Mrs. Crego was in her 80's. We decided to invite her to come to the school one day to tell us about her experiences as a little girl. She held us spell bound with her stories of the Indians coming to buy flour and other things from her father. They always brought her some little gift, such as beads, necklaces, and other trinkets.

At Mrs. Crego's death the nearest relatives were several cousins who really had no need for all that land. As I recall, there was about 330 acres of farm land and 440 acres of woods. When it became known that lumber companies were about to buy the timber, a man interested in preserving those big trees came to the rescue. Fred Russ purchased all but the 80 acres where the school stood. That had already been sold to a lumber company. So, Newton Woods became known as Russ Forest. Mr. Russ turned most of the farm land into reforestation during the next fifteen or twenty years. At his death a few years ago he turned over Russ Forest to Michigan State University, who still control it. Recently, about 1974 or 1975, Cass County Historical Society took over the old Newton mansion as a museum and opened it to the public.

I mentioned in the beginning that I had saved enough in my first year of teaching to buy a car. At the end of the third year I had saved enough to take a bride and furnish a home. We were married June 15, 1925. We brought up three daughters and a son, survived the Great Depression of the 1930's, and recently celebrated a Golden Anniversary. Great credit must be given here to her love, loyalty, hard work, and patience over these many years.

We purchased a farm in April, 1929 now known as the Kraft Farm and Market. We put in many long hours and hard labor there teaching and farming at the same time. The Great Depression came the next year which made things very difficult. One fall hogs were three cents a pound and wheat was thirty cents a bushel. One school year in Vandalia salary was cut to sixty dollars a month, five hundred forty dollars for the year. It seems unbelievable today.

After six years at Vandalia, four years at Red School in Wayne Township, and two years at Gage in Wayne, I was asked by Frank Dodge, Superintendent of Schools, to come to Decatur where I spent the next twenty-eight years before retiring in June, 1972.

Anyone who can recall school days in the old rural school will have memories of the following:

There was no indoor plumbing.

Two small outbuildings stood at the back of the school yard. On cold winter days one did not waste any time going and coming.

Water for washing and drinking was brought from the pump in a pail.

Heat was provided by a large heating stove placed near the center of the room. Wood, or coal, had to be carried from the woodshed.

I recall an incident at Red School. Soot in the chimney caught fire, sparks dropping down in a cleanout area at the base of the chimney. The wall was set on fire. As I glanced up from my class on the recitation seat at the front of the room, I noticed a little first grader staring as if hypnotized at something behind me. I turned to see the fire leaping up the wall. I calmly told the children to march outside carefully. Two older boys grabbed two buckets, ran down the hill to the pump, and filled the buckets. When the children were safely outside, we soon had the fire out. We got a two-day vacation while the damage was repaired.

The rural school was a great learning institution. Older children assisted the younger pupils, and the younger ones learned from listening to the older students. Students became very independent, very responsible.

I enjoyed those twenty-two years in the rural school, and it surely prepared me for my years in Decatur as an elementary principal.

I came to Decatur in September, 1944 as teacher and elementary principal. There were about two hundred thirty pupils from Kindergarten through sixth grade, all housed in what was commonly called the Grade Building. By the early 1950's the enrollment increased rapidly with the annexation of the area rural schools. It became necessary to use two rooms in the High School Building for Kindergarten and second grade. Soon the high school became overcrowded. The Elementary Building solved the elementary problem, but the high school was forced to put the seventh graders in the Grade Building, use the gym for a study hall, and make the former study hall above the gym into classrooms, and use the old shop as a classroom.

So, in 1953 I was relieved of classroom teaching by Superintendent W.C. Bates, to give full-time attention to supervision of the two buildings of elementary students. Then, by 1963 present Junior-Senior High was under construction. This relieved the growing pains already complicating the elementary situation, and we inherited the old High School Building for elementary classrooms. With three buildings to supervise, the principal's job became a very busy one.

I had planned to retire in June, 1969, but Superintendent Wayne Hellenga and the Board

of Education convinced me to stay until the new addition to the Elementary Building was completed and in operation.

Finally, in June 1972 I retired after twenty-eight years in the Decatur Public School and a total of fifty years as an educator.

Needless to say, I have many memories of those years. I would like to recall a few here.

Mr. Dodge had hired me to replace Mr. McAllister as principal and sixth grade teacher. But, as fall came Mr. Dodge asked if I would mind taking the fifth grade. He said this group with a goodly proportion of boys had been the subject of complaints by all their teachers up to that time. During that year we often spotted Mr. Dodge in the hallway checking on the situation. At the end of the year he suggested I take them through sixth grade, since he hadn't heard one word of complaint from me. Those supposedly bad boys are today successful and respected citizens and business men. This also reminds me of another boy at the Newton Woods school. Bob was very sharp in mathematics, but he had a problem with reading which made all subjects difficult for him. The problem may have been a physical defect, but it may also have been the result of poor instruction by the previous teachers who had severe discipline problems over a period of two or three years. By the time he reached eighth grade I had taken a position in Vandalia. Bob's parents decided he should not go to high school because they felt he would not be able to graduate, and they felt they were financially unable to furnish car transportation to Dowagiac. This was in the depression years. So, I urged them to let Bob come to live with me in Vandalia to at least try his freshman year where I would be able to help him, if necessary, with his studies.

Bob completed his freshman term, went home to attend Dowagiac the next three years, received a diploma, enlisted in the military, went to the Far East as a member of the Engineers during the war with Japan.

When he returned home after the war, he used his military training to develop a very successful business in Dowagiac, an industry still in operation. He recently built a beautiful home in the country, reported costing $70,000. He has traveled widely in this country and abroad representing his business. This is just another example of how a student given the proper incentive and motivation, can succeed. And, to think that when I was earning about $2,500 per year teaching, Bob was making far, far more!

In the late 1940's and early 1950's the School Forest was being developed under the Ag teacher, Ernie Froehlich. When Ernie had 5000 to 10,000 evergreen seedlings to set out, he called on the fifth and sixth graders. We took them to the forest area in the old red, white, and blue bus, one group from 9:00-11:00, the other from 1:00-3:00. Twenty-five energetic youngsters could really plant a lot of trees. It provided the students with a lesson in conservation and gave them a break from the every day routine.

In the late 1950's busing students became a growing business. It became necessary to have a transportation supervisor to lay out routes, oversee the maintenance of the buses, and settle conflicts among the passengers. Since I knew just about where every student lived, the Elementary Principal had an added job. Thanks to the dedication and hard work of Leo Southworth my job was made easier.

In 1955 or 1956, Michigan law declared that all persons under eighteen years of age must complete a course in Driver Education to receive a driver's license. Driver Instructors had to attend Driver Education courses set up in Western Michigan University as well as other universities in the state to receive certification as an instructor.

Mr. Bates, the Superintendent of Decatur Public School, decided we should start Driver Education in the Spring of 1954. We secured the first driver car, a new Chevrolet, from C.W. Krum and Sons and enrolled our first class. Since I was the only one not teaching any classes, I was asked to take over the responsibility. It was one of the most interesting, most rewarding teaching jobs I have ever done. Much seriousness, a great deal of excitement, and sometimes very comical were the situations we encountered. For a few years students were taken from one of their study halls in regular school time, but eventually, with large numbers of young women and men, it was necessary to do the course during the summer months. Age and increasing responsibilities as Principal forced me to give up Driver Education about five years before my retirement after teaching the course for about twelve or thriteen years and several hundred students.

Twenty-eight years in Decatur Public Schools went by all too rapidly. It was with much reluctance that I retired in June, 1972, but I felt I must have a little time left to enjoy remaining years with my wife and family and friends.

The wonderful cooperation of parents, teachers, administrators, Board of Education, bus drivers, janitors, teacher aids, and other citizens of the community makes one proud to have been a part of one of the best public schools in the State of Michigan.

One of my greatest treasures is the award hanging on the wall in my home which was presented to me by the Elementary Staff. On it is engraved these words: FIFTY YEARS, LAURELS TO AN ARTIST IN EDUCATION. I can only hope that in some small way I have lived up to such a great compliment.

May this historical review bring many pleasant memories and perhaps inspire the younger generation to reach for and achieve the goals they may set for themselves.

MARION DAVIS
1976

PARSHALL VAN DUZER HOUSE

The home of the late Isaac Mazur was built at the turn of the Century by Parshall Van Duzer. He was born Oct. 7, 1850 and died Dec. 23, 1912. He was, at one time, part owner of the Measure Factory which was located on George Street near the M.C.R.R. tracks. The Van Duzer house was the first house in the Decatur area which had central heating. Field stone for the house came from the property of Monva Van Duzer who lived on a farm located about five miles west on the present M51.

Excerpts from Geneology of Van Duzer Family 1975

"AFTER THE BALL"

For years, the Notre Dame University boys attended a summer camp at Bankson Lake. Baseball was their sport and in 1906 the priest in attendance, Father Hugh, arranged a game between the Notre Dame and the Lawton boys.

It was a hot day and after the game, one of the fans — a charming young lady from Lawton — stepped up to the pump for a drink of water. It so happened that a young, freckled-faced, red-headed ball player was also there for the same purpose. He stepped up and gallantly pumped a drink for her which she graciously accepted. In due time, she also graciously accepted the ball player's proposal to be his life partner!

The young man was none other than our amiable and esteemed Elmer (red) Wolfe. (Red was the pitcher that day on the Notre Dame team.)

The Whippoorwill's Song

By H. Millard

Oh, meet me when daylight is fading,
And is darkening into the night;
When songbirds are singing their vespers,
And the day has far vanished from sight;
And then I will tell you, darling,
All the love I have cherished so long,
If you will but meet me at evening,
When you hear the first whippoorwill's song.

Chorus

Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!
You hear the first whippoorwill's song;
O, meet me; O, meet me
When you hear the first whippoorwill's song.

'Tis said that whatever sweet feelings
May be throbbing within a fond heart,
When listening to whippoorwill's singing,
For a twelvemonth will never depart;
So then we will meet in the woodland,
Far away from the hurrying throng,
And whisper our love to each other,
When you hear the first whippoorwill's song.

Chorus

And in the long years of the future,
Though our duties may part us a while,
And on the return of this evening,
We be severed by many a mile;
Yet deep in our bosoms we'll cherish
The affection, so fervent and strong,
We pledged to each other this evening.
When we heard the first whippoorwill's song.

Chorus

A reward supernal was won by thee
To be met on the Shores of Eternity.
A word that cheers a soul in distress
Comes back with a prayer you deed to bless,
"For what you do to the least of Mine
You do it unto Me."

When alms with kind pressure your hand did dole,
Bringing needed comfort to body or soul,
A treasure in Heaven you laid up that day,
Which naught can destroy, naught take away.
And My Heart rejoiced for the gracious deed,
'Twas your suffering Lord you then did feed,
The kindly touch took the weight from My Cross,
And you the richer were made by your loss:
"For whatever you do to the least of Mine
You do it unto Me."

If done in My Name there is naught so small,
That heedless or lost to the earth can fall,
A word of comfort, a smile of cheer,
A pitying glance, a tender tear,
A cooling draught, an act of love,
Will have its reward in My Home above,
"For whatever you do to the least of Mine
You do it unto Me."

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

In the early part of the Civil War, one Saturday morning in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial hospital in Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty, and as she her self said, had been "flattered and sought for the charms of her Face," but alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that terrible word — Fallen. Her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over and over again," which has been the only life history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shown in the best of society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood; and, having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken hearted outcast.

Among her effects was found, in manuscript, "Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, at the time editor of the National Union. In columns of that paper on the morning following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not received burial. Mr. T.B. Reed, one of the first American poets, was so taken with it's stirring pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such according to the "Boston Standard," are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow," will long be regarded as one of the gems of American Literature.

The Beautiful Snow

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
filling the sky and the earth below;
over the housetops, over the street.
Over the heads of the people you meet;
  Dancing,
    Flirting,
      Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek.
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!
Oh the snow, the beautiful snow
how the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in their maddening fun!
It plays in its glee with everyone,
  Chasing,
    Laughing,
      Hurrying by;
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive and its heart is aglow.
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!
How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
  Ringing,
    Swinging,
      Dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow —
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowds rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.
Once I was pure as the snow — but I fell!
Fell, like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
  Pleading,
    Cursing,
      Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whomever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread
Hating the living and fearing the dead
Merciful God! have I fallen so law
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow,
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
with an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
  Father,
    Mother,
      Sister, all.
God and myself, I have lost by my fall,
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh.
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
  Fainting,
    Freezing,
      Dying alone;
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow
Helpless and foul as the trampled may moan
Sinner, despair not! Christ Stoopeth low
to rescue the soul that is lost in sin
and raise it to life and enjoyment again;
  Groaning,
    Bleeding,
      Dying for thee,
The crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear.
"Is there mercy for me? Will he hear my weak prayer?
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

1909

THE FLEETING YEARS
1891-1976

I was born on a chilly 22nd day of Feb., 1891 — on a fruit farm three miles east of Lawton, Michigan. My parents were Henry S. Reynolds and Caroline Miller Reynolds. Both were residents of that area, having been married a few miles from where I was born at Mattawan, Michigan. I had a little brother, Harry, four years old. We were always very close, as we were the only children in the family for several years. Our grandmother, Amanda Miller, lived in our home; in those days she was considered wealthy. We children never wanted for anything. My grandfather Miller had died July 4th, 1893. I remember his death vividly, even though I was only two years of age. I had a new pair of shoes and my father lifted me up on the bed, so grandfather could see them. He told me to take good care of them.

My brother was a saint who never wanted to do anything out of order; however, with a little urging from me, he would try anything. I coaxed him into a piano box where we would smoke dry corn silk, wrapped in dried corn husks; also, he tried a chew of tobacco at my suggestion. It was our last chew! Our grandmother kept us supplied with games — lotto, dominos, etc.

In 1899 a little sister, Vera, was welcomed into the family. She never knew a grandparent. Harry and I had the pleasure of having three. When our sister, Vera, was born, it was a great surprise to us. In those days, all women dressed alike — a loose dress from the shoulders down. No one ever knew that a woman was with child. It was also the custom to send the other children away for a few days. We were taken to a friend's house. It was during grape harvest and my brother, who was a lover of horses, had the honor of driving the horse, hitched to a handy wagon, through the rows of grape vines for the purpose of collecting the baskets of grapes that

the workmen had picked. I was his helper! The second day we were in the field, the neighbors came out to tell us that we had a baby sister at home who wanted to get acquainted with us. We couldn't believe it! We were so happy that we went home the same day. Vera and I had great times together. We had a nice play house in an empty corn crib, had horse blankets on the floor for rugs, crates for furniture; but the prize piece of furniture was a wagon seat complete with back and springs — which was our sofa — and was very comfortable. We also gathered pretty weeds and put them in empty bottles for bouquets.

My brother and I drove thirteen miles to attend Sunday School in Mattawan, Michigan. He attended the Methodist with our cousin and I the Congregational with a girl friend.

Our mother made all of Vera's and my clothes. Each summer, Vera, a blond, would have a pretty blue dress and I, a brunette, would have a pink one. Both my brother and me had naturally curly hair. He passed away in February, 1973 at the age of eighty-six, following a long illness.

When I was about thirteen, a group of Brothers from Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana, bought and founded a large resort at Bankson Lake, four miles from Lawton. Brother Hugh, as he was known to everyone, was a fine person. These Brothers built a large hotel, dance hall, refreshment stands, cottages and a nice little chapel. In those days the boys that came from foreign countries to attend Notre Dame couldn't go home for the summer months. You must remember that there were no "747's" then and Brother Hugh supplied entertainment for them. Twice a week he would hire 3-6 seated surries, — "Yes they had fringe on top" — and a driver for each surrey and a married couple to chaperone the crowd. The Brothers selected fifteen or eighteen young girls from Lawton to go out to the resort for dancing, games, boating and horse-back riding. Brother Hugh took an especial liking to me and the first evening we went, he paired me off with one of the boys whose name was Francis Schick, a lad of fourteen, from South America. We were partners all through the summer. When the time came for them to depart for Notre Dame by train, we girls were invited down to the depot to see them off. While we were waiting for the train to arrive, this lad gave me a lovely gold locket, with letters "N. D." in blue. I had kept that for over seventy years and recently gave it to my oldest granddaugter. Francis and I corresponded with him until three months before I was married. I wrote and told him of the coming marriage and he wrote a beautiful reply. His wish was that, "The happiest day of the past would be the saddest of the future." I have learned since that he was an heir of the Schick Razor Company.

In 1905 another baby girl was born into our family. She was named Ella Lucille. When she was two and one-half years old she would no longer be called Ella and renamed herself (Celie), and it stuck! She was very fond of Red, and the feeling was mutual. She always referred to him as the fellow with "Pink hair." When she heard of the wedding she decided to go. My mother told her that she couldn't go, as it wouldn't be right for a couple to go to get married and take a three-year old child along. We had driven about two blocks in our horse and buggy when my mother came on the run to tell us to stop, as Celie was dragging her heels and hanging onto the buggy.

Time goes by and she graduated from the University of Michigan and taught school for many years in this area. At present her home is in Lawton.

I first saw Elmer (Red) Woolfe at Bankson Lake at a ball game — Notre Dame Vs Lawton. Red was pitching for Lawton. In those days the only water available for drinking was from a public pump, and there was one dipper for all to drink from. My friend and I were at the pump for a drink, as were several warm and perspiring ball players. It was their turn to drink, but Red, the gentleman he was, pumped a dipper of water and handed it to me. I was so proud and elated, as he had just won the ball game, because of his excellent pitching, for Lawton. He was the cutest person I had ever seen — freckles and red hair! We weren't introduced, but a few weeks later I learned that his birthday was the same as mine — February 22nd.

In the middle of August, a Decatur boy (Lyle Rawson) was going with a Lawton girl, and he brought Red along for me — a blind date! I guess it was love at frist sight — as the next July we were married.

At that time he was clerking in a grocery store on Main Street in Decatur, and he was the highest paid clerk on the street. He received $9.00 a week! Red paid his mother board and he dressed very well. We became engaged and he said when we had saved $100.00 we would get married. Each Saturday night he came to Lawton on the train and gave me what was left out of the $9.00. Sometimes it was two or three dollars — sometimes less! I saved until I had one hundred one-dollar bills. We were married July 1 and furnished a five-room house complete — nice solid oak furniture; in fact we are using some of it today — 1976 — and we had money left. All furniture came to $87.00.

The man for whom Red worked for many years filed bankruptcy, and Red had to look for another job. He found one in Otsego, Michigan, and in 1909 we moved there; later we moved to Lawton, and a few years after that, we moved back to Decatur, Michigan. This little village has been our home ever since. Red played base ball and I often accompanied him. He also had an orchestra that played for dances each Friday night. We attended several social functions and it was a good and happy marriage — so much fun going on all the time.

On June 13, 1917, we were blessed with a lovely baby boy, and we named him Reynolds (my maiden name). We moved to our present home at 210 East Sherwood Street on August 18, 1918, and have lived in the same house for fifty-seven years. The house was new and it was built so well and strong. We added a south sun porch, otherwise it's the same as when we came.

Red had the Agency for Ford and Chevrolet cars from 1917 until 1933. Soon after that the car agency was dissolved. Red was Chief of the Decatur Fire Department and Police Chief of Decatur for thirty-two years.

During those years the U.S.A. was involved in a war. I gave New Testament books to each boy who went into service from this community and corresponded with many. We had the "Home Service" department in our home, and gave out clothing to the poor. I have always tried to be civic-minded. In 1930 I took Government Census, was on the rationing board, Lake View Hospital Auxiliary for over fifty years, am a Past Matron of Eastern Star, and a member for over fifty years. I was the second woman ever to be elected as an Elder on the board of the First Presbyterian Church and taught Sunday School for years. We took into our home, three children, when their mother was very ill. After her death, we cared for them for three years.

Our lives haven't been "all down hill" to be sure! We have had a few hard knocks, but the happy years have far exceeded the others! We have felt that the bad times helped to build character. Many have asked us to what do we attribute our longevity. It is all added up on a card which we received on our sixty-sixth wedding anniversary, "You have something beautiful called love!" We have celebrated our 50 — 55 — 60 and 66th anniversary. Not too many couples achieve that.

I am about finished with my memoirs. I know I have left out important events, but cannot bring this to a close without mentioning our son, Reynolds (5 years in the Air Force). We have always been so proud of him. November 30, 1946, he was married to Maryanne Tichacek of St. Louis, Missouri, and we have been blessed with three lovely grand-children — Marianne (we call her Missy), Terry and Jane. Missy is married to a fine young man from Nashville, Tennessee and that is their home. Terry is in his second year in Law School, and Jane is a sophomore at the University of Texas in Austin, Texas.

This is September and it brings with it (in most parts of the country) the first cool days, school, foot-ball games — and the burning of leaves! Nostalgia! Why is it that autumn produces such a tug on memories! Perhaps it is because growth and a summer are dying and the end of a life cycle is so visible. It is a beautiful death — red, yellow, brown and orange in the fields and forests. The fall season is ending and colder weather is coming on. The end of the year! One naturally looks back, all of which is good in our fast moving world, when so few of us take the time to remember the old days, the good friends, the great moments and the dear ones gone or far away.

I am dedicating these memoirs to my dear and devoted "Red" —

"I think that to have known one good man, — a man, who through the chances and mischances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand like a palm branch, waving all discord to peace — helps our faith in God, in ourselves and in each other."

Winna Reynolds Woolfe
May 28, 1976

SMALL TASKS

Sometimes I grow weary of doing
My small, simple tasks every day;
Paring the apples for stewing,
Putting the dishes away.

I would go forth to a battle,
Or sail to the isles of the sea;
But no, I must help milk the cattle,
And cut lemon slices for tea.

I frown at the soup I am salting,
I mop up the floor with a sigh,
My steps grow rebellious and halting,
"Why bother with trifles?" I cry.

Then a picture comes to me and lingers,
And ashamed of the words that I spoke,
I see Jesus, with tired, careful fingers
Patiently shaping a yoke.

BLESSING

God keep thee when the sunset glows
Adown the golden west;
God bless thee when the shadows fall
And all the world's at rest!
God bless thee when the sunrise glad
Proclaims the bright new day!
At dawning or at evening,
God bless thee dear, alway!

TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

Two soldiers lay on the battle field
At night when the sun went down;
One held a lock of thin gray hair
And one held a lock of brown.

One thought of his sweetheart back at home,
Happy and young and gay,
And one of his mother left alone,
Feeble and old and gray.

Pale grew the dying lips of each,
Then, as the sun went down,
One kissed a lock of brown,
And on his dying day —
The other kissed a lock of gray.

THE LITTLE GIRL I USED TO BE

The little girl I used to be came along and sat by me
She wondered how I'd carried out the things she used to dream about.
I scarcely wished to meet her gaze and tell her of my present days,
She was so trusting and so very wee, the little girl I used to be.
"The heathen you were going to teach?" "Why child, I wouldn't dare to preach!"
"The pictures then, where are they now?" "I couldn't learn to draw somehow.
"The book that you had planned to write?" "I'll start that very book tonight!"
"Well, what," and in her eyes were tears, "What have you done with all your years?"
"Life is so different, child, you know, from all you dreamed it long ago.
Dreams are such quaint, elusive things — like star-light on an angel's wings,
I couldn't make your dreams come true for I had other things to do..."
I bent to hear what she would say but sadly she had tipped away
And nevermore was I to see the little girl I used to be...

Once upon a time, in Germany, long ago, a gentle mother was busily cleaning the house for the most wonderful day of the year, Christmas Eve, the day on which the Christ Child was to come and bring gifts.

Not a speck of dust was left. Even the spiders had been banished from their cozy corner in the ceiling. To avoid the housewife's busy cleaning, they finally fled to the farthest corner of the forgotten attic.

Christmas Eve came at last. The tree was decorated and the children were delighted. But the poor spiders were frantic, for they could not see the tree nor be present for the Christ Child's visit.

But the oldest and wisest spider suggested that perhaps they could peep through the crack in the door and see him. Silently they crept out of their attic and across the floor to wait in the crack on the threshold.

Suddenly the door opened a wee bit, and quickly the spiders sneaked into the room. The tree towered so high that they could see only one ornament at a time.

They scurried up the trunk and out along each branch, filled with a happy wonder at the glittering beauty. Every place they went, they left a trail of dusty grey web. When at last they had inspected every bit of the Christmas tree, it was shrouded in a dusty grey of spider webs.

When the Christ Child saw this, he smiled as he thought of the happy spiders seeing his tree. But as he thought of how brokenhearted the mother would be over the dusty tree, he reached out his hand and touched the webs and blessed them. They all turned to shimmering, sparkling silver and gold. The tree glistened in greater beauty than ever before.

And so it became a custom in the Christmas season to have a spider among the other decorations on the tree.

LIFE

Life is a burden; bear it,
Life is a duty; dare it,
Life is a thorn-crown, wear it,
Though it break your heart in twain,
Though the burden crush you down;
Close your lips and hide your pain,
First the cross, and then, the crown.

Father Ryan

O, what were life, if life were all?
Thine eyes are blinded by their tears,
Or thou wouldest see Thy treasures
wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

TRUE STORY OF AN EX-SLAVE

Amy Millard Payne told this story of "Old Darky Banks," an ex-slave who worked for her father, Hobart. She, as a little girl, had two black dolls made of plaster of paris. One day she accidentally broke the leg of one of them. Darky Banks said to Amy, "All black men is 'white' inside."

As a young boy he lived on a big plantation in the South, and his parents worked in the cotton fields. It was his task to go into the fields every day to tell the workers when it was 12:00 o'clock noon. Because he shirked his duty several times in regard to this assignment, the plantation boss tied his two little fingers together behind his back. This punishment continued over a period of time until finally the joints grew rigid. Consequently, the two little fingers stuck out straight and stiff for the remainder of his life. He was 112 years old when he died.

Contributed by Amy Millard Payne
1945

PEDDLERS, TRAMPS AND HOBOS

The coming of the peddlers, in their colorful wagons, was an institution. They carried everything from needles and pins to watches and clocks. They made the "rounds" every spring. The housewives welcomed them because sometimes the peddlers had just what was needed to finish a dress or an apron.

One old peddler, Joe Barker, made his circuit on foot. He was poor and could not afford a horse and wagon so he carried his merchandise (notions) in an old black bag. The country women respected his age and were very kind to him. Invariably they bought some of his goods and oftentimes, if it were near meal time, invited him to partake with the family. The children, too, were glad to see him come — because it meant a display of goods which were a source of wonderment to them. The itinerant peddlers were always jolly, and furnished a bit of entertainment along with their wares!

Tramps and hobos were common in the early days and, as a rule, were not to be feared. For the most part, they were harmless men who had the "wanderlust" and simply wanted to see the country!

They rode the "rattlers," as the box-cars were

called, and made themselves quite comfortable unless the train crew routed them out. As a rule the officials ignored them. Quite often the vagrants had money concealed in a leather pouch, worn under their shirts, and they were seldom molested.

One so-called tramp who made seasonal trips, stopped at the Erastus Osborn farm in Hamilton each summer, staying until the fall harvest was finished. His quarters were a small tenant house located in the back yard. He always came and went in a mysterious manner — usually at night and the family did not see him again until the following summer. This continued for a number of seasons and finally one summer he failed to return. Several months later his daughter, who lived in the West, wrote to the Osborn family stating that her father met his death accidentally, while attempting to board a freight train. The daughter related that he had traveled the length and breadth of the land.

One day a tramp stopped at the John Code home in the Code School District (home site of the late Floyd Mathias) to ask for a hand-out. Mary Code gave him a thick slice of home-made bread, spread thick with butter, which she found later — discarded in one corner of the yard.

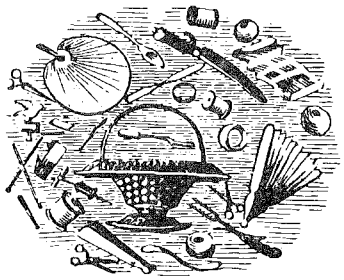
Sometimes the tramps were surly or lazy and were not willing to perform any menial task in exchange for a meal. Chopping wood was the usual task requested by the housewife, but there were a few who evidently found this beneath their "station in life!"

The hobos were a fairly well-organized institution. They even went so far as to recognize a "King" as the head of their organization. A box car which was sidetracked in Decatur at one time, had "Diamond Jim, King of the Hobos," written on the inside wall.

In Decatur, they usually made their head quarters at Mud Lake — in a cozy hollow behind a very high bank. Here they cooked mulligan stew in their favorite utensils — tin cans. Sometimes they raided a farmer's chicken coop and came up with roast chicken minus the trimmings. It was a favorite pastime of the children of the vicinity to explore their campsite after they had departed and to kick apart the dead embers to see what they could salvage.

The hobos and tramps had a code which they all understood and they always stopped for a "hand-out" at the houses which were marked with the hobo sign. Hobos, like wandering "horse and wagon" gypsies are a thing of the past.

1897



NOTION-DEALER.

POPULAR SONG OF LONG AGO

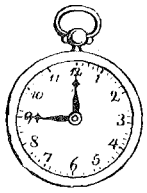
THE TRAMP

I long for a place by the fireside,
The nights are so cold and so damp;
Many places I see, but there's no room for me,
For they call me a poor old tramp.

CHORUS:
Only a poor old wanderer,
With no place to call my own;
No one to pity me, no one to love me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

Long ago I was peaceful and happy,
With dear loving friends ever near,
But now they are gone, and I'm left all alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.

I tramp, tramp along tho' I'm weary,
No rest through the long, long day;
Through the rain and the snow I must
tramp to and fro,
For I've no place to go or to stay.



THE SEANCE

According to my father, Charles A. Rosevelt, there was a great interest in Spiritualism among the pioneer families in Hamilton and Keeler Townships. Robert Nesbitt was a leader of this group. The following paragraph appears in Mr. Nesbitt's autobiography in the Ellis History of Berrien and Van Buren Counties, published in 1880:

> "Mr. Nesbitt is a well known advocate of the doctrine of Spiritualism and has devoted more than thirty years of his life to an investigation of the subject. He is a firm believer in the ministrations and manifestations of departed friends, and frequent meetings of those interested in the study of the doctrine are held at his home, and largely attended, prominent Mediums from this and other states being present."

My father mentioned several of the group who attended these meetings, including his uncle, Jacob Rosevelt, the Arthur Haydon family, the Hiram Bakers, Selah Conklin and a Kieth family. My grandparents were not regular attendants but on one occasion which my father remembered, he went with his parents to a seance when he was ten or twelve years old. The room was dark and everyone was very quiet. Apparently the Medium was successful and when the messages from departed friends and relatives began to come through, father was terrified and bolted for the door shouting, "Let me out of here!" Following this episode the seances continued without father or his parents.

Ruth Rosevelt
1976

A True Ghost Story

(As told by an old timer of Decatur, Michigan)

In an early day an old negro, by the name of Peter Manuel, lived north of Decatur near the Baptist Church. He drove a team of oxen and it was a well known fact that when he went to the village he stayed until a late hour. He was always "poking" along the road at 11:00 or 12:00 P.M.

In those days there were no radios, TV's, Jukeboxes, nor automobiles to amuse the young people and as a result, the spirited and mischief-making boys of the village made their own fun. Knowing well the nocturnal habits of the old darky, the boys decided to play a joke on him. The road which he had to travel was heavily forested on one side. The boys decided to make a dummy ghost and dangle it from a limb of a tree which branched over the road. As the oxen came plodding along to the darkest part of the forest, old Manuel suddenly saw the ghost swinging back and forth before him. To say that he was frightened was putting it mildly. The boys who were up in the tree, said that he took out his whip and lashed up the oxen. The beasts made one dive, tore out to the side of the road, and sheared off a white pickett fence which was along the road near the old Hobart Millard home.

The boys had their fun, and afterward avowed that they saw him turn white in the darkness.

AN EARLY SETTLER
1918

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND

This month England is celebrating the 25th anniversary of the reign of King George. Here is a list of all of the kings and queens of England brought up to date and rendered in rhyme:

First Egbert of the West Saxons governed the Heptarchy
Ruler of all of England from the North to the Irish Sea
Alfred followed Egbert and conquered the warlike Dane
And Edward his son was followed by the gallant Athelstane
After his death Six Boy Kings reigned, First Edward slain by a thief.
Then Edred, Edwy and Edgar and Eward who came to grief
Ethelred last of the Boy Kings was followed by Sweyn the Dane
Who came to conquer England when the Norse folk were slain
Cnut, Harold and Hathacnut and Edward Confessor appear
Then Harold son of Godwin who fell at Hastings drear.
William the First, the Conqueror brings England 'neath his sway
Then William the Red, Henry the First and Stephen's bloody day.
Good King Henry Second, son of Matilda came on
And was followed by Richard the Lion Heart and he by wicked John
Third Henry and Edward Longshanks who warred with the stubborn Scot
Then Edward Second, Edward Third and Second Richard the sot
Henry Fourth of Bolingbroke and gallant Harry Five
Then Henry Sixth and trouble together began to arrive
For first it was "God save Harry" then "God save Edward IV"
Then "God save Henry Sixth" again in the desperate Roses' war
But Warwick falls on Barnet Field and Henry's race is run
And Edward IV resumes the throne to pass to a murdered son
Hump-backed Richard of Gloucester, Third of that ill-starred name
Red with the blood of Edward Fifth to England's sceptre came.
He dies on bloody Bosworth field and Henry Tudor's next
Then Henry VIII the Cruel and his son Edward Sixth.
Mary the Bloody then appears and holds the English rule
Followed by great Elizabeth and James the Scottish fool.
Then comes Charles the stiff and proud whose head rolls on the block
At the hands of the iron Cromwell spring from the common stock
Second Charles the dissolute and grim James Two are seen
Ere William and Mary of Orange sweep the court of England clean.
Then good Queen Anne and Four Georges brin' Britain fair renown
When William Fourth and Victoria come each to wear the Crown.
Edward VII in turn gives place to George upon the throne
"God save His Majesty!" I cry and so the list is done. **1,441**

Mary

George I

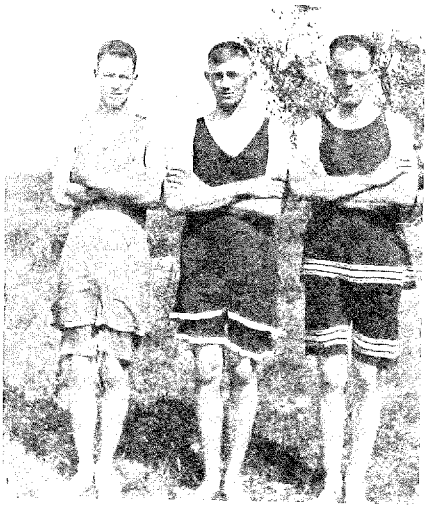
James II

Henry VIII

James I

Henry IV

BATHING BOYS OF 1917



(LEFT TO RIGHT)

HARLEY KARNES

WAYNE POLLOCK

IVAN KEYES

BATHING GIRLS OF (1890'S)

THE "MAUVE" DECADE

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

By Mrs. R.A. Ashley

It was just before the last fierce charge
Two horsemen drew their reins
With the touch of the hand and a parting word,
We never may meet again.

One had blue eyes and clustering hair
Nineteen but a month ago;
Red on his cheek, and down on his chin —
He was but a boy, you know.

The other was dark, stern and proud
His aim in the world was slim
He only trusted the more to those
Who were all this world to him.

They had fought together on many a field,
They had rode for many a mile,
But never before had they faced the foe
With a calm and peaceful smile.

They looked into each other's eyes
With a sad and mournful glow;
The oldest one was the first to speak
Saying, Charlie, my hour has come.

We will both ride up yon hill together
But you will ride back again.
Will you promise a little trouble to take
When I am dead and gone.

There is a face lies next to my heart —
I will wear it in this fight —
With dark blue eyes and golden hair
And a face like the morning light.

Like the morning light is my love's fair face,
She gladdened this lonely life.
But little did she think of the cares of life
When she promised to be my wife.

Go to her Charlie, when I am gone,
Take back this fond, fair face —
Tell her, comrade, how I died
And where is my resting place.

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy
His heart grew sad with pain.
I'll do your bidding comrade mine,
Should I ride back again.

But if you ride back and I am slain
Pray do as much for me.
For my mother at home must hear the news
Write to her tenderly.

One by one they all have gone
Til she has lost both husband and sons,
I was the last one to go, my country called,
She kissed me and sent me on.

Now she waits at home, a praying saint,
Her dear face white with woe
Her heart will be broken when I am gone,
I will see her soon, I know,

And then the order came to charge,
Then instant hand touched hand,
They rode along to the crest of the hill,
That brave and devoted band.

They rode along to the top of the hill
Where the rebels with shot and shell
Poured a volley of death into their ranks
And jeered them as they fell.

They gave a wild victorious shout
But their rights they could not gain.
And those whom doom and death did spare
Rode slowly back again,

Among the dead upon the field
Lay the boy with the golden hair.
And the dark stern man, who rode by his side,
Lay dead beside him there.

Now there is no one to tell to the blue eyed girl
Of all that her lover said.
And the anxious mother who waits for her boy
Will know that he is dead.

There is no one to tell of the last kind words
That were spoken to soften her pain
Until they cross over the river of death
And stand by their sides again.

A LOWELL MATTOX SQUELCH

Lowell Mattox was born in Berrien County and spent most of his life in Cass and Van Buren Counties. He has lived in and around Decatur for several years for the exception of a few which were spent in the woods of Northern Michigan.

He was a very good woodsman. A quarter blood Cherokee Indian, he is a self educated man full of vivacious wit and undaunted humor.

He worked at the Round Oak Company in Dowagiac around 1944. One of his very famous stories that took place in the factory was about a gentleman from Arkansas who was always bragging about the great things that happened in the South. Everything was better "down South" than it was up here.

This gentleman was blessed by the crew at Round Oak with the name of Blyville because he migrated north from there. (He was told it was a good thing he came from Blyville instead of Persimmon Ridge or Skunk Holler.)

Blyville always said the southern railroads were much better than any that he had seen up north. "Have any of you traveled on the railroads in the South?," the question was asked to a small group who had stopped for lunch. "I have," Lowell spoke up. "Well what did you think of them," Blyville replied. Lowell answered as follows: "We set out on our journey through the warm southern air and scenery that you would expect an artist would love to capture on canvass. All of a sudden the train slowed to a stop and there we sat. The conductor came along so I asked what the problem was. He assured us that everything was under control and as soon as farmer Jones finished milking "Bessie" his cow, we would be on our way again. Puzzled at exactly what the conductor meant I leaned out the window in time to see a cow crossways on the track and a weathered man setting on a stool milking the cow with the gentle ease as if he had done this hundreds of times before. When he had finished, the cow looked around at me as if to say thank you for waiting. We were then on our way again."

"I settled back in my seat and watched the plots of farm land pass by me as if we were traveling on a patch quilt. We hadn't gone but a few miles and we again slowed to a complete

stop. It can't be another cow I thought. My curiosity was soon dissolved when we were told by the conductor that we should not be alarmed. We will be back on schedule as soon as a hen hatched the half-dozen eggs in her nest. You guessed it, the nest was precariously built between the rails."

"Our journey was again started and as we passed by the hen there were six small chicks scratching in the gravel along the edge of the track. The whistle of the train sounded as if to say, "toot toot you all" in real southern hospitality."

"I watched the telephone poles pass by one after another as if it were a never endless line. The rhythm of the rails clickety-clack, clickety-clack was a soothing sound."

"The clickety-clack grew slower and again we came to a screeching halt. The brakee came into our car and asked me if I had a piece of string. I didn't have a string but I asked him if a shoestring would work. He gladly took it and when the engine was repaired we were on to our destination."

Blyville's reply to the story was, "I don't like this!" "Neither do I" Lowell said, "I never got my shoelace back!"

Jim Abshagen
1975

But The Letter Edged in Black

I was sitting by my window yesterday morning
Without a thought of worry or of care
When I saw the postman coming up the pathway,
With such a happy face and jolly air.

He rang the bell and whistled as he waited,
Then he said: "Good morning to you, Jack!"
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
As he handed me a letter edge in black.

With a trembling hand I took the letter from him:
I broke the seal and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy, your dear old father wants you;
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead.

"The last words your mother ever spoke were:
'Tell my boy I want him to come back.'
My eyes a-blurr, my poor old heart is breaking,
For I'm writing you this letter edged in black.

"Those angry words, I wish I'd never spoke them,
You know I did not mean them, don't you, Jack?
May the angels carry with this I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

I bow my head in sorrow and in silence.
The sunshine of my life it all has fled
Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning.
Saying: "Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead."

A SWITCH

When Johnny Dragan attended St. Stanislaus Catholic School in East Chicago it was "spit and polish" every day for inspection — with a dark suit, white shirt and natty tie.

Later, when the family moved to Decatur, Michigan, Johnny was astounded and shocked to see Leonard and Neal Dillenbeck, as well as the other boys, enter the McWilliam's school garbed in well-worn overalls and with bare feet!

Had it been today, the faded overalls "bit" would have been accepted and approved.*

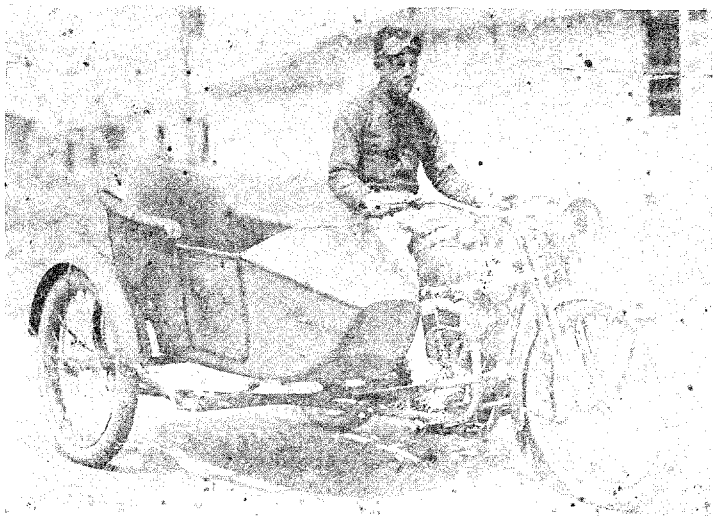
*We call it "progress."

1975

Our Way With Those We Love

There is one truth that I have learned in traveling east and west,
The folks we really wound the most are the ones we love the best.
We flatter those we scarely know,
we please the fleeting guest.
And deal full many a blow to those
we love the best.

Captain James Patrick
O'Donovan, Tuller Hotel



Taft Udell And His Sidecar Motorcycle
Circa 1915

Milwaukee Fire, or the Burning of the Newhall House.

Words and Music by J.W. Kelly.
Copyrighted by S. Brainard & Son.

Send Fred Somers, 13 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., fifteen 2-ct. stamps, and he will send the Words and Music of this song.

'Twas the gray of early morning when the dreadful cry of fire,
Rang out upon the cold and piercing air;
Just that little word alone is all it would require,
To spread dismay and panic everywhere.
Milwaukee was excitied as it never was before,
On learning that the fire bells all around,
Were ringing to eternity a hundred souls or more,
And the Newhall House was burning to the ground.

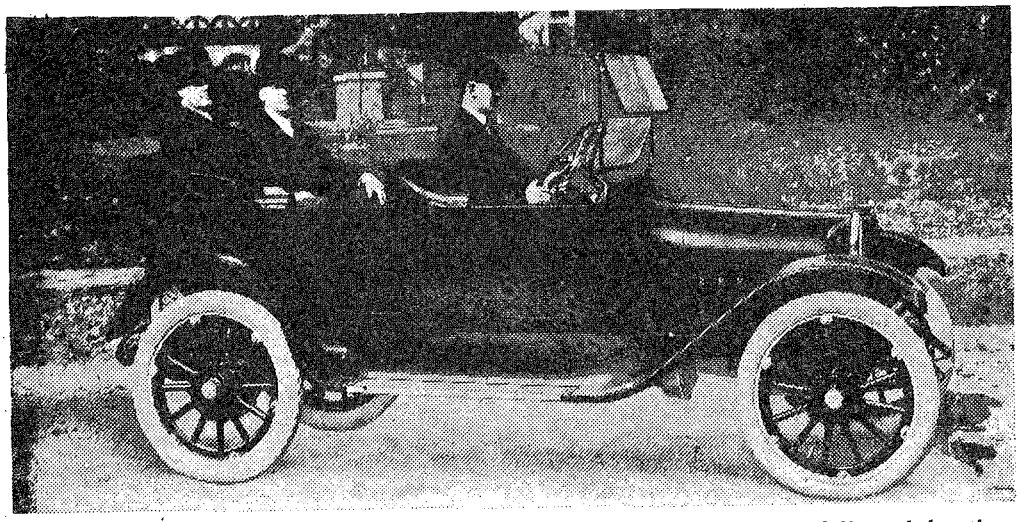
CHOURS

Oh, hear the fire bells ringing at the morning's early dawn,
Hear the voices as they give that dreadful cry;
Oh, hear the wail of terror 'mid the fierce and burning flame,
Heaven protect them, for they're waiting there to die.

The fireman worked like demons, and did all within their power,
To save a life or try to soothe a pain,
It made the strongest heart sick, for in less than half an hour,
All was hushed, and further efforts were in vain.
When the dread alarm was sounded through the oft condemned hotel,
They rushed in mad confusion every way,
The smoke was suffocating and blinding them as well,
The fire king could not be held at bay.—Cho.

At every window men and women wildly would beseech
For help in anguish and despair;
What must have been their feelings where the ladders could not reach!
And they felt death's grasp around them everywhere.
Up in the highest window stood a servant girl alone,
The crowd beneath all gazed with bated breath,
They turned away their faces there were many a stifled groan,
When she jumped to meet perhaps as hard a death.—Chorus.

A boy stood in the window, and his mother stood below,
She saw him, and the danger drawing near,
With upraised hands, to pray for him, she knelt down in the snow,
And the stoutest man could not restrain a tear.
She madly rushed toward the fire and wildly tore her hair,
Take me, oh God, but spare my pride, my joy!
She saw the flames surround him, and then in dark despair
Said: "God have mercy on my only boy!"



John (center) and Horace Dodge (left) riding in the first Dodge delivered by the Dodge company Nov. 14, 1914, in Detroit. Dodge became a part of Chrysler in 1928.

Dodge Brothers Got Started in Bicycle Business

Began Producing Automobiles in 1911

Dodge was founded by two brothers who got their start in the transportation business manufacturing bicycles.

John and Horace Dodge left their native Niles, Mich., in 1899 to move to Windsor, Ont., to manufacture bicycles under the name "Evans and Dodge."

In 1901, the brothers, who with the help and encouragement of their father and grandfather became expert mechanics, moved to Detroit to become automobile parts makers. Producing axles, transmissions, steering gears and crankcases in increasing quantities, the company continued to expand rapidly.

The purchase in 1910 of the present site of the Dodge assembly plant in Hamtramck, Mich., established Dodge brothers as the largest automotive parts organization in the country. By 1911, the firm had built parts for more than 500,000 automobiles.

• • •

When the brothers decided to build an automobile bearing their own name in 1914, more than 22,000 firms applied for dealerships. On November 14 of that year, the first Dodge car was unveiled—a four cylinder vehicle which weighed approximately 2,200 pounds.

The Dodge immediately earned a reputation for amazing ruggedness and dependability. It achieved such feats as climbing higher up San Francisco's Twin Peaks than any other car of its day. It was the first car to be driven to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and then up the long ascent under its own power.

Since 1914, nearly 9,270,000 Dodge cars and over 3,169,000 Dodge trucks have been sold.

Gen. John J. Pershing used some 250 Dodges in his pursuit of the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa in 1915-1916.

• • •

Both John and Horace Dodge died in 1920, and the Dodge company was bought in 1925 by Dillon, Read & Co., [illegible] banking firm, for 146 million dollars.

"Goodwill" was carried on the books at $1, but the goodwill was so highly regarded that it represented 50 million dollars of the purchase price. The company had been operated by the Dodge heirs for the five years from 1920 to 1925 and administered by Frederick J. Haynes.

Dodge was purchased by Chrysler Corporation July 30, 1928 and made a division of that company. [illegible] became the basis of all Dodge operations.

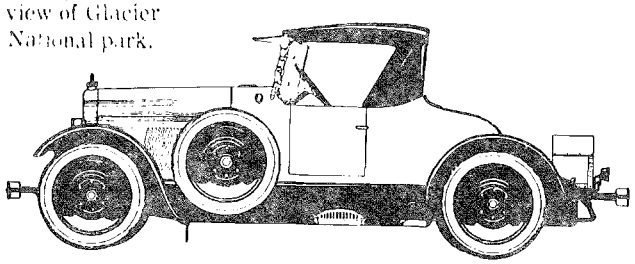
In 1[illegible] the Dodge truck plant was moved to Mound Road in Warren, Mich.

At this year's show, Dodge exhibits include a 1917 model truck, two vacation vehicles or campers, and a dragster, or racing vehicle.

• • •

One of the [illegible] is a motor home displayed in [illegible] is [illegible] built on a [illegible] truck chassis, will be shown before a panoramic view of Niagara Falls.

The other travel vehicle has a camper body fully equipped for outdoor living and will be displayed in front of a massive view of Glacier National park.



A TRUE STORY ABOUT THE DODGE BROTHERS DECATUR, MICHIGAN

"Cast your bread upon the water and after many days it will return to you"

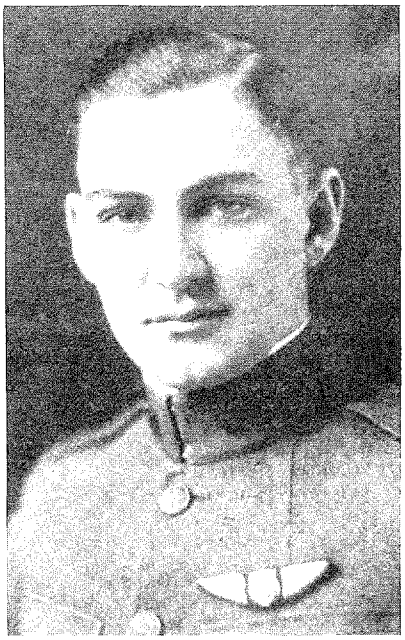
A very good example of the above quotation is found in this incident:

Many years ago in an old house between the Presbyterian and Catholic churches lived two middle-aged women. Their names were Mrs. Burlinham and Mrs. Rogers. The latter married the town banker, popularly known as "Banker Rogers." Mrs. Burlinham was a telegrapher at the Michigan Central depot in Decatur during the time when telegraphy was an important means of communication. These women were highly respected in the village and lived together for many years.

They had two nephews in a distant city who were orphaned at an early age. Those women, out of the kindness of their hearts, befriended those two young boys. They sent money regularly for their maintenance. As the boys grew to manhood they showed a marked aptitude and talent for mechanics, and while they were still young men, they worked in a garage in Kalamazoo. Later they drifted to Detroit where they started a shop of their own. From this small beginning they gradually enlarged their shop and ultimately became the manufacturers of the Dodge motor car. The fame and wealth of Horace and John Dodge grew. They eventually became millionaires and were known throughout the world. Both owned beautiful estates in Detroit and some of their descendants still live there.

"Kind hearts and gentle people" could be said about Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Burlinham. For their kindness in befriending those two small boys, they were justly and generously rewarded.

Later on, each year, the Dodge brothers sent their aunts a bright new Dodge Sedan. Neither of the women could drive, so the brothers hired a chauffer for them. His name was Harry Johnson, who also acted as general errand boy for them. They enjoyed frequent long rides through the surrounding country. They were humble women who never expected to be rewarded for their benevolence.



CARL SQUIER

Carl Squier possessed that rare combination — brains, ambition, good looks and a scintillating personality. He was considered by many the handsomest young man in Decatur. Because of those qualities, he was readily accepted by the elite social group of the village. Needless to say, he was a great favorite with the girls and could have "squired" any of them.

Ruth Thomas, his childhood sweetheart, (from kindergarten up through the grades) was his choice. He courted her through high school and he was still her choice even after her college days at North Western University.

In Decatur, at the time, one of the "plush" events of the social season was the Fisher ball. Fisher was a big-name band of Kalamazoo and they were considered "tops" in dance music. Carl and Ruth were among the popular younger set who danced to their music. The dances were held in the village town hall — the most commodious building in the community.

Carl belonged to the Sigma-Phi fraternity, along with ten other young men about town. Each year they sponsored a fraternity play. The socially prominent young people were chosen to participate and the plays were always welcomed and well attended — in a day when radio and television were an unheard of form of entertainment. One of the main features of the evening was the entertainment between acts. Four boys — Carl Squier, Harry Pritchard, Chester Shoemaker and Arden Treat formed a quartette and gave a rousing presentation of the popular songs of the time. The boys were attired in ice cream trousers, black coats, topped with smart-looking straw hats (sailor style) and carried canes. Carl had a good singing voice, inherited from his father. One of the numbers they sang was "My Little Girl, You Know I Love You!" Carl had a broad smile on his face as he sang, and later confided to a friend that he was singing to his sweetheart, Ruth Thomas, who was in the audience.

Miss Thomas later contracted typhoid fever and died. She begged to see Carl before her death, but her father was adamant in his refusal to grant her request. The Thomases were one of the prosperous and affluent families of the village and her father had made the remark to a friend that Carl Squier never would amount to anything; therefore, he frowned on the friendship.

Carl was a motorcycle enthusiast and during his cycling days he had a miraculous escape in an accident on the neighborhood road. He collided with the horse and buggy, of a black woman who was driving to town and was catapulted over the buggy top, uninjured.

Some of his classmates and buddies were: Ivan Keyes (a neighbor), Harley Karnes, Pat Neville, Harold Lawrence, Harold and Leo Rose, Harold Hudson, Harry Pritchard, Chester and Harold Shoemaker, Ivan and Harry Genung, Carl Hamilton, Myron Hinckley, Dan Knight and Harold Lyle. The latter was his "nimrod" friend, and he spent many happy hours hunting and fishing on the Lyle farm.

Ivan Keyes and Carl were inseparable when they were young and both owned motorcycles. Both were dashing young daredevils with a zest for living! As they roared down the unpaved main street of Decatur they really stirred up a storm (of dust), followed by "Old Moose," a brindle bulldog, mascot of mainstreet, who always gave chase whenever they appeared.

Neighborhood sleigh-ride parties were a form of entertainment of that period. At the time, Carl was attracted to a neighborhood girl, Hazel Keyes, a very pretty golden haired blonde. Carl always managed to sit next to her in the bob-sleigh.

Harley Squier, Carl's father, operated a milk route and Carl and his brother, Paul, assisted him with the deliveries. The work was distasteful to Carl and he made the remark that it was strictly a job. His brother died a few years later.

At one time he courted the daughter of an Austrian diplomat. Her name was Vicki Vopica, and her father, Charles, while riding the narrow gauge railroad from Kalamazoo, Michigan was impressed with the beauty of Lake Cora, which could be seen from the car window. Mr. Vopica got off at the next station and returned to the lake. He bought lake frontage and later built an elaborate cottage among the trees. Carl was a frequent visitor on week ends.

While Carl was serving as Page Boy in Lansing, Michigan, he had the opportunity of meeting President Theodore Roosevelt. Carl contrived to get in the receiving line three different times to shake his hand. Finally one of the state officials called a "halt" to his maneuvers, explaining that three times around was quite enough for a fourteen-year old boy.

1968

THE DISTANT STAR

Oh life I wonder what you are,
My spirit seeks some distant star.
Oh star I wonder where you be
And I wonder if you will welcome me.

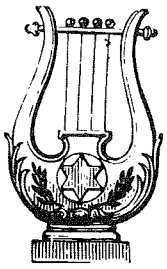
When death shall close up both my eyes
And I wander off to distant skies,
Oh star will you beckon me
And give me light so I can see?

When I take my journey all alone
And for all deeds I shall atone
And be forgiven of all my sin
Oh star will you take me in?

Life has but a little span at best
With some joy and quiet rest
But some day I'll cross the bar
And wander off to some distant star.

Oh star that shines somewhere above,
Can I always be with those I love?
Be with them always over there,
Oh star can you hear my prayer?

My conception of eternity
By: Dr.W.P. Bope
March 27, 1967



HISTORY OF McWILLIAM'S SCHOOL

The red brick school house was built in 1886 of kiln 'run' brick from Decatur vicinity. The ground on which it was built was a part of the Alexander, and later, Jim McWilliam's farm. It was customary to name the school after the nearest neighbor, and Jim McWilliams owned the farm adjacent to it; hence its name! The McWilliam's family emigrated to America from Northern Ireland and one of the sons, Alex, had bought a large acreage in Decatur Township. The James Orr family (cousins of the McWilliams) came from Northern Ireland in 1891 and bought the Alex McWilliam's farm (now known as the Orr farm). Alex McWilliams then bought a wooded area of twenty acres directly across the road — which later became part of the farm owned by Ira Gould.

Isabelle Orr McLeese went to the red brick school when she was five years old — in 1892 — and her first teacher was Mable Willison. The other Orr children who attended school were: Anna Orr Wieman, Rev. John Orr, Robert, William, and Daniel Orr, and Margaret Orr Goodspeed. The McWilliams' children who attended, were: Harry and Alex McWilliams, Mae McWilliams Wiley, Ruby McWilliams Hinckley and Anna McWilliams Hinckley.

The Clarence Lindsley children who attended were: Charles and Ward Lindsley, Bessie Lindsley Stickney, Blanche Lindsley Hinckley, Florence Lindsley DuBois and Lora Lindsley McGowan.

The Oliver Lyle children were: Olive Lyle Slocum, Lena Lyle Rawson, Arthur and Fred Lyle. Other pupils were: Della Mabry, Leon Mahoney, Earnest Moss, Maude Canning, Hazel Millard Kelsey and Margaret McLeese Brigham.

The Mellon Bradley children were William Bradley, M.D., Gertrude Bradley Hamilton, Eva Bradley Scott and John Bradley.

The Michael Kelly children who attended were: Jennie Kelly Rapp, Annie Kelly and James Kelly.

Some of the pupils who attended the McWilliam's School circa 1908 were: Alice Worden Hallead, Bernice, Lessel and Elmer (Johnny) Worden, Roscoe Johnson, Helen Lindsley Rutherford, George Lindsley, Theodore Lyle, Gladys Lyle McAdams, Marian Lyle Stewart, Rev. Leo Lyle, Vivian Lyle Shyne and Thomas A. Howland, D.D.S.

The following were early teachers: Maude Place Skinner, Mable Willison, Jennie Simpson Lyle, Lena Lyle Rawson, Anna Pardonette Marshall, Mae McWilliams Wiley, Isabelle Orr McLeese, Anna Orr Wieman, Florence Lindsley DuBois, Jessie Spicer, Ethel Ray Eckler, Agnes Code Freinstein, Lila Bowman, Sarah Parmater Russell, Alberta Stockwell Johnson and Cora Cook Dwight.

An incident occurred at one time (call it a boyish prank if you wish), which resulted in near disaster. It happened, probably, in the late 90's. One of the mischievous boys, who wanted a "forced" vacation, tossed a can of kerosene into a hot stove. He attained the desired result. The stove exploded, but fortunately no one was hurt. Black soot covered the desks, books, walls — everything! School was closed while the hall of learning was being cleaned.

Jennie Simpson, who taught the school in 1891, boarded at the Storm's home (on the road now known as M51) and walked to and from school. A dashing young man of the community, who drove a high-stepping and spirited horse, offered her a ride one morning, as she was walking to school. She accepted the ride and, later, accepted him, William Lyle, as her husband. All of their children attended the McWilliam's School, and later, their daughter, Gladys, was a teacher there. At one period in the school's history there were thirty-five to forty students in attendance.

Others who taught the school were Adelaide Sherrod Toof, Catherine Howland, Mrs. Ballard, Lois Dobson Stockwell, Maxine Taylor Jerue, Ruth Alden Pollock, Hazel Udell Snyder, Dorothy Kinney Jung, Cheridah Graham Atwood and Dorothy Strawderman Anderson. The latter was the last teacher of the school, before the students were transferred to Decatur schools. The McWilliam's School was the first of the area schools to join the Decatur Public Schools (1938).

Many people believe that "bigness" exemplifies scholastic achievement; however, in many cases, the records of the Decatur High School indicate the superiority of the rural students. It is regrettable that the "so-called" progress of the present age, is responsible for the demise of the country schools.

Contributed

McWILLIAMS SCHOOL TO BE SOLD

On October 24, 1952, a special meeting of the McWilliams school district No. 6 Fr. was called by the decision of the school board.

Moderator Douglas Orr called the meeting to order. The purpose of the meeting was to decide what to do about the McWilliams school house, which is falling into ruin. A motion was made by Dorothy Orr, supported by Robert Dillenbeck, that we sell the McWilliams school house and the site, if the site is owned by the school district. This motion carried by the unanimous vote of 15 members of the district in attendance.

Van Buren County School Commissioner, Mr. Elmer Van Dyke, was present to help in answering any questions involved in this transaction.

It has been found at the Van Buren Court House, Register of Deeds Office, Liber 66, Page 194. Date: April 16, 1884 from Abraham and Alice Powers to District No. 6. They only retained a rail fence.

The McWilliams school has been closed since June, 1941, and the 18 pupils are now transported to the Decatur public school.

Florence M. Warner,
Director McWilliams School.

A POEM BY CHARLES WARNER

The oldtimers in Cass county, as well as Van Buren, all know Charles E. Warner of Chicago. His ancestors were among the settlers of Volinia township and he was born there not far from the year that Lee surrendered to Grant.

J. E. Goble's story of the West Valley school brought this poem from Mr. Warner.

The Deestrict School

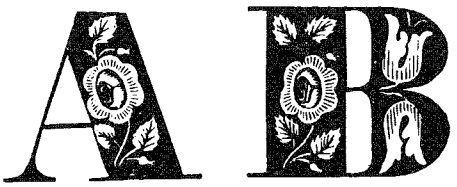
The dear old "Deestrict School," Jont., what memories entwine
About that country school-house with its rude and quaint design.
Its gables were not very high; its windows two by square,
And it was hard to find the paint, there was so little there.
It wasn't much for handsome, Jont., yet its memory we'll prize
'Till we can read our titles clear to mansions in the skies.

It has been sixty years, Jont., yes, and then some more,
Since first we wandered in and out the battered school-house door.
And still I see those wooden desks which some carpenter had planned;
Hand-carved by many a jack-knife in a roughish school-boy's hand.
And I've not forgot those benches, Jont., I know I never will;
Nor the slivers that went through my pants, "How sweet their memory still-"

I've not the slightest doubt, Jont., but you, the same as I,
Oft recall familiar things of those days so long gone by.
The old box stove; the four foot wood; the blackboard, two by six,
On which we worked, by Rule of Three, the schoolma'm's choicest tricks.
And when her back was turned, Jont., it was our schoolboy style
To shy a paperwad or two at the boy across the aisle.

We are in no hurry, Jont., to climb the golden stair,
And behold the wondrous beauty of the country "Over There,"
Of which such pleasing stories for ages have been told
About the walls of jasper and the streets of solid gold.
But when the time shall come, Jont., to learn the master's rules
I hope he'll put us in a class that went to "Deestrict Schools."

Elmer Goble of Chico, California, was a pupil of the West Valley school a half century or more ago and last summer when he was here he promised to write a story of his school days for the Republican. His letter is still coming. May we expect it soon, Elmer?



HISTORY OF THE ORR FAMILY

James Orr, son of James and Peggy McWilliams Orr, was born Oct. 25, 1853 in County Antrim, Ulster, Ireland. At the age of twenty, he came to Decatur, but returned to Ireland one and one-half years later because of the illness of his mother.

When he returned to Decatur, he was united in marriage Feb. 11, 1876 with Margaret Jane McLeese. They were the parents of seven children.

In 1891 the entire family came to the home north of Decatur, which had been owned previously by Alexander McWilliams, Sr. (cousin) who had retired at that time. Margaret died August 13, 1908 and James died Oct. 1, 1929. The farm is still in the Orr family, although the house burned in 1975.

THE OLD RED SCHOOL OF HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

In 1837 Mrs. Calvin Millard, who lived with her daughter, Mrs. John Bennett, taught an improvised school and Sunday school at the home of Mrs. Bennett. A lady teacher, Miss Litchfield from Pennsylvania, was brought into Hamilton shortly afterward, by Robert Nesbitt, to teach his children.

The first district school in Hamilton Township (#7) was the Red School, near Henry Colman's Tavern (later called Brown's Tavern), and it was built in 1837. In 1848, the second school built in Hamilton Township, was the Field.

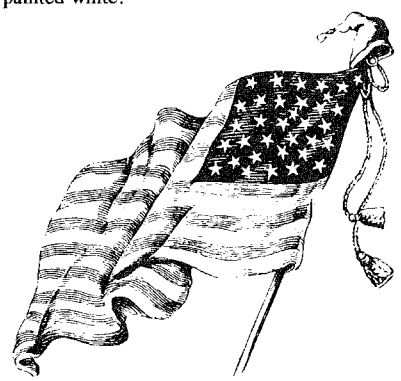
The Old Red School stood where the Barber School was later located, the latter having been built in 1887. Art Creagan states that his father, James Creagan, and Charlie Barber carted the lumber for the new school house from Hartford, after their regular day's work on the farm was completed. At that time the Red School was sold to the blacksmith, George Kidman, for the exorbitant sum of six dollars, and moved to the present site by the Decatur movers of buildings. It had served the community as a school house for about fifty years.

The blacksmith shop was located about a quarter of a mile east of what is now the Watson Store. George Kidman and his family lived in the old school house for a number of years. It was partially burned in 1974, and the portion which remains is a part of the house which now stands on the corner of Territorial Road and C.R. 215.

There were twenty pupils in attendance at one time. Some of them were: George Nesbitt of Decatur, Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett Bullard and William Bartlett of Hamilton and D.H. Briggs of Nebraska. The teacher was a Mrs. Craper, who was the wife of Dr. Craper. Strict adherence to the teaching of the three R's was in vogue at the time.

ADDENDUM

William Tuttle, who attended the Nesbitt school in 1858, (the same year in which it was built), refers also to the structure as that "Old Red School." This indicates that initially, it was painted red. (Red paint was cheap in the '80's.) For the past fifty years or more, it has been painted white.



THE OLD SCHOOL BELL

Sounding aloud on the clear morning air
Ding-dong goes the old school bell,
Over the country side it rings
The summons that all know well.
Trained to obey like an army comes
A garrulous, happy throng,
Shouting and laughing along the way
They respond to that great ding-dong.

Companion of school days the country o'er;
Friend that is staunch and true;
Sending your message from year to year,
Age old but ever new.
Clearly the message rings out on the air
While many responsive would tell
Of the memories they hear sounding loudly and clear
As they list to the old school bell.— M.F.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE — REVISED

By: Millicaent Taylor
For the Christian Science Monitor
Oct. 30, 1947

The Little Red School House — in a modern version — may stage a comeback.

The one-room school that many a famous American can look back upon has in recent years fought a losing battle for survival under the consolidation program of urban organization. The children can get better teaching and more all around educational experience in the consolidated schools, is the verdict; so the big busses gather them up at the cross roads and trundle them to the nearest town, far from home and familiar environment. Something valuable is lost; this, most educators and parents agree. Now it is proposed in New York City to try to regain some of the valuable things about the little red school house — at least for the younger people. The Board of Education is considering constructing an outlying district of the Bronx, Brooklyn, Richmond and Queens "Home Schools" — little one-story buildings housing only the first four grades.

It sounds like a parent's wonderful dream. Johnny and Joan will walk to school. There in the low brick building set among trees and shrubs, with its safe well equipped playground free from the hazards of bigger boys and girls playing fast games, they will find everything to scale. Life can pursue the intimate leisurely, informal way so necessary in teaching little children. A group of first graders with their teacher can go outside to examine a cricket or see a bud unfolding. Third and fourth graders, needing freedom of movement indoors and out, will not be dominated by the presence of bigger boys and girls, whose learning has grown more formal, who are more self-assertive and whose play is faster and more highly organized.

Teaching can be more informal, home-like, and therefore more real to little children. Movable chairs and tables may be grouped at will for reading, for educative conversation, for quiet work, or even carried outdoors on a spring day. Parents will feel close to a little neighborhood school like this; will visit more often, make friends with the teachers, known much more about supplementing at home the work Johnny and Joan are getting at school.

The buildings can be put up far more inexpensively than in the case of those for older pupils, it is estimated. Stiraways, gymnasiums, lunch rooms, and shops are eliminated. The construction would be light, airy, with wide windows and pleasant home-like rooms. Later, if the school is not needed for younger pupils it can be made into an elementary school annex, a neighborhood center or a teen-age recreation spot.

Along with certain advantages afforded by the consolidated schools are the disadvantages of mass education and of schools located so far from the child's home and community that the learning experiences are divorced from home interests and too often not shared by the parents. The small neighborhood elementary school should recapture for little children the intimacy, informality, nearness to nature, and association with the home that once were at the heart of the better rural one-room schools. May this new and modern type of "Little Red School House" spread beyond New York into all parts of the land!

1947

A VOICE FROM MISSOURI

I maintain that when we gave up all the little red schools and consented to consolidation, etc., that we were giving up to an oligarchy that would determine our way of thinking. Now that Catholic and private schools are closing by the hundreds, the pundits in the educational field are closing in on us. With all the high flown plans for education, the cry still goes out that Johnny still cannot read or figure!

There are several other items that raise my blood pressure too, like working mothers, ERA, inflation, hand outs in general, hospitals, doctors, and even used car dealers.

Doris Kelly Rippy

1976

The Music-Land Entertainers

SCINTILLATING MELODISTS

CHAUTAUQUA

Chautauqua – (T'' – ken – chiata – kue'')
It is a Seneca Indian word and means –
''One who has taken out fish there.''

It started before the turn of the century. It was promoted by townspeople, who wanted to be entertained, and to be enlightened by musicians, lawyers, preachers, presidents and even magicians. One must go back to — no radio — no T.V. — no loud speakers!

It got its name from Chautauqua, New York — a town famous for its religious meetings and Evangelical camps. It was a cultural center and only people of prominence and high I. Q's operated the summer camps and services.

Gradually, the entertainment end came into being, and music and drama played a more important role. Thus the tent was brought into the picture, and Chautauqua was on the road.

THE TENT

The tent was probably 150 Ft. long and 75 Ft. wide, with three center poles and a kitchen on one end. The kitchen was the stage and was shaped the same as our stages today other than it was a part of the big top. Seats were either folding chairs or folding benches — made of duck cloth. A wall, of course, surrounded the big top, being about twenty feet from the main tent — this for ventilation. The big top walls could be rolled up and the outside wall prevented any outsiders from watching the show.

On a typical five-day Chautauqua, the circuit had seven tents and seven crew men who put up and took down the tents. At the end of the five-day run, the tent man had two days to get to the next town and get ready for the week's shows. This went on for a period of twenty weeks. The Chautauqua show started usually in June and ended in September.

THE TALENT

The talent was varied. Lecturers were such men as William J. Bryan, Howard Taft, Booker T. Washington, and many more. Music was — bands, quartets (vocal and instrumental), trios, Dua's and Quintets. Practically all of the musical shows doubled in brass — voice and at least two or more instruments. Later play companies were put in, as well as impersonators.

The afternoonshow would run one hour and fifteen minutes and in the evening the same music did a forty-minute prelude and then the lecturer would do his one to two-hour bit.

The talent traveled in Model T fords, and the jumps were short. I recall one summer where we played 120 towns in Indiana and Illinois — for example, Decatur today, Paw Paw tomorrow and perhaps Allegan the next day. In the various companies in which I worked, they were all males, so, we carried an army cot with us and slept in the dressing tent.

When Mrs. Beek and I worked the Beek duo, and our lecturer was Dr. Raymond Tolbert of Niagara Falls, New York, we stayed in hotels. I worked in a play Company in 1924 — (Six Cylinder Love). The company had two female roles and four male. I played the automobile salesman. We stayed in hotels and traveled by train, carried our own scenery, and played larger towns — Winona Lake, Minot, North Dakota and Ludington, Michigan — to name a few!

I find, in rummaging the old papers that from 1920 to 1924 I worked in eight different companies — all musical, except the Play Co. — both summer and winter.

In the winter season, it was Lyceums — one show a day (at night). Winter Bookings were all train travel. I find that the best winter Booking I had was with two good friends (both dead now) — The Buckeye Male Trio (1923-24). We opened in Sunrise, Wyoming, Oct. 2, 1923 and worked Montana, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, California, British Columbia, — closed, Thompson Falls, Montana, Feb. 8, 1924. Sunday nights were not booked but every other night was filled.

(The Beek Duo – billed as the Music Land Entertainers – also Beek's Music Makers)

In the fall of 1926 we had a booking with the Ellison White Bureau of New York. This was Lyceum and run from Oct. 8th to March 30th. We opened at Armada, Michigan and closed at

Farmington, Michigan. This was all eastern states — West Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania — these and a few towns in Michigan. It was one of our best seasons. We played many towns on the Hudson River, private girls' and boys' schools, and we were well received. At one time we stayed two weeks in New York city and would go at night by train or subway to the date. We stayed in an apartment hotel and since our days were free, we could do the city extras.

We were then booked for summer Chautauqua with associates of Topeka, Kansas. By this time radio had been making a big inroad into show business. It was much harder to get bookings and the towns were further apart so that the jumps were hard to cover, often one-hundred-fifty miles and to do two shows a day and then drive to your next date was hectic and tiring. Seventy-five percent of roads in the west were gravel or shale. Tires were thin (had to buy six new ones) and brakes would go — because of the mountains.

We left Toledo, Ohio, May 7, 1927 and opened in Roswell, New Mexico — traveled twenty-tousand miles in twenty-five weeks, and played two shows a day!

Example: When we left, Mrs. Beek weighed one hundred eighteen pounds. When we finished, she weighed one hundred ten. We played in all the states west of the Mississippi except four, came back — played a few towns in Illinois and Indiana and ended the season in Kyrock, Kentucky in August. Could have booked another two seasons but had had just about enough! This was our last season!

IN CLOSING

I find that in 1923 I was in a concert band — fifteen fellows. We were booked to play Decatur (Chautauqua), the itinerary reads in part: LaPorte, Ind., Whiting, Ind. St. Joseph, Mich., Decatur, Mich. and Nappanee, Ind. That was the summer that the town of Decatur was quarantined with a fever of some sort, so the date was canceled. We were booked in La-Grange, Indiana, Aug. 10th and we, with the townspeople, paraded down Main St. with muffled drums and a funeral dirge. On that date President Harding was buried and this was a gesture from both the Chautauqua people and the town — in respect to his death.

As the Beek Duo, working the west-coast towns, we had long, hard jumps. One I recall! Our next town was 150 miles and part of the route was through the Redwood Forest. We finished our evening show and asked Doc to make his lecture a bit short so that we could do at least 50 or more miles before resting. The road was gravel but fairly good, until we came to a "Road Closed" sign, and a directive: "Use Logging Road." Well, we had no alternative; we took same and it was rough but passable. After a mile or so we came upon a creek (freshets). No bridge! You just drove fast and splashed through! We encountered two of these and finally came to a *large* one. Not only was it larger; it curved, and in the center it was necessary to make a left turn to reach higher ground. (Mrs. Beek was in the back seat at this time, crying, because she was homesick and tired.) Doc and I surveyed the situation — should we go ahead!! Finally Doc decided that he had better get out, find a pole, and test for depth (especially the curve). Well, good old Doc — he removed his shoes and socks and rolled his pants up to his knees. There was a large tree trunk that had toppled over just at the edge of the curve. Doc found a sapling, and using it as a crutch and also as a depth finder, crawled out on the old tree, to the spot where we had to turn. Of course he was in the glare of the head lights and the old tree trunk was a bit slippery. He proceeded with caution and tested at each two feet for the depth that we needed. He was only three feet from the turn when he slipped and down he went into the creek. He landed on his feet and then fell over to a sitting position. I felt sorry for good old Doc, and I apologized for laughing.

This was the only time in my life, when the female member of the Beek Duo (in the back seat), cried and laughed at the same time. Well, Doc had proved that we could make it through! We continued on and on! No sign of life — just the old logging trail! It was after mid-night — and we were lost! Another hour rolled by and finally we saw a light. We drove to a log house and went into it. An oil lamp was sitting on a home-made desk and there was a rack with keys. A sign under the lamp read: TAKE KEYS AND LAMP: GO UP STAIRS AND GO TO BED. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. We followed directions! Got Doc settled and then ourselves!

Next morning we came down and had the best breakfast that any logger could wish for. This was a camp stop and they had food and ten rooms. It was clean as a pin. I paid our bill, night's lodging and breakfast — for the three of us — $4.50 (total). We made the afternoon show that day, but we were very pooped!! All a part of 'troopin'!

To those of you who have spent precious time in reading this nostalgia — hope I haven't bored you! It is just a true tale of Chautauqua, Lyceum and Vaudeville that all happened before and during — the roaring *20's*

Bill Beek

LET ME SING MY SONG

I shall not tarry with you very long
Nor shall I ever pass this way again.
So let me sing to you my little song
And so my best to ease and entertain
My fellow pilgrim, on the lonesome way;
To have him trust me to the very end,
And when I am gone, for him to speak and say
"I miss that man, he was my loyal friend."
To be a friend to someone is a boon
We cannot price or comprehend,
To walk with him is pleasant, but too soon,
The journey ends and friend must part with friend.
The time is short, so let me sing my song,
To comfort those who climb the mountain steep
To mingle with the weary, jard pressed throng
And scatter sunshine ere I go to sleep.

HOW THE GREAT GUEST CAME

Before the Cathedral in grandeur rose
At Ingelburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream —
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad, the cobbler, plied his trade.

It happened one day at the year's white end —
Two neighbors called on their old-time friend;
And they found the shop, so meager and mean,
Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stopped as he twitched a twine:
"Old friends, good news! At dawn today
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And said, 'I am coming your Guest to be!"
So I've been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes today, and the table is spread
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."

His friends went home; and his face grew still
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.
He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door —
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been,
He would kiss the hands where the nails went in,
And then at the last would sit with Him
And break the bread as the day grew dim.

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest,
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did You forget that this was the day?"
Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street!"

Edwin Markham.

A WEEK'S PROGRAM

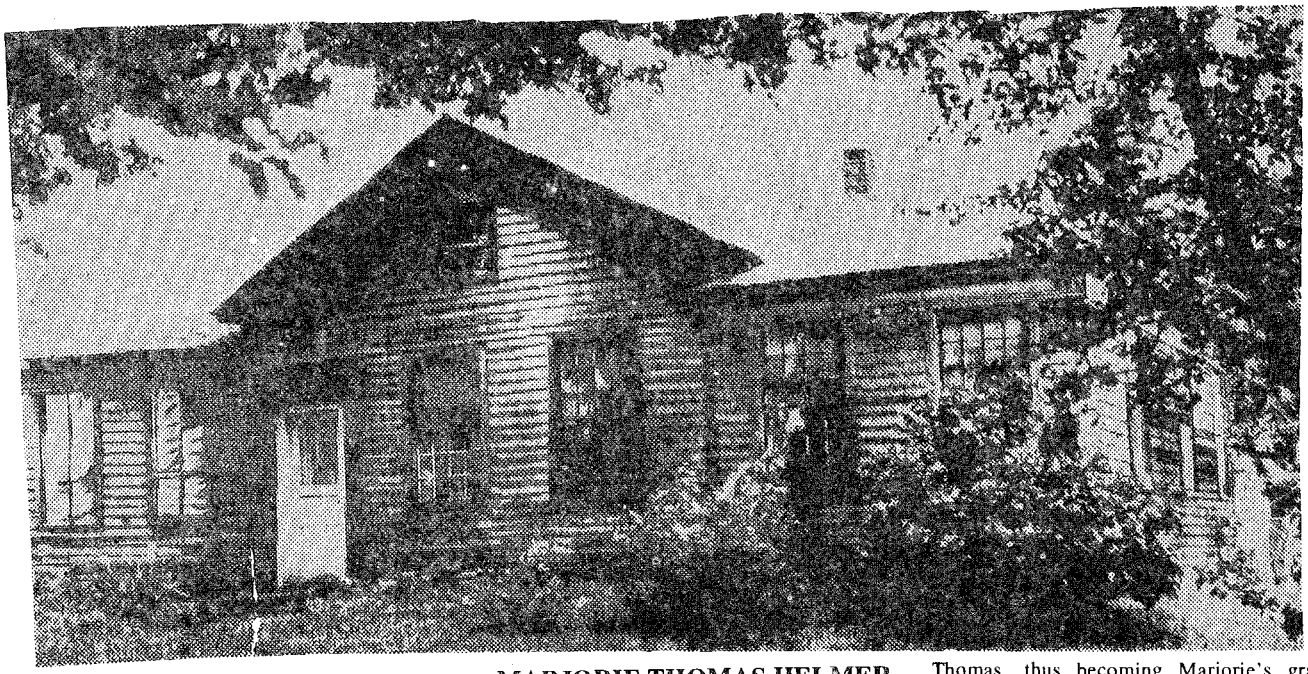
(Taken from a 1927 folder)

FRIST EVENING: The Family Upstairs (A comedy play) — Admission 75¢
SECOND AFTERNOON: The Music Land Entertainers (The Beek Duo) (1 Hr. and 40 Min.)
SECOND EVENING: The Music Land Entertainers — Dr. Raymond B. Tolbert — Lecture (While Mrs. Beek and I were on other shows as the Beek Duo, this company chose to call us "The Music Land Entertainers!)
THIRD AFTERNOON: The Maids of Dundee Quintet
THIRD EVENING: The Maids of Dundee — 40 Minutes — F.M. Price — Lecturer
FOURTH AFTERNOON: The Pollard Players
FOURTH EVENING: Believe Me Xantippe — Play Broadway
FIFTH AFTERNOON: Lovelace Twins Quartet
FIFTH EVENING: Lovelace Twins Quartet

P.M. SHOWS: 2:30 — EVENING SHOW: 8:00

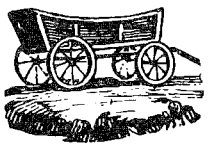
Underground Railroad Station 'Saved'

Schoolcraft Bicentennial Committee Purchases Dr. Nathan Thomas House



Underground Railroad

This was also the home of Dr. [illegible] became the first doctor in [illegible] County when he moved to Schoolcraft in 1832. The house was built on the underground railroad of the [illegible], [illegible] slaves in their flight to Canada. It is estimated that between 1[illegible] people found freedom [illegible] this house now in the process of restoration.



MARJORIE THOMAS HELMER

Our townslady and Decatur business woman of forty-six years, Marjorie Thomas Helmer, has an interesting family history in relation to the above article and picture. She and her brother, Maynard, were born in Volinia, Cass County. Her parents, Mark Thomas and Carrie Queal Thomas, later moved to Decatur.

Her maternal grandfather, Rev. Robert Queal, Universalist minister, came from northern Ireland to New York state. Later he moved to Tecumseh, Michigan, then to Decatur. He was retired from his pastoral duties when he came to this town.

Marjorie's paternal grandfather was Dr. Nathaniel Thomas. He lived on Little Prairie Ronde, and was a cousin of the Dr. Nathan Thomas of Schoolcraft. The latter administered to run-away slaves from the South during the Civil War. He later moved the "Underground Railroad" frame house, shown in the picture, to the back of the lot, and built a big brick house in its place. Marjorie enjoyed visiting there when she was a little girl. Aunt Pamela, wife of the Schoolcraft doctor, was the matriarch of the family and she was loved by all. She and the doctor raised a niece of Pamela's, by the name of Marcia Smith, who later married Nathaniel Thomas, thus becoming Marjorie's grandmother.

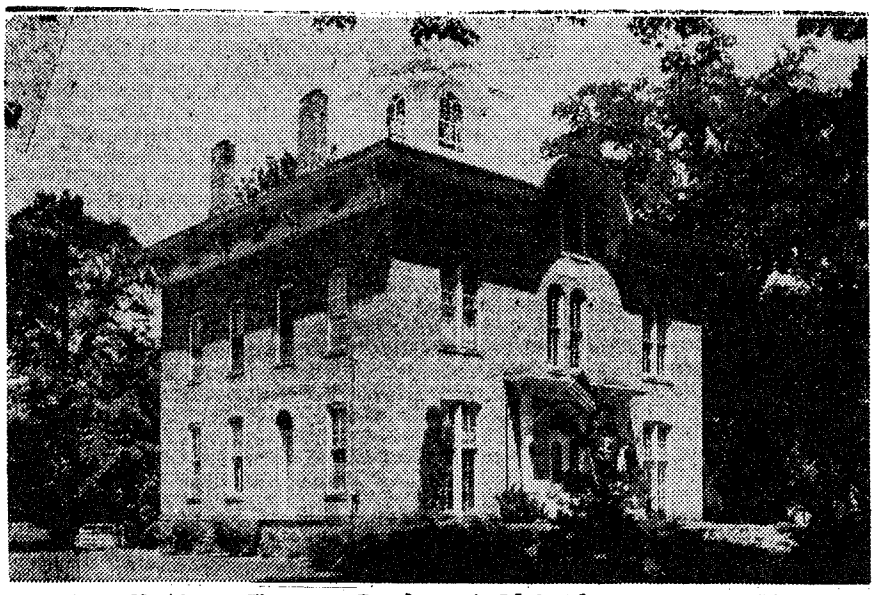
Marjorie graduated from Decatur High School and Western Michigan College. She taught three years in grade school, South Haven, Michigan, and three years in Grandville, Michigan. (Business Education). She also worked in offices in Grand Rapids.

Her brother, Maynard Thomas, and Guy Calbetzor were the first two rural mail carriers in Decatur (about 1901). For winter delivery the wheels were removed from the mail wagon and sleigh runners were substituted. The body was like a rectangular-shaped box with a small stove in one corner for heat.

Mrs. Helmer was a member of one of the four families who lived in close proximity on Little Prairie Ronde. Each family voted in a different township. They were: George Kern, Marcellus Township; Mark Thomas, Volinia Township; Dr. Nathaniel Thomas, Decatur Township; Willard Thomas, Porter Township.

Mrs. Carrie Queal Thomas, wife of M.S. Thomas, was born in New York in 1856, came to Decatur in 1872, and graduated from the Decatur High School in the class of 1875. She passed away August 8, 1914.

1975



Dr. Nathan Thomas Replaced Old Slave House With Handsome Brick Structure.

MARJORIE THOMAS HELMER

By TOM DONIA
Gazette Staff Writer

SCHOOLCRAFT — A house that was used to hide runaway slaves before the Civil War has been purchased for preservation purposes.

The Schoolcraft Bicentennial Committee is currently completing final paperwork to buy the 140-year-old house built by Dr. Nathan Thomas. It is the only "station" in the "underground railroad" in Kalamazoo County.

The committee is paying $9,700 for the structure, which was moved from its original site in the 1860s. The Schoolcraft Village Council gave $1,000 toward the purchase price.

Committee members plan to ask for donations from local merchants to help pay the balance. In addition, they have asked the Michigan American Revolution Bicentennial Commission for state and federal funds.

Local citizens are forming a "Schoolcraft Historical Society," which will be incorporated in order to legally take possession of the house.

The society will be responsible for historic preservation and some restoration work. It has not been decided how the house will be used, but organizers of the fund drive say it will serve as a center for Schoolcraft's American Revolution Bicentennial activities.

The wood frame house was built by Dr. Nathan Thomas, the first physician in Kalamazoo County. He had come to Schoolcraft from Ohio in 1831 and boarded at the hotel which then stood in the village. He visited his patients by riding his horse to their farms.

Following two years of serious illness throughout the area, the busy Dr. Thomas decided he needed an office. In 1835 he built a 20-by-28-foot building on West Cass Street. A portion of the building he rented to a young man who was studying under him.

Two years later, he moved the house back farther from the intersection where it originally sat, in order to have a more spacious yard. The little building was joined by a new horse barn, all surrounded by a picket fence on Dr. Thomas's acre and a quarter of land.

When Dr. Thomas married the local schoolteacher, Pamela Brown, in 1840, the house was clearly too small for both of them. Up until then, the doctor had boarded at the hotel, but now he added two large wings to his house and took up residence there.

Dr. Thomas was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, the Quakers, and he was outraged by the idea of slavery. Ever since he arrived in Schoolcraft, he was the person villagers asked to help runaway slaves escape to Canada.

In 1843, a representative of the "underground railroad" asked Dr. Thomas if he would help blacks escape on a regular basis. Dr. Thomas quickly agreed.

From that time until late in the

Civil War, between 1,000 and 1,500 fugitive slaves passed through the Schoolcraft house. They arrived on wagons, usually in groups of six or 12, from Cassopolis just before daybreak.

Dr. Thomas and his wife fed them breakfast, and they would sleep during the day in the barn or in the small loft of the house. At night, the Thomases again fed them, and they would leave under the cover of darkness for Battle Creek, or, if weather permitted, Marshall. Their final destination was the Canadian border at Detroit.

Running a station in the underground railroad was an expensive and sometimes dangerous affair. In 1847 slave hunters from the South came as far as Cassopolis seeking runaways. But a runner spread the word they were in the area, and Dr. Thomas was able to hide the fugitives in Schoolcraft's cornfields. There was never any violence associated with Dr. Thomas's operation.

After the war that freed all slaves, Dr. Thomas was ready to build a new house, one that would reflect his own elegant manner and the success of his practice.

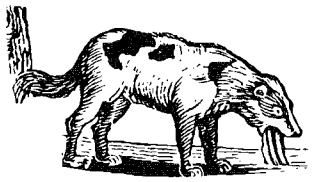
He moved the little house that had served as office, home and hideout for 33 years to a location down the street. It still stands there at 613 East Cass. Meanwhile, he built his large new brick home in 1868 on the original site of the wood one.

For the most part, Dr. Thomas's first house has been rented out for the past nearly 100 years. Only one of the two large wings is still attached, and that appears to have been altered in size.

Modern, wide aluminum siding has been applied over the original narrow wood siding.

The window that once gave the fugitive slaves light in the loft has been sealed up.

Members of the Schoolcraft Bicentennial Committee have not decided to what extent they will attempt to restore the house. But they say they will apply to have the home listed on the National Register of Historic Places.



THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

The Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, is a world-wide community of Christians. Scoffers named them Quakers because they trembled at the word of God. The name "stuck" and became popular — even among the Friends. They are known for their traditional opposition to war, and for their humanitarianism. There is no division between clergy and laity and any man or woman has the right to preach. During the Civil War they were particularly active in opposing slavery.

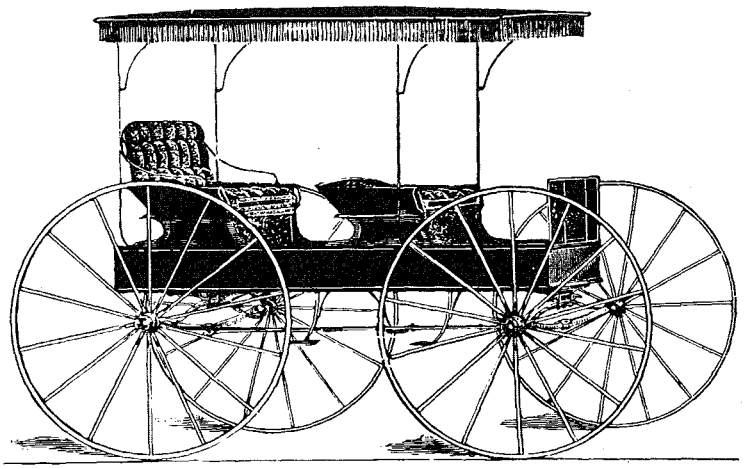
Their founder was George Fox of England, and the Society of Friends was established in 1652. At the time, they denounced both the Anglicans and the Puritans for their teachings.

As conscientious objectors, many Quaker young men refused service in World Wars I and II; however, many others accepted, and were staunch defenders of the colors.

Prominent U.S. Quakers include John Greenleaf Whittier, Lucretia Mott (great Quaker preacher and reformer), Herbert Hoover and Richard M. Nixon.

The mythical "Underground Railroad" was the name applied to the loosely organized aid given runaway slaves from the South before the Civil War. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was deeply resented in the North. Many persons, particularly the Quakers, sheltered runaway negroes in their homes (attics-basements), barns, cornfields — anywhere to protect them from their southern pursuers. The Friends helped to pass them on to the homes of other sympathizers. Such homes were known as "stations." Sometimes the fugitives were hidden under a load of hay or in a false-bottomed wagon as they were passed along from station to station.

The Underground Railroad was effective both in the South and in the North, and it aided 75,000 persons to escape from slavery. The Cassopolis area was prominent for its Underground Railroad activities.



THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

She was born and raised in the village of Decatur. She had no knowledge of horses! She had no liking for horses! In plain language, she was "plum" afraid of horses! Her inability to understand or appreciate the equine family was a continuing source of irritation to her spouse.

At one time, during her husband's absence from home, it was necessary for her to water the family horse. She stepped gingerly into an adjacent empty stall and offered the animal a stew pan full of water. She and her husband had moved from town onto a farm outside the village and now it had become imperative that she drive a rig, as a horse and buggy was called in the early part of the century. They had purchased a second-hand surrey but for some reason, discarded the fringed top. Her husband raised celery, so the surrey top was used as a protective shade, while the family weeded the tender plants in the celery beds.

This vehicle was the sole means of transportation for the family over a period of years. The children, who came along in due time, dubbed it "The Limousine" and many a jolly time they had as they jogged along. It served them well for transportation to the village and it also provided fun for pleasure jaunts. The "pleasuring" was confined chiefly to picnicking and swimming in the summer time and to nut gathering in the fall.

But time takes its toll of all things — animate and inanimate — and — the limousine was at last growing old! One day the farmer's wife "sallied" forth on an autumn afternoon to take her daughter, two sisters-in-law, her five-year old niece and a six weeks' old baby for a ride into the country past the Harrison cemetery. (Let me digress to remind you that there is more action, more comedy, more tragedy and more scandal in a small town than there is in the great city of Chicago!)

The day was beautiful, the "coach-woman" was inexperienced and awkward, the two ladies in the back set were oblivious to any impending danger, the daughter was complacent and the five-year old in the front seat was obviously enjoying the ride behind "Old Trix!"

Back in the '20's, people who traveled that back road will remember the sod ridges. The road was little traveled. Grass and weeds grew between the bumpy wheel tracks. The merry passengers had proceeded a mile or so and, as the sun was setting, they decided to turn homeward. Instead of driving into a farm yard to turn around, the driver attempted to "bring her about" over the sod humps in the road! Alas and alack! Came a loud crack! No one knew that the running board connecting the front and back seats had collapsed! "The innocents, knowing nothing — feared nothing!" A few more feet and the "ship" began to lurch! And she lurched! Slowly but surely!

The old horse stopped instantly to look around — just in time to see the driver, the five-year old and the daughter, slide out (slowly) between the wheels and onto the ground. It was such a slow descent, that the daughter, beleving the back seat joy-riders were intact, glanced back — but to her horror and utter consternation — beheld four feet, four legs and four underpants catapulting into the air, the aunt clutching the hapless infant to her bosom! How fortunate to have had such a docile, old horse. He just stood — turned his head — and looked! Presently from "aft" came a car! It was Dr. Bope! The unfortunates looked to the "fore" — and — lo! A car approached from the front! It was Wilbur Wiley! The men advanced toward the helpless victims, expecting to see some of them dead or dying! (The story was later circulated in town that a doctor came from one direction and an undertaker from the other.) Wilbur, in spite of the seriousness of the situation, could scarcely suppress a smile. He later remarked, "I've never seen anything funnier in my life! They rolled out of that buggy like so many sacks of potatoes!"

After the doctor decided that there were no serious injuries, he and Wilbur piled the wreckage onto the chassis (which was still intact) and the daughter climbed to a precarious seat on top and, to paraphrase Thomas Wolfe: *Turned Homeward Angel!*

Her father was just starting down the path, with the milkpail on his arm, when she hove into sight with the remains. He gave one disdainful glance and, as she drew nearer, inquired: "Who the h--- was driving!"

A few months later the five-year old was invited to ride in a new buggy which had been purchased to replace the old vehicle. The child knitted her brow and hastily replied, "NO, — I 'tood' walk!"

One of the passengers.
1931

CROATIANS — DECATUR & PAW PAW

"When Croatian girls are singing
To the tamburizza's sound,
You hear ancient lays a-ringing,
Every eye casts smiles around."

Croatia and Slavonia were formerly a crownland of the kingdom of Hungary — one of the two main divisions of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In 1918, on the dissolution of Austria-Hungary, the people of Croatia and Slavonia, with other Slavic peoples, formed the new nation — Jugo-Slavia.

The Croatians thought that money grew on trees when they first came to America about 1921 — but, as they discovered, only if nurtured by hard work. They have given a good account of thems3lves in this, their a-opted country. They have worked hard and have refused to accept welfare.

Men, twenty-one years of age were compelled to enter military service in the mother country; therefore, many of them left for other countries because of this compulsion. A large number went to the copper country in the Upper Peninsula to work in the mines. Others journeyed to Detroit and Hamtramck, Michigan to work in the factories. Some families went to Iowa and Missouri. Others went to Virginia and Pennsylvania (mainly, to work in the coal mines).

At the time of the strike in Michigan's Copper Country (1913), many came to the Southern Peninsula to buy farms. Margaret Mihelich Abshagen of Decatur was among them. She is one of fourteen children of William Mihelich who worked thirty years in the Calumet & Heckla Company in Upper Michigan. Mr. Mihelich died and is buried there. Others who came to Decatur and Paw Paw were: Kezerles (who came from Iowa to Decatur), Turks, Ozaniec, Markovich, Benesch, Benokovich, Kucinich, Delack, Oreskovich, Polanich, Malich and Sitar. Some other Croatian names are: Pribanic, Gojmerac, Srnec, Pocernic, Marinkovic, Eleyonich, Perpich, Ivelich and Blaskovich.

The 1913 Christmas Eve tragedy was the saddest day Michigan's Copper Country has ever known. It was a Christmas Eve party for the miners' children. There had been poverty and strife for five months since the miners' strike in July. The Women's Auxilliary of the Western Federation planned a big party — and then an unknown man yelled "FIRE" and seventy-five lives were snuffed out through suffocation. There 'WAS NO FIRE!" It was a terrible price to pay for one word shouted by an unidentified man.

The Croatians are fond of parties and holidays which they celebrate with music and dance, wearing colorful costumes. Their national dance is called Kolo, meaning "wheel," and it is similar to square-dancing in America. Their national sport is soccer and like Americans, they are fond of outdoor barbecues and picnics. Some of their favorite foods are janjetina (barbecued lamb), zelja (sauer kraut), povatica (walnut roll), strudel (apple or cottage cheese), palacinke (thin pancake — with filling of cottage cheese, egg and cream), sarma (stuffed cabbage).

The tamburitza is the national instrument of Croatia. Internationally famous are the Duquesne University Tamburitzans. Under the sponsorship of the Croatian Cultural Society, the Tammies are a collegiate group of forty highly talented folk artists, dedicated to the preservation of Slavic folk arts in the United States. They present concerts throughout the country — with singing and dancing.

The tenth annual Tamburitza Festival was held at Zagreb, capital of Croatia, in June, 1976. A

side trip was taken to the shrine of Marija Bistrica. It is to Croatians what the Lourdes Shrine is to the French Catholics. Croatia is predominently Catholic, while the southeastern part (Slavonia), is Orthodox Catholic, similar to the Greek Orthodox religion.

At a Croatian wake the mourners remain all night with the corpse, and the next day, at the funeral, the procession, accompanied by music, usually a band, proceeds from the church to the cemetery.

Eileen Helen Zadravec of Youngstown, Ohio, is a Happy Hearts Tamburitzan's alumna. She entered the Tamburitza cultural field at age of nine. Her well-known mother, Angie Zadravec, directs the Happy Hearts Tamburitzans. Miss Zadravec played professionally for seven years with Libby's All-Girl Tamburitza Orchestra of Campbell, Ohio and is presently affiliated with the Rich Krilich Tamburitzans of Akron, Ohio.

The Croatians have many famous scientists. Vladimir Prelog received the Nobel prize in Stockholm, Sweden, for his work in chemistry. Thomas A. Markovich, registered engineer of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, manages Yogoslav nuclear project. Nikola Tesla (born in Smiljan Lika, Croatia, 1856, and died in 1943), was a Croatian — born, the son of a Serbian orthodox priest, and was honored with a statue at the foot of Horseshoe Falls (Goat Island), Niagara. Tesla's greatest triumph was — that he harnessed the might of Niagara Falls, and gave to mankind the many benefits of the alternating current principle which T3sla developed. The principles have remained unchanged since Tesla tapped the power of th3 Falls in 1895. He patented more than nine hundred inventions which could have made him the richest man in the world. He died a pauper in New York City. Croatia has enriched our culture with many more brilliant men who have made outstanding contributions to science and to the arts.

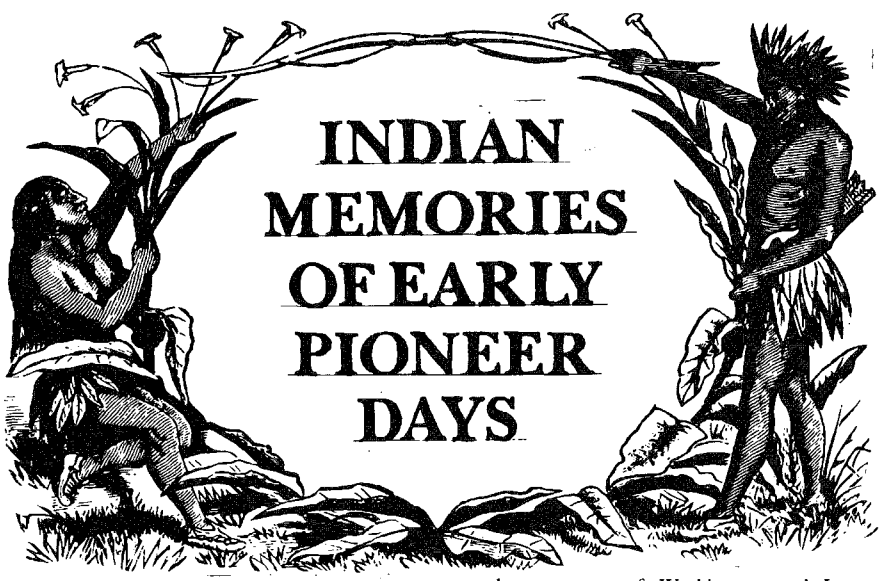
Information contributed by Catherine Kezerle 1976

This is how a minister translated the 23rd Psalm in San Francisco:

Science is my shepherd, I shall not want. It makes me to lie down on foam rubber mattresses; it leads me on four-lane highways; it leadeth me into the psychiatrist's office for my ego's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the hydrogen bomb, I will not fear it, thy jets and atomic bombs comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of the world's billion hungry people; thou anointest my head with home permanents; my alcohol cup runneth over. Surely pensions and social security shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the old folk's home forever.



The John Jones Story

John Jones was born in Wales on October 3, 1807, and died at his home in Sanilac County on November 29, 1897. His grave is in the Washington Cemetery, about a mile west of his old home.

The manuscript from which this story was taken was written by Mr. Jones in 1890. Mrs. Madeline Felker, his granddaughter, who lives near the old home owns the original manuscript.

The first survey of this part of Michigan was made in the year 1834 by a party under the direction of Captain Harvey Parke. This survey was made to establish the exterior lines of the townships north of Town 9 N (now Galbraith Line) and as far west as the east boundary of Lapeer County. This work was urgent as the sale of public lands was becoming big business and Michigan was about to become a state. Captain Parke's record of the survey and of the difficulties he encountered make interesting reading.

When John Jones first hunted in Sanilac County in 1835, Captain Parke's markings were fresh and could be easily located. And the records of these two ventures one in 1834 and the other in 1835 give us an authentic description of early Sanilac before the white man came.

Add to this the records of Oliver H. Perry's hunting trips through Sanilac County in 1850 and 1852. We are very fortunate to have all these.

The reader of this story will bear in mind that when Mr. Jones mentions Sandusky he means Sandusky, Ohio and when he mentions Watertown, it alludes to the city of that name in the state of New York.

There were no Indians living in Sanilac. Both the Canadian Indians and those living along the Saginaw River hunted and fished here. All of the Indians that Jones lived and travelled with were Canadian Indians. The farm he worked on in 1835 was near Sarnia, Ontario. There were no elk or deer near there at that time, so the Indians crossed the St. Clair River to go north and hunt in the swamps of Sanilac County.

Jonathan Burtch was an early settler in St. Clair County. He built a sawmill at what is now Burtchville Township.

George Pack owned Pack's dam and Pack's mill on the Black River (1855-1875). His son later built Pack's dam on the AuSable River.

In the twenty-second infantry records, Mr. Jones' birthdate is listed as October 30, 1817. This would make him 45 when he enlisted. He was actually 55 years old in 1862.

The John Jones' homestead was two miles south and one mile east of Carsonville or on the northeast corner of Washington and Loree Roads.

John Jones joined the Masonic Lodge at Port Sanilac on April 1, 1879.

He was supervisor of Washington Township for 12 years. He was elected eight times before the Civil War and four times after the war.

Sanilac County Historical Society
April 10, 1972

Record of John Jones Written in 1890

I was born on October 30, 1807, in a farmhouse near the seashore on Cardigan Bay (Wales). Every schoolboy should know where that is. I was sent to school when I was young. The farm was a mixed farm, the same as I have now. My father said, "John, I want you to herd the sheep today." Maybe the next day he would say, "John, I want you to herd the cattle," and so on and maybe the next day, "I want you to take care of the bees." My father also had a share in a fishery on the bay. I learned to make all kinds of fish nets and mend them. When I got older, I went to work on one of the fish smacks. They were something like a pilot boat and were out in all weather on the rough coast.

I was not satisfied. I went to work in a market garden in the city of Bristol. When I learned the business well, I left to go to a nursery where I learned to graft and other things. And besides that, I was a good shot with a shotgun. I mention them all because they all became useful to me in America.

On March 1, 1835, I left Liverpool on the ship ALBION and landed in New York on April 14. When I landed in New York, the talk was about Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. I bought a map of Michigan and that was a great help. I came to Detroit in May. Michigan was a territory then and Detroit was a muddy place. I helped the French to pry the carts out of the mud in the best streets of the city. I found out that old Mr. Campau was the owner of the most part of Detroit and Belle Isle. I got acquainted with a fur merchant. I helped him pack fur. I found the Indians handle the fur better than the white man.

I saw some large horns there. By putting the points on the ground, a man can walk under them. I asked where the animals live. He said there were lots of them within a hundred miles of Detroit. I asked him where and he said, "north of Port Huron."

I thought there was no rest for me till I saw them. He said, "if you want to see Indians, it would pay to go to Malden (near Windsor,

Canada) where there were a good many thousands of them to draw the presents from the Canadian government."

They were Canadian Indians. I went the next day. I never forgot the sight. They came around Lake Huron and across somewhere at Mackinaw Straits. The trail could be seen for ten years after. They never came again. The government wouldn't let them. They told me they were the Sioux tribe.

Then I came back to Detroit. Then I went up the river on a scow. The scow was from Sandusky, Ohio, and the captain wanted me to stay with him all summer and make him a seine in the winter. He got me to partly promise to make a net in the winter. He said Sandusky was a good place for fishing.

They were going up for shingles. We went across Lake St. Clair and we stopped at Algonac. It wasn't much. I don't think I went ashore. Then we went up the St. Clair River. We passed a house and the captain said a man by the name of Westbrook lived there. He owned a great tract of land on the river that he got from the government for his services in the war. "Well," I said, "he must be a happy man." They said he is not. He is afraid for his life everyday. They said if they catch him in Canada, he will never come back alive.

We went to Newport, now Marine City and then we went back to Port Huron. It was only a small place. I asked the landlord about the animals with big horns. He said he saw the Indians with such horns and if I wanted to know where they were, I must see Mr. Jonathan Burtch. He lived seven or eight miles north of Port Huron on the banks of the lake (Huron). He had some Indians at his place. I asked him some questions about the Indians. He said the government had them move off some time ago except one Indian. He was in the swamp about one year when he found out that nobody would molest him. He came out then once in a while. He said those Indians you see in Port Huron are Canadian Indians. They go at times up to the swamps to hunt. I asked him if any white people go where the moose and elk are. He said, "no, unless they want to get away from the sheriff and then steal a boat so they can go out on the lake."

I stayed at Port Huron for a while and worked. I tried to make friends with the Indians, but I could not.

Sometimes I would rise early in the morning and go to the river with a troll or a minnow on a hook and throw it out in the river as far as I could. Sometimes there would be a pickerel on the hook before the line was out. They would weigh from one to seven pounds.

There was a man and his wife come with butter to the house where I was boarding. Sometimes the woman would come with a squaw to carry the butter. One day the landlord asked me if I ever worked on a farm. He asked me if I could stack hay. He said there was a man there who wanted a man to stack hay. He said he was a good, honest man and if I made a bargain with him, the man would pay what he promised. I went with him and his wife about a mile to the bank of the river. Under some bushes there, he had hidden a bark canoe. It was not very large. He told me to get into it and sit in the bow. When I stepped in, I thought it would pitch me out. Then I sat down in the bow, his wife in the middle, and he stood up in the stern and paddled. He made it spin across the St. Clair River.

This was the first time I was ever in a bark canoe. I had been in a Welch carrock. Some people might want to know what a carrock is like. Take a fat goose and cut his head off and see the body go up the river, tail foremost. The man sits in the middle of it with his face to the tail and his paddle in the water and paddles tail foremost. They use them in salmon fishing. There are two carrocks that go out in the river. They have a net about six rods long that they drag with a strong current. One has hold of one end of the net and one has hold of the other end. When the fish run against the strong current, they strike the net. The men feel it and raise the net up and the fish is between them as if it were in a bag. They go to shore and every man takes his carrock on his back. A big man must have a big carrock and a boy a small one.

The Indians value a bark canoe very highly. There is much labor in making one of them. They are made like a basket of Norway pine roots and covered with white birch bark and the bark is fastened with splints and then pitch. I saw some of them carry 15 Indians.

My friends and I landed at last and two Indians came down to the bank and commenced to talk. I found my friends could talk with the Indians. They carried the canoe up the bank and let it down by the wigwam, bottom side up. I went home with them and found they had a nice, little farm. I worked for them on the farm.

One day he came to the house and said to his wife, "I think the Indians are going to have a dance on our flats." She said, "what makes you think so?" "The Indians are coming from all directions and are stopping on the flat by the spring," he said. It's strange as we don't get an invitation was her reply. The man turned to me and asked if I would like to go to an Indian dance. I said, "yes." The woman told me I would have to act like a gentleman and if I acted rough, I would never to invited again. "You may think they are all drunk, but they are not. There will be one old squaw there and she will watch you as closely as a cat watches a mouse. She is the governess that night and she will hide every gun and knife so the Indians will have nothing but their fists to fight with. You will know the old governess by a big bunch of beads hanging on her breast. They call it wampum."

I asked them what tribe the Indians were and they said they were the Chippeways. The coat of arms was the turtle. If you ever go in the woods and see a turtle cut on the bark of a tree, that is their hunting grounds.

Two squaws came to the house and said they were going to have a pow wow and they said they wanted them to come. The man said, "this man is a brother hunter and would like to come." The squaws looked at me and laighed and said, "he may come too." The woman said, "it will be something worth seeing. I have only seen it once before and it will be a wonder if I ever see it again after tonight."

I asked what it was the woman said. The Indians believe that a witch or wizard has bewitched one of the tribe, an Indian, or a squaw. They go through such a performance so that the witch or wizard will die in less than a year. You will see it all.

That evening I went with my friends. The woman introduced me to all the squaws, young and old, and said I was her brother and had just come across the big waters. Also that I was a good hunter and could catch fish and that I had a blanket and no squaw. The man introduced me to the Indians as a brother hunter.

The camp had a large wigwam covered with bark. In the middle was a little fire and an Indian lay with his feet to the fire. By his side lay an otter skin well stuffed. After a little, the music commenced. The drum was two or three feet of hollow log with a piece of moose or elk skin on it after taking the hair from it. He did make a noise like a big bass drum and some shot or shook gravel in a gourd. When the music commenced, they danced around this man and every time they came near him, they took up the otter skin, pointed it at the man and said, "boo," and put it down. The Indians got tired of dancing around the sick man.

They had some refreshments of corn and venison and some whiskey, but little. In the morning they went to the edge of the woods and cut the likeness of an Indian on the bark of a good-sized beech tree. The Indians stood about four rods from the tree with a small bow and arrow with the shape of a turtle on the bow. The Indians think those bows are sacred. They walk to a certain place and shoot at the likeness on the tree. Then they cut four poles, four or five feet long and drive them in the ground in the shape of the four points of the compass around the tree. Then they took the bark of the poles and painted them red. They girdle the tree below the likeness. The witch or wizard will die when the tree dies. They all went away. I saw some of the squaws and they said they were going up the lake in a big canoe to peel some white birch bark to make sap troughs and wanted me to go along. I thought the best thing I could do was to stick with them till I found the best hunting ground.

I went with them. We had three canoes to carry the Indian squaws. We went up the lake north of Burtchville and there was a big grove of white birch. They said this was the best time of the year to peel bark. They pick all trees of the same size and take only the thin layer of bark on the outside, a little thicker than a sheet of brown paper. I asked an old squaw how to make a sap trough with them. She took one of them and doubled the end of it, made a little hole in it and put a string in it, tied it across the top and on both ends. The trough would hold eight or nine quarts and last many years.

One Indian and I walked back to Port Huron. He told me after they take care of the corn they were going to hunt. I asked him where and he pointed north and said in the big swamp. I went back to the farm. It was not long before two squaws came and said they were going to have a wabanow. That was a dance. They wanted us to come the next day. The Canada lady friend said, "the squaws took a great liking to you. I warn you, they try to get you drunk and marry you to a squaw." She said, "if you won't live with her, the old squaws will have revenge on you." "Well," said I, "how will I manage it?" "well," she said, "I think you licked enough of the blarney stone to manage that." "Well," said I, "I should like you to tell me how to manage that affair if you were in my place." She said, "it should be simple enough. When the old governess shows you a pretty squaw, you say, 'Mother, you take a great interest in me. I don't want a squaw yet. I don't know where the hunting ground is. I don't know how to make a wigwam' and hand her a present. A little silver coin will do and put your face close to the old squaw's ear and say, 'Mother, don't you think you will have a nicer one bye and bye?' and thank her for her advice and ask what sort of a performance the Indians have in their wedding." The woman laughed and said that a wedding with the Indians is very simple. Let me warn you, they don't want a gentleman with a white shirt over his pants, nor a gentleman with a big cross over his back. The old governess puts the bride and groom on a pole and the Indians dance around them. And the more whiskey they have, the more they dance.

We went to the parting dance. The man said he was not well, but his wife said, "I want you to see this feast again and it may be a chance that you will never see another. But I must warn you again that when you are there, you must do as the Romans do." The man said he would come later on.

Supper was the first thing. The hunters all sat down with the chief at the head of them. I was among them, but the squaws were not. There was a big roasted raccoon put before the chief and he cut off one hind leg and drew it through his mouth and handed it to the man on his left and at last, it came to me. I wished then that I was away somewhere else, but I had to go through the same performance. The meaning of all this was that if I would not lick the coon's leg, I wished them bad luck in the winter's hunting.

After the dance commenced, the old squaw pointed to a young squaw who was very nice. I went to her and told her the same lingo as the woman told me to and I gave her a half dollar. That filled her eye and the old one said that

maybe a nicer squaw would come after a while.

The next morning the Indians were all up and moving and going in all directions. I was to join the party that was going across the river to the swamps as they called it.

My Canada friend was raised in the woods and his father was an old trapper. They fixed me up with everything I could carry that would be of any use to me. They laughed and said, "it won't be long before you will be back from this tramp." We started across the St. Clair River and went up the lake shore till we got near the county line by my map. Then we went to the Black River and up the river. The Indians scatter on both sides of the river to hunt. I kept with the squaws. I was afraid of getting lost. After a while, we heard a shot and the squaws stopped. We heard another shot and after a little, two Indians came in with a small deer. The squaws skinned the deer and cut it up with a knife. They were very careful to save the brains. We started again and went up the river until we were somewhere not far from where Croswell now is. Then we went across Black River and went west or northwest a mile or more and came to some old camps. Then we stopped and I saw an open place at a distance. The squaws said it was a cranberry marsh and to come with them. It had a good crop and we picked some for supper.

The next morning we started again, but some of the squaws and Indians stayed in the old camp. We went north and travelled all day. Just at night, we came to an old camp. I must describe this camp because it was near the center of Sanilac County. There was a big marsh on the east of the camp. I told one of the squaws that the water was bad and it would make me sick. She said, "I know where there is good water and I will go with you." She said, "you take your gun." The squaws were beginning to think something of my shooting. The dogs would scare some partridges and they lit in the trees. I would shoot them in the head every time. The squaw and I took a birch pail and went west. I saw a mark on a tree TOWN 12 (this territory had been surveyed the previous year, 1834, under Captain Harvey Parke and all township lines had been blazed on trees). We found the water. It was a well and the quicksand came up with it. I tasted the water and it was sweet and good. A short distance away was a tree blazed T 11.

This was the best spring water I found in the swamps of Sanilac County. There were plenty of springs along Black River and Elk Creek, but the water had a sulphur or brackish taste.

That day the Indians killed a big cow elk. They skinned her before I saw her. I went with the squaws to pick cranberries. One squaw laughed and said, "I wish you would kill an elk with big horns before the Indians do." She said, "we told the Indians you shoot more ducks and partridges and shoot them all in the head. If you go and stop right near the river you will hear the voice the elk makes. It is not like a dog's voice nor like a horse's voice. You must be up early. Indians sleep late in the morning."

I asked her how far it was to the river and she held up her hand and showed me four of her fingers and said so many miles. I ask her which way and she said, "me show you, come with me." She took me to the line on the trees. I found that it was the line that I saw when going after the water. When I went back to the camp, one squaw was taking the hair off the cow elk skin and the grain with it. They said they were going to make some moccasins. I took the pail and went after water. When I came to the tree that had the mark on it, I stopped and took out my map. Then I remembered that when the fur merchant gave me the map, he said, "it is a map of the place where the moose and elk are. Don't lose it, I may want it back." I said that maybe we'd never see one another again. He laughed and said, "there is too much of John Bull in you to want to sell your fox skins there." I had the whole map of St. Clair County which took in

those days all of Sanilac and Huron. I had a compass the Canada man gave me. Then I counted the miles to the lake, just fifteen. I could go to Port Huron in a day and a half that way.

A squaw came to look for me there and I told her there was no need for them to look after me, that I could go anywhere. That mark on the tree told me I was fifteen miles from Lake Huron. They never looked after me again.

This camp was near where the court house is now (Sandusky, Michigan).

I took my gun, blanket, and hatchet and travelled east through the cranberry swamp. In about half a mile I came to some scrub cedar. It was white cedar. I never did see any red cedar in Sanilac County. I followed the line and after a while the land got higher with timber on it that I never saw before. It was about 30 feet high and very thick and appeared to be evergreen. White moss hung from the tops like ribbons, six and eight feet long. They told me afterwards that it was black spruce. When I went a mile I found the section corner. About three quarters of a mile further I found a pine ridge. The pine ridge was about forty rods on the line east and west. After I went through the pines, I found a section corner. Another mile east at the edge of the dry land, I found still another section corner.

I should not say much about it except Sanilac County has had a great history. This was in the fall of 1835 and in the fall of 1850, it was all burned and came up in low bush huckleberries. I took a pole and shoved it in the bog 15 to 20 feet. It burned again in 1871 and again in 1881. There were about seven sections in this swamp or bog.

I got to Black River and prepared a place to spend the night. It was the first time that I was alone in the woods. The Indians were six miles from me. I fixed my bed so if anything came to take me away, they would have to come through my camp fire. After a while, an owl began to hoot and the wolves began to howl at a distance and after a while, an old buck came and snorted like a small steam engine. At last the morning came and I got up. After a while I heard a voice. The squaw had said that it was not a bray nor a whisper. I crept to where it was and saw that there were five of them. One had big horns, one had small horns, and three had no horns at all. They ran off and I couldn't get a shot at them. I went to where they had been and found the ground all trampled and wet and found it was a salt lick. I looked around and saw a big oak tree with a short body and a big top. I went to the tree and found a sort of ladder up against it. I climbed to the top and found a place where indians stopped overnight. I thought this is the place where I'll stay tonight. I poked along the river and saw three others and then went back to the Indian camp.

I was in the tree again before dark. I slept much better that night. There were a good many deer or elk in the lick, but I could not see them.

In the morning I saw three elk come: one with big horns and two with no horns. The one that had the horns ran after the one with no horns and made that voice. The big one came pretty close to the tree and stopped. I was in the top and shot and broke his back. Then I came down and went near him. There he was with his head up and his big horns, which I later found to be five feet, six inches from the tip to his skull.

I could hardly believe that those horns grow so large in about six weeks. But they do and they drop them in January and the mice and the porcupines eat the horns.

Now, what was I going to do after all my trouble. He was of no use to me. I could not carry his hide nor his horns to Detroit for what I would get for them. Then I made up my mind to give it to the Indians. When I was looking at the elk, I saw something running on a log. I thought it was a squirrel. When he came near me, he raised his head and I saw it was a marten. "Well," said I, "if your skin was in Detroit, it would be worth more than the skin and horns of the elk." I made up my mind that there was money in this part of the country if I could go to work in the right way. The question was — what was the right way?

I went to the camp and told the squaws that I shot the elk. They asked me, "Did you kill him?" I said, "no," and the squaws all laughed and said he is far off now. I said. "no, I broke his back." They asked me what I was going to do with it. I said I was giving it to them. "To me? to me?" they all said. "No," said I, "not to one, but to all of you. You must draw cuts yourselves. I like you all now, but after a while I may see a squaw that I like better than any of you." "Well," they said, "you may find a nice one bye and bye."

Two Indians came along and the squaws told them about the elk. Two Indians and three squaws went to where the elk was and I went with them to see the performance. They shot the elk in the nect and said they were going to camp there. I wanted to go to the big cranberry marsh. They said they would go tomorrow.

They skinned the elk and hung the meat in a tree with the hide and horns.

The next morning three squaws and three Indians started out. We went north and a little west. At last we came to the best marsh in Sanilac County. It was full of cranberries.

I think it was in Town 13 about the west part of range 14. I left the Indians and went north to Saginaw Bay. I was looking for small game. I came back through the country till I struck the county line and then went on the lake shore. I was looking for a place to land a boat.

I got to Port Huron and went to see my friends. They asked me many questions about the country and the man said, "I should like to go there and trap, but my health is poor. If my health were good, I could make money there. I will give you all the information on how to make your traps and run your lines." I asked the woman how I could get clear of the squaws. They will be after me always. I can't find bread for them in the swamps. The woman said, "very easy, make yourself look like another man and don't let the man at the tavern know you are up the lake. They will ask him about you."

The man asked, "did you see them dress a deerskin?" I said, "yes and elk skin too." The woman said, "that is strange. I haven't. I tried to get them to dress one here and the squaw said she must have it in the wigwam." The man said, "it will be a great help to you as dressed deerskins always sell well."

I went across the St. Clair River to Port Huron and the Sandusky scow was there after more shingles. I went back with them for the winter and worked at making nets. In the spring I fished for pickerel and in the summer I fished for catfish. I spent the winter of 1836 in Sandusky (Ohio). In the fall of that year I got a small skiff and put it on the scow and all the bread and other things I would need to last me till the coming April. I had a new gun made and that gun I have

yet. I have killed in Sanilac and Huron counties about 1,200 deer and other game. All the money I ever got for meat was fifty cents. I got that from Thomas Oldfield. It was a quarter of a deer. He got that when he carried the mail from Tuscola. He said they had no meat in Port Sanilac. The last deer I killed was on the Tennesee River. I was a guard on a government steamboat. We were going up the river one morning about sunrise. The boat was full of soldiers. The pilot called out, "a deer ahead." It was just a good rifle shot away. I suppose there were 200 shots fired at her. She was just going into the brush when something turned her around and she went right out into the river. Then the pilot steered right towards her. I saw some of the men shoot right down at her head. There was a boat on the deck with oars in it. I called to some of the men working on the boat to come quickly and shove the boat out and three of us jumped in it. I told them to pull right behind the steamboat. The deer rose a few feet from the boat and I knocked her on the head and got her in the boat. By that time, the steamboat stopped. They pulled us all in the boat and the captain told some of the Negroes to skin the deer. The captain turned to me and said, "sergeant, you have a claim on that deer. We will make it right with you." The next day I was called up to the cabin to get my dinner. The venison was cooked real good.

I got my disguise from an old detective. I don't think my mother would have known me. Nothing happened till we got to Port Huron. I put my things in the skiff and went up the lake. I stopped at Burtchville and got a pack of the Indians' birch to cover my shanty in place of shingles.

I landed about a mile below Bark Shanty Point (Port Sanilac). I carried all my things up and hid them in the woods. I got the boat in a creek and got it up as well as I could. I made up my mind that my motto should be "peace if I can and war if I must.

The first things I carried were one rifle, one shotgun, one axe, one hatchet, and one auger. I went across Black River and up Elk Creek where there was a sand bank and a little spring of water that was pretty sweet. I went to work in earnest to carry my things and put them safely in the bank, not the county bank, but the sand bank. I found the white birch bark was very good. Put the bark in the right way around anything and in the right way, it would be as good and as tight as a barrel to bury it in the sand bank.

I worked hard all winter and had good luck. I pack all my furs and skins and had to make three trips to get them to Port Huron. The mink, martens, otters, fishers and about thirty wild cats and one lynx, eleven fox, and 150 pounds of dressed deerskin. I took them to Detroit and sold them for gold. If I worked at anything else, I would have to take my pay in what they call wild cat money which was very slippery at that time in Michigan.

When I was in Port Huron, I heard them say there were a great many of McKincey rebels down the St. Clair River and soldiers on the other side. I was going up after my second or third trip with a fourteen pound rifle on my shoulder and somewhere near Burtchville I met a man. He looked at me and at the gun and said, "you are going the wrong way." I asked him where he was going and he said he was going to help take Canada. I looked at him and said, "your taking Canada will be like me killing the big elk. After I killed him, I had no use for him and had to ask the indians to take him off my hands. What are you going to do with Canada after you take it?" The man said that he had never thought of that before. "Well," said I, "that's the way it was about the elk." He said, "I don't think I will go any father."

After I sold my skins I went to Sandusky (Ohio) and I fished for catfish for a month or two. I did the same for several years. I met a good many who were asking about Sanilac. I met General Harrison at Sandusky. He was going to Indiana where he had fought a big battle with the Indians many years before. He was then electioneering for president.

About the year 1838, some settlers came to Sanilac and settled in the southeast side. This was at Steven's Landing and Lexington. I had no acquaintance with them then. I was only passing through as a poor trapper. About the year 1840, the pine hunters came in.

In 1845 I didn't have the disguise any more and met the old squaw in Port Huron. She hung on to me just as a mother would embrace her son. I had to promise to come over and see her. I did not want to be all hog as I had made enough out of them in the dressed deerskins. When I went I found the Indians changed the place of meeting. That night they met in the church and the preacher looked at me. The old squaw said to the preacher, "this is the hunter that used to be with us. We thought he was dead, but he is not." The preacher asked me what countryman I was and I said I was a Welsh man. The preacher said, "by what the Indians said, you were a Welsh man or a Scotch man. They are the best marksmen. I hope you have no bad intention." I said, "no sir, I want to pay them for what they taught me." He said, "my blessings to you. There are more Indians and squaws who want to talk to you." One of the squaws was with me in the swamp. I asked her how many of them were here and she said, "five." I asked her to come and bring the others to Port Huron tomorrow after breakfast. Then the old squaw said, "I want to introduce you to a very handsome squaw." The old squaw said, "don't you think she is nice?" I said, "she is," and the old squaw said, "I am glad you like her." After a while the meeting broke up and the preacher came to shake hands with me. I shook hands with all of the squaws and most of the Indians. The old governess kept the pretty squaw near me all she could. She was a nice looking woman and she was half French. I told the preacher I would be there again, but I never saw him again.

The next morning the five squaws came and I took them to Mr. Dowing's store in Port Huron. His wife attended them. I asked her how many yards of calico would make a squaw a short gown. I told the squaws they had the choice of the patterns. I told the woman I would pay for the five short gowns. She called one of the clerks to attend me. He laughed and said, you are lucky you are acquainted with five. A good many here can't get acquainted with one. How long have you known them?" I replied, "about ten years." I said, "ask one of the squaws," and he asked one of the squaws, "how long have you been acquainted with this man?" She lifted her hand and opened her ten fingers and said, "so many years." He said to me, "what is your name?" I said, "John Jones." He said, "are you the hunter and trapper I hear so much about?" I said, "that is my profession." Then one of the squaws came over and giggled and said she was going to get her gown made for the wedding. The clerk asked if she were going to marry the hunter and she said, "no, I am not nice enough for him." The clerk then said, "who is the squaw?" The governess said, "she is Susan Wapoose. Mrs. Dowing said Susan Wapoose is a very handsome woman."

I went up to Sanilac and made up my mind to take up a piece of land. I liked the ridge between the Black River and Lake Huron the best. I know it would make a good fruit country. The land along the lake shore was sandy in some places. Sometimes the trail ran across the shore and sometimes across a point in the early days. One time there was a gentleman who asked a shingle maker, "how do you live here?" "Well," said the shingle maker, "we live here by shaving. In the summer we shave shingles and in the winter we shave newcomers." "Suppose there are no newcomers?" he was asked. "Well, then, we shave each other."

I don't think there were ever many Indians

between Port Huron and Saginaw Bay. There were never many signs. I hardly ever found an arrowhead or stone axe nor a burying ground except a turtle cut on the trees.

When I was in Ohio between Sandusky and Portage River I saw many Indian signs. There were lots of arrowheads, stone axes, and big mounds. Another man and I dug in a mound and we found it full of human bones.

I am becoming lazy and indolent. I can't tell the year exactly between 1843 and 1862. I picked a piece of land, the southwest quarter of section 12, town 11 north, and range 15 east. That has been my home ever since on a little creek called Maple Creek. Sanilac County contained a lot of big timber. Some of it was marked out by the surveyor. Section 10 and some of the adjoining sections contain one block of pine of about 1,500 acres. In town 11 north and range 15 east was another stand of pine called the Farnsworth tract. It was said he lost all in one evening at cards. The timber was taken off by the white. Another block the surveyor picked out was in town 11 north, range 16 east, section 28 and surroundings, maybe 1,500 acres. It was bought by Judge Smith of Watertown, State of New York. It fell into the hands of his son, Garret Smith. There was a man named George Pack who owned a stony farm near Watertown, New York. Pack traded the farm to Smith for the pine land. I told Mr. Pack, "you made well in that trade." He said, "I made fifteen thousand on that trade." It was the best tract of pine land in Sanilac County. There was a tract of old looking pine in Town 9 N, Range 16 E. I think it was in section 6 and they called it the bank land. There were other big tracts. Judge Reuben Dimond had a great many tracts. He had one in town 12 north, range 16 east, but the family lost all of it from the years 1845 to 1852. The woods were alive with men looking for pine timber. There was not much pine west of range 14. The most of the pine was in the east half of the county. There was good oak in the west part of the county, but the wood was so heavy that the logs would not float. The first sawmill and dock was built by Judge Dimond at what we now call Stevens Landing. He had a tract of pine in the vicinity.

There were two or three brothers keeping a dry goods store in Sandusky (Ohio). Some of them built a mill and a dock at Lexington. Other docks and mills were built, one about three miles north of Lexington and a mill was built at Port Sanilac by an old gentleman named Oldfield, and another big mill and dock was built about three miles north of Port Sanilac called Osgood's Mill. But it was owned by J.L. Woods and was built to cut a block of pine formerly owned by Judge Dimond. I never saw Judge Dimond. He died in 1846 when I was a trapper.

There was another big mill at a place now called Forester. It was in town 13 north and belonged to a compny (Imaly, Smith, Kelly & Company) somewhere in the east. There was another mill in Town 14, but I was never there. Those mills were no good for Sanilac County. They got all of the timber out by boat and as quickly as the timber was gone, the men left too. If you could look at the Black River from 1848 to 1852, you would think that all of the lumberjacks from the state of Maine were on the banks of it. Also, all the French from lower Canada. You would think that all they left back

there were the priest and the sexton. A good many Indians would visit Sanilac County. They found out where my wigwam was but many didn't come near. Sometimes I would give them tobacco.

One day two squaws came along and they giggled in squaw fashion and said, "you can't see your nice squaw any more." I asked why and they said, "the governess is no good for you any more." I said I would like to see the old governess. "Well," said one of the squaws, "she will be at her camp tomorrow." The next day I went to see the old governess and gave her a new pipe and some tobacco. The old squaw got in good humor and said, "you were not in a hurry for a squaw. Maybe another nice one will come along."

About the year 1853, there was a jam of logs on Black River near Port Huron, all of twelve miles long. All the logs came from Mill Creek, Elk Creek, and the head of Black River.

Now for the fisheries of Sanilac County. We had to go out in the lake about twenty miles to catch white fish. The reason we had to go so far was that the fish feed on a little white worm in the sand.

To make a marker or buoy for our nets, we cut a pine about thirty feet long with a big top and trim off all the lower branches. Then we take a big stone and tie a rope to it about sixty fathoms long. Then we let the stone to the bottom of the lake, pull it up about fifteen feet and cut the rope and tie it to the tree and let go. The tree stood up as if it was growing there. We used to get about five barrels of white fish and a barrel of trout each time.

One day I was hauling in the nets and the day was still. A little cloud was over the sun and I could see about forty feet down. I saw a big fish away down and he was near a white fish. I thought he was fast in the net. He kept near a white fish and it appeared that he never moved. When he came about four feet from the top I could see he was not fast in the net. I took a gaff hook and hooked it under him. I got him in the boat and he was the biggest salmon ever brought in. He weighed forty-six pounds.

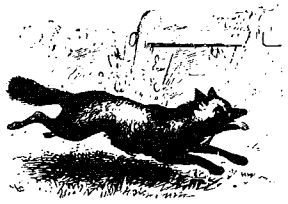
I fished one year from a big vessel. We went out on Lake Huron in April and anchored and had a large skiff to attend the nets. A steamboat came out to us every Sunday to fetch us what we needed and to take the fish we caught. About the fourth of July, a United States cutter came to us and said they had orders from Washington that we must go away within 48 hours or they would sink us. We had to go.

I think it was the year 1852. Five or six men came to me and said, "we have this township organized (Washington township) and we have no supervisor. We want you to take the job." I told them it was out of my profession. They said, "we know you can do it and if you don't, we will lose our organization." "Well," said I, "if that is the case, you can put my name on the ticket." And so they did from that year until 1862. The township then had plenty of money. There was another man who wanted to be the supervisor, Mr. Arthur Carson.

Now I have time to look back at the early religion of Sanilac County. The first was the Indians or spiritual mockers about Lexington. The next was the Mormons. After Prophet Smith moved in from Palmyra, New York, where they dug the golden plates or where he said they dug them. He got a revelation to move to Kirkland, Ohio. I saw Mr. Smith in Ohio. Mr. Smith had another vision to move. There were three families stopped in Indiana. They said they had a vision to move to Sanilac County, Michigan. One family moved on the northwest quarter of section 18, town 10 north, and range 16 east. They held Mormon meetings there on Sunday and wanted me to come. My wigwam was in the southwest quarter of section 12, town 11 north, and range 15 east.

I did not go on my lines or hunt on Sunday, so I used to go to their meetings. I took my gun with me. I know they were all cowards. I was pretending that I was afraid of the wolves going through the woods. I said, "now neighbors, I bet the first elk I kill against a woodchuck that I can beat all of you shooting at a mark-whong! whong! whong!

I never thought that three ignorant families; the Deforest, Drown, and Cooper families should be the head of the Mormon church in Michigan.



I worked on my farm in the summer of 1861. I saw some honeybees at my door and I followed them about a mile and found a hemlock tree. I cut the tree and I found the body of it was about 18 feet long and hollow and full of honey and bees. I hauled it home like a saw log and put it by my house. I told my friends I was thinking of going to the upper peninsula.

But about that time, the government called for six hundred thousand men and Sanilac County was called to raise one company. Mr. A.M. Clark, Mr. E. Chadwick, and Doctor W. Brown all asked me to enlist and go in the army. I told them I was too old, but they said I was all right. I saw old George Pack and asked him if he would take care of my things till I came back. He said he would. I had some stock and four hundred and forty acres of choice land in Sanilac County. Mr. Pack got a man the next day to move into my house. I told the man he may have all the increase of the bees, but he must not meddle with my old gun.

I went to see John Simons at Lexington. He was a second lieutenant. I enlisted in Company K, 22nd Michigan Infantry at Port Sanilac on August 12, 1862, for a three-year term. I was made a sergeant. They never asked me how old I was, but they did ask what countryman I was. I told him I was a Welsh man. He put down that I came from the state of Wales. I think he was drunk then.

I was going to leave the place and I went to bid old man Pack good-bye. He gave me his blessing. I don't think he ever gave his blessing to anybody else. Now I must leave Sanilac County for three years.

I voted for Douglas because I thought the war would pass away. On that I made a mistake. The same as I did many times before.

Well, I went to Pontiac and joined the regiment. I am not going to give a history of the regiment, only a little of myself. We were making after the rebels in Kentucky and they had bombed all the bridges and we had to go through the water to cross the rivers. We were all wet when we got to a crab orchard just at dark. I was just going to lie down when the orderly came and called out, "Sergeant Jones, get your things and report to the adjutant." When I got there, they had twenty or thirty men there. I saw old Captain Hatton there, the oldest captain in the regiment (Captain Ezra C. Hatton of Farmington). He called me to him and said, "I am tired. You can do just as well as I can. You go back about a mile the way we came, to a crossroad. The scouts said there were a good many rebels following us all day. If they come, try to keep them back, but make a noise so we can hear you."

I found the place. The men were wet and the night was cold. They said, "we must have a fire." I said, "you are crazy. If the rebels come and see you around a fire, they won't want a better mark. They will cut you all down. But I will look and see if I can find a place where they can't see the fire." I found one close by and the men made a fire. There was a house near and a man from it came and asked who was in command. I asked him what he wanted. He said, "I don't want you to burn all my fence rails." I said, "the men were wet and cold and needed a fire." He said he had no objection, but he would fetch all the cord wood we needed from the wood pile if we did not burn the rails. After the men carried enough wood, he sat beside us and said he had a store at the crab orchard, but the guerillas had stolen everything he had.

I found he was a Douglas man. I asked him, "do you think if Douglas had been elected that this war would go on?" He said, "I will ask you one question, do you know how many votes Douglas got in the rebel states?" I told him that I did not know, but not many. He said not one and I mean electoral votes and it would go on the same even if Breckenridge had been elected.

Then it passed on till the spring of 1864. I was in Chattanooga. The commander of the company asked me if I ever worked in gardening. I said, "yes, I have worked in market gardens." He said, "I thought so by the way you handle a spade." The next morning the orderly came and called, "Sergeant Jones, pack your things and report to the adjutant." When I got there, I saw forty or fifty men there. The colonel told me that if any of the men disobey me to send them back as prisoners under a corporal. We went to the top of Lookout Mountain and reported to Chaplain Whitcomb. I think he was the chaplain of the Ninth Michigan Regiment. One of the men I had with me was Mathew Peak (Mathew Peak of Sanilac township enlisted at Port Sanilac on August 12, 1862, in Company K, 22nd Michigan Infantry). When we went up on Lookout Mountain, it was cold at night. The chaplain said he wanted us to make a garden for the hospital. There were other men from two other regiments working there. I looked at the work and knew they did not know much about gardening. It looked like a woman's garden. The chaplain asked me if I knew anything about a garden and I said, "I have worked in a garden in England." I said, "do you want your garden looking nice now?" He said, "they don't look very nice now. I will leave it to you. Do the best you can." Then I had my own way and the chaplain was well pleased.

The weather got nice on the mountain, but the nights were cold and damp. In the course of time I had to go down to the valley on business. I had to get cabbage plants. I went past the regiment and saw the colonel. He said, "the chaplain gives you credit for a fine garden." I said, "I'm glad to hear it. I always try to do my best." We began to pick onions and other vegetables and thought we were going to have a good place all fall.

But about the last of July a man came along with a piece of paper in his belt. He handed it to me and it was an order for me to turn everything over, take my men and rejoin the regiment as quickly as I could. It was not long before we were on our way down the mountain. When we got to Chattanooga all the regiment was aboard the railroad cars ready to move. The colonel said, "are all the men here?" I said, "yes sir." By that time I was on top of a car and we were going to Raccoon Mountain. After the fall of Atlanta, the 22nd regiment came back with General Thomas. The 22nd regiment was the headquarter's guard. The second day after we returned to Chattanooga the orderly came to me and said, "Sergeant Jones, you must pack and report to the adjutant." I did not like it very much as I was tired. We had just walked from Atlanta — about 200 miles. I looked over the men and I think there were 45 or 46 of them. The adjutant counted them and said, "report to Captain Somebody." I have lost the name now. He was the captain of transportation. They told me to report to Captain Lathrop on the steamer "Missionary." After I was there about two months, an orderly came with a dispatch for me. I was ordered to take the men back to the

regiment. I showed the orders to the captain and he said, "don't go until I come back." He walked uptown as fast as he could. He was not gone very long when he came back and said, "it is all right. Don't go for a little while." It was not long before an orderly came with a dispatch ordering me to stay on the steamer and send the men to the regiment with a corporal. I stayed with the boat until spring and the captain said, "Sergeant, I can get along without you now, but you are just as well here as any place else." I stayed there until the regiment was discharged. I was mustered out at Nashville on June 26, 1865. I got back to Sanilac County early in August. When I was in Port Huron that fall, I saw some of my Indian friends. They said they knew I was a soldier and they were glad to see me back. The chief said, "we shall have a hunt together when I come back."

The supervisor had just moved out of Washington township and the board nominated me in his place. The township was in bad shape. When I went on my old farm the old man said the tree is still full of bees. When I came back, it was not hard to get acquainted with the ladies. I found one and married her. About a year later, she presented me with a boy and said he was mine. He is now about six feet tall. She found five girls somewhere. In sixty-seven, the four squaws came in the house. I was not home at the time. There were two very old squaws and two young squaws. My wife told me that one of them was the handsomest woman she ever saw, was dressed very costly and about twenty years old. They played with the baby about two hours and went away. That was the last time the Indians were around.

They hadn't gotten all of the pine off when I came back from the army. We worked until everything was cut: pine, cedar, and black cherry. All of the big cedar was made into telegraph posts and shipped away and the cedar posts all went the same way. That left the woods full of dead timber.

In the year 1866 I was supervisor again. That spring I planted ten acres of orchard. I paid two hundred dollars for trees and thought I was getting along better than when I was in the army paying taxes on 440 acres of land out of the small salary they give you to carry a musket. But I liked to carry a musket if my pay had been better.

Time passed away until spring of 1871. We had but little rain in the spring and none in June. The fire began to run in July and August and went through my orchard and took the apples on the trees. The fire kept burning all fall. On the 8th of October, that night was the worst. There was still smoke in the woods on New Year's Day.

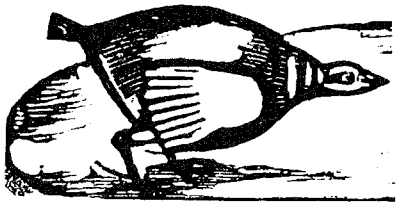
That was the first setback for this part of the country. There were many people who needed relief. John Cleland, the supervisor, came to my house that fall and said the governor asked him to find out how much people lost in the fire. He wanted to know how much I lost. I told him I would mention the things and he could set the price. I mentioned the things and he set the figures. After we got done I said, "how much does it come to?" and he said, "a little over three thousand dollars." I told him I would like to get a little money to replace my orchard. He said, "we don't pay any money." I said, "what do you pay?" and he said, "something to keep the soul and the body together until spring." I said, "I think I won't starve this winter." Mr. William Thompson kept the store at Carsonville. He had some relief hay and he sent me word to come and get some of it. He showed me fifty-pound bales of it. I said, "I may come and get some of it." I saw Mr. George Pack and told him about the offer. He said, "Johnny, I would not dirty my hands with it. That is not all the damage the fire did. It killed all of the fish in Black River." I never saw a fish or a clam in Black River since and the fish in the lake failed about that time. I think the smoke killed them. When I was fishing, we used to get not less than a thousand pounds a day. Other things failed the same way — the elk and the deer disappeared.

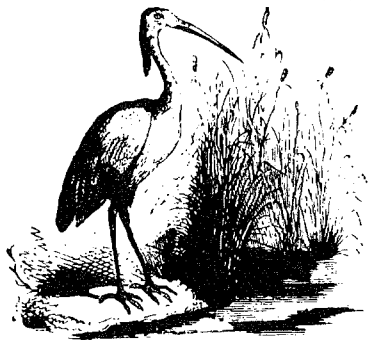
The fire of 1881 came the same way, but I did not lose as much as I did in 1871. Two men came to my house. One was Mr. Barrett, the preacher of St. David Mission and the other was Bishop Harris and handed me twenty dollars that was from the bishop. I told them I did not want alms as long as I was able to work. They said the church wanted me to have it. The bishop and I were always good friends.

He used to get me to repeat the Apostles Creed and the Lord's prayer in the Welch language. The missionary came again and gave me ten dollars. That was all the alms I ever got and it is now the year 1890.

And I never got any army pension and I don't think I ever will. When they gave me my discharge, they said they did not know any reason why I could not re-enlist. I did not spend the balance of my time in the convalescent camp and if anybody wants to know my record in the army, I belonged to the 22nd Michigan Infantry, Company K, and I was Sergeant Jones in the company.

I have no reason to grumble. I get two meals a day of good food. I keep myself looking as at parade dress and I walk to my church with my head uncovered. You would not think that I was over fifty years old and if you want my likeness, my friend, Honorable Richard D. O'Keefe can get you one. He has known me since he was a boy.



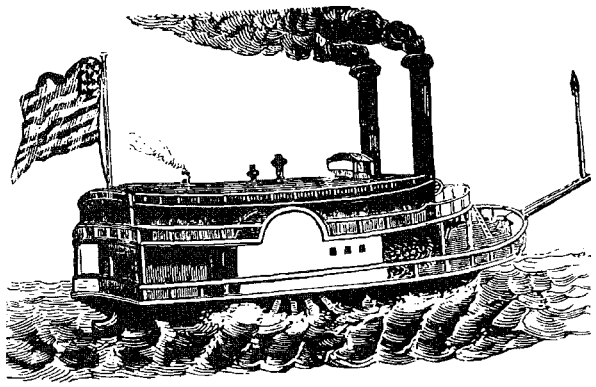


THE WRECK OF THE ST. CLAIR

Printed by the Sanilac County Historical Society

Author's note: This is a true story down to the last detail. A letter written by Charles Ferris, one of the surfmen, describes every bit of the rescue and what took place during the night. Also the records of the Port Sanilac lighthouse keeper; the October 3, 1888 issue of the PORT HURON TIMES, the record in BEERS HISTORY OF THE GREAT LAKES and records of the Port Sanilac cemetery were used, along with conversations I have had during years past with witnesses to the affair. All of these together make up a true story.

January 4, 1972
Oliver Raymond



My name is Charles Ferris and I was born on a farm in southern Michigan and until taking a job with the Coast Guard I had never seen Lake Huron, or any other large body of water. I was twenty years of age, when, in June of 1888 I signed their papers and was assigned to the Sand Beach (now Harbor Beach) Coast Guard Station. The station was and still is located sixty miles above the lower end of Lake Huron, on the western, or Michigan shore.

At that time lumbering was big business and the Saginaw, AuSable and Thunder Bay Rivers carried hundreds of thousands of pine logs annually to the saw mill towns on the lake. Bay City, Saginaw, Tawas, Oscoda, and Alpena were thriving lumber towns where they sawed and shipped millions of feet of lumber annually to the lower lakes. Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland were important ports receiving these shipments.

The barge ST. CLAIR was engaged in that business. Owned and operated by Captain C. H. Jones of Bay City, she carried five sailors and a woman, or a total of seven including the Captain. The woman was cook for the crew.

The tale which I am about to relate began on the morning of Monday, October 1, 1888. The wind had gone to the northeast and by noon had become a gale. By mid-afternoon the storm had increased tremendously and huge seas were battering the harbor walls. Several ships had already sought shelter in the harbor.

That afternoon I was standing watch in the lookout. I spotted a ship a mile or two to the southeast apparently in trouble. She later proved to be the barge ST. CLAIR, northbound and without a load. Unable to reach the harbor, the captain had ordered both anchors to be dropped and they were attempting to ride out the storm. She was being badly punished by the seas and she appeared to be in trouble.

We launched a lifeboat and went to her before dark. Captain George Plough, our commanding officer tried his best to persuade the men on the ST. CLAIR to board the lifeboat and be taken ashore. Both anchors were holding and Captain Jones was disposed to stay with his vessel. He said that all he had was tied up in her and he would stick with her to the last.

After we saw it was impossible to get the captain or any member of the crew to go ashore, Captain Plough asked for the girl, but for some reason she wouldn't come with us. He then informed Captain Jones that if they needed us to burn a torch as a signal.

We started on our return trip to the shelter of the harbor. After a long and backbreaking pull into the teeth of the gale we reached the harbor entrance. Tremendous cross seas made it difficult to get through the gap but by almost superhuman effort by the entire crew we finally reached shelter, drenched and thoroughly exhausted. There were several tugs and steam barges inside the harbor and we asked several of them to go out and attempt to tow the ST. CLAIR in, but all refused.

So we went to our station and now it was blowing a living gale and increasing by the minute. It was my watch down at the end of the pier. In going to my post I had to run between the madly rushing seas which were sweeping over the breakwater. I had not been at my post long when I saw that a torch had been lighted on the ST. CLAIR.

I worked myself back to the station and reported to Captain Plough. Every man was called for action. Some gave their money or valuables to Mrs. Plough. Then we manned the lifeboat in the worst storm any of us ever were to encounter. As we pulled across the harbor the sky was pitch black and the wind whistled through the rigging of the boats lying in shelter.

After passing through the gap we hit the storm in all its fury. The seas were coming from all directions and it was a difficult task to keep the lifeboat headed in the right direction. We finally reached the ST. CLAIR and endeavored to pull up under the stern in order to remove her crew to the lifeboat. We had to get close enough to take them off one by one and still keep far enough off so our boat wouldn't be stove in by the larger boat. One minute we would be riding high above her and the next she would rise on a huge wave and be high above us. Several times we narrowly missed disaster when her stern came down, just missing us it seemed by inches. This was a very dangerous assignment and required the united efforts of the entire crew. We were all comparatively fresh at the time, otherwise we could not have accomplished what we did.

The girl jumped first, and then the men, with Captain Jones being the last to come aboard. We had left the harbor at seven o'clock and it was eleven when we were ready to pull away from the ST. CLAIR.

The seas were now so high and the wind so strong that it was impossible for us to pull back to the harbor. There was only one thing to do, and that was to run with the storm and let the wind and the seas carry us south toward the shelter of the St Clair River. That would mean a run of sixty miles but there was no other way ...and perhaps by morning the gale would lessen.

As we squared away and headed down the lake our job was to keep the lifeboat on a true course, running with the seas. To allow her to get crosswise into the seas would allow her to broach and throw us all into the water.

Our rudder was soon struck by a huge sea and carried away! Captain Plough shouted orders to the crew that we would have to steer the boat by port and starboard oarsmen, such as give way or hold water to combat the tremendous seas which we were encountering.

We shipped many of them and our boat filled with water five or six times but she was a self-bailer and emptied herself each time. She behaved very well running with the seas.

One big sea caught us and put out our light and Captain Plough couldn't see to read the compass. He called for matches, and one man had a few in a watertight container. After some trouble we got the lantern lighted again.

To get off course was to court disaster. To get too far off to the port would get us into the trough of the mountainous seas and no doubts capsize the boat, and to veer too far to the starboard would bring us too close to the rocky shore.

The wind kept blowing with unabated fury and it seemed like all the demons of hell had been let loose. All of us were drenched many times as the seas and spray continued to sweep over the boat. We were all near exhaustion and suffering from the cold. It seemed that the night would never end.

Keeping the light going so the captain could read the compass also became quite a chore. Two or three of the men were given a chance to hold the lantern but in turn they gave it up as their hands got so cold and numb they could no longer grasp it. Then the girl took it and didn't give it up until daylight. All through the night she kept the lantern safe and sheltered the light from the wind and seas. Never once did she complain of the cold.

Captain Plough directed us to keep looking for a light, either from a boat or from shore. But we saw nothing from the time we left the ST. CLAIR until just about daylight. Then, at about seven in the morning, the captain sighted the Port Sanilac light. He wanted to get the crew ashore as soon as possible as he feared they would perish from cold and exhaustion, so he decided to attempt a landing at once.

It had been eight hours since leaving the ST. CLAIR and we had made 30 miles, just half the distance to the shelter of the river. But to continue on was impossible. There is a limit to human endurance and we had reached that point. After twelve hours of continually fighting the storm we knew that we had approached the end. We couldn't go on much further.

At Port Sanilac there was very little shelter from the seas; just a dock about five hundred feet in length where the steamers landed, built partly of log cribs and partly of piling. The captain decided to round the dock and attempt a landing on the south, or leeward side, and take advantage of what little shelter there was.

The residents of Port Sanilac had been informed during the night of the rescue operation and knew the lifeboat was headed down the lake and would sooner or later arrive at this point. Scores of people were on the dock to witness what happened, and as many were prepared to be of assistance if needed. It was lucky for me that there were, or I would not be here to tell this tale.

We headed for the light. The dock and all the people came plainly into view. We were pushed forward by the madly rushing breakers which became more wicked as we approached shore. Captain Plough ordered the oil tank opened and if it helped any I cannot say. Our lifeboat was about thirty feet long, and time after time those breakers would start astern and coil clear over the boat and never wet the crew. I looked up and it was just like a falls. I expected to see the lifeboat go end-over-end, but we came through all this.

However, just as we were rounding the dock

the boat was struck by a tremendous breaker and she rolled down on her beam ends. I did not realize what had happened until I found myself in the water and under the boat. I put my hands up against something and pushed myself down. I bobbed up quickly and found myself some distance from the boat. I could see that she was on her side and some men were clinging to her, but I had to go where the breakers, backwash, and undertow were throwing me. I was completely exhausted and it seemed at times that the breakers would smother me. I got in closer to shore and thought I might touch bottom with one foot, just for a rest, but when I tried it a huge wave completely covered me. I was becoming very weak.

I saw a man coming toward me with a rope tied around his waist and the other end held by people on shore. He shouted to me and said there was a channel between us and he couldn't get out any farther, but he thought he could reach me after another breaker would send me in. I soon got it ...another breaker came roaring in and that was the last I remember.

When I was revived I was in the lighthouse. Afterwards they told me they had worked on me for four hours. They told me the name of the man who had pulled me from the water. He was Colin C. (Coly) McGregor, the dock agent. I have never seen him since. Several others of the lifeboat crew were helped ashore by the townspeople. Chris Oldfield and Robert Williams were two who assisted in the rescue.

As the lifeboat rolled over all but three surfmen and two seamen were thrown out. Everyone expected the boat to right itself immediately but it failed to do so. It beached itself south of the dock, and those clinging to it were saved. The remaining five surfmen and Captain Plough were also rescued as they were wearing life jackets.

Captain Jones, three crewmen, and the girl were drowned. Their bodies came ashore later in the day about two miles south of where the tragedy took place. They were recovered and laid out in the township hall in Port Sanilac. The following day the remains of Captain Jones and Lewis Fertaw were sent to Bay City for burial. George MacFarland, Henry Anderson, and the girl, Julia Gravereatte were buried in potters field in the Port Sanilac cemetery.

MacFarland was from Cleveland, Anderson was from Australia, and the girl was from Sebewaing, Michigan. The two surviving members of the crew of the ST. CLAIR were Maurice McKennan and Jones Rose, both of Detroit.

The survivors were cared for overnight by the people of the village. On the following day, Wednesday, October 3rd, all the members of the Coast Guard crew left Port Sanilac on the steamer R.G. STEWART to return to Sand Beach. She took the lifeboat in tow and we arrived at our destination at five in the afternoon.

There was a large gathering of people awaiting us upon arrival, and we were welcomed with open arms, many saying that they had never expected to see us again. Some said they could not sleep that night, thinking of us out in the storm. We learned that the ST. CLAIR had foundered during the night. Large sections of the breakwater were carried away and the water had run farther into town than had ever before been known. Boathouses were wrecked and boats were driven ashore. It was one of those storms that come only once in a lifetime.

This adventure has been a nightmare to me all these years. In my dreams I can hear and feel the high watery walls in the Stygian darkness come rushing at our tiny craft, each one threatening to engulf us. And again in that murky dawn I will see that high green mountain of water which overwhelmed us in the end.

The leadership of Captain Plough had been superb and each crew member had done his job. You could ask no more. I don't consider it poor judgment that our boat was overturned. It was just bad luck. It was the only thing we could do ...to attempt the landing when and where we did.

In closing I must mention the courage to the girl, Julia Gravereatte. The fortitude she displayed that night on Lake Huron most surely set an example to the others. She deserved much more than a grave in potters field!

HERE LIE THREE SAILORS

FROM THE BARGE

ST. CLAIR —

DROWNED OCT. 2, 1888:

GEORGE McFARLAND —

Seaman, Age 30
Cleveland, Ohio

HENRY ANDERSON —

Seaman, Age 30
Australia

JULIA GRAVEREATTE —

Cook, Age 20
Sebewaing, Mich.

THE WRECK OF THE ST. CLAIR

By Yon Swanson

Here, with two Lakemen by her side,
who died with her one autumn gale,
lies a young girl well qualified
to grace a Great Lake's tale.

Nearby Lake Huron's shore she lies,
where broken by it's waves she came,
a humble girl, to eulogize,
Julia Gravereatte by name.

Oh, it was many years ago,
October, 1888, the date,
but fresh their memories are I know
when folks old tales relate.

For when the autumn gales still blow
sad memories all go back
to someone dead, they used to know,
drowned at Port Sanilac.

For ships, when savage storms vent spite,
still sink, and seamen drown, as then,
when all the St. Clair's souls, that night,
were plucked off by the Coastguardmen.

It was off Harbor Beach she sank —
(though it was Sand Beach then)
I was a rookie, proud of rank,
one of the Coastguardmen.

Whose annals come of saving life
of those who need their aid.
When lakes and oceans breed their strife
lifesaving is our trade.

We got them off, aye, I was one
who pulled with that stout crew...
I suppose they are all dead and gone,
for Time must have it's due.

We took them off — six men we took
and one young lass, all told,
the young girl was the doomed ship's cook...
She never did grow old...

My twenty years, now turned four score,
since that wild night we shared;
now close to them I surely draw,
who died when I was spared.

We took them off and dodged the blows
from off her stern, that lifting high
pile-driving down, came might close
while desperately our oars we'd ply.

Aye, I was one who thought we'd saved,
from Huron's death, the St. Clair's crew,
when those great seas our sailors braved —
the worst that I've come through.

We got them off and tried to row
for that far haven of the shore,
but hammering seas wouldn't let us, so
we turned in them and ran before.

We hoped the wind and waves would take
us to the St. Clair River's head —
Full sixty miles of Huron Lake
due south, we turned in dread.

The lantern on the compass held,
blew out — again, somehow, was lit,
above the gale our captain yelled
for someone to attend to it.

One tried — another — numbed with cold
their hands let go the guiding light.
The girl reached for it, took a hold
and held it through the freezing night.

She held the light; the skipper steered.
He held the course the compass showed;
Well off the shore he held and cleared
while we, froze as in fear, we rowed.

The dark night was the darker for
the looming foam we sailed.
The rudder went, he used an oar
while all hands prayed and bailed.

The torturous night of probing cold
shrieked by in screaming power,
while Death, it's tale of horror told
to all each year-long hour.

Aye, Death was every soul's consort
with ear held to each breast;
in grisly darkness, on each thrwart,
grim spirits tightly pressed.

'Til grey dawn let the long night pass;
we saw the heaving shore again.
We'd heard no word from that brave lass...
She never did complain.

Port Sanilac light was still agleam,
our skipper headed in to shore;
exhausted we, in nightmare's dream,
bent to each leaden oar.

Our only chance — we could not last —
into that froth of hell we flew —

The folks on shore all stood aghast
to see what we were coming through.
For breakers coiling leaped o'er head
from stern to forward cleared the bow —
a sight of unbelieving dread
let no drop in somehow.
The folks ashore began to cheer,
we heard them from the boat.
We saw them wave as we drew near
nigh dead, but still afloat.
Then, like a flash we overturned,
and then I lost my memory,
but safe on shore, I later learned
of how they dragged me from the sea.
Of how that lovely lass was gone,
with both these shipmates, too,
while, helplessly, the crowd looked on —
'twas little they could do,
until the lake gave up it's dead.
Unclaimed by kin, these three
were borne, in sorrow, to this bed
of Christ's eternity.
Now old, I come to kneel and pray
upon their plot of grass.
They all come back like yesterday,
these lads and that fair lass.*
I leave them in the village care —
they died a long time back...
No autumn storms will wake them there
back in Port Sanilac.

* Julia Gravereatte, Sebewaing, Michigan
George MacFarland, Cleveland, Ohio
Henry Anderson, Australia

MICHIGAN

I love Michigan's lakes and streams,
Best state to me it seems.
Two-thirds the autos are made
right here,
We have fruits and grains, and
wines to cheer.
Have copper, iron, oil and wheat
Shut in from the world we still
could eat.
Come be our guest and fish again
When it's "Blossom Time" in
Michigan.

by Mrs. Dana Smith
of Paw Paw, Michigan
1932

MY MOTHER'S FAVORITE SONG

Alone I sit in the twilight
As I watch the shadows fall
Alone with my dreams of childhood,
And of days now beyond recall.

I can hear my mother singing
In tones so soft and low.
Once more I hear the melody
She sang to me long years ago.

And the song brings back sweet memories
Of a mother's love and care.
Again I see her kneeling
Beside the old arm chair.

And though the prayer was silent
I know she prayed for me.
For strength and tender guidance
To battle life's troubled sea.

And though the years have been many,
And though the years have been long,
There remains the prayer and the echo
Of mother's favorite song.

For gone from my life is a loved one,
Gone, for we all must depart.
Gone are all but the memories
But the song lives on in my heart.

Joanna Abshagen...

Ninety year old Harley Squier, veteran Supervisor from Buchanan, Stands to the cheers of his fellow members, of the Berrien Board, during a surprise birthday dinner in his honor, at the Green Cottage.

Born Sept. 20, 1861 near Decatur, Mr. Squier has been a member of the Board of Supervisors 19 years. Other members chipped in to present him with a $100. and a candle decked birthday cake. Board Chairman, Alfred Bartz (on Squier's right) and Niles Supervisor Marion Rutherford (on his left), as well as other Supervisors, paid high tribute to Squier. Supervisor Ernie Knott of Benton Harbor said "Mr. Squier had demonstrated, during his long term in office, that he was a man, to be respected, to be loved, and to be depended upon — and that is why we like him."

Squier's record of public service goes back before the turn of the century; he served on the Breedsville Township Board in the early 90's and was County Clerk of Van Buren County from 1893 through 1897. He was also active as a banker and farmer, before he moved from Decatur to Buchanan in 1919 to work at Clark Equipment Company. Later he became Buchanan city Assessor and served on Berrien County Board of Supervisors for nineteen years.

Carl B. Squier was born in Decatur, on April 17, 1893, while his father was serving as County Clerk of Van Buren County. Carl grew up in Decatur, and worked on the parental farm until he enlisted in the Signal Corps, in 1916. Carl became a pilot during the war and served with the 91'st Pursuit Squadron. When Carl came home from Europe he worked for several big Aviation Companies. In 1932 he was one of five men who bought out the defunct Lockheed Aircraft Company, which became one of the giants of the Aviation Industry, under their management. Carl retired as assistant to the President of the Lockheed company, in 1958. He continued in an advisory capacity, until his death on Nov. 5, 1967.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL

A carrier, who died of drunkenness

John Adams lies here, of the parish © Copyright 1976 — by Recreation Marketing Communications. May be reproduced by authority of RMC only. Purchase of 1977 Midas Dealer Ad Kit constitutes authority to reproduce.
f Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more — so was carried at last;
For, the liquor he drank being oo much for one,
He could not carry off — so he's now carri-on.

Lord Byron — September, 1807

Contributed by Anna June Abshagen

A STORY OF RUSSIA

Russia, now known as U.S.S.R. since the Revolution of 1917 lead by Lenin — thus a Communistic Government was formed. The Union contains almost every kind of climate, from frigid north to sub-tropical south, every kind of soil and topography. It has just begun to use its vast stores of rich natural resources. It has unsurpassed network of rivers totaling two million miles, shores of twelve seas embracing her, forests which make up one-fourth of earth's trees. The language consists of one-hundred ten dialects and Russian cuisines vary accordingly. The population is over two hundred thirty million people and its vast domain covers eight and a half million square miles and has eleven time belts.

To speak of the history of Soviet people is to speak of its history of conquest, suffering and revolution. The tenth century brought Christianity by Prince Vladimir of Kiev. Kiev is still considered as the Mother of Russian cities. When Christianity began, the enthusiasm spurred composers to write songs to compliment the rituals. There is no music in Russian churches. The blend of voices is something to hear. Ukranians are noted for most of the songs. There are no pews and only a few benches for the old. During the time that Christianity was brought to Russia, the weary apostle of Christ traveled on foot, a hazardous and difficult journey. His only visible means he had to show the word of God were rolled parchment paintings and pictures painted on metal, called icons. Frescoes were painted on church walls in the early centuries and some are still well preserved. The Byzantine Rite was established probably due to the Greek influence, language of the apostles, who brought the word of God.

Devotion to Our Lady and saints is strong. Russians make the sign of the cross with three fingers (for Trinity) and start from right to left.

The Cathedral of St. Sophia in Kiev is visited by thousands. It was completed in 1617. Rev. A. Leschoff of Benton Harbor, Michigan, priest of Church of Our Saviour, spent his early days near St. Sophia in Ki3v. Russia does not encourage any form of religion. Churches are open; many of the old churches are now being renovated and preserved as works of art.

Of all the Russian holidays, Easter is the one most deeply rooted — a tradition older than written history. The Soviet Union churches are filled; even people who have abandoned their beliefs, keep the day. This habit stems from nostalgia and gestures of respect and affection for parents and grandparents.

Fasting before Easter was a rigorous one, in which neither meat nor animal products could be eaten. Eggs, lard, butter, milk and cheese disappeared from Russian tables for seven weeks. Easter vigil and service continued 'til midnight. Easter comes with a greeting to each other — "Christos Vaskres" (Christ is risen). "Voistinu Voskres" is the answer returned. (Truly He is risen). Greetings and eggs are exchanged all day. Ukranians are noted for their work of art — make Easter eggs like small mosaics. Usually Easter is a day of festivities; relatives and friends enjoy cracking eggs and all partake of "Zakuska" — a table is filled with ham, sausage, black bread, sweet cake, Paskha, Babka and plenty of vodka. Russians have great appetites, but know how to starve as well. Kaska is one of their staple foods and they have many varieties. They are famous for their sturgeon and caviar (fish roe), blini (crepes), vodka, herring, mushrooms, chicken Kiev, pirashki and many other dishes. When we were in Leningrad food was good and the desserts were excellent. Russians have a passion for ice cream; vendors are seen everywhere.

The 16th Century brought Ivan the Terrible who was remembered primarily for his violence and cruelty, but was also a man of refined tastes, enjoyed celebrations, ceremonies, music, chess, rich raiment and food. He tried to turn his people from their coarse and barbarous ways. In Queen Catherine's reign, fortunes were spent on the pleasures of the table. Both Ivan and Queen Catherine made a remarkable turning point in development of Russian cuisine and culture.

Prior to World War I, there came a great influx of peoples from Europe to America and with this great wave of people many Russians, consisting of Slavs, Ukranians, Byelorussians, Russians, etc. came to America — a country about which they had heard so much. Many husbands came first and then their families, but many never brought their families, as many incurred frustrations and hardships and then World War I came and much was lost by the years. Many settled in America where conditions and weather were more like their native land — some in Canada, Upper Peninsula, Minnesota and Michigan. Some worked in the steel mills of the big cities and some engaged in common labor. Many made good farmers. They are hardy, industrious people. Hospitality of these people is warm and inviting and hardly ever does one leave without a "zakuska" (a bite to eat), which can be small or elaborate. They love children and are very affectionate people. The women of Russia are industrious and reliable and perform many menial and hard tasks that men usually do. Some of the immigrants could read and write and some could not. At that time education was not compulsory. My father attended school only about five years and yet he mastered three languages — Hebrew (spoken), German and Russian (he could read and write). English was difficult but he learned to read the paper and wrote enough to get along. Most all immigrants could speak more than one language. Religious education in small cities was taught by parents and as we grew older, most of the offspring found their own way. In the larger cities there were churches which are in progress yet. There are groups of Russians who settled in Minnesota and Pennsylvania who still enjoy much of the old traditions — food, music, songs, customs, etc. Mennonites from Russia settled in Colorado and Kansas and still carry on and live in the dobe homes.

Today Russia encourages education, the arts, sciences, technology, etc. Crowds gather at the Art Theatres and Circuses and programs are always accompanied by full orchestra, plus the traditional Balaloika. Music is as colorful as the people. They love American music which is played everywhere. The "Bolskai Theatre" is one hundred fifty years old and still hasn't lost its splendor, but its history is two hundred years old. Ballet is foremost in the arts and children who have the potential are encourage-. In the academic field, only twenty-five per cent of the students with high standards can attend college free. They also receive about one hundred fifty rubles a month while attending. Every student I talked to was very earnest and most of them wanted to major in languages, especially English. You can learn English usually from second grade up or start as you enter the University. All children seem to have a zest for learning. They are gracious and in return for your small gift of bubble gum or what have you, they pin on you little miniatures of Lenin, Mickey Mouse, astronauts and colorful post cards. You see very few children in summer as most of them are in camp. Children seem to be well dressed. We saw girls and boys in uniform much like our scouts.

The soviet people have not yet forgotten the war and its sufferings and one can always see fresh flowers on tombs or monuments. Today most of the cities have been rebuilt. To house so many people without homes, apartment buildings were hurriedly built. Their utilities come from centralized power plants. Coming into the large cities like Moscow and Kiev the roads are much like our own toll roads. The city streets are washed daily. Moscow subway is beautiful and each station has its own decor and art work. Moscow Metro carries five million passengers a day and remains spotless. River banks in cities are paved. On the opposite side of the banks of the Volga, you see sandy beaches. Many crossings of the main streets have under-ground passes. One interesting item was ownership of land. *Nobody can own land;* it belongs to U.S.S.R. You can build a home, if you have money, but if you must sell it, no profit can be made. You can travel to other countries, but you cannot take rubles out of Russia.

Some of the great writers of Russia were Tolstoi, Maxine Gorky, poet, Alexander Pushkin and the greatest singer was Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapin. The family of Faberge for generations were silversmiths for the royal family. A collection can be seen in Leningrad (once St. Petersburg).

Their traditional dress has yielded largely to contemporary attire and only on festive occasions does one appear in native costumes. The ladies garment usually consists of a white blouse, with full sleeves, intricately cross-stitched and embroidered around the neckline. Skirts are full and trimmed with ribbon around the hem-line — circle of flowers and ribbon for head gear or a high crown-like head piece with ribbons down the back. Some of their headpieces are heavily be-jeweled and elaborate. Embroidered vests can also be worn and boots. Men wear full, long sleeves sometimes embroidered, mandarin collars with buttons down the side. Pants are full and reach just below the knee with boots to meet it. They add a sash and usually a fur cap.

Very few of the pioneer Russians who came to this country in the early 1900's are left, but they are precious. They are part of the old and the new. They came with great enthusaism to this great country, lived in it for the rest of their natural lives, loved it as deeply as their native land and adopted it whole heartedly. The younger generation has melted into the folds of many nationalities, but their lives have been enriched by the hard work, traditions and teachings of these brave people. What a great inheritance they have left for their children!

(Mrs.) Olga Kechkaylo DeKever

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WHEAT HERITAGE

KANSAS CITY, Kan. (AP) — Kansas became the leading wheat producing state because of the import of hard winter wheat seeds. They were developed from seeds brought by Mennonite immigrants from the Ukraine in the 1870's.

JOSH GOENS & PONIES

JOSH GOENS — HORSE PULLING CHAMPION

Josh was born in 1893, Paw Paw Township — but for the greater part of his life, has lived on the Goen's farm. He married Rowene Bradley in 1917 in South Bend, Indiana and they were blessed with six children.

Josh is a genial, well-liked neighbor — the kind of man who makes friends easily. When he is seen coming along the road with his diminuitive, well-matched Welsh horses and wagon, neighbors rush to the window to see "Josh go by." For the older ones — it is just a reminder of the bygone horse and wagon days. His little horses were three years old when he acquired them in Lawrence, Michigan. They are now fifteen years old and their names are Madge and Rock. The late Chuck Elliot made the harnesses for them.

Josh has won over one hundred trophies at Pony Pulls. He even beat his brother, Frank, at one pony pulling contest. He and his ponies have participated in contests in the following places: Berrien Springs Fair • Centreville • Climax Legion • Coldwater • Colon • Constantine • Goshen Fair • Jakes Bar — Cassopolis • News Pall$dium • Oak Shores • Paw Paw Flea Market • Schoolcraft • Shipshewana

Horsemanship winner — Competitors in the pony pulling contest at the Berrien County Youth Fair, put Fruit Belt Pony Puller's Association Blankets, the prize for horsemanship, on the ponies owned by Josh Goens, who won the award in the light-weight pony division. The fair was attended by over 100,000 persons.

Taken from News Palladium
Benton Habor, Michigan

FAMILY HOME FOR OVER 100 YEARS

The Goen's farm, which is near the Baptist Church, about four miles north of Decatur, has been in the family more than one hundred years. This makes the Louis Goen's family of eleven children a Centennial family.

Josh Goens, a son, remembers the log cabin which was built by William Worrix on the site of the present Goen's homestead. Worrix was killed in the Civil War, leaving his wife Pennina and three children. Joshua Cotton was Worrix's neighbor and after the war, Joshua bought the Worrix farm and built on it — what is now, the Goen's homestead. He married the widow of Worrix, Pennina, and they were the parents of four children — Stella, Dora, James and Chloe. Louis Goens, in time, married Dora Cotton and later, bought the farm and remodeled the house into the beautiful home which it is today.

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1976

THE IRISH IN DECATUR

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang!"

America's first ethnics were the Irish!

They fled to America in tens and hundreds of thousands during the famine of 1847 and 1848. A million people died and a million fled to foreign lands in 1846 to 1850.

The famine was caused by the mysterious potato blight (a fungus named Phytophthora infestans) destroying the "Irish Paraty" which was the staple crop of Ireland.

The sufferings caused by the very first blight, that of 1845, reported by one writer, surpassed anything on the pages of Thucydides, or in the despondent, dismal chant of Dante. The tyranical English "Powers that be" stood by and did little to alleviate the suffering of the sick and the dying. Some Poor Law Unions, unable to provide coffins for all who died destitute, hit on the expedient of using one coffin with a hinged bottom. Corpses were often simply wrapped in straw for burial. Some were buried even without the covering of straw. People traveling at night sometimes drove over the dead who had dropped on the road and there lay unburied. Dogs, pigs and rats were frequently found feasting on the neglected dead.

Thousands upon thousands, fleeing from Ireland for the "Promised Land beyond the Sea," never saw that land, but died on ship and were buried in the ocean. The stench, vermin and filth in the holds of the ship where the Irish emigrants were crowded was unbearable — and unbelievable! Conditions after they reached New York and Boston were little better! They huddled in dank basements and tenements — sometimes two or three families in one room — in unspeakable wretchedness and filth. They were scorned as a minority group — and soon signs began to appear in the shops and public places — "No Irish need apply!" Forthwith an addition was appended by one of the exiles and it read: "WHOEVER WROTE THIS — WROTE IT WELL — FOR THE SAME IS WRITTEN ON THE GATES OF H---!"

But — they were tenacious and they accepted the most menial of jobs. The Irishmen built the railroads and the canals of their adopted country. The pay was meager for their long hours of toil and sweat. As a popular song proclaimed: "WORK ALL DAY FOR THE SUGAR IN YOUR TAY!"

Back in Ireland, the oppressive English lawmakers used every means to obliterate the Irish race. With the decline of Irish in the 19th century, most of the Irish names were anglicized and many had English names substituted. Even where the current name seems clearly to be English in form, it may have an Irish origin. Some names derived from occupation; for example, Mac an Bhaird (son of the bard), anglicized Mac Ward. Mac an Ghabhann (son of the smith) now MacGowan. The surname was formed, at first, by prefixing the word "Mac" (son) to the given name of the father or Ua, later O (grandson), to that of an earlier ancestor. Examples are O'Brien, O'Connor, MacCarthy and Mac Guinness. Sometimes an English name of somewhat similar sound, was substituted, such as Collins for Cullane (O Corleáin).

Many of the Irish in Michigan came first from New York, then to Ohio and hence to Michigan. Some of those who migrated to Decatur, Michigan created an Irish settlement south of the railroad tracks. Others made their homes in Hamilton Township and engaged in farming. The names of the families who settled in the village were: Patrick and Maurice O'Shean, Peter Costello, Dennis Murphy (grandfather of Sisters Adelaide and Imelda, nee Hazel and Alice Murphy), John O'Leary, Tom Clancy, Anthony McKay, Patrick Enright, Daniel Carney, Vet Redmond, Prudy Brown, Patrick Howland (O'L'Ullachain), Michael and James Mahoney, Hannah Cronin and Mary Moye.

The following made their homes on surrounding farms: John McVay, John and Michael Code, Patrick and Michael Kelly, Michael Ryan, James Howland, Patrick Creagan, John Neville, Michael Cullanine, John Maguire, Tom Conway, John Collins and the Maxwell families.

Many of the men worked on the railroad. The three Mahoney brothers — John, James and Michael — were involved with railroad work, guarding crossings and laying track in the three towns of Dowagiac, Decatur and Mattawan. Starting out to work early in the morning on the hand cars (the kars) wasn't easy work. The hand car was a small four-wheeled platform the width of the track, centrally fitted with a pumping device on the top side and manually operated by four men. At one time between Decatur and Glenwood, there was a bad hand-car wreck. The men had time to jump before an oncoming train crashed into the small car. Fortunately no one was killed; however, one man sustained injuries. Often between Decatur and Glenwood, flocks of wild turkies and partridges, as well as many small animals, were seen from the hand car.

Following the custom in Ireland, nearly every family had a cow and a pig. Butchering parties were an institution in the winter time and a good time was had by all! Every family had enough "sweet pork" to last them for the year! The Irish kids were raised on pork and cabbage!

Part of their entertainment was "an organ in the parlor" where all gathered for a "sing." The two blind children, john and Mary, of Anthony McKay were sent to a school for the blind where they were trained to be singers. They earned their living by singing professionally. Once a year they returned to Decatur and every one gathered to hear them sing. Flannagan's Ball was one of the favorites.

Another big day on the entertainment calendar was — Donnybrook Fair (Domhnach Broc) — later called Hamilton Fair. It was a big event and the young boys arose early and walked from town to the Donnybrook Fair — many of them — barefoot. There were horse races (with some of the best horse-flesh in Hamilton Township), speakers, pop corn, ice cream, taffy, etc.

Before the Catholics had a building, Mass was celebrated in a room above one of the stores. It was an improvised set-up and Michael Mahoney carried the confessional on his back, from his home, to the place of worship. The priest, Father George Clarson, came from Paw Paw on Saturday once a month to celebrate Mass on Sunday. It was a long, cold ride in the winter time. (Horse and sleigh)

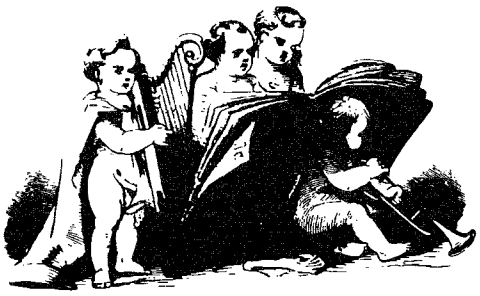
The Irish wakes were well attended and after the rosary was recited, the relatives and friends spent the remainder of the night in friendly conversation and conviviality.

Maggie Murphy Ray was one of the colorful business women on Main Street. She was widowed, and together with her daughter, Jennie, managed a restaurant and candy shop. Maggie was an unusual person and a typical Irish woman. Everybody went to her with their troubles and she carried their burdens along with her own. She was ever ready to help a care-laden neighbor. Her store was a meeting place for the young people in the evening and she entered into the spirit of their fun and conversations. She was a familiar figure for many years on the streets of Decatur followed by her bulldog "Moose."

Among the Irish who have distinguished themselves in the entertainment field in the present century are Harry Lillis Crosby (Bing), Dennis Day, Francis Sullivan (Fred Allen), Ed Sullivan and Gene Kelly.

HATS OFF TO THE "ISLE OF THE SAINTS" — In spite of the overwhelming prejudice found in the new land, many of the Irish vaulted from peasantry to professionalism in two generations!!

Catherine M. Howland



Three Leaves of Shamrock

When leaving dear old Ireland, in the merry
month of June,
The birds were sweetly singing, all nature seemed in tune:
An Irish girl accosted me, a sad tear in her eyes,
And as she spoke these words to me, bitterly she cried:
"Kind sir, I ask a favor, O, grant it to me, please:
'Tis not much that I ask of you, but will set my heart at ease,
Take these to my brother, Ned, he's far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir, that they were sent by me."

Chorus
Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
From his own darling sister, whose blessings, too, she gave.
"Take these to my brother, for I have no other,
And these are the shamrocks from his dear old mother's grave.

"Tell him since he went away how bitter was our lot:
The landlord came one winter's day and turned us from our cot;
Our troubles were so many, our friends were very few,
And, brother, dear, she often used to sight for you.
'O, darling son, come back,' she often used to say,
Alas, one day she sickened and soon was laid away;
Her grave I've watered with my tears, that's how these
shamrocks grew;
And brother, dear, they're all I've got, and these I'll send to you."
Chorus

§ § § § § §

A fellow went into a bar and met a friend of his who looked terrible — two black eyes, broken nose, a few teeth missing and his arm in a sling.

His friend exclaimed, "What happened to you?"

The injured one replied, "I was living the life of Riley" and the friend queried — "So what?" "Black eyes" replied — "Then Riley came home!"

§ § § § § §

AN IRISH LEGEND

Whoever's born on Christmas
Is favored from the start;
Has laughter and good fortune
And a contented heart;
Is loved by noble company,
Has all that should suffice.
But he that dies on Christmas
Goes straight to Paradise.

From: A Wreath of Christmas Legends
By Phyllis McGinley

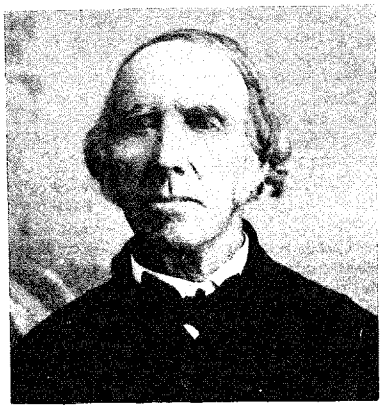
MISS FOGARTY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE

As I sat by my window last evening, the letter man brought unto me
A little gilt-edged invitation, saying, Gilhooly come over to tea.
I knew that Fogarty's sent it, so I went out of old friendship's sake,
And the first thing they gave me to tackle was a piece of Miss Fogarty's
Christmas cake.

CHORUS.—There were plums and prunes and cherries,
Citron and raisins and cinnamon too,
There were nutmegs, cloves and berries,
And the crust it was nailed down with glue.
There were caraway seeds in abundance,
Sure 'twould build up a fine stomach ache,
'Twould kill a man twice, after eating a slice
Of Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake.

Miss Mulligan wanted to taste it, but really 'twas of no use,
For she worked at it over an hour, but couldn't get none of it loose,
'Till Fogarty came with a hachet, and Kelly came in with a saw,
That cake was the worst, by the powers, to paralyze any man's jaw.

O'Hoolehan took with colic, McNulty complained of his head,
McFadden lay down on the sofa, and swore that he wished he was dead;
Miss Daly was took with histerics and began for to wiggle and shake,
All the men there swore they were poisoned from eating Miss Fogarty's cake.



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A SALUTE TO POLAND

No welcome greeted our entrance into Poland. Crowded, chaotic, another world, it was no haven for travelers. The brusque questions of passport officials and my inability to speak the language made me realize I was, indeed, behind the Iron Curtain. My liberty was in my American passport; I clumg to it for dear life.

It didn't help that our luggage was lost, and our hotel reservations refused. We never thought to bribe the desk clerk. Americans don't expect they need to; after all, confirmed reservations mean just that. We were to learn that bribery is the way of life. Our indignant complaints got us overnight accomodations in a second-rate hotel thirty five miles away. We thought anything was better than sitting all night in a hotel lobby. It wasn't.

Being persistant, a trait inherited from our Polish grandparents, we did not take the first flight home. We waited to see if the second day could be as bad. It wasn't. It was the start of an exciting adventure.

Poland was not as I imagined. I read about it, and heard stories of it, though my grandparents seldom spoke of it, except to tell how hard life was there. They were immigrants of the 19th century, traveling steerage across the ocean for opportunities in America. Farmers in the old country, they took any honest work they could get; laboring in factories for a small wage, giving their energy to the expansion of our nation. They scrimped and saved for the time they could farm again, just as many of the Slavic settlers who came to Decatur in the 1920's. Industrial cities like Gary, Chicago, Hammond and Detroit were a magnet to those hardworking immigrants. Our family settled in Chicago, which holds a population of Poles second only to Warsaw, an ocean and a continent away.

The bonds between Poland and America are inextricable. Poland's heroes, Thaddeus Kosciusko (1746-1817) and Casimer Pulaski (1747-1779) were also heroes in the American Revolution. And in a way, Americans are heroes to the Poles, whose interests have historically focused on the West.

After that first day, we were no longer strangers. We were often approached and asked if we knew relatives in Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit or Cleveland. And we were staunchly defended if mistreated by the minor authorities.

I thought about my ancestors as we journeyed through Poland. They had traveled by foot or in carts on the routes we toured. Perhaps we Polish-Americans, Slavic-Americans, had lost our roots, taking little pride in our heritage because we did not know it.

It seems appropriate, especially in this Bicentennial Year, to recall our 200 year American heritage, and to take pride in our ethnic culture of 4000 years.

Poland's written history is more than 1000 years old. At one time, it was the largest country on the European Continent, stretching from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea, encompassing all the Slavonic people. Throughout Poland are reminders of a glorious age. Every town has a magnificent church. Crakow, always a center for liberal arts, has Wawel Castle and St. Mary's Church. Both contain masterpieces of European Gothic art. Czestochowa is the "Lourdes of Poland."

Independent and individualistic, Poland, alone with England, preserved the tradition of parlimentary government at the close of the middle ages. Ironically, lack of a strong central authority, and geographical vulnerability led to foreign invasion, and the eventual disappearance of the Polish state. All Poland had left was its people. Enslaved for two centuries, they were to suffer worse in the devastation of World War II. Six million Poles lost their lives. Much of their country was reduced to rubble. Warsaw was 90% destroyed. But, the Poles are survivors. This characteristic was the inspiration for her national anthem, entitled, "Poland is not yet lost, while yet we live."

Still, all is not somber in Poland, colorful traditions have been preserved. In spite of the trevails of their past, perhaps because of them, the Poles are ebullient pleasure-loving people. Music, dancing, conversation, food, drink, are greatly enjoyed, (not necessarily in that order). Hedonistic pursuits are, however, tempered by religious fervor. It has been a bastion of Catholicism for a millennium.

Not all of Poland's glory was lost with her past. It lives on in the scientific discoveries of Copernicus, Curie, Heweliusz; the literature of Kochanowski, Mickiewicz, Sienkiewicz; the music of Paderewski and Chopin.

Eugenia Musial Zelas

THE JEWELL FAMILY

In the spring of 1867 a young Sergeant Major, newly discharged from Company B. of the New York regiment of the army of The United States, mounted his cavalry horse, Pal, a gift from Uncle Sam for his part in the worst war in history, and headed west to find his fame and fortune.

After numerous stops along the way, he settled in Northeastern Oklahoma territory and set up a small blacksmith shop.

Shortly thereafter he met and wooed the daughter of the local tribal chief of the Choctaw Cherokee tribe living nearby. After a short romance with this dark eyed and dark skinned beauty, named Shining Star (called Naoima in American tongue) they were married in a tribal ceremony, and she traveled with him to the little frontier settlement of Greenway, in northeastern Arkansas.

Once again, young Lenuel Watson set up his blacksmith shop and settled down to raise a family.

First born of this union was a beautiful half-breed baby girl called Opal (Julia). When Opal (Julia) was about seven years old two brothers and a baby sister joined the family in due time.

Being the daughter of the local blacksmith, life did not seem at all harsh to this young beauty only one generation removed from the wilds of America's Frontier. Young Lenuel was a good provider and a hard worker so his family grew up with love and enjoyed the things of life provided in those frontier days.

When young Opal reached young womanhood she met and was married to Lemuel Jewell, the fifth child of a pioneer family which had settled in the red hills south of Greenway. John and Della Harmon Jewell left Elizabethtown, Ky. and reached their homestead in the spring of 1883. Young Lem was two years old when he made the trek to the west. He grew up helping his father keep nine mouths fed by scratching in those red hills growing corn, vegetables, cotton, tobacco and fruit, such as peaches, grapes and apples.

Upon young adulthood, Lem followed the timber cutting business by helping to carve cross ties for the railroad, in those days ties were cut from an appropriate sized tree with a "broad axe" and many is the day he sweated and toiled to earn less than one dollar.

In June of 1901, after two years of marriage, Lem and Julia were blessed with the arrival of Johnny Fay Jewell; the first child of their marriage. When young Johnny was about three his mother, this half wild daughter of Lemuel and Naomi, died in childbirth while giving life to a daughter, named, appropriately Opal (she of the dark eyes). Two days later this baby also died. In his grief young Lem, now broken hearted with the loss of his loving wife and daughter, again took to the woods to provide for young Johnny, and left the raising of this youngster to his mother and father. Lem never again remarried and carried his love of this wonderful wife to his grave. He died at the age of 41 in the winter when his only grandson (whom this story is about) was in his first year.

Johnny Fay grew up on the family farm and knew the love and devotion of grandparents, seeing his father only occasionally. As a result they were more like brothers than father and son.

Johnny Fay, being the shy sort never dated many girls. When he met Beulah Varble, the daughter of a logger, who had also come to the Greenway area from Kentucky, with his five children after the loss of their mother when the youngest was just a baby, Grandpa Varble moved to the little settlement of Trumann. Johnny followed shortly and worked for his father-in-law to be.

In March 1921 John and Beulah were married in civil ceremony in Trumann and John went to work to raise a crop of cotton and help log in the woods, for his father-in-law, Clay Varble. They moved in with Dad Varble and in the following December, on a cold Christmas Eve nite, the subject of our story: James Orval Jewell, put in his appearance. The following year John moved his family into the town of Trumann and went to work in the lumber mills of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Young Jim welcomed a baby sister, Lorene eighteen months after his first appearance and they grew up in an atmosphere of love and devotion. John was a good provider for his family and spent long hours teaching Jim and Lorene the lore and love of the great outdoors.

In the fall of 1937, when work in Trumann was waning, John came to Benton Harbor, Mich. and worked in the foundries of the steel industry. Just as he was about to send for his family, he was laid off and in order to provide for his family came to Decatur and went to work for Drew Tuttle on the muck land west of town.

"My earliest memory of Decatur is coming around the curve north east of town to shop with my parents for furniture at Art Galehouse's second hand store." says Jim. "Later when I drove into town for the first time, Russell Cramer was there to direct my parking in front of John Nutt's barber shop."

My mother and dad sacrificed to send me to high school, and I too, like Edgar Bergen and many of the oldsters of this area, crawled on my hands and knees and weeded onions and celery

to help pay for gas to get to school and to have a couple dollars to go out on the nite of my graduation with the class of 1940 from central high school in Dowagiac.

"Possessed with a good speaking voice, and the love of people I had always planned to follow a career in boardcasting and singing," Jim reported in this interview. He developed this talent and in the years from 1940 to 1942 he played many a street dance in Decatur from the old band stand and regularly broadcasted from radio station W.T.R.C. in Elkhart, Ind.

With the advent of World War Two, Jim joined the United States Coast Guard and served four years. During this time he was fortunate enough to spend two years in the electronics school at the University of Wisconsin and New London, and Groton, Conn. He served for two years on the coasts of Washington and Oregon where he was in charge of numerous service divisions concerned with the upkeep of lighthouses and radar beacons for the PBY and Blimp Fleet Flying Patrol against possible Japanese invasion of the Pacific Coast.

Upon his discharge in 1946 he moved with his parents onto the former Emo Drenth farm just north of town (on the curve) on North School Street. In June of 1946 he married the lovely Theresa Michalski of South Bend and went to work for A.C. Brigham as a plumber and sheet metal apprentice.

At the same time he began a small radio shop in his home. At Decatur's Centennial in 1948, with the help of A.C. and Bud Brigham (his brother-in-law) he bought the public address system that was used for the appearance of Decatur's favorite son, Edgar Bergen. To this day, being a shy person, Jim has never mentioned this to Edgar (even when he visited Edgar and his family in Calif. some years back).

Shortly after the Bergen appearance Jim sold the amplifier to the Decatur Public School (courtesy of the P.T.A.) and invested the money in a 14 in. Admiral TV set. Thru the courtesy of Raymond Gale, he obtained the Admiral franchise and began, along with George Lindsley and Cecil Page to sell television in Decatur. "Not being satisfied to just sell TV, I went to school and learned how to give the finest service available to my customers," reported Jim.

Not being satisfied to work only 8 hours a day Jim took the Civil Service Exam and qualified at the top of the roster for the job of substitute clerk carrier. From 1947 to 1953 Jim was a familar sight in the Post Office and relieving Lynn Stickney on the city route. Upon the death of Fred Kirk in 1952 Jim was appointed permanent clerk in the office by Postmaster, Herb Creagan.

In the spring of 1952 Jim and Theresa decided to build a new home to replace their modest home at Lake of the Woods. After much dickering he traded a TV and antenna to Judge and Sena Hughey for the lots on which they built a new brick and stone home. When their first son, Jim was born in the fall of 1952 he was welcomed by Judy and Janet. (Judy is now married to Jim Hanson. They live between Decatur and Lawrence and are the proud parents of nine (9) lovely children. Janet is married to Rick Copenhaver, who at the present is finishing his doctorate degree at Western Mich. University and she is in her second year of RN training at Kal. Comm. College. They have three lovely children, so Jim and Theresa can lay claim to twelve wonderful grandchildren, who have become their source of joy and happiness in their old age. Their youngest son, John, was born in May, 1958; this coincided with their purchase of the "West Side Grocery," which they operated until 1964 when Jim helped his classmate of 1940, Dale Lyons, establish "Park Estate Homes." The following year Jim helped Bob Benincass of Dowagiac build a Ford dealership in Decatur and the following year he became a general insurance agent for the Amalgamated Labor Life Insurance Company of Kansas City, Mo. Upon the establishment of a working agency he went to work for Richardson Homes, Inc. of Elkhart, Ind. and in 1972 formed "Knight" Homes, Inc. and upon the sale of "Knight" in 1973, operated a "Rain Soft Water Softener Franchise."

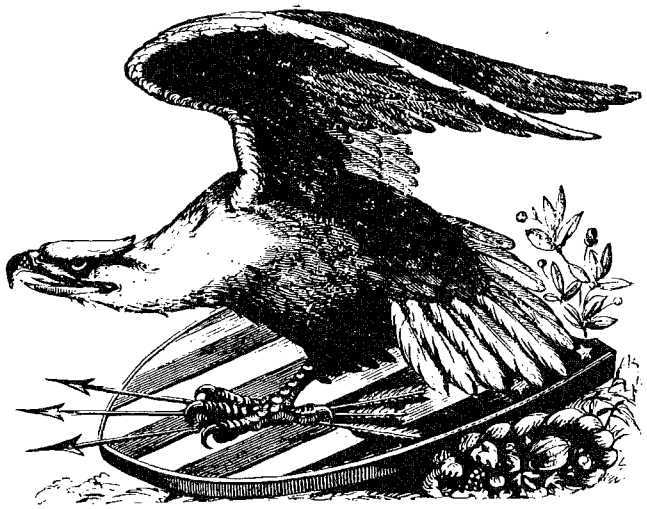
In 1973 Jim founded "Diamond J Enterprises," a sales organization devoted to the furthering of the careers of young persons who show an aptitude for sales. With home offices in Decatur and various offices scattered throughout the country, Jim is kept busy helping his people.

In a recent interview, Jim said, "The future of this great state and country is in the hands of your children and mine. I find no greater joy than working with the young people of today. Never in the history of our great country have our young people enjoyed a more interesting time to grow up. Ours has been a "labor of love" for I can't think of anything more rewarding than working with the youth of today and Tres and I are looking forward to at least another thirty years to serve and live in the most wonderful community in the world, Decatur, Michigan, 49045."

P. S. If there occurs no change; our phone is (616) 423-8180 and I will welcome a collect call at anytime if I can be of service to any youth who feels I can be of help.

With sincere congratulations to Catherine and Monica Howland who have devoted over a full year of their life and countless resources to bring this book to the public.

James O. (Jim) Jewell

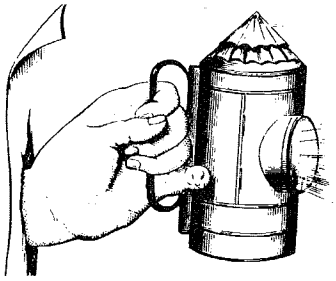


THE LINCOLN PENNY

Not on the eagle golden shall we behold his face,
Nor yet on gleaming silver the honored features trace;
But to the common copper, the lowly coin instead,
Is given the distinction of bearing Lincoln's head.

The millionaire may seldom its noble outlines grasp,
But childhood's chubby fingers, the image oft will clasp.
The poor man will esteem it and mothers hold it dear—
The plain and common people he loved when he was here.

—Frank B. Riley.



THE FINE ART OF FROGGING

Luther Lundy was born November 30, 1877, the youngest of eleven children of Robert and Adelina Longsduft Lundy, in Marcellus Township, Cass County, Michigan. The family moved to Nicholsville, Michigan in 1879 and Luther later located in Decatur, in 1903, where he roomed in the big Lyman T. Rawson house at the southern outskirts of the village. At that time, Peter Ickes was renting the house, which was later destroyed by fire in 1917. A. Vandermolen was the owner at the time of its demise.

While the family still lived in Nicholsville, one of the sons, Irey, became very sick. Dr. G. Rose of this village attended him, and during the winter made twenty-seven trips with bob-sleigh or cutter to the Lundy home with Grant Mabry, his beloved and faithful old negro driver. Neither snow nor ice were barriers to the conscientious doctor as he made his rounds to the sick. Oftentimes he stayed on into the night if the patient was critically ill.

Some weeks later the father called at the office to inquire about the bill, explaining that he was unable to pay it immediately. The doctor informed him that the bill covering the twenty-seven trips would be twenty-five dollars. The father was speechless — but the good doctor quickly assured him — "We'll let the rich balance it out!"

Luther was a stone mason and for many years worked with Ed Morland and Harve Taylor, both of whom were masters at their trade. Some of his work can be seen in the stone work of Dr. W. P. Bope's and Dr. Richard Huyck's homes; also, in the home of the late M. S. Carney (presently owned by Mrs. Merle Leighton). There are small squares of stone imbedded in the stonework which were laid by Lute Lundy.

Lute had an avocation — frogging! He used a light wagon and ponies for transportation and carried his boat in the wagon; also, a jack gas light or torch, gunny sacks, hook and line, and wooden tobacco pails.

He worked all the lakes in the vicinity of Decatur — Swift Lake being the best. He went far afield, including lakes in northern Indiana and Kalamazoo County. The lakes near Three Rivers and Union, Michigan were two of his favorite spots.

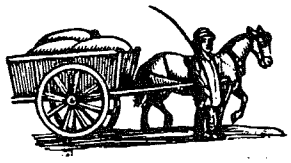
He caught the giant bull frogs by hook and line in the daytime — and used a jack-gas light or torch at night. A trick he used in catching them at night was in stunning them on the head with a quick chop from the palm of his hand. The average weight of the frogs was three-quarters of a pound, but some of them tipped the scales at one pound. He caught several dozens a night and netted about twenty-five or thirty dollars a week.

Lute also enjoyed field frogging and Frank Rosewarne's farm was one of his favorite haunts. One night he caught seven dozen grass frogs not far from a small pond in Three Rivers.

The frog legs were shipped to Chicago via the M.C.R.R. in wooden tobacco pails, with a chunk of ice nestled in the center of the container. Later he constructed slat crates of laths and shipped the frogs live to the restaurants in Chicago.

The late Doctors Dalton K. Rose, William P. Bope and James E. Maxwell were enthusiastic participants on many of those frogging expeditions.

Information contributed by Luther Lundy
(Age 99)
1976



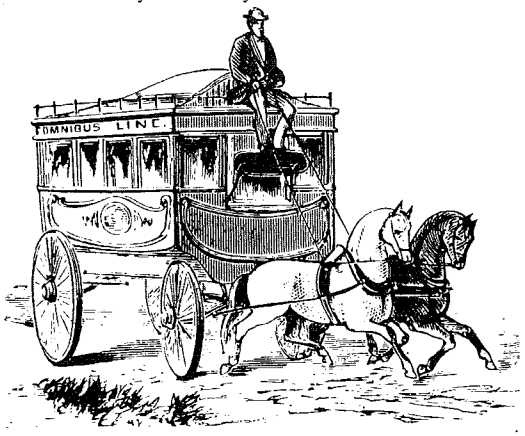
HARLEY E. SQUIER

Harley E. Squier was born September 20, 1861 in a log cabin near the old Samuel Rich homestead which was located in the vicinity of the Charleston Cemetery. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Squier, moved into Decatur while he was quite young. David A. Squier went into business in a general store during the early 1860's. Harley received a good grade-school education, and held several positions in Decatur, before he became the manager of the Hinckley Stave Mill in Breedsville. He served as County Clerk in Paw Paw from 1893 through 1897. While County Clerk, Mr. Squier was a member of a quartet, formed with other people connected with the County Courthouse. This quartet traveled to Lansing to sing at the inauguration of the new Governor in 1896. They made the trip by horse and buggy. In 1898 and '99, Mr. Squier accepted a position as a salesman for the company that sold gas street lights, traveling by stage coach and on horseback, to introduce the gas lights to Kansas City, Portland, Seattle and many other communities.

Harley returned to Michigan in 1901 and placed his wife, Sadie Brown, in the Phelps Sanitorium, where she passed away in 1902. Mr. Squier was the chief clerk at the Sanitorium from 1901 to 1904, when the Sanitorium closed on account of financial problems. He returned to Decatur and ran a dairy farm from 1905 until 1919, moving then to Buchanan, Michigan with his second wife, Bertha Jennings Squier and their children. Mr. Squier served as City Tax Assessor of Buchanan, and on the County Board of Berrien County from 1932 until 1951.

He took his only aeroplane trip two weeks before his eighty-fifth birthday in 1946, from Battle Creek, Michigan to Cleveland, Ohio and spent four days at the National Air Show and National Air Races. This trip was one of the highlights of his long life. He passed away on March 8, 1959, after a long illness, and was buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Buchanan, Michigan.

Walter Squier
(Son of Harley E. Squier)
1976



OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

You ask for a memory story
I'll endeavor to pen each line,
As my thoughts go slowly trailing
Down the lanes of time.

I'll begin with an old fashioned Christmas
A Christmas of long ago,
When we waited in church for old Santa
Eyes that sparkled and cheeks all aglow.

The tree that was heavily laden
For each some candy, nuts, and a toy,
And tho they were inexpensive
To us it brought worlds of joy.

And all thru the years that are passing
Tho still I am many years young,
I hear those same beautiful carols
As each Christmastime they are sung.

The scene of a Sabbath morning
There is the old family pew,
Where we listened so intently
To those wonderful tales ever new.

But again my thoughts are wandering
As down the trail they lead,
To the old village school house
Where we first learned to write and to read.

The most thrilling event of my school days
Was the year they built the tower,
And we'd watch the hands of old tick tock
Slowly creep to the closing hour.

With a rush that was near a panic
Thru the grove at a rapid pace,
I don't wish to sound like a braggart
But I usually won that race.

There, brick by brick it went upward
Until it reached a dizzy height,
When the thought of someone falling
Would send us away with fright.

But scenes are ever changing
As down the trail we go,
To old familiar faces
Of friends we used to know.

To old board walks and cobble stones
And the workman who dropped his hoe,
Just in time for me to kick it
And so painfully stub my toe.

The scene at an old time fire
The old time bucket brigade,
And the old lamp post on the corner
Are all relics of many decades.

With a chuckle I watch the young folks
As they speed in their cars ever so new,
As compared with that dear little roadcart
So cleverly built for two.

Those wonderful walks in the country
Where the greatest thrill we could seek,
Was a climb to the top of old Fifields' hill
Tho it left us lame for a week.

Spring beauties that grow by the wayside
In every fence corner and nook,
And those lovely golden cowslips
That nestled so close to the brook.

On the banks of the brook in the summer
I'd loiter and bask and tan,
And there dream of the dreams of childhood
As only a youngster can.

But my dreams were never of riches
Of gold or of treasures galore,
But of trips I'd make to cloudland
And of thrills that were held in store.

For there by the hour I'd go sailing
Away up to the tip of the moon,
But oft I'd come back disappointed
When the journey had ended too soon.

Those dreams like the days of my childhood
Are faded and passed and gone,
But in my heart they live and relive
Like the echo of a twilight song.

The church and the old village school house
Their bells no more will chime,
But in memory they ever lead the way
When we stroll down the lanes of time.

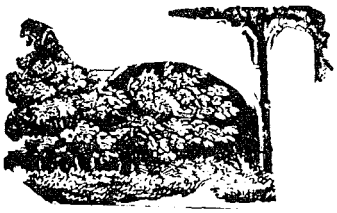
For each year has left its imprint
And added a bit of care,
But there's joy and pleasure and sunshine
If we'd but look for our share.

I find it is not thru riches
The path of true happiness lies,
But those who rejoice in simple things
Find the pathway that leads to the prize.

So each year as the years are passing
No matter if stormy or fair,
I tenderly place it in my memories book
And tuck it away with care.

Now when I tire and weary
Of jazz and of rhythms and rhyme,
With my thoughts I go in seclusion
There to trail down the lanes of time.

Joanna Abshagen



SCHOOL CRAFT

A "big Island" with big trees is the way School Craft residents refer to a twenty-four acre tract of virgin timber — to be preserved — Michigan Nature Association.

The name "big island" was given to the area by early settlers when the tract was about 600 acres.

At that time in the 1830's it was an "island" in the middle of Prairie Ronde — a prairie for which the town was later named.

The new preserve would be named the Stanley B. Smith Nature Preserve. Smith, who was born in Schoolcraft in 1895, died here in 1962. He was a descendant of Thaddeus Smith, who is said to have walked from Vermont and became an early settler.

From South Bend Tribune
1962

Baby's Feet and Hands

I.

A baby's feet, like sea shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink,
A baby's feet.

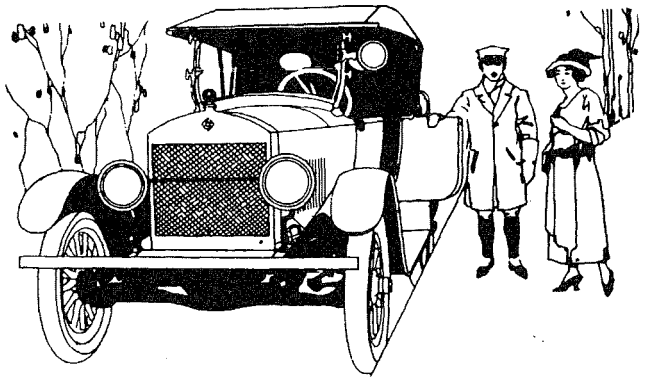
II.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close up curled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

SWINBURNE



GET IN AND RIDE

I was trudging one day down a dusty road,
While my back was curved under a bit of a load,
And the way was long and my feet were sore
And my bones ached under the load I bore!
But I struggled on in the summer's heat
Then, resting a bit I shouldered my load,
And wended my way down the dusty road,
The morning stretched into the afternoon –
My hourney's end seemed as far as the moon
Till at length a horse and a wagon drew near,
And my heart revived with a spark of cheer,
But the man saw only his own small soul,
And the narrow way to his narrow goal,
And whipped his horse into a guilty trot,
Though the sand was deep and the way was hot,
And he passed me by on the dusty road,
And I sank still lower beneath my load,
Yet out of the dust came another man,
And he pulled up short, and he gaily cried,
"I say there, comrade, get in and ride!"
And he placed my bundle behind the seat,
And he said, "Climb in here now, and rest your feet!"
I never pass by a man on the road,
An' "speshly, friend, if he's got a load."
And my feet were rested, my heart was light,
And i blessed the driver, who gayly cried:
"I say there comrade, get in and ride!"
Oh! the world is full of sore-footed men
Who need a slight lift every now and again,
And the agels can see through the white cloud rift
All the God-like souls who give them a lift.

VERSE

So live – that you can give –
When placed beneath the sod,
A soul as bright as the morning light!
Back to its Maker – God.

MOTHER

Whenever life seems sad and drear
And hope seems to depart,
I always think of Mother
And the love that's in her heart.

She is so thoughtful, kind and sweet,
I never can repay
The little things she does for me
In her most helpful way.

And then, whenever things go wrong,
She always seems to care;
She guides and helps me all she can
To make my troubles rare.

All joys of mine are not complete
Unless she shares them too;
Her loving interest reflects
Her kindness through and through.

Though other things may change each day
For better or for worse,
Still Mother's love lives on and on
In riches or reverse.

She never fails to remember me
Each hour and day and year,
So nothing is too good for her,
My pal and friend sincere.

—Josephine Bertolini Comberiate

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

Oh, humbly and penitent
I kneel here on my knees.
As tears fall down I pray to you,
"Forgive me, mother, please!

"I know I was a thoughtless child
Bent on my own way
But here I kneel,
My mother dear,
And ask you to hear me pray.

"I'm sorry for the times I hurt,
I'm sorry I was cruel;
And as you often said
I had to learn in Life's hard school.

"So that your death was not all in vain,
I'll strive to never again cause pain.
And as my teardrops fall anew
I pray for forgiveness from you."

– Mary C. Frank

Listen to a Child

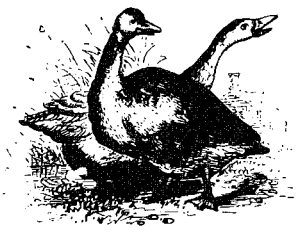
[illegible] teach [illegible] something
[illegible] faith and [illegible]
[illegible] from the child
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

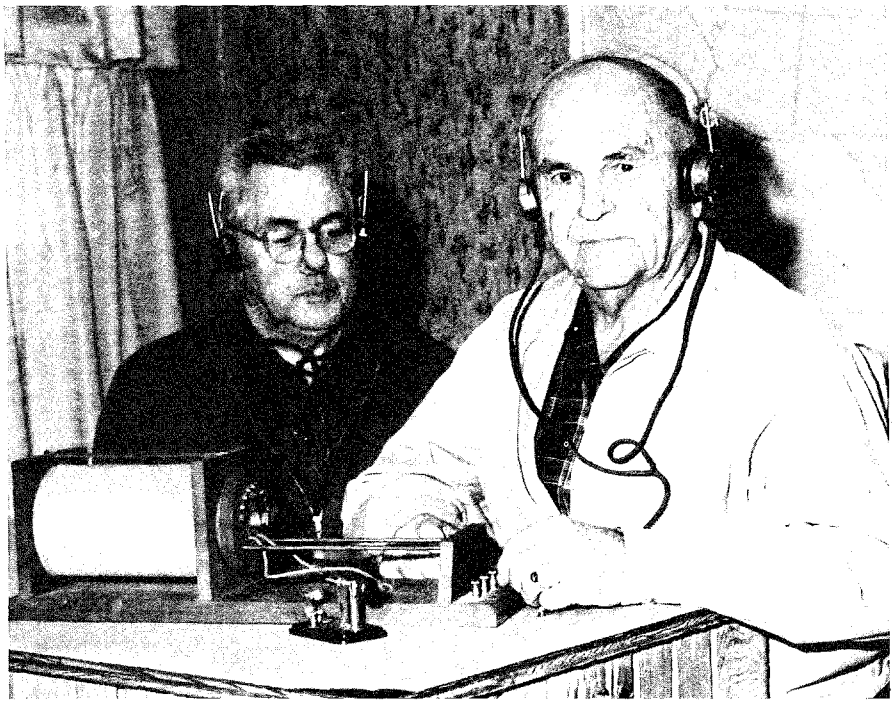
[illegible]
[illegible] in the home,

[illegible] in the home
[illegible] in the nation;

If there's order in the nation,
[illegible]



George Lindsley, Frank Barber Recall First Wireless Election Returns in 1920



THE 1920 presidential election returns were the first to be received by wireless. In Decatur, George Lindsley and Frank Barber, using the rig built by George, picked up the voting results from Great Lakes and Arlington and took them to the Republican office where Mr. Moulton took them to the old LaPearl theatre where they were flashed on the screen. Frank was a first-class radio operator in the Navy and was able to receive the results which were transmitted in code. Voice transmission was good at the time but only reached about 15 miles.

ELECTION RETURNS
BY WIRELESS

Ex-Navy Operator Received Information from Great Lakes and Arlington Stations on Presidential Count

Decatur received its first election returns sent out of the state by wireless. The reports were received at the home of W. G. Lindsley, north of Decatur, where his son, George, a senior at [illegible] was pressed into service to take off election returns sent out from the Great Lakes and Arlington government wireless stations.

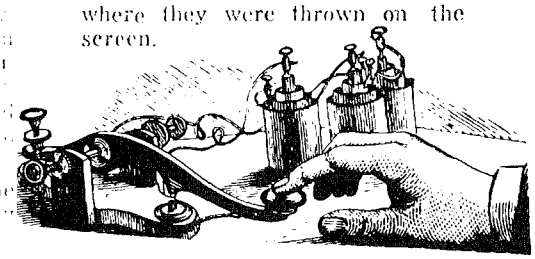
Frank Barber, an ex-navy wireless operator sat at the receiving instrument of the Lindsley equipment all Tuesday evening and took from the air all such information concerning the presidential count as were sent out. Mr. Barber is an experienced operator, having served in the Navy wireless service more than two years during the war period. He was recently discharged and is spending the fall at his home in Hamilton.

The first reports were received at about 10 o'clock and were followed intermittently by reports from each station.

[illegible] reports showed the [illegible] not [illegible] to be in the Republican column with [illegible] Connecticut, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and Ohio. Kentucky was early added to the Democratic column.

The outfit at the Lindsley home is an excellent one and lacks only the transmitter, which it is doubtful if the government would permit an amateur to use. George has learned the machine and enough of the code as to be able to receive the time twice daily, at eleven o'clock a.m. from the Great Lakes station, and at nine p.m. from the Arlington station.

The wireless reports of the election were received by telephone at the Republican office and transmitted to the LaPearl theatre, where they were thrown on the screen.



1969

The British Isles

Had it not been for the great potato famine of 1853, my sister and I would no doubt now be cutting and stacking turf on the beautiful Emerald Isle from whence our grandparents emigrated. We landed at Shannon 6/28/69 and played it by ear 'til embarking on the Queen Elizabeth at Southhampton, July 26 - arriving New York July 31.

It was not easy to adapt to a right-side steering wheel with a left-hand shift, at the same time remembering to drive on the left-hand side of the road. We were enchanted with the indescribable freshness of the countryside. Ireland is indeed a jem of rare beauty with its lovely lakes and mountains, its quaint, rose-covered cottages surrounded by stone-fenced fields with their varying shades of green such as no other land can boast.

We drove all of nine or ten miles the first afternoon and stopped at Dromoland castle - a 1,500-acre estate - former home of the O'Briens. The castle is a joy with its beautiful furnishings and magnificent paintings and the grounds are lovely - including a lake, golf course, lily pond, hermit's cave and forests of intriguing and pompous trees. You may have read about it in Town & Country. We lingered there a day and a half. Many of our next stops were "B&B" (bed and breakfast) homes - comfortable but modest. One would never perish from the heat in any of them.

On Galway Bay we were thrilled to see hundreds of swans swimming about in all their regal majesty. From there we took a steamer to the Aran Islands, about a three-hour trip, and disembarked at Inishmore. The jarveys, wearing home-spun trousers, were lined up at the dock with their horses and jaunting cars. A very soft-spoken Islander asked, "Would ye like to ride with me?" It was a refreshing experience. The island is bleak & lonely with hundreds of stone fences inclosing small plots of land. We passed many centuries old Gaelic cross memorials along our fifteen-mile trek. We bought a knitted belt from Maggie O'Ryan on a country lane and learned that she was in the picture "Man of Aran" filmed on the island about fifteen years ago. The men of the islands build their own boats, called curraghs, which resemble oversized canoes. They fashion a wooden frame and cover it with tar-smeared canvas. We returned to Galway about seven p.m.

The next day we were off to Connemara and visited a pub that evening. There were five musicians. One of the instruments was a uilleann - a type of bagpipe with arm-operated bellows. Two girls and two boys danced the typical Irish jig which was most entertaining. At intervals, other guests were called upon to do their "thing" - usually a ballad.

One of our memorable evenings was spent at Bunratty Castle out of Limerick. The doorman, butler and ten lovely girls were all in medieval dress. First we climbed the winding stairs to the great room where the kings of old held court seated in the huge, carved, wooden chair before a long table. The walls were hung with massive tapestries, exquisitely

The British Isles
(continued)

carved wooden scenes and huge Irish elk heads. Here we were given Mead to drink (honey base as I recall) while listening to one of the harpists sing and play. Presently we descended to the banquet room for dinner. The butler welcomed us from a small balcony overhead. Our only service was a dagger - soup was drunk from the bowl and like all the soups served in the British Isles, was most delicious. This was followed with ribs, chicken, bread and sponge cake covered with wine. One of the guests was thrown into the dungeon for misbehavior. Following the banquet we were entertained with song and harp by the beautifully gowned and talented Bunratty Singers. From the banquet room we descended to the basement, where, in the presence of a high Irish elk skeleton, were served coffee as a goodnight gesture.

The lakes and mountains of Killarney are enchanting. Here we spent three days (half a day driving the ocean sconic Ring of Kerry) and many miles riding the jaunting cars along the trails resplendent with varicolored rhododendrons, rose of sharon, yellow iris, elder blossom bushes as high as a house and myriads of other unknown shrubs and trees -- all fresh and sparkling from the frequent showers.

Of course we kissed the Blarney Stone and have a silly picture to prove it. Visited the Kennedy Park and John Kennedy's cousin, Mary Kennedy Ryan, in her unimposing cottage. There were many pictures of the Kennedys on her walls, although we didn't see any of Jackie.

Ireland is a country of walkers and we had no hesitancy in sharing a ride with hitchhikers (an unheard of procedure in this country unless one enjoys living dangerously). The extreme friendliness of the people is heartwarming. We were told by a couple of world travelers that Ireland has the friendliest people in the world; however, we did little traveling in northern Ireland! After eight hundred miles of driving, we gave up our car in Dublin. About 10:00 A.M. one Sunday morning we hailed a taxi and asked to be taken to the Giant's Causeway. I don't believe the driver had ever heard of it, but we were on our way. At a filling station he learned it was about a 300-mile round trip so, enroute, we stopped at the town of Drogheda so our cabbie could attend Mass. (He was on his way to Mass when we hailed him in Dublin). In the interval we visited a cathedral where Blessed Oliver Plunkett's head is displayed in a glass case. All was calm and serene as we passed through Belfast. The Giant's Causeway is a phenomenon of intense interest. It is a series of polygonal, basaltic columns which are extremely fascinating. We arrived back in Dublin at about 2:30 A.M. There were no horse races in Dublin so we engaged the same driver to take us to Dundalk the next day, about forty miles north of Dublin, to a steeple chase. All of our nags finished last or next to last and not wanting to swim home -- that ended our horse betting. Would recommend "Jury's" in Dublin for good food and splendid entertainment.

We left Dublin July 15 for Glasgow.

British Isles cont.

That evening we arrived at Edinburgh, billeted at Hotel Caladonia. We were thrilled by the sight of Edinburgh castle, dominating the city from a very high peak, one side of which is built on the edge of sheer rock. This imposing castle is an ever-present reminder of the ancient days when Robert the Bruce ruled the kingdom. In this spacious courtyard, each fall the famed "Tattoo", featuring many of the clans of Scotland dressed in their colorful kilts, is held. Time did not permit our visiting the world-famous Royal Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh -- 60 acres of horticultural treasures -- as we had a flight out of Glasgow the following morning for Copenhagen.

We had quite a "hassle" in Copenhagen, the taxi drivers couldn't speak English and we couldn't speak Danish. The streets are extremely wide and they drive like maniacs, miraculously missing pedestrians and bicycles. It is frustrating to be driven to the "Baltic" Hotel, especially at midnight, when we had asked to be taken to the "Viking" Hotel. We spent the first evening at a beer hall -- "Sing Along with the Jolly Danes" -- all sat (except when dancing) on benches at long tables. Beer was served in huge stines. Five or six musicians were on stage at one end of the hall -- everyone sang and most everyone danced (but not on the floor) -- all dancing was done on the benches. You simply stood up in place and did your "thing" in time to the music. It was hilarious and we were grateful to have escaped with unbroken necks! The next afternoon we took a North Sealand tour which gave us an opportunity to see the well-kept farms with grazing cattle and world-renowned, plump pigs (almost 2 pigs to every Dane). Many of the homes have professional-looking thatched roofs which is becoming a lost art. We also passed picturesque, huge windmills. Their farming system is cooperative and seems to function very satisfactorily. This trip included a tour of Frederiksborg Castle, 100 rooms, beautifully furnished with ornate furniture, paintings and tapestries.

It is now Sunday, July 20. After Mass we visited Copenhagen's foremost attraction, fabulous Tivoli Gardens, an amusement park on a 19 acre plot in the heart of the city. At intervals, high-stepping horses, followed by uniformed marching men, emerge from one side of the entrance out to the street and back into the gardens. All is gayety, fun and color. Within are music halls, band shells, puppet shows, dance pavillions, pantomimes, restaurants, fireworks, lakes, lagoons, magnificent flowers, trees and shrubs, billions of varicolored light bulbs surrounding the lagoons, trees festooned with light bulbs and lovely balconies from which to view the panorama. At night it is an enchanting fairy land. Their music hall is massive and we attended both the afternoon and evening symphony. Once the doors are closed, no one is admitted and all is perfection. More than four million people a year visit Tivoli. After Walt Disney went through the grounds he announced "I thought that Disneyland was unique, but now I have seen the original."

British Isles cont.

Monday afternoon, preferring the country side to the city, we took the Danish Riviera Tour, passing the famed Carlsberg Brewery whose owners have done much for science and art. We stopped at "Louisiana" whi h was a "way-out" modern art museum, little of which fell within our realm of comprehension. The next stop we could appreciate, a delightful sea-side resort where we were served the famous Danish pastries. We visited Kronborg Castle, overlooking the sea, where the Ghost of Hamlet's father walked the battlements. Many of the rooms were unfurnished and on the whole it was gloomy and depressing; however, the baby ducks energetically swimming about in the moat, gave the exterior a glimmer of cheer. From there we took a ferry to Helsinborg, Sweden. The ferry was jammed with Swedes laden with Danish hams, bacon, butter, eggs, etc. We did some shopping and then returned to Denmark. That evening we had dinner at Lorrys, a wonderful spot for food, drinks and entertainment. They even had horses and seals on stage, marvelous entertainers with wonderful voices; no hippies and no jive. Years ago the Danes learned that cigar smoking was less detrimental to health than cigarettes, so, by and large they switched, including the women old and young, all smoke long, slim cigars.

The next morning we were off for London. We had been trying since our first arrival at Glasgow to make a room reservation with no luck, but Scandinavian Airlines finally located one at Park Lane Hotel not many blocks from Piccadilly Circus. Time was running out for us. In two and a half days we couldn't do justice to the world famed city of London. Piccadilly Circus is an engaging spot, a tall shaft topped with "Eros" in the center and at the foot, six or seven circular steps surrounding it. It seems to be a mecca for hippies, male and female. There are hundreds of them sprawling on the steps and milling about the circle, dirty and unkempt-looking, many with bedrolls, as fascinating to watch as a den of serpents. Periodically the bobbies would hose the steps down to clear away the debris and they would reluctantly move out of the way. We took the two bus tours of London and were thrilled with the sight of centuries old landmarks that we had read about since childhood. The changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace was very colorful and impressive. While we were waiting, three or four horse-drawn carriages trotted up the long mall, carrying diplomats to pay respects to the Queen.

We felt we couldn't leave England without visiting the birthplace of Shakespeare. We learned that Stratford-on-Avon was about one hundred miles west of London so engaged a private car. It took hours to drive out of the city of London and we were amazed at the vast wooded areas and open fields within the city. At one spot there were hugh herds of deer roaming freely. Our route took us through the Cotswold Country. We were told that many consider this the most delightful part of England. Most of the homes are built of honey-colored Cotswold stone and are very picturesque and quaint.

British Isles Concluded

The fame and wealth of this territory was built up in medieval times by the woolen industry, originally started by the Monks in the 13th century. In later years, the sheep gave way to the growing of corn. The great charm of the whole area lies in the feeling of peace and calm that pervades the towns and countryside. Even their streams are placid and unhurried. This would be a delightful spot to relax for a few days. We stopped at Lygon Arms for lunch and it was a dream. This inn has provided travelers in the Cotswolds with food and shelter for over 400 years. We were loath to leave. All of the rooms were bursting with fascinating antiques.

At Stratford-on-Avon we passed the new house and gardens that Shakespeare had built for his mistress. Ann Hathaway's cottage was as charming as the pictures, surrounded with lovely flowers. Her father owned 95 acres of land which had been in the Hathaway family for 13 centuries and some of the furniture, particularly the beds in the upper chambers, gave rise to the thought that they, too, had belonged for a like period of time. Enroute back to London we passed Eaton, Oxford and Windsor Castle (legendary shrine of British monarchy) arriving our hotel about nine o'clock.

We left the next morning (Saturday) at 8:00 o'clock to take the boat train for Southhampton where we boarded the Queen Elizabeth II. She sailed to Le Havre first to take on passengers and supplies. It was fascinating to watch they myriads of sailboats and other crafts enroute. The Queen is so huge, we felt like rats in a trap, very puzzling to find our way about. Our biggest disappointment was a deck on only one side of the ship. However, it was a pleasant experience - good entertainment - good food - interesting people. Mass was celebrated each morning in the theatre and a movie was shown each afternoon and evening. We had deck chairs on the upper deck and tea and sweets were served each day at 4:30. Arrived New York, Thursday morning, July 31 at 9:30. We waited a couple of hours to clear customs, took a cab to Newark airport and got a flight out that evening and arrived South Bend about midnight. We were very weary but a surprise welcoming party from my office gave us a lift in more ways than one, including transportation to our little shack in the woods at Decatur, Michigan. "Be it ever so humble - there's no place like home."

Monica Howland

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THE LITTLE ROADS OF IRELAND

The Roman roads run outward from the city on the hills,
And Holland's roads will take you by gaily painted mills,
Small pathways of the East will lead to China's ancient wall --
But the little roads of Ireland are loveliest of all!

From Dublin Bay to Galway - from Cork to Derrytown
From Antrim to Killarney they ramble up and down;
And though you are ten thousand miles from where they twist and wind,
The little roads of Ireland stay forever in your mind.

KATHERINE EDELMAN

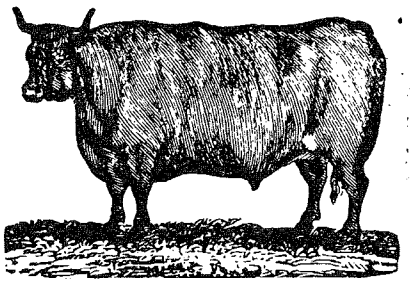
1876

APRIL 1

[illegible]

APRIL 2

[illegible]



APRIL 29

Saturday

Commenced raining about daylight this morning & rained fully much steady till afternoon

I went over to down this afternoon forenoon went around by the new road there is 2 or 3 places about 4 rods long each that the water is over the road but it is not as bad as I expected to find it Charles Huff went around with me I paid him $3.00 when we got over to down

the boys cleared around the forenoon & Lounton & dock went over to town this afternoon Dr plowed this afternoon & I was worked

APRIL 30

Sunday

Hard frost last night & has been cold & chilly all day

I went over south fifteenmile to Goodspeeds & Collins to get an ox [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

MAY 5

Saturday
Light frost this morning
but warmer today

Geo Ingold corn ground
all day he finished changing
over the second time this
noon & got part way over
the third time this afternoon

Quinton & I went down the
river flat this morning &
picked up the stump pulling
gear I loaned yesterday they
had rolled enough to burn
readily after Charley Beatty
came along they pried &
packed his machine in the
fence corner & came up home
with us & paid him $21.00 &
owe him $2.00 yet

Quinton & I went to town
this afternoon with Jilly &
the single buggy we traded
saw off Thompson over & he
paid him $20 she is a good
looking pony but a big dum
in plain
we need a fair to ride only
when the roads are bad &
Quinton & I can have

MAY 6

Wednesday
Light frost this morning
but it warmed off about 8 o'clock

Quinton & I went down to
the lower flat & fired
all the stumps that ignited
this morning
Quinton went to Buell
in the noon hack to the first
meeting practice of Glee
Club they only had 2
members there
they had songs with
good chorus

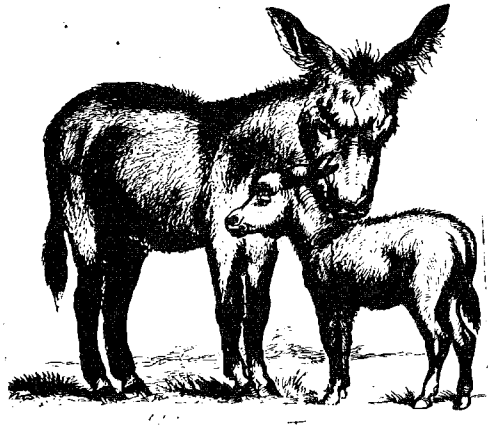
Delfed Watsons planted
corn they lost some time
on account of the rain

MAY 7

Friday
Some rain & clear & cool in
the forenoon & cloudy & cool the
afternoon & looked like much
more rain but cleared off again
& the stars are shining this evening

Quinton & I went down to
the lower flat this morning
& finished burning the stumps
& logs & piled
up the charred logs & limbs
with logs & put them
down to the
burnable is not very large
& has not been for some time

Dr was out last week



MAY 8

Monday
Some warm days, cold nights
& coming forward fast

Quinton & I went down to
the lower flat this morning
& finished burning the stumps
& piled up the charred logs
with wagons & so forth &
home about 4 last & Celia
Quinton worked down in
lower flat linking around

Dr helped Watsons plant corn

Jake High stayed here
last night & Dr rode over to
town with him this morning

Dr & Burnett to cut my hair
today & paid him 75 cts

MAY 31

Wednesday
Quite cool last night but
warm today
we finished planting what
corn we have planted to corn
to day & potatoes hoed
strawberries & truck patch
this afternoon it struck
out a thunder on the low
ground marsh & the men
in plowing used the horses
three weeks pounds for
sprouting but it grows better
with the open horses

Jones Harris house caught fire
about 9 o'clock & burned
down he had one been
living in it about 3 months
it was a frame house he
had had just got it painted
& in good style & his
windmill attached burned
down Silas had gone fishing
& his wife has been confined
about 2 weeks ago & has
had to carry her out on
the bed & took her down
with burns last night

JUNE 1

Thursday
[illegible]

We [illegible] plowed down the low
ground with the sweep [illegible]
Hand high tree [illegible] below
on a hillside [illegible] the
water [illegible]
draft [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
the tent & [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Cloudy & warm & [illegible]
got home from [illegible]

Henderson's [illegible]
[illegible]
all finishing up there

JUNE 4

Sunday
Real cool all day

Heard the boss was dead
this morning about ½ past 4
o'clock he come up & wanted
I would come down to Trent
river after breakfast & went up
& [illegible] by Franklins with
[illegible] & Jones & Jones he got
[illegible] & Jones to go down to
[illegible] to let her folks know
that the funeral is to be at
[illegible] to me & Mrs & Jones
[illegible] to Millards & took over
[illegible] to make arrangements
[illegible] & got Jim & got around back
[illegible] about 2 o'clock

[illegible] went down to the pasture
[illegible] look after it & about 11 o'clock I
found the fence knocked down
in 3 places & found the oxen
[illegible] in the woods the
[illegible] mules knocked the
fence down [illegible] & Mollie & Charley got home
from Jakes about 6 o'clock
they found Jakes & Roswell

JUNE 5

Monday
Real cool last night &
Quite cool all day

[illegible] logger work & [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] commissioners
[illegible] the road just at Moses
[illegible] & [illegible] & Lillys [illegible] & Lillys [illegible] & Jason
Brown & [illegible] &
the last one to [illegible] & William
[illegible] & Jim & [illegible] around home
[illegible] about 5 o'clock & [illegible]
to [illegible]
[illegible] & Jim [illegible]
[illegible] communicated [illegible]
[illegible] yesterday morning [illegible]
[illegible] & [illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible] & [illegible]

are there and Englewood
also makes them laugh to hear
Quinton talk about the
Coed around

De[illegible]

SEPTEMBER 20

[illegible] Hill [illegible] night with
[illegible] long north west and
thunder Quite a shower this
evening We commenced
[illegible]ing celery [illegible]
this morning There are
[illegible] two bushels of it
[illegible] long There is
[illegible] miles
[illegible] Joe Moreland
[illegible] Vern Vore
[illegible] Vint Goble [illegible] Grosinger

SEPTEMBER 21

[illegible]
[illegible] cold [illegible]
[illegible] early this morning
[illegible]

[illegible]

SEPTEMBER 20

Wednesday
Pleasant & cloudy this afternoon I looked very much like rain but did not rain
Quinton went down to Jackson today to the State Fair
I took him over to town & looked after sales Got some fine plants of Rogers to cross the vines across Barrons dale prairie to town & got back home about noon & over & helped Sam Morris raise a tree house this afternoon I went down to Sup Eatons this morning
I ran around all the forenoon hunting for [illegible] & the guinea out in the pasture last night we found her in Wilsons field
We picked apples this afternoon & hauled to Crows

SEPTEMBER 21

Thursday
Cloudy all day but not cold. Sprinkled a few little this evening
I stayed to Jeff Evans last night to [illegible] came here this morning [illegible] going to get [illegible] before 9 O'clock I went down to [illegible] & got [illegible] Sally Lamont [illegible] me in my testament about 4 O'CLOCK I think and not want to let me come home to-day
So I went on & [illegible] & [illegible] this evening & found them at home & all well

[illegible] Cassopolis [illegible] they charged me 75 cents for dinner & breakfast

Jan. 26, 1876

Wednesday — Froze solid last night but thawed very little today.

Quinton & I took our hogs to Marcellus today. I drove Tom & Bill & Quinton drove John & Kit. Hank High came over to help load up. I took 7 of the large ones on my load. They weighed 2,010 lbs & Quinton took 7 on his load that weighed 1761 lbs. Watson took 2 for himself. We got $380.56 for them.

Watson pd $15.00 for the Berkshire sow that we sold him last summer. She was a good investment for him. She raised him 10 pigs. He sold 5 of them for $2.00 and cheap at that. He has 5 left that are 4.50 apiece. He got $26.80 for the old sow making a total of $59.30 for the investment. I got 2 new shoes put on Tony's hind feet & one for shoe reset.

Feb. 3, 1876

Tuesday — Snowed nearly all day — about 2 in — Not enough for sleighing.

I helped Hank High butcher 3 hogs this forenoon & went over about 4 o'clock & helped him weigh — one weighed 100 & the other 200 lbs. & he had cut up one that was about the size of the smallest one.

Quinton went over to the mill & got the lumber of the 2 logs that I drawed over there was about 400 ft. of it they charged $1.70 for sawing it.

Feb. 4, 1876

Friday — Colder last night but has been a tolerable snug winter's day.

We chored around this forenoon & hitched up the oxen & drawed 2 small loads of wood on the sleigh but it is tough sleighing yet.

This afternoon Quinton & I went down to the swamp & cleared out a road to get some rails & we fetched up some poles for the sheep shed.

Juliet & someone else went to the West Valley school with Hank High. He took our wagon Lib Scott, Frank Morland & Mary Jane Thompson came forward & are going to be baptized. Sharp came back & is preaching there now & he is getting his share of Bier's converts.

Feb. 5, 1876

Saturday — Sharp & frosty last night with a strong southeast wind this morning, but the sun has shown all day.

Doc & I drawed 3 loads of cornfodder this forenoon it is a good deal damaged on acct. of being blown down so much. We drawed with the oxen & mudboat. Quinton chored this afternoon so we went to town with the spring wagon. It is splendid wheeling & did not get home til dusk. (attended Grange)

There was a tin peddler by the name of Bartlett from Kalamazoo stayed here last night. He had a boy with him to drive teem & take care of them for him. He stayed here about 2 yrs ago.

Feb. 6, 1876

Sunday — Thawed today — real sloppy & muddy. Has been a beautiful day.

Mother & Juliet went down to the West Valley school house this forenoon to church. Sharp preached & Bill Anderson made a few remarks a half hour length. After meeting they come up to be baptized: Mrs. Eckenberger Brook Goble's wife & Frank Morland.

Quinton & Doc went down to Clauser & after they got done baptizing, Quinton & Juliet went over to Jake High's they will not come home before tomorrow or next day.

Feb. 17, 1876

Saturday — No snow on the ground today.

I drawed 3 loads of corn fodder this forenoon & went to town this afternoon. We went to Grange meeting they took 7 thru the 4th degree — 2 gents & 5 ladies.

Sharp was here for dinner he came up to talk Scripture with Doc but they did not have time to talk a great while.

I give Bull & Hcklez two orders for plank that I got yesterday.

Feb. 18, 1876

Friday — Was quite sharp last night but thawed during the day. Has been very pleasant.

Doc started to go over to Lawton this morning but met the man he was going to see in Decatur & did not go any farther. he went down to Charleston this afternoon & visited Julia Gard's school. She came home with him this evening.

Quinton drove old Roan over to Buels again this morning.

I went over to Colson's this morn. to see him kill a beef but he had got it knocked down before I got there. Stayed & helped him hang it up & came on home. This afternoon I drew a load of wood. Went over to town & got over 500 ft of oak plank & drawed down on the plank road & took them to Rawson's south ditch.

Feb. 19, 1876

Thursday — Thawed a little last night. John H. stayed until half past 10 last night & Doc got home about 2:00 this morn. Said he had a good time at the dance — but as a dance it was almost a failure.

I went over & helped Ed Copley this forenoon. At 15 Min. past 11:00 o'clock they broke the concave. Ed was feeding it & let part of a bundle of timothy go in crossways of the cylinder they shut the whole thing right down & busted the concave this afternoon. Quinton & I went over to town & from there we went down to Mike Reans to see a pair of steers they are very nice but he asks too much for them — $5.00.

Feb. 20, 1876

Sunday — Froze again last nite — but has been a beautiful day.

Doc, Juliett, & Julia & I went down to Parkers last evening. We took the girls down to meeting this forenoon to her meeting. 3 were baptized. Will High he is only 12 Yrs old, Mrs. Cuddeback & another one of Ike Welscher's girls.

Rodney Van Hise came around this way & took dinner with us. Then he took Julia Gard home.

Some of us went to meeting this evening. They'll discontinue their meetings for the present.

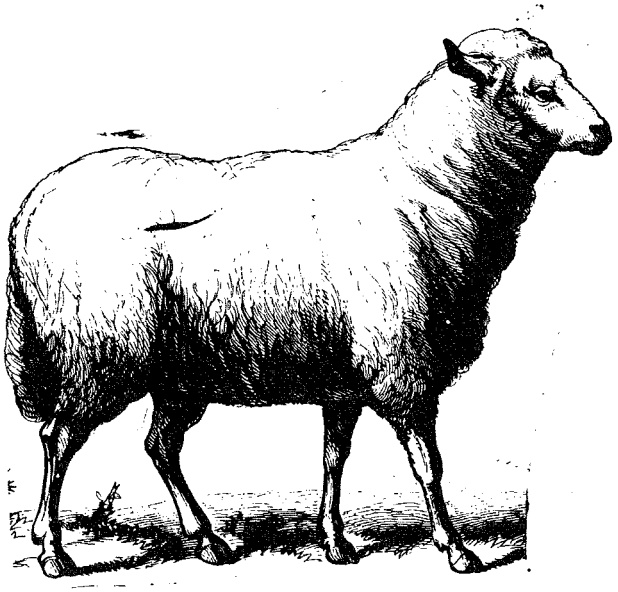
Feb. 21, 1876

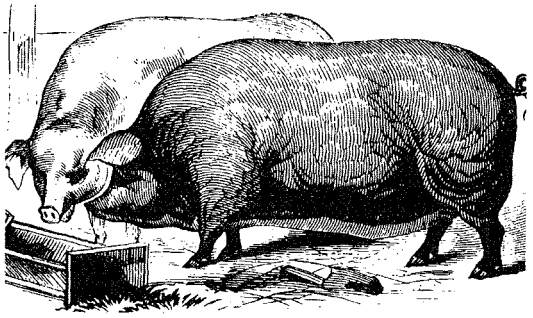
Friday — Frost last night & has been a good sugar day.

Doc went over to John Shaws this morn. & sold him our old wind mill & a new pump then sold the mill for $70.00 & the pump for $15.00 horse tank $10.00 & they put in our old derrick in the bargain. Doc ordered a new wind mill.

Warren Bennett was here from Hartford & bought 13 turkeys at 5¢ alive. We let him have 5 ducks at 5¢ a lb dressed & 17 chickens at 6¢ alive the whole lot amounted to $21.53.

The roads are real muddy this evening.





The Perpetual Diary 1879

Feb. 5, 1879

Wednesday — Snowed a little last night and this morning but the sun came out about noon.

I took the grist over to town this forenoon and had to leave it. I went to Harlans and got Bird and Colonel shod all around. Had their forward shoes drawed and sharpened and reset. Paid $1.20.

The sleigh slipped along pretty well this morning, going over, but was pretty thin coming back. We got home about sun-down. Doc went over with me

Feb. 10, 1879

Tuesday — Rained considerable last night and has been rainy all the forenoon and commenced sifting down fine snow about 4 o'clock.

I have felt tolerable well today but was not out much this forenoon. I went over to Hank's a little while this afternoon and helped do the chores this evening. H. Watson was over a little while this forenoon and this afternoon he came over and he and Quinton hitched Bird and Colonel and went to town. Doc came home with them he is still badly bunged up. Again he got throwed out of a buggy and bruised his face and cut several severe slashes in his forehead and it is real painful this evening he and Aus. were out N. of town and buying apples and the horse got scared and whirled around and partly tipped the buggy over and threw him out.

June 2, 1879

Monday — Rained some last night and has been cool and cloudy most of the day.

I went over to Art Watsons this morning and got my new scraper and worked on the road today scraping down the south hill between us and Parkers. I put in 3 days with myself and team and scraper and Parker had our wagon this afternoon. Will Colson worked with me with his team and put in 2 days.

Levi plowed in the orchard with old Fox and Net. Quinton tinkered around at od jobs.

June 28, 1879

Saturday — Sprinkled most of the forenoon.

I went down to the pasture this morning and salted the sheep and chored around till noon before I got back.

Quinton run around most of the forenoon and we all went to town this afternoon and I got me a pr. of boots at Johnson's that they made for me — paid $6.70 for them and Red Anderson and the school marm came this evening after her salary her order called for $60.00 and they pd. that amount. They had a concert and a little school exhibition to the school house last night and we all went over except Quinton.

June 29, 1879

Sunday — Cool, pleasant day — Harris & Art Watson was over a little while this forenoon & Quinton & I went back over to Arts with them.

Jim Schockly's folks were over from town today, & Mrs. Hubbard, Jim's sister, came over with them.

Juliet & I went down to the West Valley School house this evening to a Sunday School concert.

Brook Goble sent his boys up this morning and borrowed one of our wagons. Hank Morris came over & got the platform wagon he splurged around with today.

Aug. 15, 1879

Tuesday — Real cool last night and this morning with a strong north east wind and looked rainy all the forenoon.

Quinton & Doc finished picking up stone on the wheat field this forenoon & Quinton ploughed wheat stubble this afternoon. Doc whitewashed the fence and Quinton took Aunt Charity down to Eliza Riches this evening.

I finished plowing the clover today. It has been a tough field to plow.

Sept. 13, 1879

Saturday — Rained again this morning and was cloudy a good part of the forenoon. We separated the lambs from the old sheep this morning & Joe drove Iula over to Rosewarnes this morning.

Hank Morris came over this morning & got 25 bu. & 58 lbs. of fults wheat for seed & after he went away Doc and Isbelle got out 6 bushels of corn & we took it over to town with the same amount of oats & left it to the mill to have it ground. Hank High had the drill this afternoon.

Sept. 24, 1879

Wednesday — Quite cool; Doc & I hitched Flora up with Colonel this morn. & drove down thru Charleston & down past John Squier's & around by the Warner school house back to Charleston & from there back home. She got scared west of John Squire's & kicked over the tongue of the wagon & they lit out pretty lively for about 40 rods but she got enough of it & stopped & stood quiet til we unhitched the tugs & let the tongue down & straitened them up & went on again as though nothing had happened. It skinned her off hind leg some & makes her some lame. We hitched her up again after dinner & drove up to Rosewarnes & back & then Quinton & I took bird & Colonel & went to town.

We got 2 barrels of salt one for John Scott & one for our own use paid $1.45 per barrel for it.

I received of A.N. Chamberlain $21.12 of primary school money & $1.40 library.

Sept. 28, 1879

Sunday — Jake & I left Nottinghams about 8 o'clock this morn & went to Des Voigns one mile south of Mendon got there about 2 o'clock stoped there & got dinner & went about 3½ Mi. southeast of there to Mrs. Trulys & found nobody at home there so we went 3 Mi farther on to Jim Klinkers her brother when we got there they were starting to Colon 2 mi father to church & we put Jakes teem in the stable & hitched Klinkers to Jake's buggy & we went with them to church.

Sept. 29, 1879

Monday — Real warm day Jake & I stayed to James Klinkers last night 2 mi. N. West of Colon & we hitched up & drove over to farrens this morn. to see big horses but he had gone to centerville to the fair with them so we turned around come back past cr finkey & left him at noon & come down to ------ & took dinner & went to Centreville to see farren's horses & then started to Pigeon 12 Mi. distant to see a horse there. Got there a little after dark & put up for the night.

Bill Gillett came over about 8 o'clock this morn. & told Doc & Quinton that Hank Morris & his wife were both murdered last night. they said they went up there as soon as they could. They found Hank laying on the east porth with one shot through his body. The other went in on the rt. side of his neck. His wife was dead with 3 shots in her body.

Sept. 30, 1879

Tuesday — Real warm today. We saw the horse that we went to look at but we did not like him so started home about 8 o'clock & came by way of Constantine.

We got home about sundown. We saw the account of Hank Morris & his wife's murder in the paper. It was the 1st that Jake & I knew of it. The rest of our folks went to the funeral this afternoon. It was estimated that there was 1500 people & 458 teems in the procession — the largest funeral that had ever been known in this part of the country & the most excitement. If the people could have got hold of the villain that done the deed they would have linched him on the spot. The horse was found running loose in South Bend.

Oct. 1, 1879

Wednesday — Jake stayed here all night & went home this morn. We rode over to town with him. Quinton went over to Hank Morrises' place & found Sam & his wife & Elias & His wife there & old man Jones & his wife. They were all gathering up Hank's wife's things & jones folks were going to take what belonged to Esther — home with them.

I went down to the lower place with Brook Goble to help him unload the old wagon. He took it home with him to go to the Volinia town fair.

Oct. 12, 1879

Sunday — Hotter than ever — thermometer ran up to 92 in the shade about 1 o'clock. Morse & I hitched up & drove ove to town this morn. & found Doc he has been taking in the Lawrence fair this week & considerable whiskey with it.

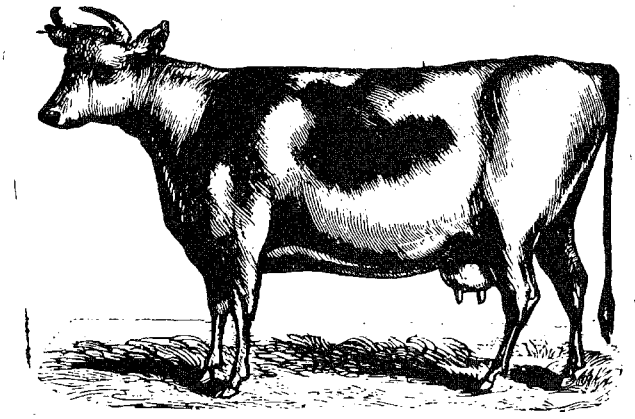
Morse started home about 2. O'clock & I rode up as far as Red Anderson's with him & looked Reed's pigs & lambs over & then he hitched up & we drove over to Doc Thomases & I rode back to Rosewarne's corners & got home just dusk.

Oct. 13, 1879

Monday — Rained a light shower last nite.

I went over to Hank Morrises place this morning. Saw Elias about getting the wheat for the seed wheat that we let Hank have he did not want to let me have it at first but finally said that if I would go home & get a team & bags that he would let me have it & run the risk. Hank had contracted 1000 bu. for seed.

Courtesy Of Clara Ann Reits Miller



STORIES AND POEMS - BY LOWELL MATTOX

Faded Memories

"Back Pete! Back Barney! Whoa boy." All right kids. Jump off. There is your new home." These spoke my father Aaron, the early 1900's. How many times was I to hear these words repeated. For dad was a pioneer homesteader. Working on the roads we moved many and we would arrive at another homestead to be used for some family.

We had chinned off the wagon tongue into the dead grass yard. We explored the house, barn, and cabin of the previous occupy. The floors were wood colored and creaking on a log sill. The roof was a small affair. Dad always said "If you have enough low neighbors for chickens and manure you don't have to clean".

Dad had half Jordean and Scot blood in him and if he had any education, he would have been a fine "Vet" As it was he was a book and music lover. He took what had and had not to have. His sentiments were known & liked by many and could share them, but my first love was the woods and still is.

I've heard my folks tell when they were married in 1900. Dad was skidding logs to the saw mill. The men built them a wide shake roofed cabin with tar paper and there I was born in 1901. The furnishings were mostly home made a one legged bed in one corner, a cupboard in another, a table at one side, at a second stay hand chairs, a cook stove and other items, a little green glass lamp for low cents, which all still shine. Displayed are often of unpublished dollars for a bottle of

My Sister was four years younger than I. We walked to school from a half a mile to a mile and one half. Country Schools in those days were rough, and Starting the first day was an ordeal. The boys would form a half circle around the new comer then the bully would step out. "What is your name?" "How old are you?" "I can lick you" etc. Sometimes the best answer was to hit him on the face with my dinner pail. He became your friend after that. Teachers were both good and bad.

When my sister started school she could read a little and write. She was left handed which displeased the School master very much. So he whacked her fingers with a ruler many times. She went home that night with a badly swollen hand.

Dad went over to the teachers boarding place and told him off. "Nature must have intended her to be left handed". I'm not telling you what you can do but what she is going to do. You whack that little fingers again, and I'll break every one of your hands!" Many teachers of that day would not be permitted to teach school today.

By present day standards Schools were poorly equipped. A large stove that burned wood. The teachers desk and chair. Desks and seats nailed to the floor for the pupils. On a shelf in the hall was the water pail and tin cup from which (all) drank. If one pupil had a cold sore on the lip sore all were affected. Quite often we had to carry water from a neighbouring farm house. The teacher was found to do the janitor work. Sometimes a pupil could be found to help.

Christmas was near, snow and slush. It was cold for there were no heaters in the school rooms.

There was one neighborhood label boy I had worked for a cousin, one of the best farmers in the township. He did all his planting, roofing and fencing according to the signs of the moon. I don't know if that made any difference but he was one of the most successful farmers in the district. A lot of the poor farmers were Kentuckians who had been driven from their homes after the Civil War.

Most of the people get along fine. If a man were sick everyone turned out to put in the crops or harvest them until he was able to look out for himself. One family moved into the neighborhood who was a burden to the family and a bit light fingered. He was visited by a crowd of men with pillow cases over their heads. He was given a choice to reform or leave. He moved out the next morning.

One man I remember well was Old Preacher Jimmy. He was a farmer. There was no church in the hill section in the school house. He preached, married and buried but would take no money. "My farm supported me" he said. Years ago on the sermon we read at a work bee he was always there. If a house and contents burned he would drive around and collect household furnishings to give the burned out family a new start.

I remember the year of 1910. That was the year of Halys Comet. It looked like a big star with a long tail. If you are still alive in 1985 you will have a chance to see it. Many people were frightened as they thought the earth would be destroyed. Ours was an age of superstition. We kids were told that a horse hair put in rain water would turn into a snake. That killing toads or spiders would make the cows give bloody milk. These beliefs have largely vanished except in remote sections of the country.

That same year, we had been going to school for several weeks barefooted. School was kept later that year and on June 3rd. it snowed. At noon we kidz went out and made a fox and Geese ring in the snow And did ya we catch X-1. when we got home

The day before Christmas that same year was warm and sunny, we ran around the playground without coatz on. But after the Holidays winter came long, cold and deep snow.

When I was about seven years old my father made me a bow and arrow. It was a crude affair but still I learned to use it. It has been replaced many times by bowz of hickory, ash and sassafras to my present one of osage orange, I have owned many guns but none have taken the place of that first bow. I have ever loved the woodz and the wild creatures that dwelled there. I studied their habitz and why nature had so endowed them.

I have noticed in recent years that childerns toyz are all bought. If we wanted a top, bow, crossbow, slingshot or kite we had to make it ourself, but kidz of today are lacking in skill & with a jackknife.

Changes came. I have seen the board sidewalk give way to concrete. The kerosene lamp and the old lamplighter with his kerosine can and ladder replaced by electricity. The old hitching rack by the parking lot. The blacksmith by the garage. Perhaps it was for the best but our once ~~quiet~~ quiet life has been shattered by two world wars, leaving us on a state of uncertainty We do have more luxury, medicare and conveniences but have lost the spirit of self independence

In 1918 the Spanish flu swept across the country. Many died. But it seemed strange to me that the rugged and healthy looking died and the frail looking ones survived. The same year the big blizzard came. Just before noon Dad said "we're going to have a bad spell of weather. See that old sow carring straw into her house. After dinner we're going to haul up a lot of wood" We brought to the woodshed two large loads of beech and maple

The weather became colder. I milked a bucket full and hung it out of the barn cats reach. Before I could milk another pail full the first had started to freeze. After sundown the blizzard struck. at dawn the snow was piled high. we were in the hill country and there were no modern snow removal equipment

I put on my snowshoes, took a bag of corn and went to the woods to feed the birds. In a few weeks they lost all fear of me except one old crow. We had enough pork, flour and potatoes to see us through, but ran out of coffee and kerosene. Had parched some barley which took the place of coffee. For a light he melted lard in a saucer and put a wick in it. He called it a bitch light. It smelled horrible and gave about as much light as a piece of chalk.

During the First World War, and two years after times were fairly good. Wages and produce prices were good. We had no sales tax or income tax. A certain amount of lawlessness followed the war as it usually does. A law was passed making it illegal to make, sell or drink any alcoholic beverage. Many people were killed and many were made wealthy. It was not a success, the law was revoked.

Then came the depression of the 30's. Some people can still remember it, but young people can have no idea.

of the misery and suffering it brought. The W.P.A. was started to furnish work for the jobless. I was foreman over about twenty-five men. They represented about every race, occupation and belief I learned more about the human race then be put into a large book. Picture a rocky hillside on a cold march day. men with axe, pick and shovel. The careless, happy laugh of the negro The buzzing Consonant of the Slav. The soft drawl of the man from the Ozarks, the musical voice of the Indian.

A fair picture of these Steppons of Depression

Most of the farmers were hostile to the work gang as they needed help on the farms. But no man could support a family on the wages they offered.

Then came World War II. Factories opened. Workers rushed in from the South. Then ~~the~~ followed price fixing, job freezing and rationing. Work in War plants paid good even tho we were taxed about one days wages out of five. I missed the freedom of the outdoors. Rationing was bad and probaly unnecessary. The war made rich men richer and thinned out the surplus population. Indians on reservations and white youths of eighteen were drafted but were not allowed to vote.

If During the war I married a girl from the South. After the war I went back North to work in a state forest. I liked it there. People were isolated enough to be friendly. They were mostly Swedes, Finns, French Canadians and Indian. There were all kinds of fur and game animals. Rivers and lakes were well stocked with both game and pan fish. My shack was eighteen miles from the nearest town.

There were old apple trees, lilac bushes and lilies planted bye the Mormons who had been driven from their old home on Beaver Island in the 1850s. But the thin soil and frequent frosts made farming impossible. The people left and Nature came back to claim her own.

I was getting a bit old for woods work so I followed construction for a time. I was forman for an outfit from Fort Wayne. Most of the help was easy to get along with I would rather not have men from the same town where I live. They were apt to resent taking orders from a foreman they knew. Also a mixed gang is a pain in the neck. Northern and Southern Whites and N.o.S. blacks.

I followed this line of work for about fifteen years until and injury landed me in a hospital. The insurance was quite reluctant to paying up, but after two years of legal wrangling, I received a fair settlement.

So many things have changed or gone completely. The old time peddlar. The Pitt Rawleigh and Watkins man with soap, extracts, spices and linamint.

The tin peddler with milk pans, pails, cups and dippers Two huge sacks, one for white and one for colored rags were on the back of the wagon. For a big sack of rags you could get a tin cup and the handle generally fell off the first time you used it.

Then the pack peddlar. We always called him a Jew, altho he may have been a Syrian or Armenian. His wares were needles, pins, thread, shoelaces, buttons, thimbles and nutmegs. It was a good idea to stab them with a needle. If it was good oil would come out. Gypsies came by with their covered wagons. They traded horses. Their women told fortunes, begged and stole anything that was not nailed down

1 Characters and odd happenings.

When I went to the armory for a physical during World War II, I passed every test except vision. On reaching the ground floor I was accosted by a husky young lad who wanted to know if I had passed.

"Everything but my eyesight" I told him.

"I didn't pass either and I really wanted to go"

"Whats wrong with you" I asked altho by that time I had a pretty good idea. "They gave me a paper but I can't read it." "Here I read it out loud". The paper said rejected for mental deficiency. "Whats that" he asked.

Well I hate to hurt anyones feelings so I finally told him "its nothing that will hurt you but you may never get over it." He laughed "Well if it don't hurt me I don't care if I never get over it"

I've thought of that poor fellow many times, Wondering What became of him. What his previous surroundings were that made so eager to go.

During the 1870s and '80s the farmers of S. Michigan were plauged by gangs of horse thieves from the Kankakee Swamp. The worked by night. There were no State Police. Only a County Sheriff & so they were seldom Caught. Farmers formed what was known, as The Anti Horse Thief Association. My father walking home late at night met two men driving a team and leading another.

They bummed a chew of tobacco and inquired the nearest way to the State line. He recongized the lead team but said nothing. He woke the nearest farmer who collected a gang of men and set out in pursuit. The thieves were captured one half mile ~~for~~ from the Indiana line.

This tale was handed down to me as it happened long before I was born.

For years, summer and Winter alike there was a woman who walked the railroad right of way pulling a ~~little~~ little wagon or sled, the contents covered with a blanket. She would speak to no one. Where she slept, What she ate was a mystery. Today the police would have found out about her. But at that time people were allowed to live their own life without interference as long as they bothered no one

After this woman was found dead near the railroad Under the blanket was found a complete set of silver ware Had she seen better days and salvaged the silver from her other possissons? Or had she been a servant to some wealthy family and fled with the silver? no one knows. There was no identifacasion and she was buried in ~~on~~ an unmarked grave.

One old farmer I remember. many times I watched him walking down the street, whip in hand, his long white beard fluttering in the breeze. The beard was almost his undoing:

One day the grain binder on which he was riding failed to function, so Old Jim jumped from his seat and stuck his head in the Machine to see what was wrong. The horses started forward and his beard received a sharp tug. He took th team to the barn and hitched to the buggy. His old maid daughter came out "Where you going Pa" "I'm going to town Minnie" "Wait a minute. I got some butter and eggs I want to trade in".

On reaching town, the old man tied his team and headed for the barber shop. "Cut them off and give me a shave" He passed his daughter several times. She had never seen him without a beard. Finally "I got your trading done Minnie", She knew the voice and broke out crying "Why Pa. You darned old fool."

Well I guess thats about enough characters because I'll bet there are a lot of people in this town That regard me as a character. I heard a southerner said I was the "quarest critter he ever seed". He's all the time totin a book around. They tell me he'll set down and read a book plumb thru just for pure pleasure" I

The natives of this town regard me as a ~~Communist~~ COMMUNIST for believing that a laboring man is a human being and should be treated as such. I've found there is both good and bad in people of all races and ~~of~~ beliefs Each person is an individual separate from others.

Of course I believe that from birth to death there is a path that each must follow. It may be short or long, straight or crooked. Some paths may have more rocks an ~~bear~~ briars than others. All things that happen to you is for your betterment and some day you will know why. I believe that the Great Power that gave you life, Gave life to every living creature. Therfor it is wrong to kill heedlessly or distroy the things of Nature without reason. Lots of people will not agree with any of this but this I believe.

"ALL THE TIME TOTIN' A BOOK AROUND."

Wendigo

Pierre the breed had gone insane
The hunters met him in the wood
He did not say "Bo Zhoo" but screamed
And ran as quickly as he could.

The 'Mounties' picked him up next morn
With tattered clothes and bleeding feet.
They caught him as he madly dashed
Thru prickly ash and bitter sweet

They brought him bound back to the Post
And locked him safely in a cell
For days on end he raved and tossed
Just like a tortured soul in hell.

Until one day Pierre grew calm
And woodsmen came thru snow and cold.
And sat outside the steel barred door
To hear the story that he told.

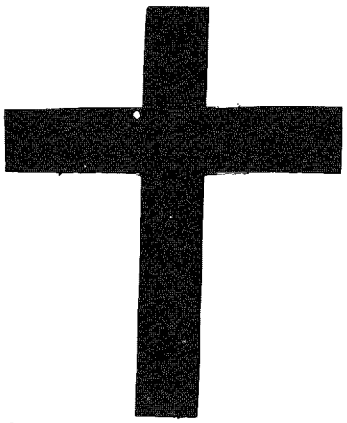
He told them of a horrid thing
A monster taller than a spruce
Whose eyes shone like the fox-fire glow.
With spreading antlers like a moose

His voice did hold a witching note
It echoed like the thunder's roar
Sometimes 'twas like a babbling brook.
Or wild waves dashing on the shore

"Who gazes on that face is doomed
He first goes mad then lingering dies"
The listening trappers crossed themselves
And fled with terror in their eyes.

One day at dusk he stood erect
"He's come for me again" he cried
With horror stamped upon his face
Pierre the breed fell back and died

"He was insane" the factor said
That might be true I wouldn't know.
But all the trappers roundly swore
Pierre had met the Wendigo



The Legend of the Poplar.

'Twas springtime in the North land
When first was told to me
The story of the cruel cross
Carved from the poplar tree.
Near twenty centuries ago
Back in the Holy Land
When Roman rule upon the Jew
Had laid a heavy hand.
There came a simple carpenter
Our grief and sins to bear
To die upon a cruel cross
A crown of thorns to wear.
So when no breeze is stirring
The quivering leaves you see
In sorrow for the Son of Man
Who died upon the tree
And on the burned o'er wastelands
According to His Plan
The poplar tree springs up to hide
Destruction wrought by man.

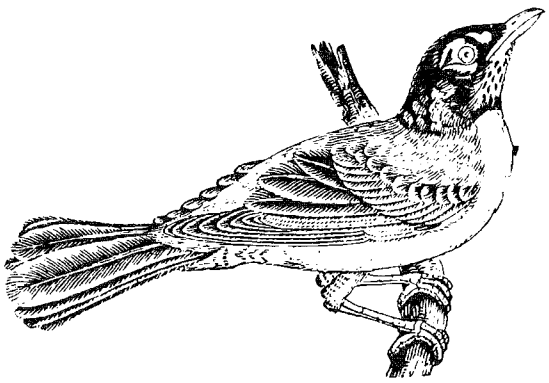
The Woodsmen Prayer.

On Sunday loud the church bells told
To call the city folks to prayer
In stately churches built on busy streets
Where music, candles and the spoken word
Bring thoughts of peace and quiet to their souls.
To me the woods have been a sacred spot
Of all abiding quietness and peace
My music is the sighing of the pines
Of singing birds that flit from tree to tree
Singing their praises to the One
Who watches o'er each single destiny from day to day.
My incense is the wild grape bloom
And flowers colored by a Master Hand,
My candles are the fireflies o'er the swamp.
Or glowing fox fire on the rottening log.
And when my evening fire burns low
'Tis then these thots burn in my inmost mind.
"Oh Gardian Spirit of the Ancient Wild
Guide Thou my footsteps as I walk life's twisted trail
I know not what may lie 'round yonder bend
And guard me from the quicksands at the side
Or Widow maker* hanging over head.
Help me to know the Wisdom of Thy Plan
To love Thy creatures all both great and small
And grant me knowledge for the day when I must walk,
That far flung pathway in the Starry sky

* Widow maker – and over hanging limb.
* The pathway in the Sky – The Milky Way – The pathway of souls.

Smoke

A group of men stood by the station ~~door~~ door.
Joking, laughing and waiting for the train
To bear them to their nightly scene of toil.
They punch the clock and gaze into the smoke
That swirls like heat waves 'neath a sultry August Sky.
Thru windows smoke begrimed, the fading sunset
Casts its farewell gleam.
Ans from afar the stars come out
Pinned on the black robed beauty of the night.
The piping frogs send forth their mournful cry.
The tiny harbingers of coming spring.
With senses dead to all of these
They hear the bandsaws snarling scream
The drumming tamper adds its sullen note.
At last with sleepy eyes they stumble from the train
And each one homeward wends his weary way.
They do not hear the robins sprightly song
Nor turtledove's soft calling to his mate
And wonder came to me that men should toil
Within these haunts
Their ancient kinship with the earth forgot.
While nature loudly calls on every hand.



The Exile

There is an old tarpaper shanty
On the wild Au Sable's shore
And my homesick heart is pining
Just to be back there once more

When the wild geese have gone over
And the springtime is at hand
Then my heart is ever turning
To that fair and distant land.

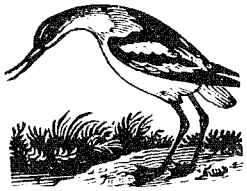
Summer comes, then fleeting autumn
Warns what winter has in store
When the snow swirls through the woodland
And drifts on the river shore

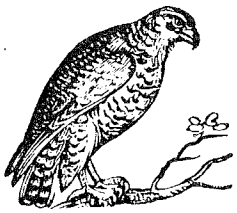
Through the snowy endless forest
Where mans foot has scarcely trod
Makes you feel that you are nothing
Brings you face to face with God.

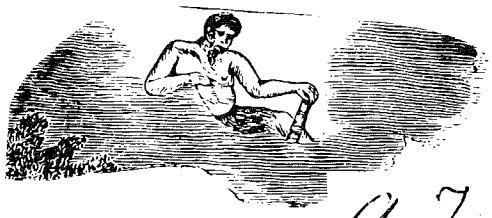
On the Windows here in Memphis
The rain beats fierce and free
And the mighty Mississippi
Murmurs to the wide levee.

And some day I'll throw the shackles
of the southland from my feet
And start a drifting Northward,
To a land that can't be beat

There the tall white birch is gleaming.
There my heart is, Heaven knows.
To that old deserted shanty
Where the singing river flows.





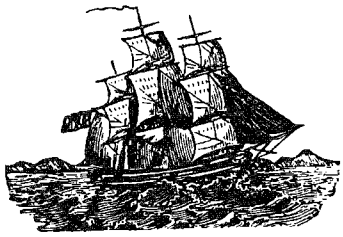


A Forest Dream

A pulp wood by his fire
Had wolfed his lunch ~~than~~ than seemed to tire
His head down to his chest did creep
Then all relaped did fall asleep.
The eastern sky was filled with light
A radiant figure, dazzeling bright
The Mighty Forester came down and stood
To pass out judgement on the wood.
And all the crooked trees that grew
And all with rotten hearts He threw
Down to the earth. But all the good
Were left there standing in the wood.
The pulp wood noticed then
That all the trees appered as men
With face and figures that he knew.
It seemed that he was transformed too.
But as the axe drew near to him
To cut him down both root and limb
He turned to flee and loudly spoke
His vain regrets. then quickly woke
Twas but a dream. his fire burned low
He took his axe and turned to go
Back to his work. But still it seems
There was a warning in his dreams.

The Chips of Life

It was many and many a year ago
When I was but a lad.
Down there the woods we drove one day
Just two of us – I and my dad.
We could hear the sound of the choppers axe
And soon drove up by him.
An Old, old man all withered and bent
And his strokes lacked vigor and vim.
I scoffed a bit after we went by
At the feeble showing he made
But Dad looked thotful, and took a chew
And my smile began to fade
"His axe like him is 'bout worn out
He's so old he can hardly stand
Don't judge a man by the chips he throws
But the axe he holds in his hand."
Oh, many the years that I come and gone
But the memory still stays with me
When I see someone make a botch of things
It's not the chips I see
I ask myself "what chance had he
Had he money, friend or land?"
Then I know why of the chips he throws
By the axe he has in his hand.
When the Big Boss calls "It's quitting time".
And my work on earth is thru
May I be judged by the tools I had
Instead of the chips I threw.



:: LAST ADVENTURE ::

I know not to what distant land I'll go
  The day I ride into the blazing sunset bright,
Where there will be no sorrow. pain or woe
  Beneath the dazzling radiance of His sight.

I'll shrink not when I feel that icy breath,
  From thorns of doubt my pathway will be clear,
And to that last adventure men call death,
  I'll go as I have lived -- without a fear.

Lowell Mattox

Raiders Open Gridiron Season At Mattawan

The linemen on this year's football squad are: Front Row - Kraig Haun, Gary Penning, Randy Hoekstra, Mike Fuentes, Jim High and Lloyd Wilson. Back Row - Keith Morris, Brett Ferros, Gary Kruegar, Bob Taylor, Corny Phelps and Clois Hughes.

Backfield members of the 1976 Decatur Raiders squad are: Front Row - Dave Gebhardt, Richard Rice and Buck Warkentien. Back Row - Steve Groendyk, Bruce Bohn and Jim Smola. Not pictured is Dave Mroczek.

The Decatur Raiders will open their 1976 football season at Mattawan this Friday. This first contest will be a non-conference battle and the first game for both teams.

Last season the two met to open the season and Decatur downed the young Wildcats 28-6. This year the Mattawan squad will have 19 lettermen returning and will be coming off a successful 6-3 season last year.

The Wildcats won their last four games of the season in 1975 and should have muscle momentum coming into this year's action. The Mattawan team will be deep at most positions with eight starters returning on offense and seven on defense.

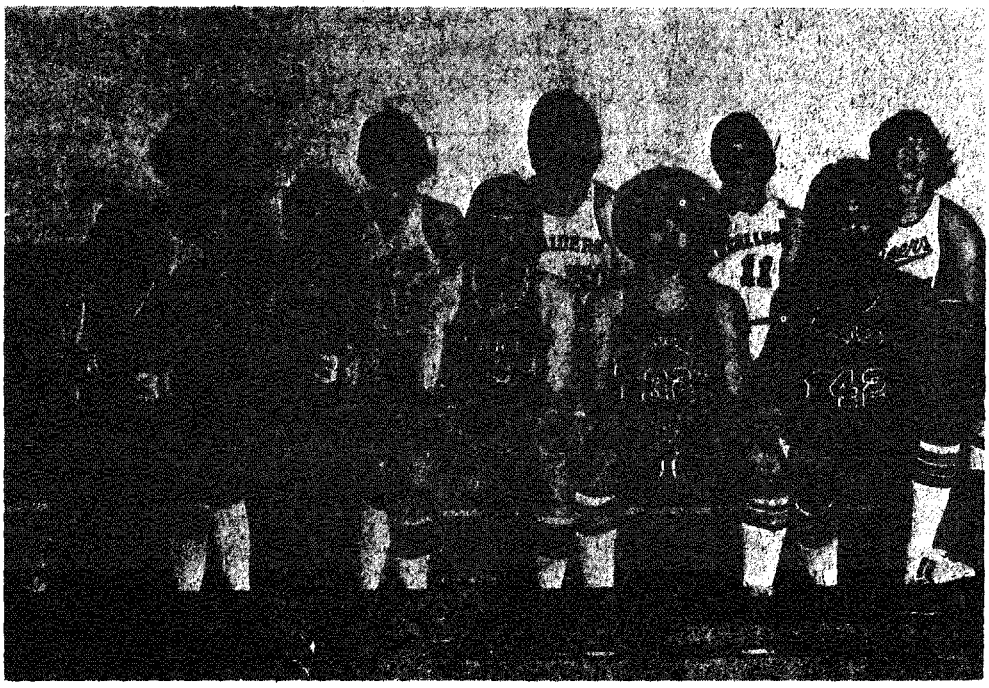
The Raiders will be very inexperienced, losing many of last year's players through graduation. Only seven players are lettermen from last season.

Steven Groendyk and Dave Mroczek will be among the returnees who will help for a talented, but small nucleus. Groendyk has been moved from line to fullback and should add needed power to the backfield. Buck Warkentien and Jim Smola are working at quarterback with Dave Mroczek, Bruce Bohn and Gary Kruegar also seeing action in the backfield.

Defensively Groendyk and 220-pound Bob Taylor will anchor the line. Other experienced defensive men are Brett Ferras and Gary Penning who should help greatly.

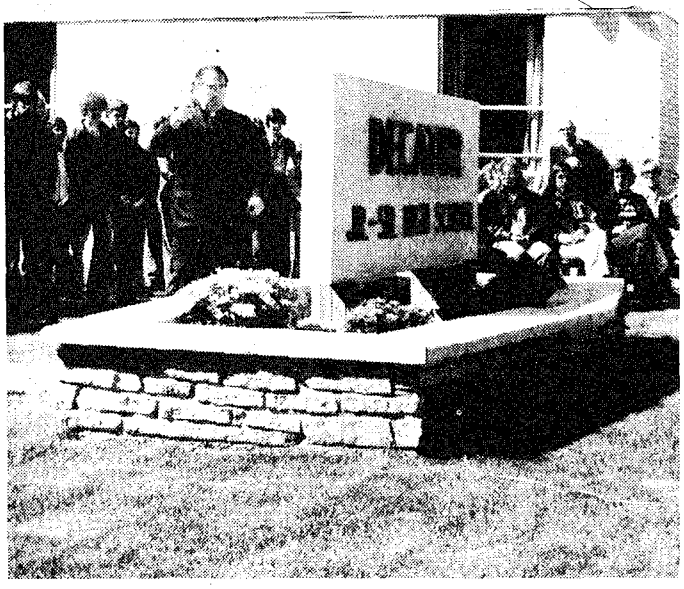
The inexperienced Raiders will be tested strongly in this first game and good support from their rooters will be a big boost. Game time is 7:30.

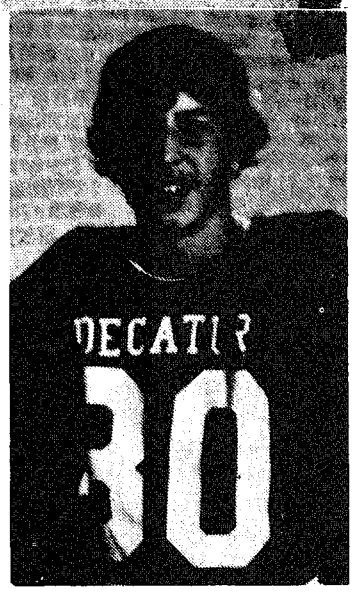
SAC All-Conference Teams



DECATUR HAD FOUR out of the starting five on the 1975-76 basketball squad picked to one of the SAC All-Conference teams or receiving honorable mention. The first team is pictured in the front row: Jim Overley and Captain Kurt Wiese, Decatur; Robert Vandenberg, Martin; Lonnie Lewis, Marcellus and Steve Bradley also of Marcellus. Back row is the second team: Goldman Greene, Bloomingdale; John Lepley, Lawton; Steve Groendyk, Decatur; Dave Mason, Marcellus and Jim Mason, Lawrence. Raider Matt Leighton received honorable mention.

Tim Jankowski Memorial Dedication Held Last Friday





Pictured above is a dedication service for the "Tim Jankowski Memorial Sign." The service was conducted last Thursday by the Rev. Walter Spillane of Holy Family Catholic Church. Among those present at the dedication were Tim's family: Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jankowski, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rybarski (Tim's brother-in-law and sister, Mrs. Robert Pike (Tim's sister), and several other relatives. Others present included friends, several members of the Board of Education, Superintendent Hellenga and the members of the senior class (Tim's graduating class).

The combined efforts of many people made the "Tim Jankowski Memorial Sign" possible. The financing was made possible through the Tim Jankowski memorial fund and the Decatur Board of Education. All of the labor, including the architectural fee, was donated. The architect was Guido A. Binda and Associates of Battle Creek and the excavating was done by Dalton Kinney of Decatur. The foundation and cement work was completed by Roy and Marvin Christensen and the brick work by Bruno Dragan and Leonard Jankowski, all of Decatur.

It is hoped that the "Tim Jankowski Memorial Sign" will stand as a lasting memory of an excellent young man who was a model student, a good athlete, and a wonderful person.

Girl's Basketball Season Opens Tuesday, Sept. 14

THE DECATUR HIGH School Girl's Varsity Basketball Team will open its 1976—77 Season next Tuesday. Members of this years team are: Front Row-C. Persful, M. Perez, M. Jones, B. Stambeck, R. Rouse and D. Graham. Back Row: A. Urick, T. Hayes, J. Baushke, S. Mroczek, S. Moore, P. Lapekas, J. Davis, D. Ebeling, M. Jancjewski and Coach Getman.

THE MEMBERS OF the Decatur Junior Varsity Girls Cage Team are: Front Row-K. Stambeck, P. Summons, J. Leighton, S. Brigham, R. Huston, K. Creagan and S. Rice. Back Row-J. Laskovy, K. Rouse, D. Neumeir, L. Sherburn, R. Haas, D. Herron, C. Janzewski, J. Wiles and Coach Sieber.

LIBBY BROWNING

The period was the early 1900's. Libby Browning was the charming daughter of the proprietor of the popular Browning Drug Store, which burned in the early part of the century.

Miss Browning had a romantic courtship with William H. Clark, the dignified operator of a furniture and undertaking establishment on Phelps Street. After the marriage they lived in the white stucco house on the corner of St. Mary's and Phelps Street across from the Webster Library.

William H. Clark (Old Billy) had a tall, gaunt figure, and when dressed in his black swallow tail coat, made quite an imposing image as he sat on the high seat reserved for the driver of the hearse. He drove a matched, black team - wearing black fly nets (in the summer time) and used a sleigh in the winter time.

In later years Libby became infirm, almost to the point of being a hypochondriac. She remarked to a friend one day that she was "comfortably sick". Her husband, Old Billy, waited on her hand and foot. Lacking plumbing conveniences in the homes of that era, he carried a portable stove (during the winter months), filled with hot coals, and placed it in the little building at the rear of the house, for her comfort.

In the summer season, he attached several umbrellas to the branches of a shade tree to insure her of maximum protection from the sun. Then he carried her outside, and propped her up in pillows. Such was the life of "Milady" as she enjoyed a leisurely sickness!

When Libby was a girl, she lived in the "Old Browning House", which is the stucco house on the north-west corner of Sherwood and William Streets (directly across from the old Dexter Brigham home). The big yard was enclosed with a white picket fence, and she proudly related in later years to a little girl (Margaret McAndrews), how she and several of her girl friends, dressed in their crinoline and hoop skirts, waved to the "Boys in Blue" (during the Civil War), as they marched past her home on their way to the depot to depart for war assignments. Some of those boys never returned!

MOTHER SHIPTON

By: Jean Newton

There exists an amazing amount of alleged information about Mother Shipton - with regard to whose very existence paradoxically enough - there is no dependable proof.

The maiden name of this, in all probability, imaginary, reputed witch and prophetess - said to have been born near the close of the fifteenth century, in Yorkshire, England - was Ursula Southill; her mother, Agatha, also believed to be a witch, was known as "the Devil's Child."

History (lies agreed upon) has it that at twenty-four, Ursula Southill, whose actuality is a question, married Tobias Shipton. The prophecies subsequently turned out to be confessed forgeries.

Among them was the foretelling of the end of the world in 1881, which three score years ago created an international wave of excited apprehension.

Genuine or fake, and regardless of whether Mother Shipton was a real being or not, the following, which is the most popular of the prophecies attributed to her, do credit to a fertile imagination.

SHIPTON PROPHECY

In twice 200 years, the bear

The crescent shall assail,

But if the cock and bull unite

The bear shall not prevail.

But look! In twice 10 years again

Lett Islam know and fear

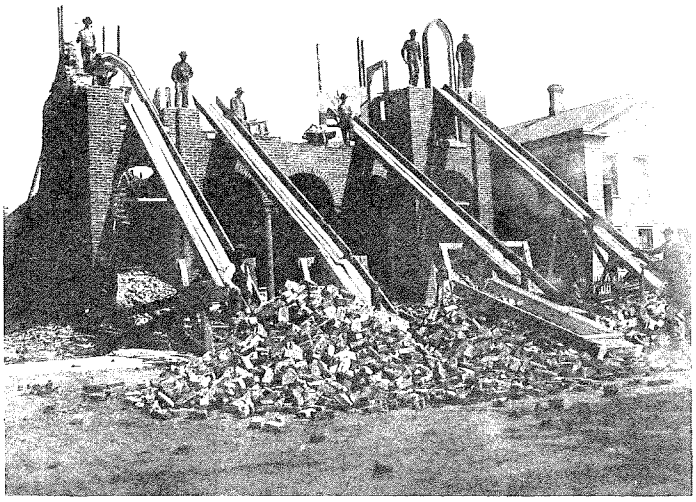
The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,

Grow pale and disappear.

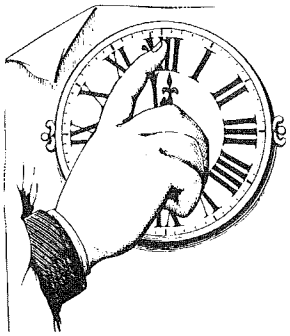
It was first published about 340 years ago. Here it is:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In black, in white, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's now not known.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES

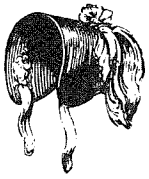


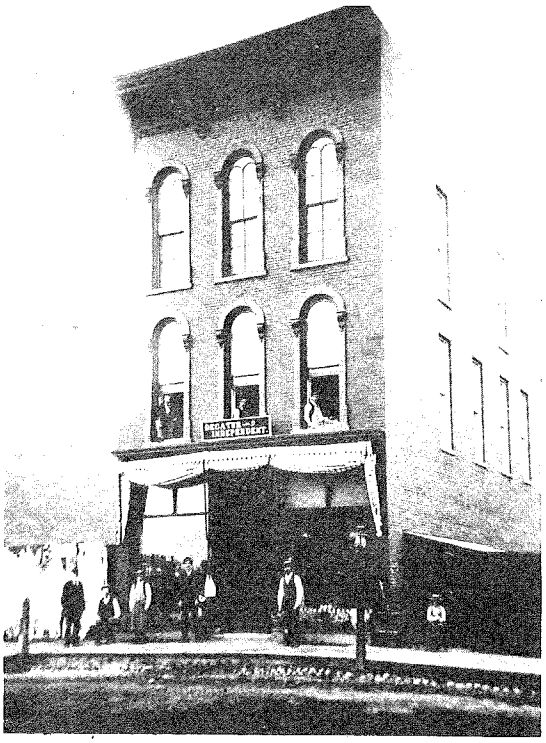
Tearing Down Original Town Hall By
Barney Mahoney and helpers
for $100.00.



Pictures -

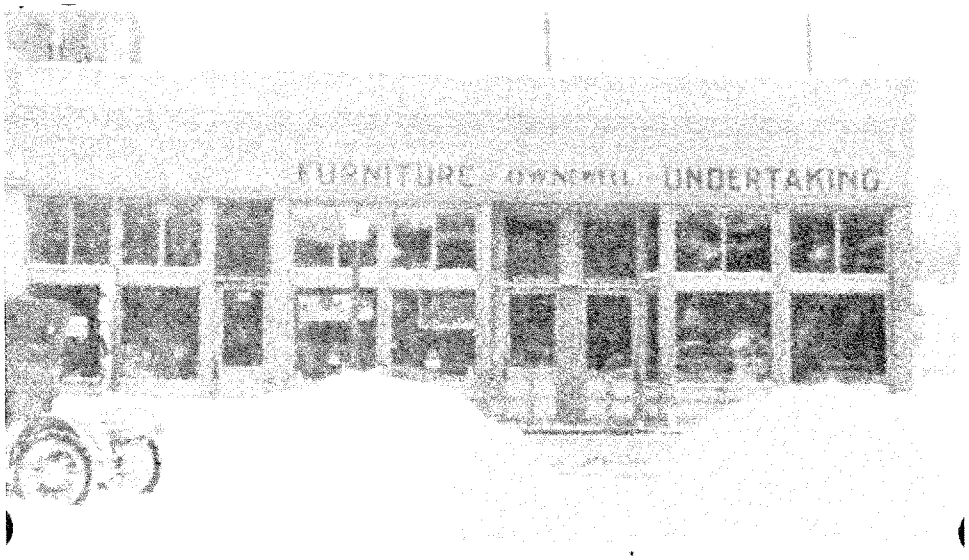
Courtesy of Lloyd Dow





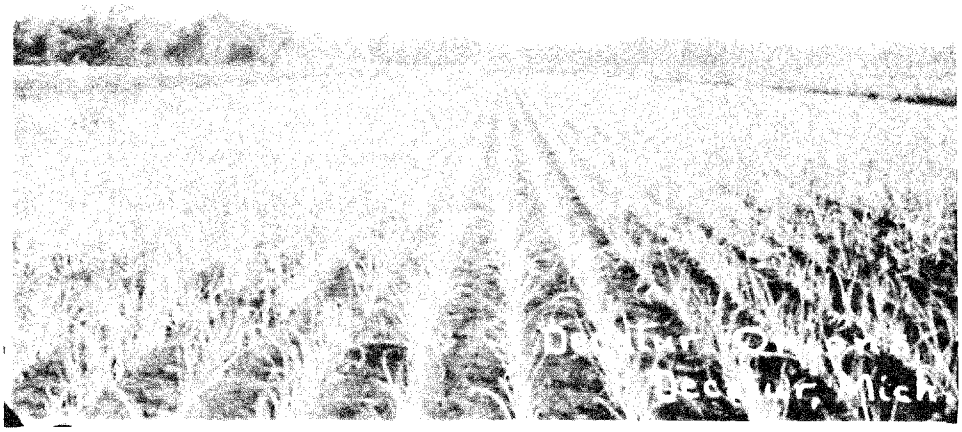
L. G. STEWART BUILDING

LOOKING WEST ON EAST DELAWARE
(OLD TOWN HALL IN FOREGROUND)



NEWELL - UNDERTAKER

BIG SNOW STORM
DEC. 18. '29 DECATUR, MICH.



Decatur Onions

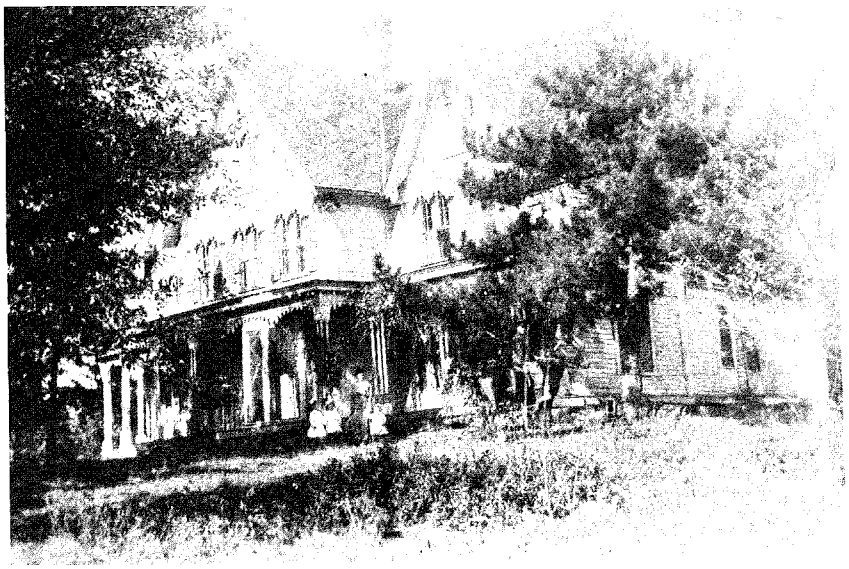
Patrick Howland - Tobacco Crop 1930

GROUP OF SEVENTH-GRADE BOYS - 1942
With Teacher - Miss Catherine Howland
Left to right: Richard Bishop, Sandy Snyder, Donald Ickes, Woody Sikkema, Robert Booth.

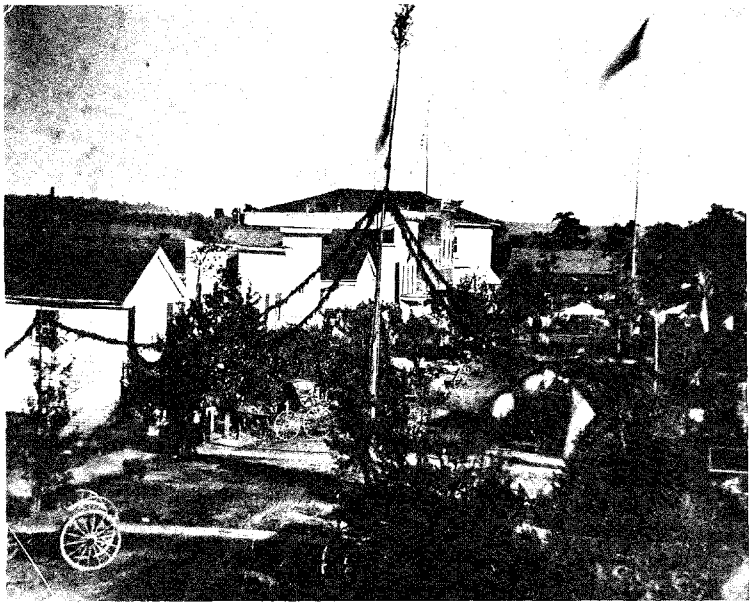
Courtesy of

Janice Ickes Porter

Left to right: FIRST ROW-Archie Van Ossenbruggen, Carl Athey, Mable Willison - Teacher, Madeline McCroden - Teacher, Edith Hewit - Teacher, Ruth Snow - Teacher.
SECOND ROW-Doris Kelly Rippy, Helen Creagan, Leland Marks, Ted Roosevelt, Marie Conway Haskins, Gladys Lyle McAdams, Fern Hamilton Carrington, Ruth Alden Pollock, Fern Geer Fuller, Marjorie Harris Brigham.
THIRD ROW - Robert Ball, Harry Genung, Dorothy Jones Kelley, Sterling Wood, Helen Lindsley Rutherford, Harry Pritchard, Don Morlan, E. R. Washburn, Supt.



Lyman T. Rawson, grain and coal dealer of Decatur, built this beautiful home (architecture Formal Balance) among the evergreens at the southernly limits of the village. This home became one of the show places of the village, boasting a ballroom on the third floor. It was the center of social and cultural gatherings for many years.

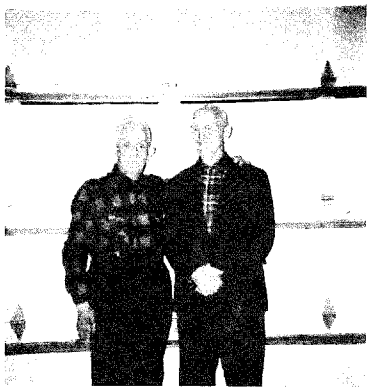


PHELP'S ST. IN AN EARLY DAY

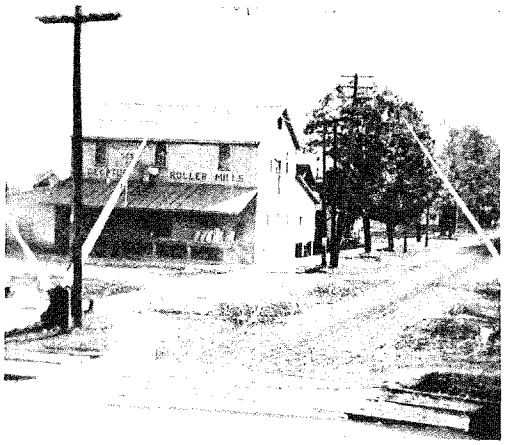
HOME COMING WEEK - AUG. 7/11-1927
FRANK LANNING AND HIS OX TEAM

Passengers:
Delia Howe, Klinger, White
Ellen Shockley Goble
Sadie Jennings Cole

Fire Chief - Elmer Woolfe (Red)
Myron Southworth



LUTHER (LUTE) LUNDY
ELMER WOOLFE (RED)



DECATUR ROLLER MILLS

Top row left to right: Claude Hayden, John Hughes, John O'Leary, Marion Chadwick, Stanley Briggs,
Second row: Ralph Slater, Dan Carney, P. W. Van Duzer, Frank Thomas,
Lower row: Frank C. Stapleton, Howard Smith

BACK ROW

LEFT TO RIGHT -

RALPH McGOWEN

RAY Mc GOWEN

FULLER

CYRUS TREMPER

DALE McADAMS

IVAN KEYES

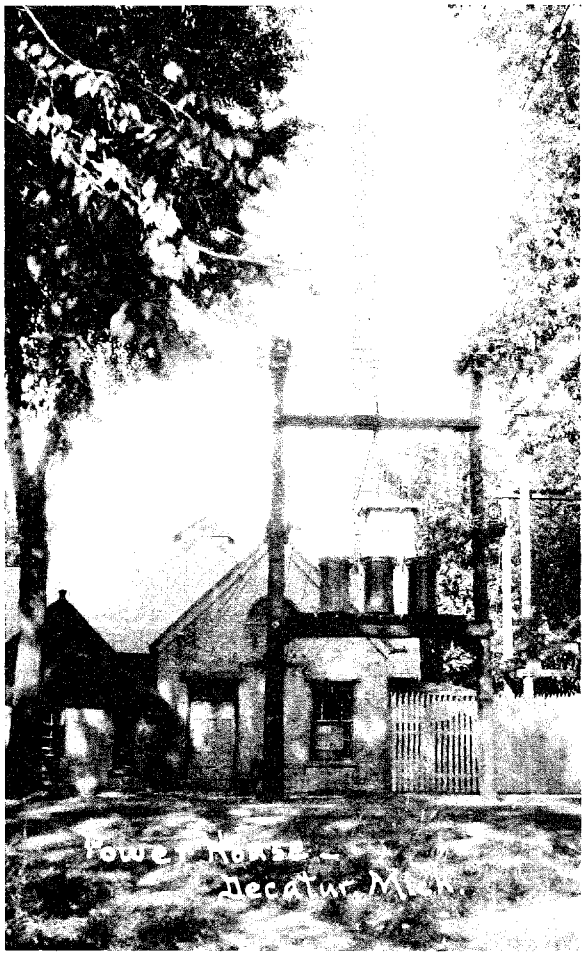
HERBERT CREAGAN

ARVA MAHONEY

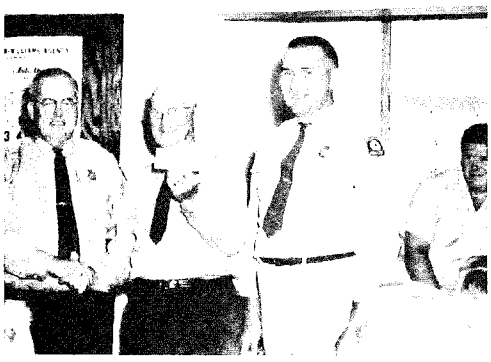
FLOYD ODLUM

PETE PRICE

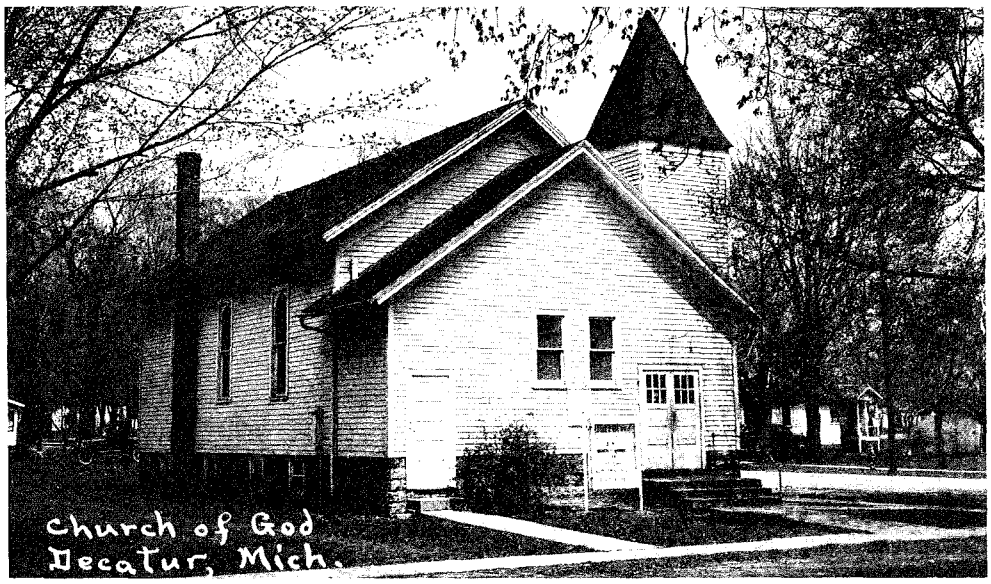
Old Presbyterian Church

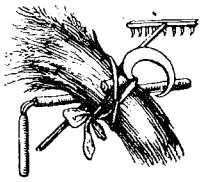


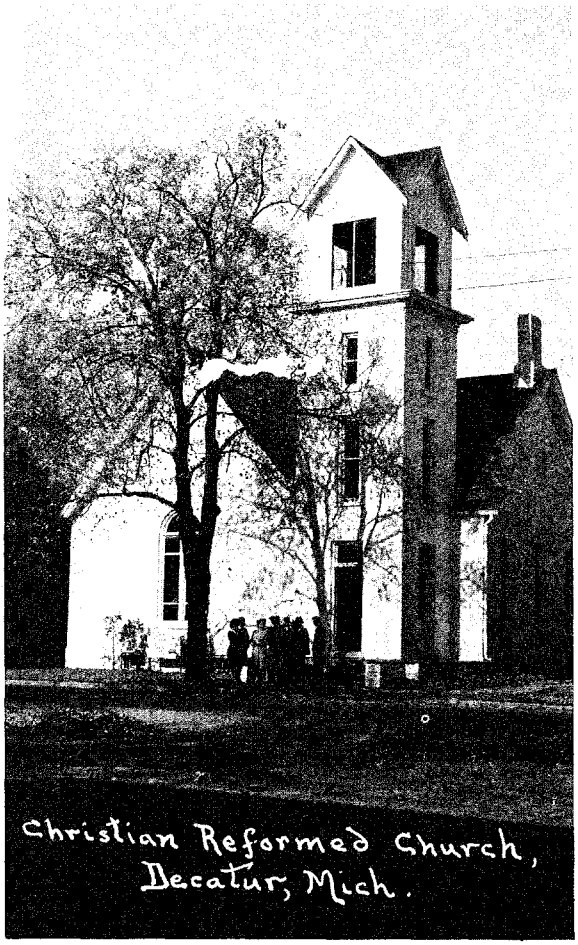
METHODIST CHURCH



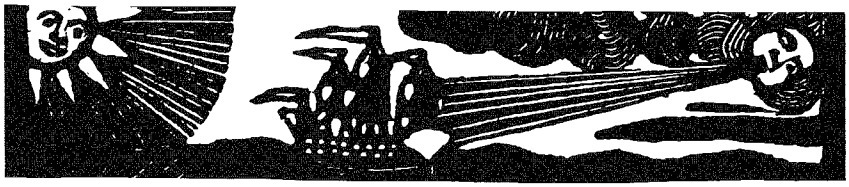
50 YRS. OF SERVICE
L to R: MYRON SOUTHWORTH,
ELMER(RED)WOOLFE, AL McADAMS

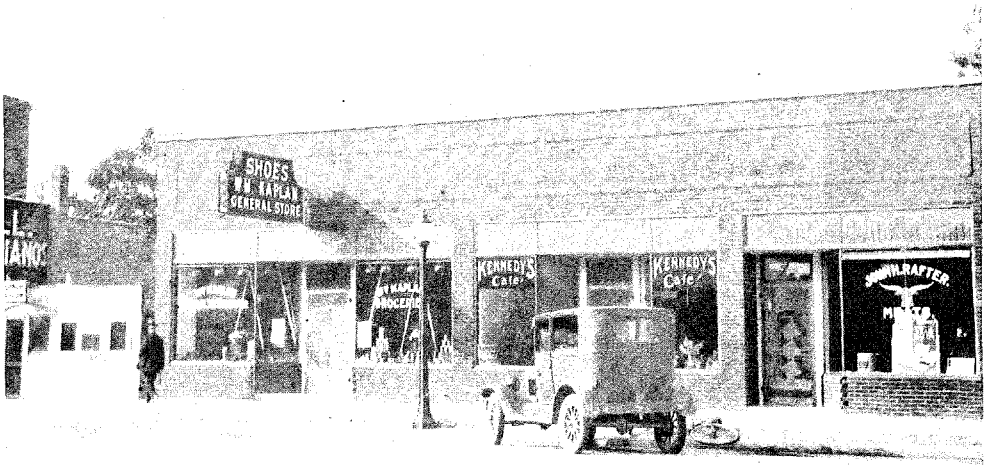

Church of God
Decatur, Mich.



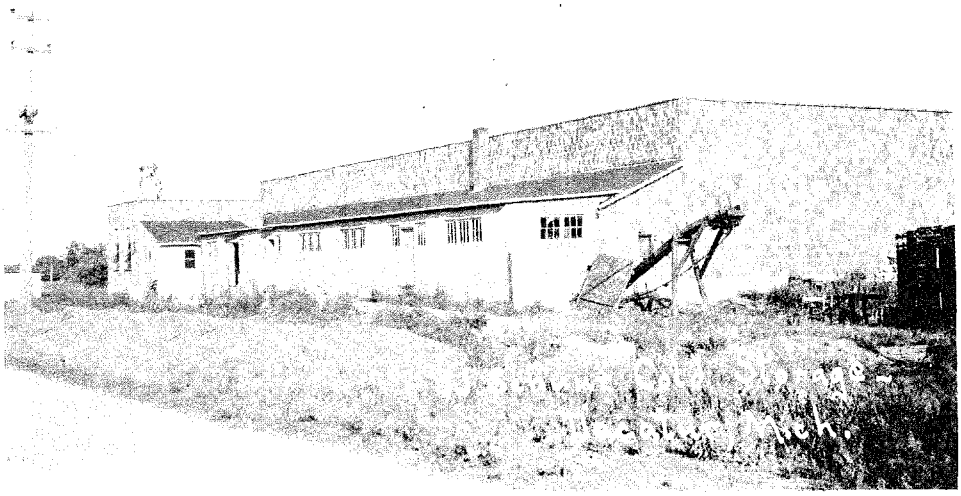

Christian Reformed Church,
Decatur, Mich.

Church
Mich.



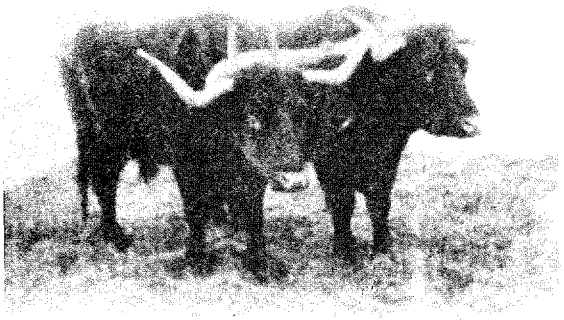


Kaplan Building - 1930



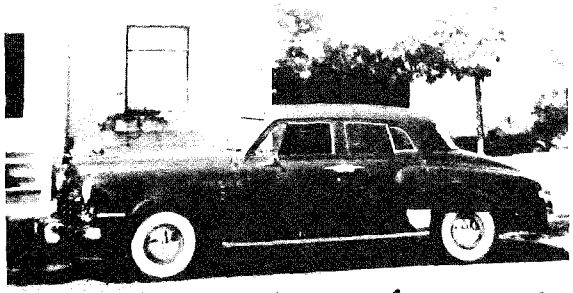
EARLY PHOTO OF MAIN ST.

- DECATUR, MICH.



Transportation
1848

Top row left to right: Stub Woolfe, Frank Bayless, Swift Train, Ralph Adams, Elmer Woolfe,
Lower row: Archie Woolfe, Lyle Rawson, Fred Mielke, manager, Fred Woolfe, Ernie Ickes.



1948

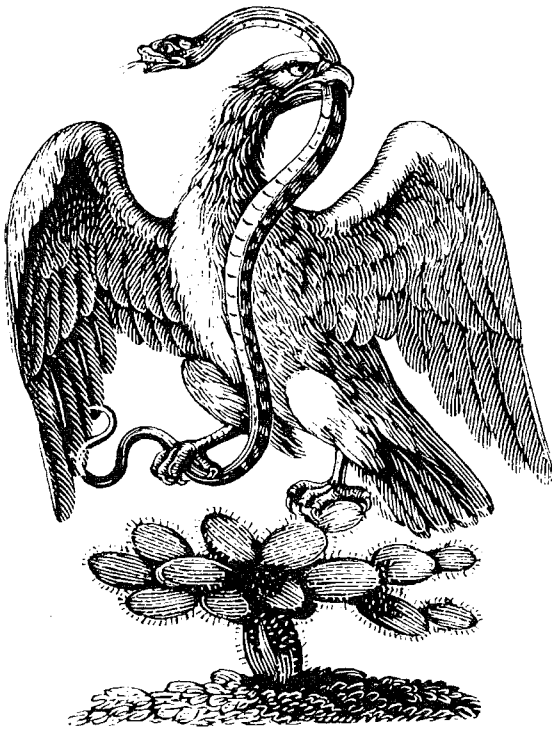
The significance of this symbol

Centuries ago, while North America was a vast wilderness, the eagle was esteemed in many parts of the world as a symbol of power, courage and freedom. Rulers displayed this bird as an emblem of authority and unity.

In tribute to the judgment of the Founding Fathers, a variation of this eagle figure was adopted by the American Historic and Cultural Society as the insignia of its continuing program to Honor America.

The characteristic emblem, containing the nation's colors, is an eagle in red and white profiled against a bell-shaped blue background dotted with 13 white stars representing the original American colonies, and all encircled in a ring of 50 gold stars. The latter compose the make up of the country on its Bicentennial Anniversary.

The Honor America program, customarily held from June 14 to July 4, was designed to broaden the familiarity of the American public with its cultural heritage, constitutional form of government and history and to commemorate the anniversary of the independence of the United States of America.



RICHEST MAN IN BABYLON

TELLS HIS SECRET

© COPYRIGHT 1926-1930-1946
BY GEORGE S. CLASON

IN OLD BABYLON there once lived a certain very rich man named Arkad. Far and wide he was [illegible] famed for his great wealth. Also was he famed for his liberality. He was generous in his charities. He was generous with his family. He was liberal in his own expenses. But nevertheless [illegible] his wealth increased more rapidly than he [illegible]

And there were certain friends of [illegible] who came to him and said: "You, Arkad, are fortunate than we. You have become the man in all Babylon while we struggle for [illegible] You can wear the finest garments and you eat the rarest foods, while we must be content to clothe our families in raiment that is [illegible] and feed them as best we can.

"Yet, once we were equal. We studied under the same master. We played in the same [illegible] neither the studies nor the games did [illegible] us. And in the years since, you have [illegible] an honorable citizen than we.

"Nor have you worked harder or [illegible] insofar as we can judge. Why, then, [illegible] fate single you out to enjoy all the [illegible] life and ignore us who are [illegible]

Thereupon Arkad remonstrated with [illegible] ing, "If you have not received [illegible] existence in the years since we were [illegible] because you either [illegible] govern the building [illegible] or else you did not [illegible] them."

"'Fickle Fate' is a vicious goddess who brings no permanent good to anyone. On the contrary, she brings ruin to almost every man upon whom she showers unearned gold. She makes wanton spenders, who soon dissipate all they receive and are left beset by overwhelming appetites and desires they have not the ability to gratify. Yet others whom she favors become misers and hoard their wealth, fearing to spend what they have, knowing they do not possess the ability to replace it. They further are beset by fear of robbers and doom themselves to lives of emptiness and secret misery.

"Others there probably are, who can take unearned gold and add to it and continue to be happy and contented citizens. But so few are they, I know of them but by hearsay. Think you of the men who have inherited sudden wealth, and see if these things are not so."

His friends admitted that of the men they knew who had inherited wealth these words were true, and they besought him to explain to them how he had become possessed of so much property, so he continued:

"In my youth I looked about me and saw all the good things there were to bring happiness and contentment. And I realized that wealth increased the potency of all these.

"Wealth is a power. With wealth many things are possible.

"One may ornament the home with the richest of furnishings.

"One may sail the distant seas.

"One may feast on the delicacies of far lands.

"One may buy the ornaments of the gold worker and the stone polisher.

"One may even build mighty temples for the Gods.

"One may do all these things and many others in which there is delight for the senses and gratification for the soul.

"And, when I realized all this, I declared to myself that I would claim my share of the good things of life. I would not be one of those who stand afar off, enviously watching others enjoy. I would not be content to clothe myself in the cheapest raiment that looked respectable. I would not be satisfied with the lot of a poor man. On the contrary, I would make myself a guest at this banquet of good things.

"Being, as you know, the son of a humble merchant, one of a large family with no hope of an inheritance, and not being endowed, as you have so frankly said, with superior powers or wisdom, I decided that if I was to achieve what I desired, time and study would be required.

"As for time, all men have it in abundance. You, each of you, have let slip by sufficient time to have made yourselves wealthy. Yet, you admit, you have nothing to show except your good families, of which you can be justly proud.

"As for study, did not our wise teacher teach us that learning was of two kinds: the one kind being the things we learned and knew, and the other being in the training that taught us how to find out what we did not know?

"Therefore, did I decide to find out how one might accumulate wealth, and when I had found out, to make this my task and do it well. For, is it not wise that we should enjoy the fruit of our labors while we dwell in the brightness of the sunshine? For when we depart for the world of spirit, it must all be left behind.

"I found employment as a scribe in the hall of

records, and long hours each day I labored upon the clay tablets. Week after week, and month after month, I labored, yet for my earnings I had nought to show. Food and clothing and penance to the gods, and other things of which I could remember not what, absorbed all my earnings. But my determination did not leave me.

"And one day Algamish, the money lender, came to the house of the city master and ordered a copy of the Ninth Law, and he said to me, 'I must have this in two days, and if the task is done by that time, two coppers will I give to thee.'

"So I labored hard, but the law was long, and when Algamish returned the task was unfinished. He was angry, and had I been his slave he would have beaten me. But knowing the city master would not permit him to injure me, I was unafraid, so I said to him, 'Algamish, you are a very rich man. Tell me how I may also become rich, and all night I will carve upon the clay, and when the sun rises it shall be completed.'

"He smiled at me and replied, 'You are a forward knave, but we will call it a bargain.'

"All that night I carved, though my back pained and the smell of the wick made my head ache until my eyes could hardly see. But when he returned at sunup, the tablets were complete.

"'Now,' I said, 'tell me what you promised.'

"'You have fulfilled your part of our bargain, my son,' he said to me kindly, 'and I am ready to fulfill mine. I will tell you these things you wish to know because I am becoming an old man, and an old tongue loves to wag. And when youth comes to age for advice he receives the wisdom of years. But too often does youth think that age knows only the wisdom of days that are gone, and therefore profits not. But remember this, the sun that shines today is the sun that shone when thy father was born, and will still be shining when thy last grandchild shall pass into the darkness.

"'The thoughts of youth,' he continued, 'are bright lights that shine forth like the meteors that oft make brilliant the sky, but the wisdom of age is like the fixed stars that shine so unchanged that the sailor may depend upon them to steer his course.

"'Mark you well my words, for if you do not you will fail to grasp the truth that I will tell you, and you will think that your night's work has been in vain.'

"Then he looked at me shrewdly from under his shaggy brows and said in a low, forceful tone, 'I found the road to wealth when I decided that *a part of all I earned was mine to keep*. And so will you.'

"Then he continued to look at me with a glance that I could feel pierce me but said no more.

"'Is that all?' I asked.

"'That was sufficient to change the heart of a sheep herder into the heart of a money lender,' he replied.

"'But *all* I earn is mine to keep, is it not?' I demanded.

"'Far from it,' he replied. 'Do you not pay the garment-maker? Do you not pay the sandal-maker? Do you not pay for the things you eat? Can you live in Babylon without spending? What have you to show for your earnings of the past month? What for the past year? Fool! You pay to everyone but yourself. Dullard, you labor for others. As well be a slave and work for what your master gives you to eat and wear. If you did keep for yourself one-tenth of all you earn, how much would you have in ten years?'

"My knowledge of the numbers did not forsake me, and I answered, 'As much as I earn in one year.'

"'You speak but half the truth,' he retorted. 'Every gold piece you save is a slave to work for you. Every copper it earns is its child that also can earn for you. If you would become wealthy, then what you save must earn, and its children must earn, that all may help to give to you the abundance you crave.

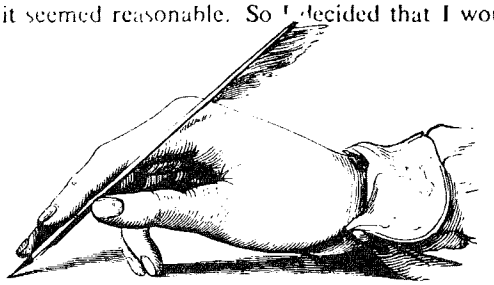
"'You think I cheat you for your long night's work,' he continued, 'but I am paying you a thousand times over if you have the intelligence to grasp the truth I offer you.

"'A PART OF ALL YOU EARN IS YOURS TO KEEP. It should not be less than a tenth no matter how little you earn. It can be as much more as you can afford. Pay yourself first. Do not buy from the clothes-maker and the sandal-maker more than you can pay out of the rest and still have enough for food and charity and penance to the gods.

"'Wealth, like a tree, grows from a tiny seed. The first copper you save is the seed from which your tree of wealth shall grow. The sooner you plant that seed the sooner shall the tree grow. And the more faithfully you nourish and water that tree with consistent savings, the sooner may you bask in contentment beneath its shade.'

"So saying, he took his tablets and went away.

"I thought much about what he had said to me, and it seemed reasonable. So I decided that I would



try it. Each time I was paid I took one from each ten pieces of copper and hid it away. And strange as it may seem, I was no shorter of funds than before. I noticed little difference as I managed to get along without it. But often I was tempted, as my hoard began to grow, to spend it for some of the good things the merchants displayed, brought by camels and ships from the land of the Phoenicians. But I wisely refrained.

"A twelfth month after Algamish had gone he again returned and said to me, 'Son, have you paid to yourself not less than one-tenth of all you have earned for the past year?'

"I answered proudly, 'Yes, master, I have.'

" 'That is good,' he answered, beaming upon me, 'and what have you done with it?'

" 'I have given it to Azmur, the brickmaker, who told me he was traveling over the far seas and in Tyre he would buy for me the rare jewels of the Phoenicians. When he returns we shall sell these at high prices and divide the earnings.'

" 'Every fool must learn,' he growled, 'but why trust the knowledge of a brickmaker about jewels? Would you go to the breadmaker to inquire about the stars? No, by my tunic, you would go to the astrologer, if you had power to think. Your savings are gone, youth; you have jerked your wealth tree up by the roots. But plant another. Try again. And next time if you would have advice about jewels, go to the jewel merchant. If you would know the truth about sheep, go to the herdsman. Advice is one thing that is freely given away, but watch that you take only what is worth having. He who takes advice about his savings from one who is inexperienced in such matters, shall pay with his savings for proving the falsity of their opinions.' Saying this, he went away.

"And it was as he said. For the Phoenicians are scoundrels and sold to Azmur worthless bits of glass that looked like gems. But as Algamish had bid me, I again saved each tenth copper, for I now had formed the habit and it was no longer difficult.

"Again, twelve months later, Algamish came to the room of the scribes and addressed me. 'What progress have you made since last I saw you?'

" 'I have paid myself faithfully,' I replied, 'and my savings I have entrusted to Agger the shield-maker, to buy bronze, and each fourth month he does pay me the rental.'

" 'That is good. And what do you do with the rental?'

" 'I do have a great feast with honey and fine wine and spiced cake. Also I have bought me a scarlet tunic. And some day I shall buy me a young ass upon which to ride.'

"To which Algamish laughed, 'You do eat the children of your savings. Then how do you expect them to work for you? And how can they have children that will also work for you? First get thee an army of golden slaves and then many a rich banquet may you enjoy without regret.' So saying he again went away.

"Nor did I again see him for two years, when he once more returned and his face was full of deep lines and his eyes drooped, for he was becoming a very old man. And he said to me, 'Arkad, hast thou yet achieved the wealth thou dreamed of?'

"And I answered, 'Not yet all that I desire, but some I have and it earns more, and its earnings earn more.'

" 'And do you still take the advice of the brick-makers?'

" 'About brickmaking they give good advice,' I retorted.

" 'Arkad,' he continued, 'you have learned your lessons well. You first learned to live upon less than you could earn. Next you learned to seek advice from those who were competent through their own experiences to give it. And, lastly, you have learned to make gold work for you.

" 'You have taught yourself how to acquire money, how to keep it, and how to use it. Therefore, you are competent for a responsible position. I am becoming an old man. My sons think only of spending and give no thought to earning. My interests are great and I fear too much for me to look after. Go to Nippur and look after my lands there. And as the value of my lands increases, so shall I increase the gold I pay you for your efforts.'

"So I went to Nippur and took charge of his holdings, which were large. And because I was full of ambition and because I had mastered the three laws of successfully handling wealth, I was enabled to increase greatly the value of his properties. So I prospered much, and when the spirit of Algamish departed for the sphere of darkness, I did continue to follow his precepts and so greatly increased my own holdings."

So spake Arkad, and when he had finished his tale, one of his friends said, "You were indeed fortunate that Algamish made of you the manager of his lands."

"Fortunate only in that I had the desire to prosper before I first met him. For four years did I not prove my definiteness of purpose by keeping one-tenth of all I earned? Would you call a fisherman lucky who for years so studied the habits of the fish that with each changing wind he could cast his nets about them? Opportunity is a haughty goddess who wastes no time with those who are unprepared."

"You had strong will power to keep on after you lost your first year's savings. You are unusual in that way," spoke up another.

"Will power!" retorted Arkad. "What nonsense! Do you think will power gives a man the strength to lift a burden the camel cannot carry, or to draw a load the oxen cannot budge? Will power is but the unflinching purpose to carry a task you set for yourself to fulfillment. If I set for myself a task, be it ever so trifling, I shall see it through. How else shall

I have confidence in myself to do important things? Should I say to myself, 'For a hundred days as I walk across the bridge into the city, I will pick from the road a pebble and cast it into the stream,' I would do it. If on the seventh day I passed by without remembering, I would not say to myself, 'Tomorrow I will cast two pebbles which will do as well.' Instead, I would retrace my steps and cast the pebble. Nor on the twentieth day would I say to myself, 'Arkad, this is useless. What does it avail you to cast a pebble every day? Throw in a handful and be done with it.' No, I would not say that nor do it. When I set a task for myself, I complete it. Therefore, I am careful not to start difficult and impractical tasks, because I love leisure."

And then another friend spoke up and said, "If what you tell is true, and it does seem as you have said, reasonable, then being so simple, if all men did it, there would not be enough wealth to go around."

"Wealth grows wherever men exert energy," Arkad replied. "If a rich man builds him a new palace, is the gold he pays out gone? No, the brickmaker has part of it and the laborer has part of it, and the artist has part of it. And everyone who labors upon the house has part of it. Yet when the palace is completed, is it not worth all it cost? And is the ground upon which it stands not worth more because it is there? And is the ground that adjoins it not worth more because it is there? Wealth grows in magic ways. No man can prophesy the limit of it. Have not the Phoenicians built great cities on barren coasts with the wealth that comes from their ships of commerce on the seas?"

"What then do you advise us to do that we also may become rich?" asked still another of his friends. "The years have passed and we are no longer young men and we have nothing put by."

"I advise that you take the wisdom of Algamish and say to yourselves, '*A part of all I earn is mine to keep.*' Say it in the morning when you first arise. Say it at noon. Say it at night. Say it each hour of every day. Say it to yourself until the words stand out like letters of fire across the sky.

"Impress yourself with the idea. Fill yourself with the thought. Then take whatever portions seem wise. Let it be not less than one-tenth and lay it by. Arrange your other expenditures to do this if necessary. But lay by that portion first. Soon you will realize what a rich feeling it is to own a treasure upon which you alone have claim. As it grows it will stimulate you. A new joy of life will thrill you. Greater efforts will come to you to earn more. For of your increased earnings, will not the same percentage be also yours to keep?

"Then learn to make your treasure work for you. Make it your slave. Make its children and its children's children work for you.

"Insure an income for thy future. Look thou at the aged and forget not that in the days to come thou also will be numbered among them. Therefore invest thy treasure with greatest caution that it be not lost. Usurious rates of return are deceitful sirens that sing but to lure the unwary upon the rocks of loss and remorse.

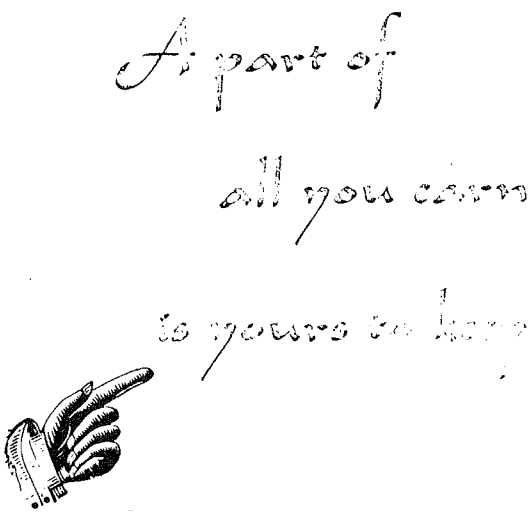
"Counsel with wise men. Seek the advice of men whose daily work is handling money. Let them save you from such an error as I myself made in entrusting my money to the judgment of Azmur, the brickmaker. A small return and a safe one is far more desirable than risk.

"Enjoy life while you are here. Do not overstrain or try to save too much. If one-tenth of all you earn is as much as you can comfortably keep, be content to keep this portion. Live otherwise according to your income and let not yourself get niggardly and afraid to spend. Life is good and life is rich with things worth-while and things to enjoy."

His friends thanked him and went away. Some were silent because they had no imagination and could not understand. Some were sarcastic because they thought that one so rich should divide with old friends not so fortunate. But some had in their eyes a new light. They realized that Algamish had come back each time to the room of the scribes because he was watching a man work his way out of darkness into light. When that man had found the light, a place awaited him. No one could fill that place until he had for himself worked out his own understanding, until he was ready for opportunity.

These latter were the ones, who, in the following years frequently revisited Arkad, who received them gladly. He counseled with them and gave them freely of his wisdom as men of broad experience are always glad to do. And he assisted them in so investing their savings that it would bring in a good interest with safety and would neither be lost nor entangled in investments that paid no dividends.

The turning point in these men's lives came upon that day when they realized the truth that had come from Algamish to Arkad and from Arkad to them.



WHERE THE OLD SNAKE RIVER FLOWS

I want to go out West again
Where the old Snake River flows.
Across the flats of Jackson Hole,
Where the gray green sage-brush grows.

I want to see the rapids
And the riffles flashing white,
I want to see the quiet pools
Where the big trout hide from sight.

I want to see the canyons deep
Through which the waters pour.
With lofty cliffs that tower above
And echo back the roar.

I want to taste the water
That is pure and sweet and dear
And roam within the forest
Where there are bear and moose and deer.

I want to see the foot-hills
Where 1,000 cattle graze,
With White Mountains in the distance
All shining in the haze.

I want to see the higher hills
And the herds of elk that pasture there,
I want to see the flowers and birds
That brighten a land-scape wondrous fair.

I want to see the Tetons
With the rushwater's head;
The quiet lakes below them
And the creeks by which they're fed.

I want to climb 'bove Timberline
where clouds and mountains meet.
And away below, where the forests grow
Is the glimmer of lake or stream.

I want to see the fields of snow
That bolster the arid plains,
I want to see the meadows wide
And their fields of growing grain.

I want to sit in a camp at night
Within the flees cheerful glow.
I want to hear the coyotes mournful cry
And the horse bell ringing near and slow.

And when I hit that unblazed trail,
Across the Great Divide,
Grant that my resting place may be --
By Old Snake River's side.

The music of its waters there
Will soothe my last long sleep.
And towering cliffs above my bed
Their silent vigils keep.

S. C. '24

FOOTBALL TEAM - D. H. S. - 1 9 2 1

Top Row L. to R. - Herbert Rowe, Wilton Abrams, Lyle MacKellar, Edward Buys, Carl Kern, Alva Rowe, Clement Carroll,

Second Row - - - - Bob Gillesby, Earl Himmelwright, John Gillesby, Ted Borst, Merle (Red) Leighton, Maxwell Conway, Byron Stover, Coach Joe Ring,

Third Row - - - - Herschel Hill, Richard (Sleepy) Conway, Rex Stroh, Raymond Cook, Thomas Howland, Harry Nutt.

Day is done, gone the sun
From the earth,
from the hills,
From the sky –

All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh

THANKFULNESS GOOD

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